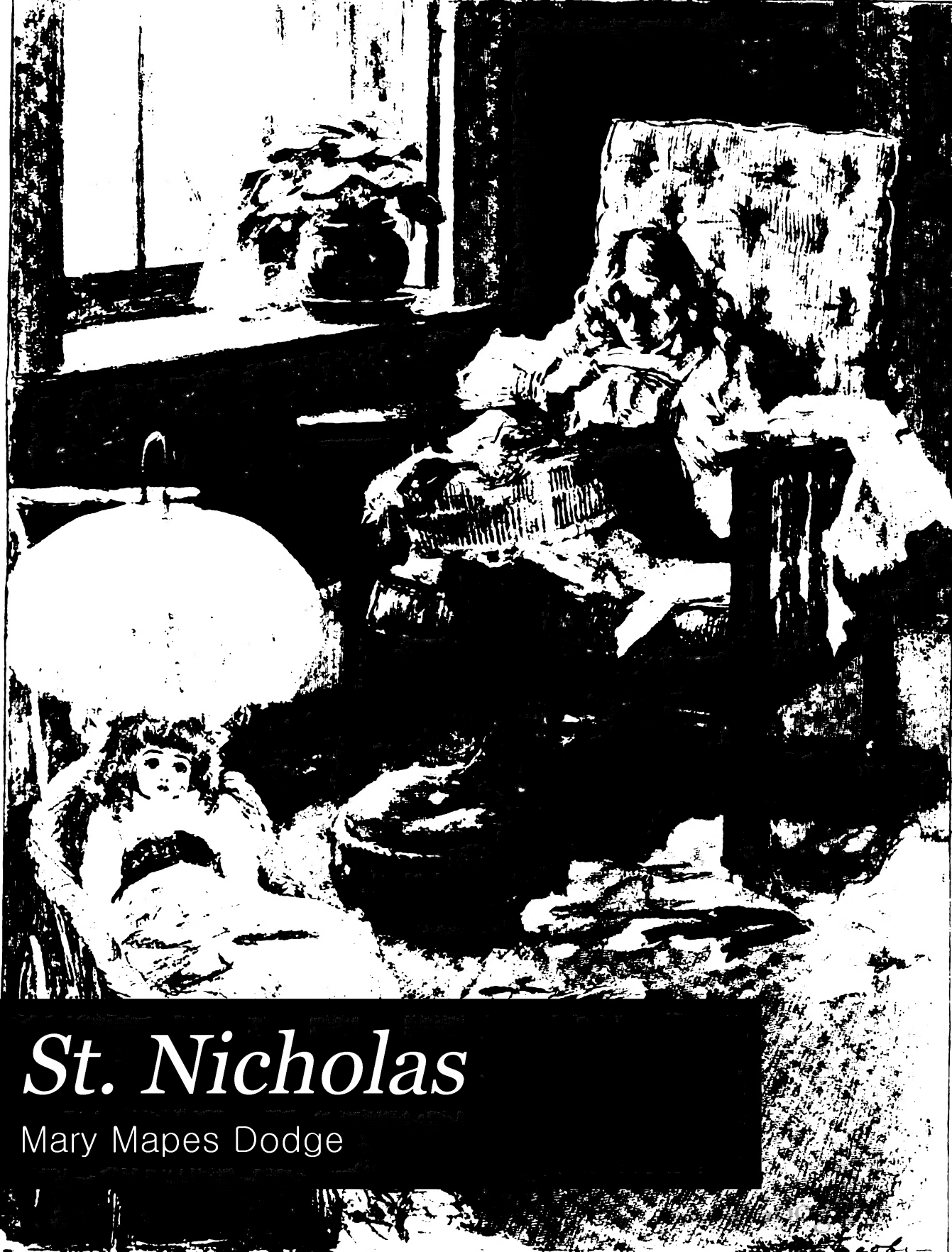
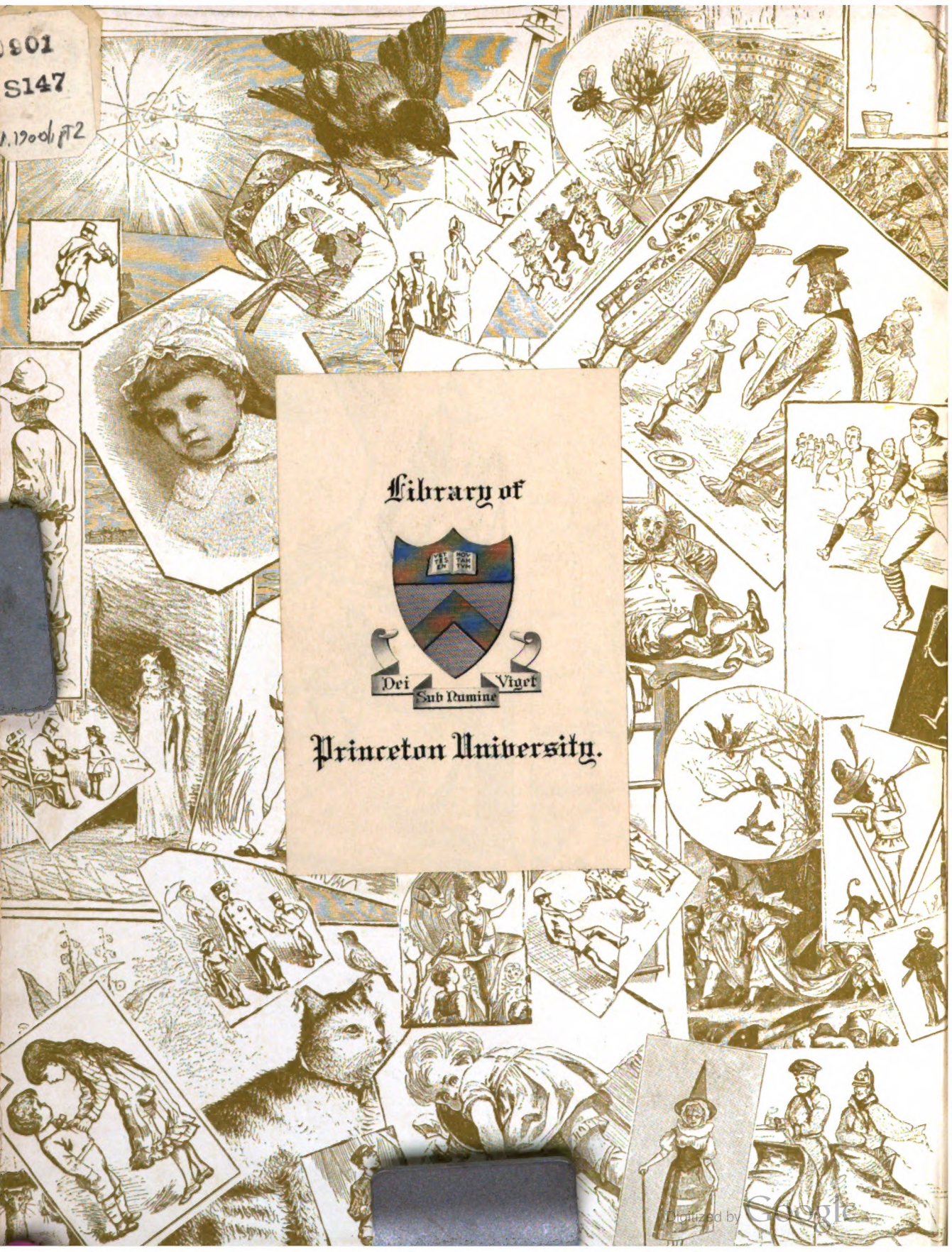


St. Nicholas

Mary Mapes Dodge



ST. NICHOLAS

AN

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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PART II.

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HER BUSY DAY.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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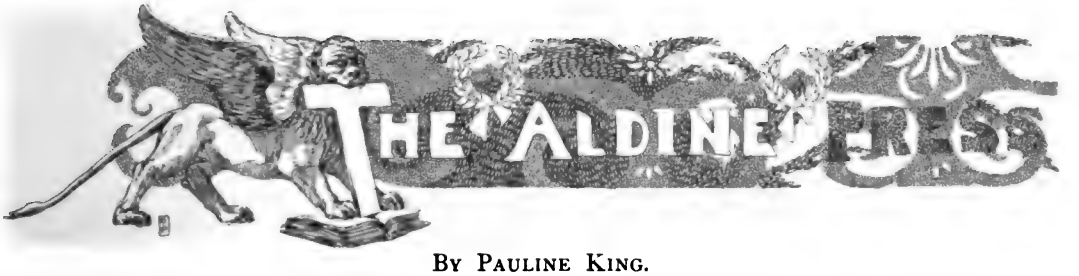


BY PAULINE KING.

IN the latter part of the fifteenth century, when Venice was not the sweet, sad city that she is to-day, with her air of decaying grandeur, seeming about to sink again into the sea from whence she rose, but was the proud and bustling center of the world's commerce, her wharves crowded with ships floating the ensign of the republic, when the merchant princes on the Rialto made and lost great fortunes as our merchants do in Wall Street, when the mosaics on St. Mark's glowed with the gold taken in the sack of Constantinople, and the Doge went in a great pageant from the ducal palace every year and wedded the city to the Adriatic with a ring, there lived two young people, Laura and Lanciotto, twin children of the noble but greatly impoverished family of Guardicci. Their home was in one of the tall palaces on a narrow waterway off the Grand Canal.

Over the doors and windows were cut in the hard marble the family arms as they endure to this day; but the ownership of the house had long since passed to others, and at the time of this story the owner of the Casa Guardicci, a good-natured Turkish merchant, allowed its former possessors to live in the ample garret for a merely nominal rental.

The once powerful and numerous family was now reduced to but three people, the twins and their grandfather, an old, old man, who, succumbing to adverse fortunes, eked out a scanty livelihood by copying Greek and Latin manuscripts, an art which he had acquired for pleasure in the days when his own library boasted many volumes choicely written on parchment and bound in vellum.

Lanciotto went every day to the house of a rich merchant, where, with a score of other boys, who were being educated with the merchant's sons, he received lessons in Latin, horsemanship, fencing, and the other exercises then considered necessary for a gentleman's education.

But the fashion of the time did not call for much schooling ordinarily for little girls, and Laura grew up her grandfather's pet and companion, helping him with his labors from the time that her fat baby fingers could control a pen, and becoming not only a fine Latin scholar—for Italian families of rank still spoke that tongue—but even an adept in Greek.

Sometimes, when Lanciotto was away playing tennis with his mates, Laura would peep through the lattice, from which she could see a flock of girls of her own age sporting under the orange-trees in a near-by convent garden, and she would long to throw down her pen and join in their frolic, wishing that there were no old manuscripts in the world, or no little girls who had to copy them; but in the main she was happy and contented, and her grandfather relied more and more upon her delicate fingers for specially dainty script or the blazoning of rich capitals in red and gold.

For many years past rumors had reached Venice of a mechanical invention which was to entirely supersede the writing of books by hand—a machine which a German had invented that struck off a whole page of writing at a time. At first old Niccolo Guardicci laughed at this; then, when the printed tomes were shown to him, he found them common and coarse in comparison with the old style; he did not think much of the invention, or that such books would ever be greatly in demand. "Of course no gentleman would care to have such crude things in his library," he said, with a superior air.

THE MIDNIGHT EXPEDITION IN THE GONDOLA. (SEE PAGE 582.)

But in this judgment he was greatly mistaken; printing-presses multiplied rapidly, and the new books were so sought for that the old art of copying manuscripts was soon nearly superseded. The family in the Casa Guardicci found their small income steadily decreasing, until, after the printer Aldus came to Venice and set up his establishment, it was impossible for the old scribe and his little assistant to get further employment.

Laura and Lanciotto were at this time eleven years old, tall and slender, and of the auburn fairness that Titian's pictures show us was the admired type of Venetian beauty, so that the twins did not suffer from being called "carrot heads," as do modern red-haired children. The resemblance between the pair was remarkable, and was accentuated by the fashion for boys to wear long hair, so that the curls that fell about Lanciotto's face were as heavy and long as his sister's. The old scribes, equally out of work, who came to see Niccolo, talked about the printing-press as though it was an invention of the evil one, especially devised for taking away their daily bread, and the children got to thinking and speaking of it as of some infernal machine. In their innocent faith, they hoped for some miracle that would destroy so baneful a power, so that once more there might be plenty of copying to do, and they could have white bread and honey for supper, and trips in the gondolas out to the island of Murano on warm summer nights.

But no such miracle occurred. Niccolo, no longer able to afford the expensive materials for his work, sat all day with idle hands, and Laura now devoted her time entirely to her lace-pillow: for, like many of her townspeople, she had worked from her earliest years at the beautiful Venetian point.

Lace, however, takes a long time to do, nor

was Laura any too well paid, so that the family were reduced to uttermost economy. One evening, however, as Niccolo slumbered in his chair, Lanciotto drew his sister into one of the deep embrasures of a high window, where he could recount his day's doings without disquieting the tired old man. Laura was sure to be interested andversed in all the fights and frolicsthat took place among the boys; but to-night Lanciotto had no budget concerning his companions, although he was bursting with news.

HOW ALDUS PUNISHED THE CHILDREN. (SEE PAGE 584.)

"Where do you think I have been?" he asked.

"Oh, where? Some place that was fun, Lanciotto?"

"Well, not fun, exactly; still, I 'm sure you 'd like to have gone, too."

"Tell me where," she pleaded.

"Why, we boys all went to see the printing-press. One of the masters took us. He said that we ought to see it, that it was creating a revolution in literature; I did n't see the revolution, though I wanted to tell him that in one house it certainly had created a famine."

"Did you see it make a book?" gasped Laura.

"Well, not a whole book; but leaf after leaf, to be bound up together. It was wonderful, when you think how long it would take to write so much."

Laura plied him with questions, and the boy, who had observed every detail, gave a most vivid account of all that he had seen. "The printer himself, Aldus, came in," he ended. "He was such a nice, kind-looking man. I wonder how he 'd feel if he knew that you and grandfather were almost starved because of his old invention!"

"Was he a kind-looking man?" she asked, in surprise. There was a certain horrible monster carved on a pillar in St. Mark's, a creature of direful appearance, with hoofs and a tail, that they had christened "Aldus" so long ago that Laura had grown to believe it to be a portrait from life.

"Yes. Really handsome, too."

"He must be horrid inside, just the same," said Laura, decidedly, then added impatiently: "I don't see, when you were there, why you could n't have broken the machine up so it would n't go; perhaps they never could make another, or, at any rate, it might have taken quite a long time to fix it so that it would go."

Lanciotto looked at her, perfectly amazed at such an idea. "How could I break it with twenty people standing around?" Then, with sudden inspiration, as he recalled an escapade when, with his comrades, he had gone sign-stealing one dark night, he exclaimed: "Laura, I 've got it! Just the scheme! I 'll go out to the house some night, when every one is asleep, and I 'll fix the press so that it will never print any more."

"Hurrah!" cried Laura, so loud that she nearly awakened the old grandfather at the other end of the long room. Then the young conspirators put their heads together, devising

ways and means, and the little girl begged so hard to be allowed to go on the marauding expedition that Lanciotto at last consented to allow her to accompany him.

A few nights after this, when the clock had sounded midnight, the twins stole down the stairway, and got into a boat which Lanciotto had borrowed from a young boatman who was a great crony of his. They carried a lantern and two large hammers, instruments intended for the destruction of the press. They found the printing-house in darkness, and Lanciotto crept through a lower window, dragging his sister after him. The lightened boat making a sudden bob in the water and hitting against the wall roused the echoes in the causeway, and made the trespassers shake in their shoes; then, finding that happily no one had been roused, they went straight to the room which Lanciotto knew held their mortal enemy, the printing-press.

But as Laura uncovered the lantern, letting its light stream over the chamber, which was picturesquely lined with shelves and littered with papers, the press throned in the center as though in this place it reigned supreme, it required no second glance to show the impossibility of carrying out their scheme. In vain had they brought the heavy hammers: striking the press would make a sound like a tocsin, awakening the entire neighborhood. So heavy and unwieldy was the whole machine that there was no place where any serious injury could be done.

Laura could have cried with disappointment; but she paid no heed to Lanciotto's desire to depart, but began looking about to see if there was not something else that she could destroy. Her face shone with joy as she came upon the type, set up for printing the leaf of some book that was in progress. She began picking out the letters with her delicate fingers.

"Carry them over to the window and drop them into the water, Lanciotto," she said. "Oh, won't the printers wonder where the page went to!"

They worked with eager haste, Lanciotto, as fast as his hands were filled, carrying the bits of metal to the window and letting them fall one by one, so that there should be no noise of splashing water, into the deep lagoon.

While this was going on the door opened, and a middle-aged man in a long gown stood in the doorway. Expecting to find the room deserted, he started back in surprise at the sight before him; for what a little auburn-haired girl was doing in his printing-room after midnight was more than Aldus—for it was the master himself who had come upon the scene—could guess.

Laura, transfixed with fear at having been discovered, stood grasping a handful of type, and Aldus's sharp eyes quickly took in the depredations that she had committed. "What are you up to?" he said, more in amazement than in anger.

At this moment Lanciotto, who had been hanging out the window and so had not heard the door open and shut, turned and saw the tall gentleman talking to Laura. With one bound the boy tore across the room, flinging his arms around his sister. "Don't you dare touch her!" he cried to Aldus. "Punish me if you want to, but let Laura alone. If you will let me take her home in the boat, I 'll come right back, and you can lock me up, if you wish. I 'll stand anything, but I won't have my sister hurt." Visions of being immured in a dungeon for life flitted across Lanciotto's mind. Aldus, still further puzzled, stood looking at the two sweet, aristocratic faces. In the four bright eyes he could read nothing but a fixed, almost heroic resolution. That no childish prank had brought these young people at midnight to this lonely place he was assured, but how to investigate the matter was difficult. "Tell me," he said gently, "why you are here, and why you have destroyed my carefully set-up type."

Lanciotto began to speak, but Laura interrupted him:

"Because we *hate* the type."

"You hate it?"

"Yes; and the printing-press. We came to smash up the press, but we could n't."

"So you took to dropping the type into the canal, did you? Well, not very much harm has been done. There are plenty more letters, and the work will be quickly done over again on the morrow. Yet what put it into your curly heads to try to injure me? Why do you hate the press?" Aldus asked them.

With the courage of despair, Laura breathlessly poured out the whole story of the straits to which they had been reduced, all on account of his cruel invention; and as Aldus listened, his expression changed to one of rare sympathy and kindness. Generous to a fault, the great distress into which the copyists had been thrown since the invention of printing was not unknown to him, and he had done everything that lay in his power to help and relieve whenever he could, though, of course, his purse was limited. Now, as Laura's shrill little voice sobbed out the sorrow of her heart, the good printer turned away to hide the moisture in his eyes.

"Don't lock Lanciotto up!" she begged, when her story was told. "It would kill our grandfather. I 'd fix the page right again if you would give me some more letters. It 's Greek, and I know Greek; grandfather had me help him when he copied the very book that you are doing."

"You know Greek—eh?" Then, as Laura, to prove her proficiency, fluently translated a line or two, he laughed. "Come, come," he said, "it is late hours for so young a lady to be reading the dead languages. No; you could n't set up what you 've destroyed; this is no time for me to give lessons in type-setting; besides, how could I tell that you would n't be putting my letters in your pocket, or even swallowing them—such a little fire-eater as you are! One o'clock, bless me! Time you both were in bed. I have n't got dungeons for each of you, so I think I shall have to send you home; but you must be punished first. I can't have people breaking into my house with large hammers and not punish them."

"No," said the children, feebly.

Then, having made them promise that they

"WHEN THE SUN SHONE BRIGHT ON THE VENETIAN CANALS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

would not run away during his absence, Aldus disappeared in search of the instrument for their punishment, and the twins, their arms around each other's neck, sat huddled together in perfect misery. "You—you don't think that he has gone to get a stick to beat us, do you, Launce?" inquired Laura. And as Lanciotto strove to comfort her, declaring that no one should dare touch her, and that he would take all the punishment, whatever it might be, the door opened again and Aldus entered. But instead of a formidable birch, he carried a large tray on which was piled a heap of good things—a cold chicken, a cake, white bread, honey, and a bottle of wine. These things he set on the table in the midst of the ink and papers, and bountifully heaping three plates, motioned to the children to draw up their chairs on each side of him.

Had the food been poisoned the twins would not have been surprised, but when they saw their host making great havoc with knife and fork, when he urged them to eat, and the food and wine revived their poor little hearts and spirits, they gradually forgot their fears, and by the time the chicken had been reduced to its bones, the little burglars were smiling and chatting as if they had been specially invited to a midnight supper.

When the viands were consumed, Aldus, who had no intention of letting so young a couple travel about alone at any such hour, escorted them safely home, and having told them that he would see them again, he bade them a kindly good night, and they crept quietly up to their garret, and were soon fast asleep, quite worn out with the excitement and fatigue.

The next day, when the sun shone bright on the Venetian canals, their midnight adventure seemed a dream—a dream which they feared might have a sorry ending. What though Aldus had fed them with cake and wine? Punishment, they felt, was only delayed, and they went about their daily tasks with quaking hearts.

Late in the afternoon, Laura was obliged to take home a piece of lace, and Lanciotto went with her, hurrying as fast as possible, lest in their absence the printer should arrive, and drag the old grandfather off to prison in their stead.

As with sinking hearts they toiled up the stairs again, they heard old Niccolo talking with the utmost animation, and as they peeped into the room, there, sure enough, sat their enemy. Evidently the grandfather had not yet been told of their misdemeanor, for he called out cheerfully: "Come in, Laura and Lanciotto; I want you to meet this new friend."

Scarcely believing their ears, the children came in; but before they could throw themselves at Aldus's knees, imploring his pardon, as they had intended, the old man electrified them by saying: "Hard times are all gone now, little ones: this good friend has brought work that will keep us as happily as of old. Thank him, both of you."

Then they learned that Aldus wanted some fine scholar at his establishment to compare and verify the different texts of the books he was going to print, and that he had offered Niccolo the position. You may fancy how heartily the twins thanked their benefactor; and as Aldus stooped down to pat Laura's bright head, he whispered to her: "There is your punishment, and I think that we will say nothing about a certain midnight adventure, lest it should trouble this dear old man, and he might never rest for fear his children were out intending to destroy other people's property when they should be tucked up in bed."

"Thank you," answered Laura, hanging her head. "We were very, very naughty; we 'll never do so again." And, indeed, they never did; and, far from hating the printing-press, they soon grew to take as much interest in Aldus's books as they once had in the hand-written manuscripts.

When Laura grew up, I think that she married one of the merchant princes who was renowned for his learning; for there is preserved now as a great treasure, in one of the museums, a book that was printed at the Aldine Press, on the fly-leaf of which is written in Latin: "To my dear child Laura on her wedding day, from Aldus Manutius." And in the Venetian archives it is told that the fallen fortunes of the Guardicci were restored by one Lanciotto, who was a great warrior, and won honor and riches with his sword, so that the family was once more counted among the most powerful in Venice.

"MRS. FERRY ROSE TO HER FEET, NOT KNOWING WHETHER TO SCREAM OR TO LAUGH. MR. FERRY SANK INTO HIS CHAIR AND GASPED." (SEE PAGE 587.)

ANASTASIA'S ELEPHANT.

By Charles Battell Loomis.

The circus train had run off the track, owing to a misplaced switch, and four of the cars containing the animals were overturned. Most of the beasts were recaptured; but the elephant found himself in the river, unharmed, and in the darkness of the night he swam to the opposite shore; and when the papers recorded the accident next morning, they said that "Zamba," the Indian elephant, had been drowned in the Housatonic River.

Anastasia Ferry was an imaginative child of four summers. She held long conversations with her dolls, and firmly believed that they could talk, and that she could understand them. She also knew that she could make-believe read a paper as well as the biggest grown-up that ever sat by the hour, with spectacles on nose and paper in hand, making up news out of his own head.

The morning after the accident, very early in the day, Anastasia was playing under an apple-tree in the orchard with her little neighbor, George Davol. He was nine years old, but often played with her, partly because he sympathized with her imaginings, and partly because there were few children of his own age in South Hanaford. Anastasia liked him because he did not tell her, as her brother Horace, wise in his twelve years, did: "Your dolls can't talk, and your dog is only made of excelsior and cloth."

She was playing "sickness" with George. He had "brokened" his arm by having two

horses fall on him, and he had come to the hospital in a "waterboree" (automobile) to be mended. She was head nurse, and she was going to put a new arm on him if there was any power in "gluecilage."

George lay in a hammock, with I don't know how many thicknesses of shawl on the injured member, while she gave him "parrygockic," and told him that he had "pendycitus" of the arm—a dread disease.

She was mixing the imaginary medicine in an equally imaginary cup, when she looked up the orchard and saw an elephant reaching among the apple-boughs, with his trunk, for apples.

Some children would have been surprised, and others might have been at least frightened; but she was neither astonished nor alarmed at what she saw. All animals were her friends, from the "trembling wolf-fish" that her father had told her about, to the "ogre-bear" that she thought she had seen in the whortleberry-patch, a strange beast that had smiled at her. But of all the animals, real or imaginary (and one was as real as another to her), the elephant, or "googligah" was her favorite. "Googligah" was her name for elephant, because she generally preferred her own names to those of her elders. She had a china one and a leaden one and a cloth one, and a book full of pictures of elephants performing all sorts of tricks; and while her mother had once told her that elephants were not what you might call common in New England, still she thought that it was very natural that one should come there once in a while. So she said to George: "Oh, there 's a googligah in the orchard." And George, whose back was to the immense beast, supposed it was more of her imaginings, and said, "That 's good. Maybe he 'll take us out riding."

"Yes; that 's what he 's come for, my dear," said Anastasia, gravely. "The doctor said that when your arm was all mended you could go out riding, and this kind googly has come to take us both."

Something in her manner, and the intentness of her gaze, caused George to turn his head, and he gave a little exclamation of surprise, though not of fear, at what he saw.

"Good gracious!" said he, forgetting his broken arm and leaping from the hammock. "Wonder where he came from?"

"Now what 's the use of wondering?" said Anastasia, with the oldest air imaginable. "He has come to take us out riding, and you must get right up and go to him."

George took Anastasia by the hand, and they walked fearlessly up to the elephant, who, having been used to children from the earliest days of his captivity, saw nothing unusual in their approach.

"His back 's too slippery for us to ride. He ought to have a—what is the little thing they have for you to ride in?" asked George.

"A powdah," said Anastasia, gravely.

"No, a howdah," corrected George. "But I 'm going to try to ride him. I 'll bet he 's run away from that circus that was at Pittsfield last Saturday. Edna Dean went, and she told me the elephant gave lots of children a ride."

They were now in front of the mighty beast, who put out his trunk for the peanuts that he supposed they had. George picked up an apple and gave it to him instead, and the old fellow crunched it in his great jaws, and asked for more.

"I wish we could ride him," said George, wistfully.

"It 's too far to climb; he has n't any branches," said Anastasia. (She could climb a small tree with branches by herself.)

"I tell you what let 's do," said George, patting the elephant's trunk. "I 'll take the hammock down and throw it over him, and then tie it under him with the long ropes, and then we can have something to hold on to."

It would never have entered the head of any one but a venturesome boy to do such a thing, but it did not take him long to unhook the hammock. Then he made the elephant walk out clear of the trees, and, after several attempts, flung the hammock over his back. Anastasia stood by and gave George mature advice as to the best way, but he used his own judgment, as a self-reliant boy is apt to do, even if a four-year-old is his counselor, and in a surprisingly short time the new-fangled saddle was adjusted and tied in its place.

"I did n't suppose googligahs were so big," said the little girl. "How can we get up?"

"I don't see how to get up unless I climb a tree and drop down on his back. We 'll go over to that big maple," answered George.

"Why, the googligah will put us on," said Anastasia, with a drawing down of the corners of her mouth that showed how simple she thought herself not to have suggested it before.

And the googligah did. He seemed to understand what was wanted, for as soon as Anastasia stood in front of him and held up her fat little arms, he curled his trunk around her and lifted her up.

"Oo-ooh! it 's like swinging," said she, as she went up.

"Hold tight to the hammock," said George; and then, when she was in place, he went to the elephant and was lifted to his high seat.

"Say, this is great!" he shouted. "Let 's go and surprise your folks."

Mr. and Mrs. Ferry were sitting upon the west veranda when they heard very heavy footsteps approaching the house.

"What in the world—!" exclaimed Mr. Ferry.

And then around the corner of the house from the lane that led to the orchard came Zamba with his precious freight.

Mrs. Ferry rose to her feet, not knowing whether to scream or to laugh. Mr. Ferry sank into his chair and gasped.

Handsome little George was perched just back of the big ears, and rode the animal with the easy grace of unaffected childhood. Anastasia, her eyes bright and her cheeks red with excitement, sat with her legs straight out in front of her and her chubby hands grasping the meshes of the hammock. She looked like a substantial fairy queen.

She explained matters in a moment: "I always wanted a googligah, mama, and so this one came to me out of the orchard. I wish we 'd seen him when he was little, like my china elephant."

Just then big brother Horace came home from the post-office on his wheel. He uttered a shrill cry of delight. "Have you found him? Oh, I want to get on his back! It 's Zamba, and he swam across the Housatonic last night. They supposed he was drowned; but a milkman thought he saw him this morning, and his keeper was down at the post-office asking people about him. Here he comes now."

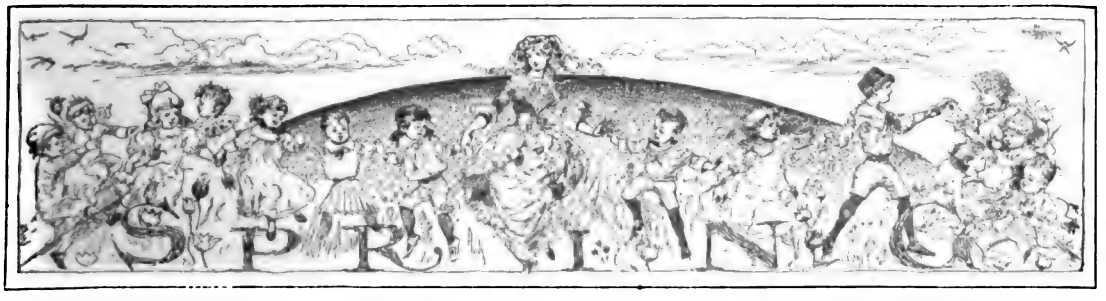
Mr. Ferry helped Anastasia and George down, and the big beast stood looking at the group with his little beady eyes.

Anastasia was equal to the occasion.

"This is n't Zamba at all. It 's my own googligah, and I 've named him 'Gooky.'"

But, much to her sorrow, the circus man proved to her father's satisfaction that it was not really Gooky, but Zamba, and he was led away to an accompaniment of wailings from Anastasia.

"And poor Horace did n't have a ride!" she said, as the good-natured beast, led by his keeper, turned the corner that led to Cornwall.



CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING.

FIFTH ARTICLE: THE BRIDGE-BUILDER.

HEROES NOT AFRAID OF FEAR—A "SLOW-FIRE BATTLE-FIELD"—DARING AND FOOLHARDINESS —LEANING AGAINST THE AIR—HANDLING AND DRIVING RED-HOT RIVETS—A BRIDGE MASCOT—DODGING TONS OF IRON—A MID-AIR MIRACLE.

By Cleveland Moffett.

As I went time and again to the great East River Bridge (the new one whose huge steel towers were drawing to full height in the last months of the century) I found myself under a growing impression that here at last was a business with not only danger in it, but fear of danger. Divers and steeple-climbers I had seen who pronounced their work perfectly safe (though I knew better), and balloonists of the same mind about perils of the air; there were none, they declared, although I had a list of deaths to prove the contrary. And so on with others. But here on the bridge were men who showed by little things (and sometimes admitted) that they were *afraid* of the black-ribbed monster. And it seemed to me that these were men with the best kind of grit in them, for although they were afraid of the bridge, they were not afraid of their fear, and they stuck to their job week after week, month after month, facing the same old peril until—well—

I came upon this fear of the bridge the very first time I sought leave to go upon the unfinished structure. It was in a little shanty of an office on the Brooklyn side, where, after some talk, I suggested to an assistant engineer, bent over his plans, that I would like to take a picture or two from the top of the tower. That seemed a simple enough thing.

"Think you can keep your head up there?" said he, with a sharp look.

I told him I had climbed to a steeple-top.

"Yes. But you were lashed fast then in a swing, and had a rope to hold on to. Here you 've got to climb up by yourself without anything to hold on to, and it 's twice as high as the average steeple. The saddles are three hundred and forty feet above the river."

"Saddles?" I queried.

"That 's what we call 'em. They 're beds of steel on top of the towers for the cables to rest on—nice little beds weighing thirty-six tons each."

"Oh!" said I. "How do you get them up?"

"Swing 'em up with steam-derricks and cables. Guess you would n't care for *that* job, hanging out on one o' those booms by your eyelashes." He smiled.

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But I 'd like to watch it."

He said I must see somebody with more authority, and turned to his plans. He was busy.

"You don't feel in danger yourself, do you," I persisted, "when *you* go up?"

"Don't, eh?" he answered. "Well, I nearly got cut in two the other day by a plate-washer. It fell over a hundred feet, and went two inches slam into a piece of timber I was standing on." Then he explained what havoc a small piece of iron—some stray bolt or hammer—can work after a long drop.

"That plate-washer," said he, "weighed only two pounds and a half when it began to fall; but it weighed as much as you do when it struck—and you 're a fair size."

"Is that true?—I mean, a statement based on calculation," said I, "or is it a joke?"

"It 's based on the laws of gravitation," he answered, "and it 's no joke for the man who gets hit. Say, why don't you go down in the yard and look around a little?"

I told him I would, and presently went down into the yard, a noisy, confusing place, where the wind was humming through a forest of scaffolding that held the bare black roadway skeleton a hundred feet overhead. It was a long street of iron resting on a long street of wood, with timber and steel built up in X's on X's, the whole rising in an easy slant to yonder grim tower that loomed heavy and ugly against the sky, a huge bow-legged H, with the upper half stretched to a great length, and each leg piled up with more black X's held by two enormous ones between. It looked for all the world as if it had come ready made in a box and had been jointed together like children's blocks, which is about the truth, for this great bridge was finished on paper, then in all its parts, before ever a beam of it saw the East River. As I drew near its feet (which could take a row of houses between heel and toe) I had the illusion, due to bigness and height, that the whole tower was rocking toward me under the hurrying clouds; and at first I did not see the workmen swarming over it, they were so tiny.

"'THERE WAS PAT, FAST ASLEEP, LEGS DANGLING, HEAD NODDING, AS COMFORTABLE AS YOU PLEASE.'" (SEE PAGE 591.)

But they were making noise enough, these workmen, with their striking and hoisting and shouting. There was the ring of hammers, the *chunk-chunk* of engines, the hiss of steam, the mellow sound of planks falling on planks, and the angry clash of metal. Presently, far up the sides of the tower, I made out painters dangling on scaffolding or crawling out on

girders, busy with scrapers and brushes. And higher still I saw the glow of red-hot iron, where the riveters were working. And at the very top I watched black dots of men swing out over the gulf on the monster derrick-booms, or haul on the guiding-lines. And from time to time the signal-bell would send its impatient call to the throttle-man below, six strokes, four strokes, one stroke, telling him what to do with his engine, and to do it quick.

Other men seemed to get on in the din by a system of strange yells. Here were a score of sturdy fellows doing something with a long steel floor-beam. They were working in scattered groups, some on the ground, some on the roadway overhead. It was lower pulley-blocks, and spread out flapping cables, and hitch fast the load, all without hurry or bother. Suddenly a man at the left would put a hand to his mouth and sing out: "Hey-y-y!" and a man overhead would answer: "Yeow-yeow-yeow!" and then they all would cry: "Ho-hoo-ho-hoooo!" and up would go the floor-beam, twisting as she lifted, a nice little load of ten tons, and presently clang down on her lofty bed like a peal of high-pitched thunder.

I chanced to be talking with the yard foreman when there came such a sudden clang, and then I saw an easy-going, rather stolid man pass through a singular transformation. Like a piece of bent steel he sprang back, every muscle in him tense, and up came his arms for defense, and there in his eyes was the look I came to know that meant terror of the bridge, and fear of sudden death. To me, unfamiliar with the constant danger, that clang meant nothing; to him it was like a snarl of the grave.

"Better stand back here," said he, and led me over by the air-compressing engine, where we were out of range.

Then he told how a superintendent of construction had been nearly killed not long before by a piece of falling iron, just where we were standing. And looking up through the criss-cross maze, with openings everywhere from ground to sky, with workmen everywhere handling loose iron, I realized that this was a kind of slow-fire battle-field, not so very glorious, but deadly enough, with shots coming from sky to earth every ten minutes, every half-hour—who can know at what moment the man

WALKING A GIRDER TWO HUNDRED FEET IN AIR.

above him will drop something, or at what moment he himself will drop something on the man below! A tiered-up battle-field, this, where each black X, with its hammers and bolts

and busy gang, is a haphazard battery against all the X's below, and a helpless target under all the X's above.

"Why, sir," said the foreman, "that tower went into a reg'lar panic one day because some fool new man on top upset a keg o' bolts. Sounded as if the whole business was coming down on us."

Thus in the very first hour one realizes what tension these men work under, what vital force they waste in vague alarms!

"It 's queer, though," continued the foreman, "how the boys get used to it. See those timbers right at the top that come together in a point? We call that an A-frame; it 's for the hoisting. Well, the boys walk those cross-timbers all the time, say a length of thirty feet and a width of one. It 's nothing on the ground, but up there with the wind blowing—well, you try it. I saw one fellow do a thing that knocked *me*. He stopped half-way across a timber not over eight inches wide, took out his match-box, stood on his right foot, lifted his left foot, and struck a match on his left heel. Then he nursed the flame in his hands, got his pipe going good, and walked on across the timber. Wha' d' ye think of that? There he was, balanced on one foot, sir, with an awful death on either side, and the wind just whooping—all because his pipe went out. I would n't do it for—for— Well, I would n't do it."

"Why did n't he wait to light his pipe until he got across?" I asked.

The foreman shook his head. "I give it up. He just happened to think of it then, and he done it. That 's the way they are, some of 'em. Why, there was another fellow, Pat Reagan, as good a man as we 've got, and he went sound asleep one day last summer,—it was a nice warm day,—sitting on the top-chord. That 's a long, narrow girder at the very highest point of the end-span. First thing we knew, there was Pat, legs dangling, head nodding, as comfortable as you please. A few inches either way would have fixed him forever; but he stuck there, by an Irishman's luck, until two of his mates climbed up softly and grabbed him. They did n't dare yell for fear he 'd be startled and fall."

While we were talking the wind had strengthened, and now every line and rope on the structure stood out straight from the sides, and swirls of spray from hoisting engines overhead flew across the yard, also occasional splinters. The foreman hurried a man aloft with orders to lash fast everything.

"There 's a hard blow coming up," he predicted, "and it 'would n't do a thing' to those big timbers on the tower if we left 'em around loose! People have no idea what force is in the wind. Why, sir, I 've seen it blow a keg of railroad spikes off that tower clean across the yard. And one day two planks thirteen feet long and two inches thick went flying over the whole approach-works right plumb through the front of a saloon out on the street. That made eight hundred feet the wind carried those planks. As for coats and overalls, why, we 've watched lots of 'em start from the tower-top and sail off over Brooklyn city like kites—yes, sir, like kites; and nobody ever knew where they landed."

"I don't see how the men keep their footing in such a gale," I remarked.

"Well," said he, "we order them down when it blows an out-and-out gale, but they work in 'most anything short of a gale. And it 's a wonder how they do it. It 's not so bad if the wind is steady, for then you can lean against it, same as a man leans on a bicycle going around a curve; but—"

"Do you mean," I interrupted, "that they walk narrow girders leaning against the wind—against a hard wind?"

"Certainly; they have to. But that 's not the worst of it. Suppose a man is leaning just enough to balance the wind, and suddenly the wind lets up, say on a gusty day. Then where 's your man? Or suppose it 's winter and the whole bridge is coated with ice, so that walking girders is like sliding downhill. Then where is he, especially when it 's blowing tricky blasts? Oh, it 's no dream, my friend, working on a bridge!"

And I, in hearty accord with that opinion, betook me back to the office, where I read just outside the door this ominous notice: "All accidents must be reported as soon as possible, or claims therefor will be disregarded."

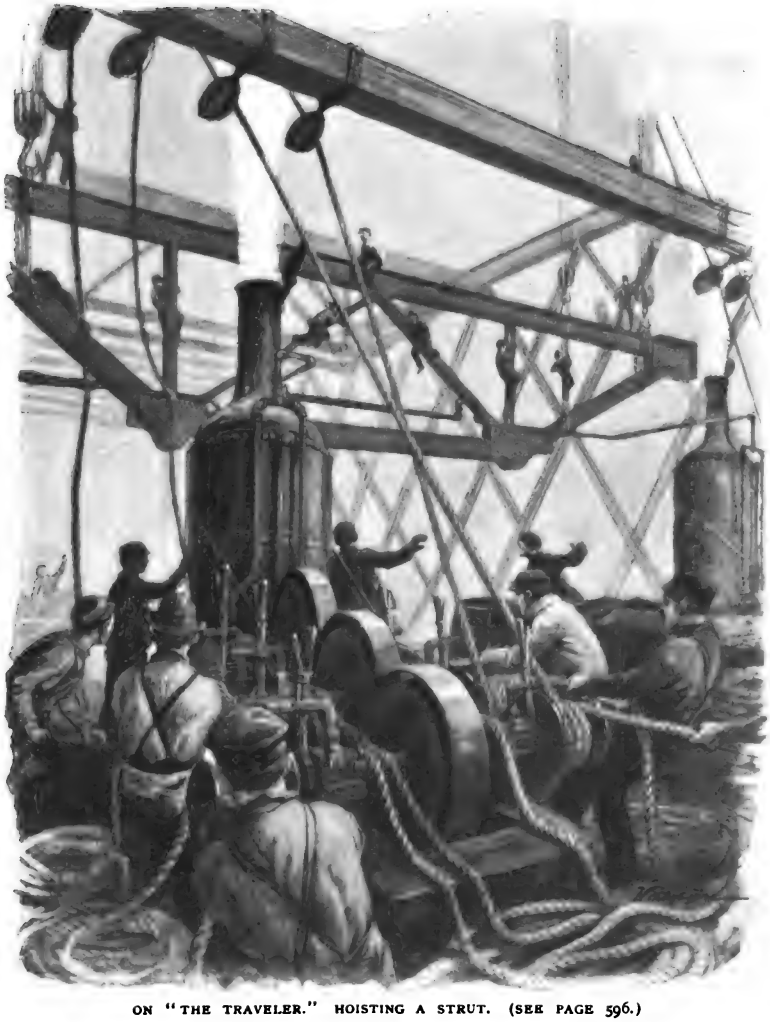
A workman came up at this moment, and, with a half-smile, asked if I knew their motto, the motto of the bridge-men.

"No," said I; "what is it?"

"'We never die,'" said he, with a grim glance at the notice; "we don't have to." Then, pointing overhead: "Come up and see us. I 'll introduce you to the boys."

Not that day, but later on, when I had arranged it, I accepted his bluff invitation and became acquainted with "the boys," the ones who "never die," and took in the fears and wonders of the bridge at closer view. My permit was granted on the express understanding that I assume all risks and hold nobody responsible for any harm that might befall. I was fortunate in having with me as companion in the climb Mr. Varian, the artist, who had faced perils of many sorts, but none like those we met that day.

First we clambered, pyramid fashion, up the pile of granite, big as a church, that will hold the cable-ends; they call it the anchorage. From the top of this we could look along the iron street that stretched away in a slight upgrade toward the tower. We were on a level with the roadway of the bridge, and far below us spread the house-tops of Brooklyn. Between our stone precipice and the iron street-end yawned a gulf that we drew back from, with water in its deepest bottom. Here the cables would be buried some day, sealed and cemented, piled over with masonry, to hold for centuries.



ON "THE TRAVELER." HOISTING A STRUT. (SEE PAGE 596.)

Standing in the lee of a block that kept off the wind, we looked across at the bridge, and planned how presently we might reach it by skirting the moat-walls and drawing our selves up at yonder corner where the end-span rested.

Somehow, seen from here, the iron street looked delicate, not massive; its sides were trellis-work, its top frames gently slanting, and one could fancy the whole thing beautifully grown over with vines, a graceful arbor-way suspended in mid-air. And down the length of this came the strangest sounds—one would say a company of woodpeckers of some giant sort making riot in an echoing forest. *Br-r-r-ip-ip-ip-ip—br-r-r-r-up-up-up—br-r-r-ap-ap-ap-ap-ap.* What was

it? Now from this side, *up-up-up-br-r-r-up-up*, and ending abruptly. Then straightway from near the top on the other side, *ap-ap-ap-br-r-r-r-ap-ap-ap*. Then fainter from half-way down the street, and then from all points at once, a chorus of hammer-birds making the bridge resound in call and in answer, hammer-birds with strokes as swift as the roll of a drum. What is it?

And look! Those points of fire that glow forth here and there and vanish as the eye perceives them, tiny red lights, tiny yellow lights, that flash from far down the iron street and are gone, that flash from all along the iron street and are gone! What are they? What strange work is doing here?

It was the riveters driving the endless red-hot bolts that hold the bridge together—driving them with hammers that you work with a trigger, and aim like a fire man's hose, hammers with rubber pipes dragging behind that feed in compressed air from an engine. Long past are the days when bolts were driven by brawny arms and the slow swing of a sledge. Now the workman leaning his stomach against an iron club, touches a spring, and, presto! the hard-kicking, pent-up air inside drives the darting club-head back and forth, back and forth, quick as a snake strikes, *br-r-r-r-r-ip-ip-ip-ip*, against whatever the steering arms may press it. Driving rivets nowadays is something like handling a rapid-fire gun. And how your body aches from the bruise of that recoil!

RIDING UP ON AN EIGHTEEN-TON COLUMN.

"We must get nearer to those fellows," said the artist; and presently, after some mild hazards, we were safely over on the span, quite as near as was desirable to a gang of riveters

dangling twenty feet above us on a swing. For presently, with a sputter of white sparks, a piece of red-hot iron struck the girder we were straddling, and then went bounding down—down—

"Nice, hospitable place, this!" remarked the artist, as we edged under cover of a wide steel beam.

Crouching here, we watched another gang of riveters on the structure opposite, where we had a better view, watched the forge-man pass along the glowing rivets, and the buffer-man slip them through ready holes, and the hammer-man flatten the flaming ends into smooth, burnished heads. And presently a riveter in black cap and faded blue jersey climbed down from the swing overhead, and explained things to us. He did this out of sheer good nature, I think, although he may have been curious to know what two men with derby hats and kodaks were doing up there. We watched his descent in wonder and alarm, for it involved some lively gymnastics, that he entered upon, however, with complete indifference. First he swung across from the scaffolding to a girder, the highest rail of the bridge, and along this walked as coolly as a boy on a wide fence-top, only this happened to be a fence one hundred and fifty feet high. Then he bent over and caught one of the slanting side supports, and down this worked his way as a mountain-climber would work down a precipice. Presently he stepped off at our level, never having taken the pipe from his mouth.

When we asked how he dared go about so carelessly over a reeling abyss, he said they all did it; they all got used to it, or else got killed. Why, when the whistle blew we 'd see men swinging and sliding and twisting their way down like a lot of circus performers. That 's how they came to dinner; that 's how they got back aloft. No, sir; they could n't use life-lines; they moved about too much. Besides, what good would a life-line be to a man if the falls started at him with a ten-ton load, yes, or a twenty-ton load? That man has got to skip along pretty lively, sir, or he 'll get hurt. Did he mean skip along over this web of boards and girders? I inquired. He certainly did, and we 'd see plenty of it, if we stayed up long. The artist and I shook our heads as we looked down that skeleton roadway, gaping open everywhere between girders and planks, in little gulfs, ten feet wide, five feet wide, two feet wide, quite wide enough to make the picture of a man skipping over them a very solemn thing.

WARMING THEIR LUNCHES AT THE BOILER-FIRE.

A STRANGE WAY TO GO TO MEALS.

Our friend went on to tell us how the riveters often get into tight places, say on the tower, where there is so little room for the forge-man to heat his bolts that he has to throw

them up to the hammer-man, twenty or thirty feet.

"What!" exclaimed the artist. "Throw red-hot bolts twenty or thirty feet up the tower!"

"That 's what they do; and we 've got boys who are pretty slick at it. They 'll grab a bolt out of the fire with long-handled nippers, and give her a swing and a twist, and away she goes sizzling through the air straight at the man above; and say, they don't miss him once in a hundred times; and, what 's more, they never touch a truss or girder. If they did there 'd be a piece of red-hot iron sailing down on the lads below, and that would n't be good for their health."

"How does the hammer-man catch these red-hot bolts?" I asked.

"In a bucket. Catches 'em every time. That 's a thing you want to see, too."

There were so many things we wanted to see in this strange region! And presently we set forth down the iron street, keeping in mind a parting caution of the riveter not to look at our feet, but at the way before them, and never to look down. As we edged ahead cautiously (no skipping along for us, thanks, but pausing often, and holding fast to whatever offered support), we saw that all the bridge-men come over the girders, eyes straight ahead, in a shuffling, flat-footed way, without much bend in the knees. Look, there comes one of them in from the end of a long black arm that pushes out like a bowsprit over the gulf! He has been hanging out there painting the iron. In the pose of his body he is a tight-rope walker, in the hitch of his legs he is a convict, in the blank stare of his face he is a somnambulist. Really he is nothing but an every-day bridge-man earning a hard living; and his wife would be torn with fears could she see him now.

Presently we came to the busiest scene on the structure, down where the covered part ended and the iron roadway reached on, bare of framework, to the tower. Here the "traveler" was working with a double gang of men, raising a skeleton of sides and cross-beams that were pushing on, pushing on day by day, and would finally stretch across the river. Once on the traveler's deck, we breathed easier, for here we were safe from fearsome crevasses, safe on a great wide raft of iron and timber, set on double railroad tracks, a lumbering steam-giant that goes resounding along, when need is, with its weight of five locomotives, its three-story derricks swinging out great booms at the corners, its thumping niggerhead engines (two of them) for the hoisting, its coal-bins, its water-tanks, its coils of rope, its pile of lumber, and its mascot kitten, curled up there by the ash-box in a workman's coat. They say the bridge has to wait when that kitten wants her dinner, and woe to the man who would treat the little thing unkindly.

This traveler, with its gangs, is a sort of gigantic sewing-machine that stitches the bridge together; it lifts all the parts into place and binds them fast, as it were, with basting-threads of temporary iron, to hold until the riveters arrive for the permanent sewing.

THE KITTEN MASCOT.

Five or six tons is the weight of ordinary pieces handled by the traveler, but some pieces

weigh twenty tons, and, on a pinch, forty tons could be managed, which is the weight of six elephants like Jumbo. Of course, when I say that the traveler "stitches" these pieces together, I really mean that the traveler gangs do this, for the big brute booms can only lift things and swing things; the bolt-driving and end-fitting must be done by little men.

When we arrived the traveler was bringing to one spot the massive parts of a cross-section in our arbor-way. It was a stretched-out iron W, flattened down between girders across top and bottom. This, we learned, was "a strut," and it all weighed sixteen tons, and it would presently be lifted bodily overhead to span the roadway. We waited a full hour to see this thing done—to watch another stitch taken in the bridge; and it seems to me, as I think of it, that I can recall no hour when I saw so many perils being faced with such fine courage and indifference.

THE WORK OF THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS. A TOWER OF THE NEW BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

First, the booms would drop down their clanking jaws and grip the chain-bound girders from little delivery cars, then swing them around to the lifting-place at the farther end of the traveler. Now we understood what our friend down the way meant by "skipping along lively when the falls come at you." He meant this boom-tackle and its load as they sweep over the structure with a blind, merciless force. And, indeed, they did skip along, the bridgemen, as the traveler turned its arms this way and that, and several times I saw a man slip as he hurried, and barely save himself. A single misstep might mean to be caught by the crush of a ten-ton mass, or a plunge into space, or both. It seemed a pretty shivery choice.

"One of our boys got hit this morning," said a man with a frank, intelligent face.

"Hit by the falls?" I asked.

"Yes; he tried to dodge, but his foot caught somehow, and he got it hard right here." He touched his thigh. "It flattened him out, just over there where that man 's making fast the load."

"Was he badly hurt?" we inquired.

"Pretty bad, I guess. He could n't get up, and we lowered him in a coal-box with a runner; that 's a single line. You see, it 's very easy to take a wrong step."

Presently somebody yelled something, and this man moved away to his task; but we were

joined almost immediately by another bridge-man (really they were most courteous to us), who told us how they used to ride the big steel columns from the ground clear to the cap of the tower. Two men would usually ride on a column, their duty being to keep her from bumping against the structure as she lifted, and then bolt her fast when she reached the top. Of course, as the tower grew in height, these rides became more and more terrifying, so that some of the men who were equal to anything else would draw back from riding up a column.

And just at the last these fears were justified, and a man named Jack McGreggor had an experience that might well have blanched his hair. They had reached the 325-foot level on the Brooklyn tower, and were placing the last lengths of column but one, and McGreggor was riding up one of these lengths alone. It was a huge mass twenty-five feet long, square in section, and large enough to admit of a winding ladder inside. It weighed eighteen tons. As the overhead boom lifted the pendant length (with McGreggor astride) and swung it clear of the column it was to rest on, the foreman, watching there like a hawk, wiggled his thumb to the signal-man on a platform below, who pulled four strokes on the bell, which meant "boom up" to the engineman. So up came the boom, and in came the column, hanging now in true perpendicular, with McGreggor ready to slide down from his straddling seat for the bolting.

Now the foreman flapped his hand palm down, and the signal-man was just about to jerk two bells, which means "lower your load," when rip—smash—tear! Far down below a terrible thing had happened: the frame of the engine had snapped right over the bearing, and out pulled the cable drum that was holding the strain of that eighteen-ton column, and down came the falls. It was just like an elevator breaking loose at the top of its shaft. The column started to fall; there was nothing to stop it; and then—and then a miracle was worked; it must have been a miracle, it is so extraordinary. That falling column struck

A VIEW ALONG THE ROADWAY. "THE IRON STREET LOOKED DELICATE, NOT MASSIVE. ONE COULD FANCY THE ROADWAY BEAUTIFULLY GROWN OVER WITH VINES."

squarely, end to end, on the solid column beneath it, rocked a little, righted itself, and stayed there. Which was more than Jack McGreggor did, for he came sliding down so fast—he came with a wild, white face—that he all but knocked the foreman over; and the foreman was white himself. And what that eighteen-ton column would have done to the bridge, and the boys on it, had it crashed down those three hundred and twenty-five feet, is still a subject of awed discussion. In all human likelihood it would have wrecked the bridge.

All this time a dozen men have been swarming over the strut, hammering bolts, tightening nuts, hitching fast the falls, making sure that all parts are rigid and everything ready for the lifting. At the front of the traveler two foremen, "pushers" they are called, yell without ceasing: "Hey, Gus! Hey! Hey, Jimmie! Put that winch in! Slack away them falls! What the mischief are you doing? Hey! Hey!" And they shake their hands and dance on their toes, for all the world like a pair of mad auctioneers.

The men work faster under this vigorous coaching. Four or five are stretched flat on their stomachs along the top girder, as many more cling to steep slanting braces, and some hang fast to the uprights, with legs twisted around them like Japanese pole-climbers. No matter what his position, every man plies a tool of some sort—wrench, chisel, or sledge, and presently all is ready.

Now the niggerheads start with a pounding and sputtering that makes the bridge quiver. The big spools haul fast on the ropes, the falls stiffen, the booms creak, and with shouts from every one, the strut heaves and lifts and hangs suspended. The "pushers" yell at the niggerheads to stop. The men swarm over the load, studying every joint, then wave that all is well, and come sliding, twisting down just as the engines start again, all but two men, who sit at the ends and ride along with the hoist. Meantime the others are racing up the side frames, from slant to slant to the top of the truss, where they wait eagerly, yelling the while, at the points on either side, where presently the strut-ends must be adjusted and then bolted fast.

It seems like some mad school-boy game of romps. Now we 'll all swing over this precipice! Whoop-la! Now we 'll all run across this gulf! Wow! wow! wow! Every man in that scrambling crew is facing two deaths, or three deaths, and doing hard work besides. Look! There comes the strut up to its place, and nearly crushes Jimmie Dunn with its sharp edge, as a strut *did* crush another lad not so long ago. And see that man hang out in a noose of a rope, hang out over nothing, and drive in bolts. And see this fellow kick off on the free pulley-block and come sliding down. Hoooo! And there are the others jumping at the falls after him, and coming down with a rush, laughing. Risking their lives? One would say they never thought of it.

"Why, that 's nothing!" said one of them; "we used to slide down the falls from the top of the tower. But you 've got to know the trick or the ropes 'll burn through your trousers. It 's a great slide, though."

"Are n't you ever afraid of falling?" I asked a serious-faced young man who was running one of the niggerheads.

"I 'll tell you how it is," said he; "we 're not afraid when a lot of us do a thing together, but each one might be afraid to do it alone. In our hearts I guess we 're all afraid."

"Ever have an accident yourself?"

The men near us laughed at this, but the young man did not laugh.

"I fell ninety-seven feet off the false work out there," he said, pointing down the span.

"Ninety-seven feet?"

"Yes, sir; and on the way down I struck a timber eight inches wide and four inches thick, and broke it square off. My name is Fleager—Henry E. Fleager. You ask down at the office if what I tell you is n't true."

It was quite true: he had fallen ninety-seven feet, landed on a pile of bricks, and broken not a single bone. He was back at work after one week in the hospital. The doctors could not account for it, nor could the man himself, nor can anybody. It is just one of those astonishing facts that stand on the records unexplained.

(THE NEXT ARTICLE IN THIS SERIES WILL BE "THE FIREMAN.")

IN THE SUNNY SOUTHWEST.

By Colonel Henry Inman.

RITA ARCHILETTA.

At the highest point of the Raton Range, where the old Santa Fé trail crossed these lofty spurs of the Rocky Mountains in the early days of the "overland coach," a rude toll-gate was established.

Its proprietor has been dead for many years.

To-day a railroad follows the "old trail" across the plains and over the mountains, so for more than two decades the toll-gate has been crumbling into rottenness, having long ago outlived its usefulness. The region, however, has lost none of its wild, picturesque beauty; snow-capped peaks, mighty cañons, and awful gulches mark the work of nature when she was in one of her angry moods, ages ago, when the world was young.

Close to the foot of one of the immense peaks, at the head of a beautiful, but narrow, grassy valley, once stood a little adobe hut. Just above, a large spring of sparkling cold water gushed out of a wall of rock which formed the precipitous side of an immense hill overshadowing the cabin. The rude walls of the primitive-looking structure shone like old gold when the rays of the setting sun glinted upon them, because they were washed with a peculiar earth found in that country. It is called in the patois of the Mexicans, *tierra amarilla*, literally, "yellow earth." It is filled with small glistening particles of mica that reflect the light, and there is scarcely a house of the poor in New Mexico, where it abounds, which is not covered with it.

Probably it was this same shining earth on the walls of the cities of old Mexico, during the conquest, which deceived Cortés, and caused him to think and report, when he first viewed them, that they were built of gold.

"RITA OWNED A PATIENT LITTLE DONKEY."

The little adobe hut had but two rooms, with dirt floors, and a dirt fireplace was built diagonally across the corner of the larger. There were no carpets, no bedsteads. The beds, called *colchons*, were soft woolen mat-

tresses spread out on the floor at night; the coverings, coarse native blankets. In the daytime these colchons were neatly rolled up against the wall, and, with some gaudy-colored cheap calico thrown over them, made comfortable seats, resembling low sofas or lounges.

A herd of goats, which roamed at will over the mountains, was the principal wealth of the little family living in the rude but comfortable cabin, and supplying them with an abundance of rich milk, one of the most important articles of their diet; for all the poorer classes of New Mexico, in those days, lived in a very simple style. Their wants were few; all they required was enough corn, beans, and onions to last them through the short winter, which a small patch of ground, if slightly watered, abundantly furnished.

Thus lived in their adobe cabin, near the mountain toll-gate, Manuel Archiletta and his wife, Rita, their daughter, aged thirteen, and two sons, Pablo and José, eleven and fifteen years old respectively.

Little Rita had a cunning, graceful figure, large, lustrous dark eyes, a great mass of black hair, and, with her olive complexion, looked like a Gipsy. She possessed, withal, an exceedingly affectionate and sweet disposition, that endeared her to all who knew her.

During the whole summer she wore no hat, using instead a brilliantly colored shawl, which she threw gracefully over her head, after the manner of the ladies of her country with their rebozos, or shawls. Her little feet and legs, always bare, were as brown as a berry.

It was her duty to drive the goats out of their corral in the morning to their pasture on the side of the mountains, and, just before sundown, to bring them home. She knew each by name, and they were familiar with her voice, coming to her side whenever she called.

Rita was very fond of pets; besides five coal-black kittens, and a little, shaggy, good-natured shepherd-dog named "Pedro," she owned a patient little donkey and a tame, speckled brook-trout, which would come to the surface

"QUICK AS A FLASH, THE TROUT WOULD DART UP FROM HIS DARK RETREAT BELOW."

"NOW THAT THE CAKES WERE BEFORE HIM, HE WAS MUZZLED!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

of the water and eat out of her hand whenever she put her finger in so that he could see it.

Where the spring gushed out of the hillside, just beyond the cabin door, in a stream as big as a man's arm, during the ages that it had tumbled down on a flat ledge of rocks a great distance below, it had worn out an immense basin. This crystal pool, ten feet deep, and twice that in diameter at the surface, was the fish's home, where Rita had placed "Henrico"—so she had named the trout—eight years before, when she was only five. She had caught him with her hands one sunny afternoon in one of the many cold torrents near there. Then Henrico was about as long as a needle, but he now measured at least five inches.

The beautiful pool, shaded by vines and cedars, was only a few rods from the door of the cabin, immediately alongside of the main trail, which everybody had to travel going past there. It was a source of much amusement to Rita and her brothers when some thirsty Mexican,—a stranger to that portion of the country,—mounted on his burro, going to Trinidad, the nearest town, stopped at the tempting spring for a drink. The unsuspicious traveler would get off his animal, go to the rocky basin, lie flat upon the ground at its edge, and just as he touched his lips to the water, quick as a flash, Henrico would dart up from his dark retreat below, straight at the fellow's nose.

The thoroughly frightened native would

scramble to his feet as quickly as possible, imagining the spring bewitched; then, jumping on his burro, he would hurry away from the spot as fast as his little animal's legs could be made to go.

The mountaineer who owned and kept the toll-gate was a childless widower, alone in the world. He lived in a neat little adobe, with only a Mexican boy, Diego, to wait upon him, and was about fifty-five years old.

The home of the Archilettas was but an eighth of a mile from the toll-gate, and when the old man's presence was not required there, morning and evening, upon the arrival of the overland coaches from the East and West, he could generally be found where Rita was. He called her his "little señorita," and she called him *padrino* (godfather); for between the child and the old mountaineer a deep affection existed, which had commenced, on his part, when Rita was christened, and he had stood sponsor for her, she learning to love the old man by degrees as the years passed.

Rita, of course, understood no English, but she was told all the nursery tales which the old toll-gate keeper could remember. He related them in musical Spanish, and she would listen for hours at a time, sitting on his lap in the shadow of the great pines. When she grew older, requiring something more fitted to her advancing years, he sent to St. Louis and bought books of fairy-tales and stories, which he translated into her own beautiful language as he read aloud to her.

Rita owned a handsome sea-grass hammock, which the old man had presented to her when she was about eleven, and during the sunny hours of the long summer, after the goats had been driven pastureward, and she had finished helping her mother in some simple household duties, it was her favorite resort.

The hammock hung under a group of low cedars, not far from the cabin. On it was spread an immense grizzly-bear skin, perfectly tanned and as soft as silk. Here Rita would recline in comfortable coziness, her five black kittens stretched out on the grass or gamboling gracefully about her.

Near her, on a stump or log, the old man would sit all the morning, entertaining his "little señorita" with the choicest stories her books contained. Sometimes she would fall asleep, and then was presented a beautiful picture as the soft south wind gently ruffled her black curls and brought the delicate pink tint of health to her dark cheeks. The old man at such times shut his book, gazing earnestly into her innocent face, while memories of a little daughter he had lost years ago would crowd upon his thoughts, and tears trickled down the furrows of his weather-beaten face. Then his head would nod; presently he, too, would fall asleep in the shadow of the cedars; while Pedro, the dog, crouched on the grass at the foot of the hammock and watched over both.

One summer,—and Rita was now fourteen, of the same small figure, but full of health and gladness,—in the afternoon, Rita went out after the goats, as was her custom. Darkness had long fallen upon the mountains when they came bleating up to their corral, but the brown-hued little Rita was not with them.

When Rita's father discovered that she had not returned, he went up to the toll-gate, and with the old keeper started to search for her.

At length they heard a cry, then a rustling, and in a moment Rita was in her father's arms.

Rita had an interesting story to tell. She had taken with her, when she went after the goats, a little tin pail filled with sweet cakes. Seeing some blackberries upon a bush not far from her usual path, she had begun to pick them. Suddenly hearing a sniffing sound, she had turned about and had found herself face to face with a bear, perhaps as fond of blackberries as Rita herself. Certainly he was as fond of sweet cakes, for as she dropped her tin pail and ran away, Bruin, smelling the sugar, tumbled it over and over trying to get off the cover. At last, thrusting his nose under the handle, he had shaken the cover from the pail, but, alas! now that the cakes were before him, he was muzzled, and could not touch one of them.

Rita in her curiosity had watched the bear for a few moments, but then had taken to her heels, leaving him to remove his muzzle as he could. When she stopped running she had found that she was lost, and had wandered about until her father had come in sight.

LITTLE MISTRESS BRIDGET.

By Emilia Elliott.

The children were gathered on the lawn in front of the library windows. Ralph was stretched out on the soft grass, watching his sister as she bent over her sketch. "Brigitta," he said. "What is the use of turning a sensible English name into a stupid German one?"

"Bridget is n't English."

"I like Biddy best—it 's short and jolly," Harold said, from the hammock.

"There were so many pretty family names to choose from," sighed Bridget. "It 's too bad."

"What 's too bad, Biddy?" Sir Ralph asked, from one of the open windows.

"My poor old name, papa," Bridget answered.

"Biddy does n't believe in 'What 's in a name?'" Ralph remarked.

"Yet even Biddy by any other name could not seem quite so sweet," Sir Ralph said, coming to sit in one of the low garden-chairs.

"Why, papa?" Bridget questioned.

"What does your name signify, Biddy?"

"Strength, papa."

"What day of the month is it?"

"The 11th of June. What has that to do with my name?"

"Listen. I 'm going to tell you of a certain little Mistress Bridget Crewe—the first of her name—who lived here at Elm Court some two hundred years ago. She had come to the name Bridget through some connections of her mother, Lady Crewe, who was a high-born Irish lady. It is just two hundred and sixteen years ago to-day that Bridget, familiarly called Biddy, was sitting at her needlework in the old wainscoted parlor, very tired of taking the tiny, even stitches Lady Crewe was so particular about, and wishing instead for a ramble through the garden with 'Sharp,' the hound. Presently Biddy, looking up from her work, saw a horseman riding quickly up the avenue. He was covered with dust and seemed in great haste. Scarcely waiting to reach the house, he called loudly for Sir John, nor would he dismount, but waited impatiently in the saddle until the former came. Sir John was a brave, hearty, obstinate fellow, true to king and party, and fiercely indignant against all who were otherwise; generous and easy-going, unless roused to anger, but well-nigh immovable then. Bridget soon saw that the tidings the horseman brought were of great importance. Sir John's bushy brows were knotted, and his eyes underneath flashed hotly. Soon the messenger was off, clattering down the avenue and raising a cloud of dust behind him, while Sir John, turning, strode off to the stables, calling for one of the men to saddle 'Brown Jim.' Bridget slipped out after her father. He had disappeared, but presently came out of doors booted and spurred, his sword hanging in its place at his side. There was a firm, resolute look on his face, instead of the fierce impatience Biddy had seen there but a few moments before.

"She was a privileged little lass, and could take liberties others dared not venture upon. So now she sprang forward, asking anxiously, 'Has aught happened, father?'

"Hurried as Sir John was, he took time to lay a hand on the upturned curly head. 'Ay, lass. There is trouble rife in the land. But 't will not be for long. There be loyal hearts enough in England, as yon traitor shall find to his cost! Hark, lass. When thy mother returns, bid her look in my cabinet for a message.' Then, not waiting for further delay, Sir John sprang into the saddle and rode away. Bridget watched him down the long avenue of elms of which we are so proud, and which have given Elm Court its name."

Sir Ralph's little group of listeners looked silently toward the avenue where they were so

fond of playing, and down which the other Bridget had watched her father riding on that June evening long ago.

"Where was Sir John going?" Harold questioned.

"Hush! I know," Ralph said eagerly. "Go on, papa."

"Well, Biddy watched until Sir John was out of sight, then went slowly back to the quiet parlor, where, as it was too dark for even her bright eyes to see the stitches, she sat down idly by the open window to wonder over the strange happenings that had taken place during the last half-hour.

"JACK'S FACE SOBERED."

"Presently came a cry of 'Biddy, Biddy! where are you?'

"'Here, Jack'; and Biddy ran to the wide entrance-hall. 'Dost know what has happened, Jack? Father hath ridden off in hot haste. There came a messenger for him.'

"Jack's face was glowing. He caught Biddy by the shoulders, but gently. 'Canst keep a secret?'

"Biddy declared she could and would. Jack bent down to whisper. 'The Duke of Monmouth landed to-day at Lyme. Now shall we have a Monmouth at our head!'

"Biddy grew quite white at this news. She looked up anxiously. 'Is it right for him to come?' she asked.

"'Right!' Jack laughed. 'Methinks the folk think so, seeing how many are already rallying round the blue flag the duke bears. Is it not right that our Protestant religion should have a brave protector?'

"'Hath father gone to serve him?' Biddy asked.

"Jack's face sobered.

"'My father is a brave man,' he said gravely; 'but a mistaken one. He will not forsake the king's cause.'

"Biddy asked if all loyal men were not true to the king.

"'Thou canst not understand it,' Jack said. 'The king is but a cruel, wicked tyrant.'

"'I pray thee, hush!' Biddy cried, frightened by the words. 'Thou mayest be overheard.'

"'Thou art a foolish child,' Jack said, adding, 'Hast any money to spare?'

"Biddy flew to fetch her money-box. She had only two gold pieces and a little pile of silver, but Jack took them gratefully.

"'Some day I will return it doubled, but now—why, 't is to help the cause,' he said.

"'Nay; 't is to help thee,' Biddy answered.

"Jack came to kiss her. 'Thou wilt give this note to my mother, Biddy, when twenty-four hours are passed—not sooner, on thy word. Farewell, sweetheart.'

"'Where art thou going?' Biddy cried.

"'Hush. Remember, 't is a secret. To offer my services to the duke's cause as a true man should,' Jack said.

"Biddy clung to him.

"'Pray thee, do not go,' she begged. 'I fear me 't will anger our father greatly.'

"'Alas! this will not be the only instance where father and son will meet on opposite

"LADY CREWE WAS STANDING IN THE OPEN DOORWAY."

sides,' Jack said. 'Let me go, sweetheart. There is no time to lose.'

"A moment later Biddy was left alone in the dark hall, while Jack rode silently away under cover of the coming night, believing, poor lad, he was but acting as a true English lad should, and believing quite as heartily in the success of the duke's cause, but willing to do his part, even though the outcome should be defeat.

"You children know how sad was the outcome. You have read of the short struggle and its bitter end, with the suffering and misery it entailed on so many throughout our land. Not alone his own life did the Duke of Monmouth sacrifice, nor even those alone of his immediate followers, but many brave men and women met death for the simplest act of kindness shown to a poor soul in distress, if that soul were a follower of the duke. And Biddy, left alone with her sorrow at parting with her only brother, and her doubts as to the course he had chosen, was to live through days and weeks of anxiety and distress, and to show she had been well named Bridget, meaning 'strength.' Lady Crewe was from home on that eventful 11th of June, but when Biddy came down the wide oaken stairway the next morning, Lady Crewe, still clad in her riding-gown, was standing in the open doorway, looking sorrowfully out at the lawn sparkling in the early sunshine. She held Sir John's note in one hand; the other she gave to Biddy. 'I heard the news at thy uncle's, sweetheart, so returned this morning. I thought to find Sir John gone.' She did not mention Jack, for a servant had brought word that the lad had not been at home the past night, and Lady Crewe knew only too well whither her hot-headed, impulsive boy had gone. How would Sir John bear the knowledge of his son's disloyalty?

"The first anxious day passed slowly by. Toward night word came from Sir John. He had joined a force marching against the duke. Biddy pictured to herself father and son meeting in battle on opposite sides. The moment the twenty-four hours were up, she gave Lady Crewe Jack's brief note.

"''T is a grievous time, Biddy,' Lady Crewe said. 'What will become of our poor, foolish lad when the duke's cause is lost, as lost it must be?'

"Never again could Biddy bear the lovely June days. They brought back with every return of the season that long, anxious time. Sir John was wounded seriously enough to be sent home for careful nursing. He had heard of Jack's choice. The lad, he said, should never darken his door again—though, indeed, 't was not likely he would live to try. Even if he came out of the struggle alive, all knew a traitor's doom.

"Biddy, from her corner of Sir John's rooms, —for he would have her near him,—was fain to close her ears to such bitter words.

"At last came the 6th of July, 1685.

After this, when you repeat it amid your other dates, it may make it the more real to remember that throughout that summer day twelve-year-old Biddy sat with watchful eyes on the long avenue for the first glimpse of a messenger. Not until the next day was word received. Biddy was in her own room when she heard the clatter of hoofs on the gravel before the house, then a clanking of spurs as the rider was shown up to Sir John's room. Presently Lady Crewe came to where Biddy waited, anxious, yet dreading to hear what the message was. Lady Crewe's face was drawn with grief, but her voice was calm and gentle as ever. ''T is as we feared, Biddy,' she said. 'The duke hath been sorely routed. He is in hiding. 'T is a victory for king and state. We should be thankful. But oh, if I knew aught of my own misguided lad!'

"'An Jack be alive, surely the king will pardon him. He is so young—scarce nineteen,' Biddy cried.

"'His only hope would be in escaping abroad,' Lady Crewe said. 'I fear me he will try to find his way home, which would be like giving himself up. Alas! home is the last place for him to come to.'

"Lady Crewe was called away. Biddy stole into the garden to ponder her mother's words. If she only knew where Jack was! Up and down the box-bordered path Biddy wandered, wishing with all her heart she could spirit Jack across the Channel. She shuddered to think of her brave, bright Jack bound and imprisoned. Such a free, happy life as he had hitherto led! And Biddy thought sorrowfully of the gay rides they had had together, the rambles o'er cliff and down. Suddenly she stopped, clapping her hands softly together!

"She would run and tell mother. Then a thought made her stand still. If Jack was considered a traitor to the king, would it not be treason to help him? Biddy was growing very wise of late. She would slip quietly away. There would be no one implicated but herself. As for herself, Biddy's head was raised proudly. A Crewe would never let personal fear stand in the way of duty. She began her walk again, planning what to take. She had no money, and to ask would be to arouse suspicion. No; she must take her few trinkets for Jack to pass off in place of gold. She must get some food together, but that would be easily managed. If the day would only pass! Not noon yet—ten hours to wait. When she went to say good night to her father, he took both hands in his, saying: 'I would thou wert a lad, my lass; but thou 'lt do well by the old place. Perchance 't is better the old name should be lost to it, now it has a stain upon it.'

"Biddy fell on her knees by the bedside: 'An I had been a lad I too might have made a mistake, father. Canst not pardon a mistaken sense of honor?'

"'Honor!' groaned Sir John. 'Vex me not, lass.'

"Biddy slipped away, feeling almost a traitor to him. But she must save Jack if she could. Surely, when these troublesome times were past, the father's heart must go out to the boy he had been so proud and fond of. For the first time in her life, Biddy took the liberty of locking herself into her own room. She would plead the excitement of the time, were she questioned on the morrow. As the great hall clock rang out for ten, Biddy, clad in dark, peasant-like cloak and hood, climbed lightly down the heavy, ivy-bound trellis outside her window to the terrace beneath. Keeping in the shadow of the house, Biddy reached the garden. Through that she sped swiftly to the wide fields beyond.

"Lyme, as you know, is hardly more than a collection of narrow, alley-like streets lying along a bit of rocky coast. Above the village is a slight bend in the coast, and here, among the cliffs, Jack's sharp eyes had long ago discovered a cave, deep and damp, and accessible from the water's side only at low tide. Jack, with a boy's love of the adventurous, had carefully made an opening to the cave from the cliff above, and hither he had sometimes taken Biddy, always under promise of strict secrecy. 'Who knows?' Jack had said laughingly. 'I may be in hiding for my life some day, and, if so, I shall certainly choose Deep Cave.' It was these words, lightly spoken half in jest, that, coming suddenly to Biddy's mind, had given her her only hope.

"It was a good three-and-a-half-mile walk across the fields. Fortunately, the night was cloudy, though, as her path lay back from the highroad, there was little chance of her being espied. Biddy felt very nervous and lonely at first. She was unused to being out at that hour. Suppose there had been spies about, and she was being followed? She fancied she could hear steps behind. Almost crying, Biddy said the Collect for that day, and the Creed; then the Lord's Prayer. With the 'Our Father' she grew calmer. Perhaps Jack was saying it, too.

"A moment later, she heard quick, rushing steps. Biddy's low cry of fear changed to one of joy as a familiar figure sprang up to lick her face. It was Sharp, who, scenting her steps, had followed to offer his services. There was no need to say, 'Quiet, sir!'

"Sharp knew something was wrong, and not a bark escaped him, though, if Biddy could have seen his great eyes, she would have read there his wonder and distress.

"Biddy was afraid no longer. Soon she began to taste the salt air and feel the damp sea-breeze on her hot face. Through the summer night came the sound of the surf breaking on the shore beyond and below. She was anxious lest she should miss the trail—more anxious lest her coming prove in vain. A few moments, and, with fast-beating heart, Biddy was kneeling in the wet grass, with her mouth close to a narrow opening. Then she called, softly, 'Jack, are you there? Listen. *Animo*,—'

"The moment that followed was agony to Biddy. Then she heard the rest:—'*Non astutia*,* sweetheart.'

"It was the Crewe motto,—is yet,—and the watchword Jack had chosen for admittance to his cave.

"'Do not come up, Jack,' she begged. 'Let me say, if necessary, I have not seen you. Here is food and my trinkets. Canst get abroad? Art hurt? Oh, Jack! I think God put it into my heart to come.'

"'Amen,' Biddy heard. 'Get home now, sweetheart. Some day thou shalt be repaid. Had it not been for thy coming I know not what would have become of me. Now, I trust, all will be well. Nay, I have but a wounded arm—naught to vex thee. Go now, sweetheart.'

"And loath to leave him, yet knowing it wise, Biddy turned homeward."

Sir Ralph ceased speaking.

"Did Jack get away?" Ralph cried.

"Yes; and in course of time, when William of Orange came sailing to England, among his followers was Jack. Sir John had died, leaving Biddy sole heiress; and she, in course of time, of her own free will, and against Jack's wishes, made over to him the property that should have been his by right, thereby sending the name and place down in unbroken line. Biddy, are you any more reconciled to your name now?"

"I 'm proud of it, papa. I 'm afraid I shall never do anything so brave."

"Times are changed. But, after all, Biddy only did what she considered her duty, and that we all can do, in war or in peace."

* "By courage, not by craft."

SECRETS.

WHAT is the secret the pine-trees know
That keeps them whispering, soft and low?
All day long in the breezes swaying,
What can it be they are always saying?
The nodding daisies deep in the grass
Seem to beckon me as I pass.
What have they that is worth the showing,
Out in the meadow where they 're growing?
If I listen close where the brook flows strong,
I can hear it singing a low, sweet song.
Is it just because of the watch it 's keeping,
There where the baby ferns are sleeping?
The sweet, white clovers out in the sun
Have told the bumble bees, every one,
And high in the maple-tree swinging, swinging,
Loud and clear is a robin singing.
Is the flower's secret for bird and bee,
And not for a little girl like me?

Jennie G. Clarke.

THE NEW POPULARITY OF THE CARRIER-PIGEON.

By George Ethelbert Walsh.

BOTH in war and peace the carrier-pigeon has won new laurels in the past year, and its popularity as a well-bred pet and domestic messenger has become as great as its usefulness as a carrier of war despatches where telegraph and telephone lines are not established. That so innocent a creature as the dove-like carrier should be selected for important war purposes, and taken into the service for furthering the bloody conflicts of modern armies seems out of keeping with the aims of nature and an abuse of man's power. The pigeon is eminently a peace-loving bird, and its nature is so different from those of the screaming eagle and falcon that as an emblem of war it should be a total failure. Nevertheless, the timid bird has served armies in times of need, and is cultivated for its practical war usefulness to an extent never dreamed of for either the falcon or eagle. In a sense it is the war bird of the day.

The pigeon post at Durban, in South Africa, was the beginning of the pigeon experiments conducted in recent campaigns between the English and Boers, and scores of messages were carried from one part of the English army to another by means of the birds. Colonel Hassard of the Royal Engineers, a staff-officer at the Cape, had made a life study of the carrier-pigeons, and before the war broke out he had established pigeon posts between most of the beleaguered cities. From Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking, pigeons early in the sieges regularly brought messages from the English soldiers cooped up in the towns. Sir George White's first message from Ladysmith was carried by a pigeon, and this means of communicating with the outside world continued until the number of birds in the city was exhausted.

It was only a short time before the outbreak of the war in South Africa that the English government had decided to establish a service of carrier-pigeons. In the navy, pigeon posts were recognized means of carrying information as early as 1896, and there are over a thousand birds recorded on the books of the royal navy. The first naval loft was at Portsmouth, and now there are two others. In the English army the posts have been confined almost exclusively to the Cape, where the nature of the country makes the homing-pigeon service of more value than in England.

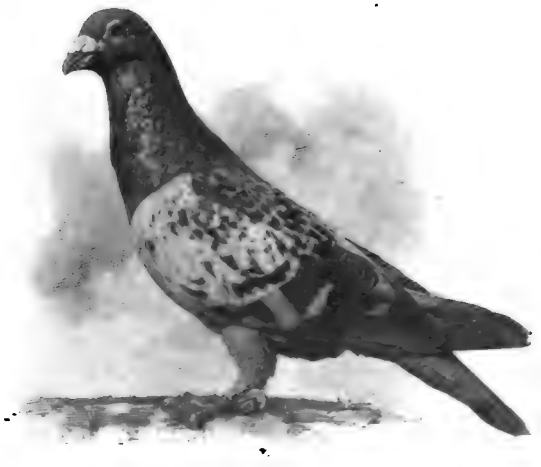
The development of the war homing-pigeon service throughout Europe has been more rapid than elsewhere, and army posts support large numbers of them. Strict laws are made to protect those in private lofts. As a great military camp, Europe looks upon the carrier-pigeon as a menace to the country if not held under strict military control. In Germany, for instance, every pigeon raised by private breeders must be registered, and the pigeon cannot be taken out of the country or sold without permission from the military authorities. In the event of a war, the German authorities reserve the right to claim and take possession of every carrier-pigeon in the land. In addition to this, every fortress and camp on German soil has its pigeon service, and over ten thousand dollars is appropriated annually for the support of this service. There are upward of ten thousand pigeons belonging to the War Department, and every bird is carefully trained and tested.

In France the pigeon service is not quite so

The illustrations with this article are from photographs kindly lent for the purpose by Mr. Cardeza, owner of the birds pictured.

extensive as in Germany, but in that country the number of pigeons owned by private breeders, birds which in time of need could be made useful for war purposes, exceeds probably the number in any other country. The popularity of the carrier-pigeon began in 1870, when messages were carried by the birds from the provinces to besieged Paris, and throughout the whole critical period of the war the pigeons were of the greatest service. The pigeons that had been reared in two private lofts in Paris were conveyed out of the city and over the heads of the besieging army in balloons, and then they returned from the provinces with messages from other parts of the country. Each message of twenty-nine words was photographed to so small a size that one bird could carry thirty thousand and even forty thousand messages.

After peace was restored in France, hundreds of enthusiastic breeders of carrier-pigeons started in to increase the number of these useful war messengers, and in 1891 the census showed that there were two hundred and fifty thousand carrier-pigeons in France. In order to protect the carriers the shooting of any pigeons is forbidden, and every breeder is encouraged to raise and train the birds, while a strict list is kept of every bird brought into the country from outside sources. This is to prevent foreign birds from being kept ready in the country to carry secret military messages across the border. The principal pigeon-training station in France is in Châlons, and all the frontier towns and fortresses have their lofts. Several times a week the pigeons from the posts are taken to the frontier towns and liberated with messages, and the flight of every bird is carefully recorded. So thorough is the French pigeon system that the whole country could send messages freely everywhere by means of the pigeon post if all railways, telegraphs, and telephones were destroyed.



A BIRD THAT FLEW 500 MILES TWICE.

In Austria there is a small military pigeon station, but for the most part the government relies upon private societies and individuals for a supply of these little message-carriers in case of war. The government reserves the right to make use of every pigeon in the country if their services are needed, and in return for this privilege the authorities allow to officers and soldiers free pigeon-lofts and other such aids. Every pigeon is carefully registered and must be accounted for at the time of the census-taking. Russia established a pigeon-post system in 1871, and it is conducted on a plan very similar to that of other European countries. Italy has had an extensive pigeon system since 1872, and Spain and Portugal also have set up similar posts.

The United States military and naval authorities have approved of the pigeons as aids to the regular telegraphic means of communication, and there are several posts established in the West and along the Atlantic coast. But on the whole this country depends more upon private breeders for its supply of carrier-pigeons than upon the birds already in the service of the army or navy. Our great distance by sea from all other powerful nations makes it unnecessary to arrange for the services of carrier-pigeons as the European countries have done. There is little chance of any foreign army invading this country and destroying the railroad and telegraph lines connecting the big cities. Pigeon breeding and training have therefore been carried on in the United States more in the interests of peace and pleasure. There are hundreds of enthusiastic owners in every State of the Union, and probably in no country has the work of rear-

ing the birds been attended to with greater intelligence and success.

It is in the interests of peace and pleasure that the carrier-pigeon would undoubtedly like to make its reputation, and to this side of the subject one turns with interest. There is a wave of popular interest in breeding carrier-pigeons in this country that reminds one of the days of falconry in England, when every noble had his trained falcons. It is no more difficult to rear the carrier-pigeons than to raise the ordinary fantails or tumblers, and the work of training them to carry messages yields great pleasure to young and old. The taste for breeding and training carrier-pigeons is due to the fact that the amateur can often produce as good results as the professional. A loft can be built in the attic of the house, in the barn or carriage-shed, or on the lawn in front of the house. The birds once bred in such a loft will forever after consider that their home, and it will be next to impossible to make them satisfied with any other home. The homing instinct which induces them always to return to that loft from which they first learned to fly is the quality that distinguishes the carrier from all other fancy breeds of pigeons. No matter where set free, the bird will immediately make the effort to return to its loft. While yet young birds, the instinct enables them to find the loft when liberated several miles away, and, as they grow in years and experience, their flights become more extended. In the case of well trained old birds it is not rare to find them flying across a thousand and more miles of strange country to their home. There is no reasonable way to explain this remarkable instinct, and scientific men can give only conjectures and guesses as to its origin.

RECORD: 500 MILES IN A DAY.

The homing-pigeon in use to-day is the product of the Belgian breeders who bred the English Dragon and Smerle pigeons with the Camulet, and thus united qualities that each breed seemed to possess in a marked degree. The Camulet is a tumbler pigeon that has been noted since the middle ages for its power of flight, and it always flies high and at great speed for hours at a time. The English Dragon is another powerful-winged bird, and it was used in England for short-distance racing centuries ago, as the Camulet was used in Antwerp as far back as the thirteenth century. These two powerful-winged and hardy pigeons gave to the homing-pigeon its great wing-flight. They were crossed with the Smerle, a small species of owl pigeon noted for its intelligence and ability to find its home. It was bred for centuries in the province of Liège, Belgium, where good breeding and selection had resulted in the qualities now considered so desirable.

The homing-pigeon, as the product of these crosses, became a wonderful flier and a creature instinct with marvelous intelligence. The peculiar quality of the Smerle in finding its home was developed after years of breeding, and the habit of flying high, for which the Camulet was noted, was similarly encouraged and improved, while strength of wing and endurance were contributed by the ancestors of both the Dragon and Camulet species. The result is that the modern homing-pigeon is much more of an artificial production of man's intelligence in breeding than the work of nature. It is one of the highest proofs of the triumph of modern scientific breeding.

The sport of pigeon-flying is not old in this country, but in the past decade it has developed rapidly, and the birds have been brought to a higher state of efficiency than ever before. Nearly all of the large cities, especially those in the East, are the homes of clubs and societies devoted to the breeding and training of the homing-pigeons, and the National Federation of American Homing-Pigeons has worked hard to extend the love and appreciation of

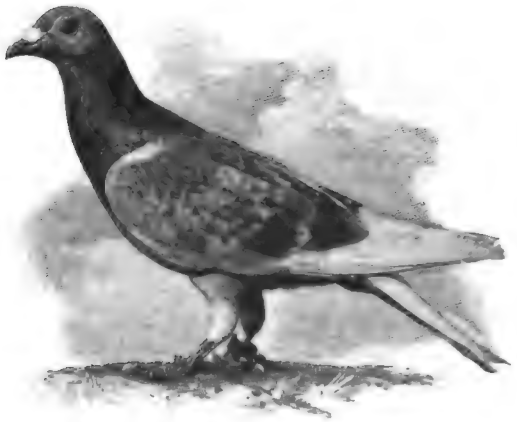
RECORD: FLEW 500 MILES AS A YOUNG BIRD.

RECORD: 500 MILES TWICE.

these birds among all classes. The choicest Belgian strains of pigeons have been imported into this country to improve the common stock here, and the achievements of some of these descendants are surpassed by none.

Pigeon-flying as a pleasant sport and pastime is much older than many of our other games and outdoor exhibitions. In Antwerp and London pigeons were bred to take part in the races hundreds of years ago, and records of some of these early fliers are preserved to-day. One of the first important pigeon-flying contests in this country was held in June, 1879. It was not a short-distance race, such as proved so popular in Europe before the homing-pigeon had been evolved, but a long-distance race over a five-hundred-mile course. The birds were liberated June 21, and the first two birds reached their lofts before evening of the following day. In 1885 a new five-hundred-mile race attracted more than general attention because the birds brought the record down to a day, which for six years breeders had been hoping to do. The bird which first covered the five-hundred-mile course in a day was "Ned Damon," a bird owned by the then president of the National Federation, Mr. T. Fred Goldman. Of course, like the ocean record to Europe, this was likely to be broken any year, and each new-comer of promising wing power entered the competitions to lower the time. The following year a new bird, called "Queen," reduced the time to something less than a day, flying at the rate of 1121 yards per minute. Year by year since then the record has been lowered.

But the races are not arranged merely for five-hundred-mile limits. There are races for one-hundred, two-hundred, and one-thousand-mile limits, and in the various contests different birds have succeeded in capturing first prizes. In the hundred-mile race held in 1897, the homing-pigeon "Sandy," owned by Dr. N. H. Haviland, flew from Wilmington, Delaware, to its loft in Newark at an average speed of a mile in 53½ seconds, or 1976.04 yards per minute, which makes him the fastest homing-pigeon in this country. "Salvador," the cham-



RECORD: 500 MILES IN ONE DAY.

pion bird for two hundred miles, flew 614 miles in a single day. "Petroleum," the long-distance champion homing-pigeon, flew from Mississippi City to Newark, a distance of 1093

miles, in twenty-seven days, during which time she was held prisoner twenty-one days. The bird "Lady Bower," which held the championship in 1892, flew from Pensacola, Florida, to Fall River, Massachusetts, a distance of 1183 miles, in fifteen and a half days.

These illustrations of the phenomenal speed and endurance of the trained homing-pigeons show what good breeding and crossing have done to improve the birds in this country. But homing-pigeon races are not the only popular features of the work of training them; they are used now for general pleasures and pastimes. Yachting stations are connected to each other along the coast by pigeon posts, and many of the larger pleasure-crafts carry pigeons on them so that messages can be sent ashore. Most of the yachts bound for long cruises take baskets of pigeons with them, and the little fliers are released at intervals to carry expressions of good will to those left at home.

Many of our own lighthouses and lightships offshore are connected with the mainland by pigeon post, and the sailors and keepers on them feel that the little birds bring them nearer to civilization by the messages which they bring from loved ones ashore.

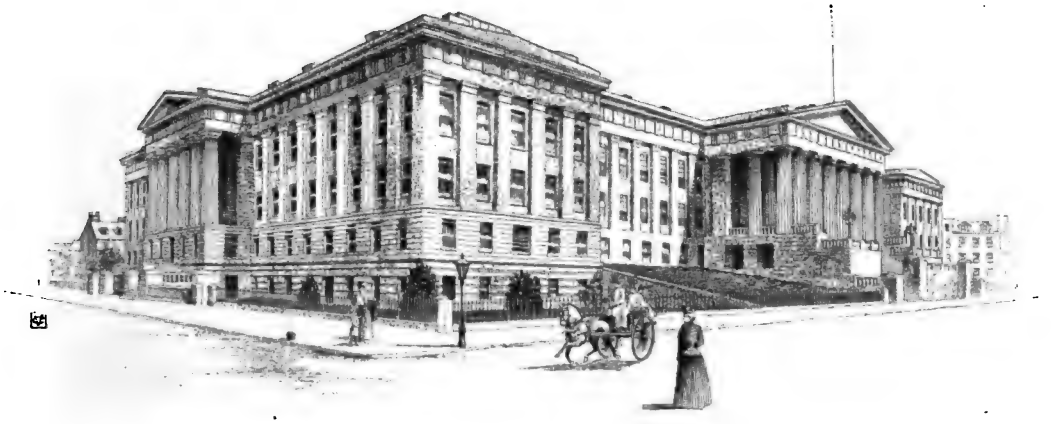
The taste for raising and training the pigeons for the mere pleasure of the work has spread to the farms and rural districts, where many a lonely homestead is connected with the rest of the world by pigeon post. Sometimes it is the work of boys who have raised the birds as pets, and then have arranged with other lads of similar ambitions to send messages from one to another. In the great farming regions of the Northwest, where houses are often many miles apart, this modern method of communication is of real and lasting benefit. Even physicians in the rural districts have used pigeons to receive messages from their patients scattered over widely separated districts. There is, in fact, a general movement to breed the carriers as pets and as useful friends, and it may not be many years before nearly every country place will have its private pigeon post, even as to-day it has its loft of ordinary pigeons, which at the best are only ornamental tenants of the farm and not very useful or valuable.

THE RAINBOW.

By Virna Woods.

There are seven sisters that live all day
  In a wonderful house of light;
And they sail away in the twilight gray,
  Out on the sea of night.
And never till morn are these sisters seen,
  For they stay in bed, they stay in bed—
  Violet, Indigo, Blue, Green, Yellow, Orange, and Red.

But when it is day once more, once more,
  They rouse themselves from sleep;
If the rain begins to pour and pour,
  It will soon be time to play bo-peep.
    But they wait till the clouds have almost fled;
    Then we say there 's a rainbow overhead.
It is only the seven sisters seen
  In the house of light at the open door—
  Violet, Indigo, Blue, Green, Yellow, Orange, and Red.



A VIEW OF THE PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT PROMOTES INGENUITY.

By Charles F. Benjamin.

WHILE there are in other countries, perhaps in all other countries, people as clever as any in the United States, no other country has so many clever people as our own. For this there are various reasons. It has been the good fortune of the United States to have had for at least two hundred years a population more intelligent and better educated than that of any other country. The settling and civilizing of our vast territory, over all of which the wild Indian was roaming less than three centuries ago, have given more room and inducement for the exercise of ingenuity than were to be found in the older countries. And in the United States the opportunity to rise in the world, and to gain distinction by the practice of skill and industry, has been greater than elsewhere.

But the chief cause of our national ingenuity is to be found in our patent laws, concerning which a bit of ancient history will be useful to explain what follows.

In olden times, when the kings of England did almost as they pleased, they used to bestow upon their relatives and favorites what were called "monopolies," that is, privileges to carry on certain trades, often in goods brought from foreign countries; and nobody else was permitted to engage in such a trade without buying the right to do so from the holder of the monopoly. Queen Elizabeth had granted monopolies very freely during her long reign, for she had many favorites and was constantly changing them. James, the Scottish king who succeeded Elizabeth on the English throne, tried to be a worse monopolizer than "Good Queen Bess"; but not having the power or wisdom of Elizabeth, nor possessing, as she did, the love of the English people, the Parliament compelled him to consent to a law abolishing monopolies. By this law one kind of monopoly was excepted. That was the privilege sometimes given by the king to the inventor, or the introducer from abroad, of some new article or method of manufacture, to have a monopoly of it long enough to reward him for his skill, trouble, or expense. Such monopolies were a benefit to the kingdom, for they encouraged people to invent or seek for improvements, and to make them known when found.

While such a monopoly lasted, those who so desired had the advantage of the improvement for a fair payment, and afterward it became the property of all who chose to use it.

Monopolies were granted by "letters patent," which were documents addressed by the king, or in his name, to all his people, and open to public examination. In course of time such a letter came to be described by the short name, "a patent."

The colonial parliaments in America used to allow patents, in imitation of the practice in the mother-country; and after the separation from Great Britain, each State possessed the right to grant patents, good within its own boundaries. When the present national government was formed, the power to grant patents was transferred to the Federal Congress, so that inventors might have the whole territory of the Union in which to seek their reward, and that all the people might equally reap the best advantage possible from the genius of inventors.

Congress passed its first patent law in 1790, principally through the efforts of Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence and afterward President of the United States. General Washington was then President, and he had always taken an active and intelligent interest in new devices that seemed likely to confer benefits upon his beloved country. Jefferson, supported by the influence of Washington, expressed the strongest faith in the future advantages of a national patent law. What would he have said if he could have foreseen that the United States would, in the course of a century, become the greatest manufacturing country in the world, and that nearly three fourths of the money invested in buildings and machinery for manufacturing, and employed in buying stock and paying wages, would be resting upon patents for the protection of the processes used or the articles produced?

Though a patent lasts for only seventeen years, new patents are constantly issuing upon new improvements. More patents are used in making and fitting the parts of a Pullman railway-car to-day than twenty years ago, although none of the patents then represented in such a car are in force now. This means that the Pullman car has been so changed and improved in the last twenty years as to be a newer and a better thing than ever before; and this familiar example shows how the patent laws work in urging ingenious men along the path of progress faster than they could or would move otherwise. Inventors sometimes make great fortunes from their ingenuity, but the largest of their gains is but a pittance compared to the benefits their improvements eventually confer upon the country.

When, in 1814, the British troops, following the bad example of the American forces at the capital of Upper Canada, burned the public buildings at Washington, they were persuaded at the last moment to spare the Patent Office, for the reason, so eloquently urged upon them by the superintendent, that its little collection of models, drawings, and specifications belonged to the civilization of the whole world. But in 1836 an accidental fire utterly consumed the contents of the Patent Office. In 1877 another great fire destroyed nearly ninety thousand models; but, except the cost of restoring the building and the important objects lost or damaged in its collections, not much lasting injury was done.

Shortly before the fire of 1836, Congress had passed a new patent law, which proved to be the foundation of the great prosperity that the country has enjoyed from the patenting system. This law required that after the papers, drawings, and model belonging to a patent application had been examined to find out whether they so fully and correctly described the invention that any properly skilled person could make or use it after the patent had expired, and that people could know exactly what they were forbidden to make or use while the patent lasted, there should be a further examination to find out, as nearly as possible, whether the invention was really new, before a patent should issue for it. An inventor cannot be permitted to shut the people out from making or using, without his consent, a thing already made, used, or known, just because he never heard of it till he invented it himself. A patent is granted to an inventor for giving to the country some useful thing it did not possess before; but if a patent should enable him to take from the people what they already possessed, it

would be as bad as the old monopolies of Queen Elizabeth or King James.

The duty of inquiring into the actual newness of inventions has so grown since the law of 1836 that it now takes more than 150 skilled examiners to perform it. In order that they may constantly grow more expert and well informed in their business, the processes and products connected with invention are divided into 200 great classes and distributed among the examiners. The drawings and descriptions of previous patents, upon which the examiners largely rely, are sorted into more than 4300 subclasses (of which 22 are given to toys and games for children), so that when an application comes into the Patent Office it is easy to compare it with the patents already taken out upon the same kind of invention. Foreign patents and other means of information are also distributed among these 4300 subclasses, besides which there is a great library of books, magazines, and scientific newspapers to aid the examiners in their work. But as they sometimes make mistakes, a person who is sued for unlawfully using a patented invention may prove in court that the invention was not new, and so destroy the patent.

EXAMINING RECORDS IN THE PATENT OFFICE MUSEUM.

The law grants a patent to any man, woman, or child, whether citizen or foreigner, and wherever residing, who invents or discovers any new process or product. An inventor is authorized to make, use, and sell his or her invention for two years, so as to find out its real value, without losing the right to patent it afterward. The fee for examining a patent application is $15, but the government may spend ten times as much in wages to the examiners, in an important or difficult case. An inventor is not turned away from the Patent Office so long as he can produce new reasons or proofs in support of his application. If dismissed at last without a patent, he may have a hearing in a United States

court, and obtain a decree for the patent if he proves his right to it. All this shows the belief of Congress that the good of the country requires the encouragement of inventors, and nearly all the governments of the world are following the American example.

The Patent Office is a faithful servant to those who seek to benefit themselves and the rest of mankind by new and useful inventions. It has put the whole method of proceeding to obtain a patent into a set of printed rules, instructions, and suggestions, and sends a copy, without charge or postage, to anybody in the United States who writes for one. In this pamphlet is folded a full-sized sheet of specimen pen-drawings of a machine, with a description of them, and these many a youngster with a taste for mechanics or mechanical drawing would prize. There is a weekly gazette, containing a picture and a short account of each patent granted since the last issue, besides much other information, and this gazette the Patent Office mails at the rate of five dollars a year, or ten cents a single copy. It mails for ten cents a full-sized printed and engraved copy of the drawings and description of any patent, new or old. Bound volumes of these copies may be examined in nearly every public library in the United States. Suppose that a person is interested in that class of machine known as a type-writer, in which there is yet much room for improvement. He may deposit five dollars at the Patent Office and receive by mail a printed and engraved copy of every new patent in that class, at the cost of ten cents each, so long as his deposit lasts or is renewed. This he may do with any of the 4300 or more subclasses into which inventions are divided, and a list of these subclasses will be sent for ten cents. Lastly, for two dollars the Patent Office will send him twenty tickets, each representing ten cents, and on each of these he can at any

ANOTHER VIEW IN THE MUSEUM, SHOWING THE MODEL MADE BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN FOR A MEANS OF LIFTING BOATS OVER SHOALS OR SAND-BARS.

Fire-Escape.

No. 221,855. Patented Nov. 18, 1879.

ILLUMINATING DEVICE FOR FRIGHTENING RATS AND MICE.

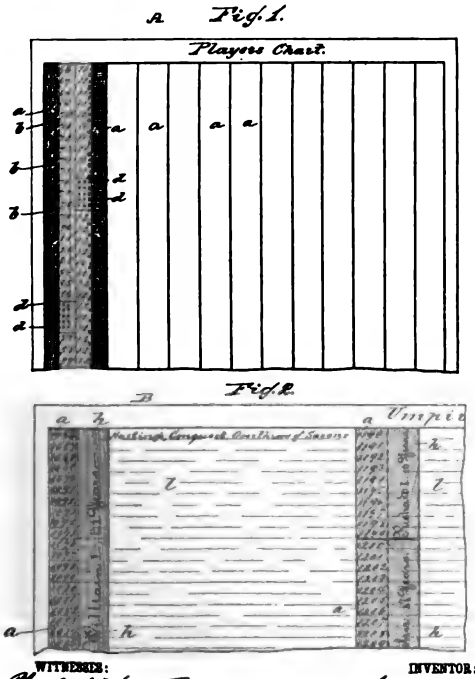
No. 305,102. Patented Sept. 16, 1884.

"Referring to the drawings, it will be seen that I have shown the figure of a cat cut out of cardboard and painted to present an attractive appearance, the cat being shown in a sitting posture, with its head turned toward the right and its eyes directed toward and watching an object near by. Over this painted figure I apply several coats of illuminating-paint, so that it will shine in the dark, and then I perfume the figure with oil of peppermint, which is obnoxious to rats and mice, and will serve as an exterminator. The eyes of the cat are coated with a thick coat of phosphorus, so as to shine out with more brilliance than the body of the figure."—*From the inventor's description.*

S. L. CLEMENS.

GAME APPARATUS.

No. 324,535. Patented Aug. 18, 1885.



WITNESSES:

INVENTOR:

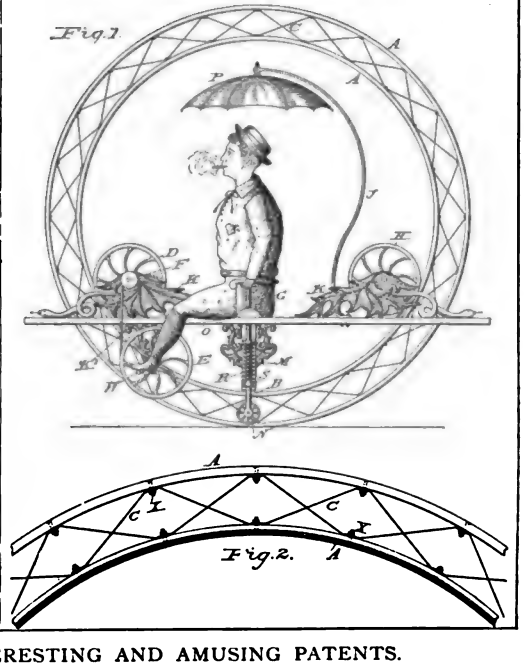
S. L. Clemens

BY Munn & Co.

ATTORNEYS.

ONE WHEELED VEHICLE.

No. 325,548. Patented Sept. 1, 1885.



ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SOME INTERESTING AND AMUSING PATENTS.

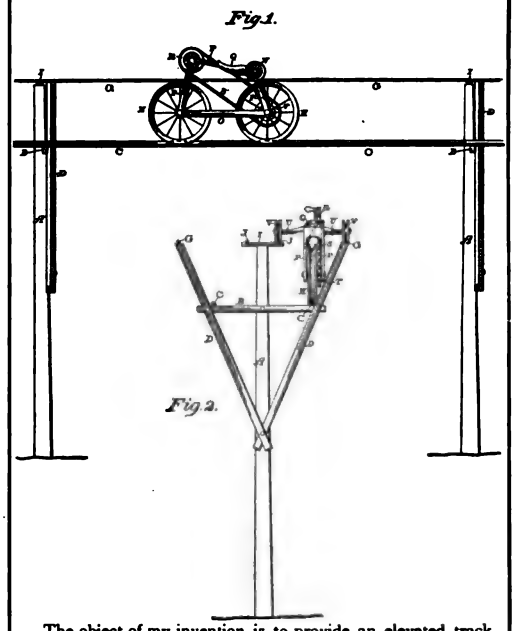
time put his name and address, and the particulars of any patent or issue of the weekly gazette he desires, and mail it to the office, instead of sending a full written letter with a dime inside. Some of the bright and ambitious boys and girls of the country have already found out the ways and uses of the Patent Office, and the rest are welcome there as fast as they learn to come.

Among the nearly half a million of patents granted since 1790, there are all sorts of devices, ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous. If a thing is new, and has to be thought over, and may be of some use, a patent is granted for it. Should it prove to be important, the country is the gainer. If it never comes into use, nobody is hurt but the inventor, and even to him it may be the stepping-stone to something valuable. The first patent on barbed fencing-wire would have been a dear bargain for $100, but upon that patent and two others that quickly followed it one man made profits of not less than $5,000,000, and possibly a great deal more. Patents on devices for navigating the air have long been a laughing-stock, but lately copies of them are more in demand, for great scientists are experimenting in this field.

COLLAPSIBLE GLOBE FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES.
No. 357,994. Patented Feb. 15, 1887.

"LIGHT SCIENCE FOR LEISURE HOURS."

BICYCLE AND TRACK THEREFOR.
No. 450,926. Patented Apr. 21, 1891.



The object of my invention is to provide an elevated track upon which bicycles carrying one or more persons are to be run, and by means of which persons can travel from one place to another with great rapidity and with perfect safety.

People laugh at the nearly 2500 patents on churns, but intelligent foreigners tell us that the American appetite for butter is one of the wonders of the modern world. This love of butter accounts for the attention given by inventors to churns. There are some 4500 patents on devices for coupling and uncoupling railway cars; but what school child does not know that the Americans are the greatest builders and users of railways on earth? The collections of the Patent Office tell an interesting story of the history and habits of the people of the United States. That story has been written by persons whose chief purpose was to better their own condition by honest and useful exercise of their talents.

While many have succeeded in that object, many more have failed; but if the efforts that have ended in failure had never been made, the young readers of this article would to-day be leading poorer lives and would have before them a dimmer prospect for their futures. None understands this better than the prosperous inventor, as he strides on to fortune over the failures of those who have fallen by the wayside.

THE CLEVER YANKEE.

THERE was a man in Yankeetown,
And wondrous wise was he,
For, with an ax and many whacks,
He once cut down a tree.

And when the tree was wholly down,
He worked with might and main,
And straightway took another ax
And cut it up again.

Minnie W. Torrey.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

TU-LEE,
Tu-lee, tu-
lero tu-lee!
High up in
the top of the old crab-tree,
In the gray of the day,
On a blossomed spray,
How I swing and sway
In an ecstasy
Ever wild
and free!
Tu-
lee,
Tu-lee,
Tulero tu-lee!

High,
high, to
the windy
sky, and the
warm, wet breezes that wander by,
Hear me sing as I swing,
Till the thickets ring
With my caroling;
Till the echoes
vie with the
notes that
fly
High,
high
Up the windy sky!

Cheer,
cheer for
the spring
is here, with
a racy tang in the atmosphere;
And I sup morning's cup
As it bubbles up to its
ruddy top with cheer,
good cheer, sweet,
sweet and clear;
Cheer,
cheer
For the
glad young year!

Soon,
soon, in
the sum-
mer noon,
Will the roses blush with the sun of June,
And the breeze through the trees,
Where the yellow bees garner
honey-lees, hums a dreamy
tune like the nixies'
croon; soon,
soon,
It
will
soon
be June!

Who,
who, when
the sky
is blue,
Could sing of sadness the glad day through?
What is care when the air
Is a rapture rare? When
the world is fair with
the dawn and the
dew and the
blossom-
brew,
Who,
who
Would remember rue?

Tu-lee,
tu-lee, tu-
lero tu-lee!
The silvery
ripples of melody drift and dream
like the gleam on a sunlit
stream, till the apple-
tree seems to thrill
with glee! Tu-
lee,
tu-
lee,
Tulero tu-lee!

John Bennett.

"WHEN TILLIE BRINGS HER TEA-SET OUT."

THE TEA-SET BLUE.

By Rose Mills Powers.

When Tillie brings her tea-set out,—
Her lovely set of blue,—
And lays the dishes all about
The table, two by two,
The little doll-house people all
Begin to wonder who will call.

For 't is a signal, beyond doubt,
That visitors are due,
When Tillie brings her tea-set out—
Her treasured set of blue.
So all the dollies watch and wait,
And sit up very nice and straight.

And Pierrot forgets to tease
In hopes to be a guest;
The little Jap from over-seas
Tries hard to look his best;
While Mam'selle French Doll, all the while,
Wears—ah, the most angelic smile!

For all the nursery people know
As well as well can be
That dollies must be good who go
With Tillie out to tea.
And would not that seem fair to you,
If you possessed a tea-set blue?

THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

By John Bennett.

(*Author of "Master Skylark."*)

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XVIII.

IN THE HANDS OF DESTINY.

Poor Barnaby! It seemed to be more than he could bear, and too cruel to be true, that after four years of bitter longing he had at last gained the shore, and that at imminent peril of his life, only to be sent back again to all from which he had sought to escape. Who was there to befriend him? Where might he be free? All that was left for him in life seemed simply to endure privation, cruel oppression, and wrong. He was only a boy; and when that was said the thing was as good as ended. Some boys, perhaps, may equal men, or, given the chance, may even outdo them; but, no matter how brave or how strong he may be, there are things in the world which a boy cannot do. He may overthrow an empire, wreck armies, and dethrone kings; but he cannot stay the hand of fate, nor change the course of his destiny. And destiny greater than his desire or knowledge was carrying Barnaby Lee, and his struggle against it was unavailing; the end remained the same. He could not see before him. Who is there that can? Not one. It is as well; for if men could see the dangers that wait their coming, few would go forth to meet their fate; the byways of the earth would slink with cowards. It is as well that men do not know what may take place with the coming of the morning; but oh, how much brighter, how much fairer, a single gleam of hope would make the night!

Yet, though deserted by all hope now, poor Barnaby Lee had sympathy.

The women who had nursed him through fever and chill had grown to love the patient boy, and to admire the quiet courage shown in his endurance of weakness and pain. The lift of his head, and the shadow of sadness which lay in his eyes and the line of his lips, won the way to their hearts like a spell. The very things they had done for him had made them love the lad, which is often the case with women; and so, although the men regarded him as almost the gift of Providence, sent to assure their purpose, the women looked upon him with compassion. Whatever his place in the world might be, whoever were his people, *he* was a homeless, motherless, wandering child, and that was quite enough for them.

"And, Gerrit," said Juffrouw Van Sweringen, as they sat together in the doorway when twilight had filled the walls of the fort as if it were a cup of shadows, "it seemeth a hard, hard case indeed that the lad must be taken back. He is certainly gentle-born, however he hath been bred. There is not a tattoo-mark on him, and he is surely no mariner's son."

"But he was a servant, Barbara; and servants may not escape from their masters, no matter what their own birth may have been. Gentle-born people are found in strange places in countries as young as the New World is. Moreover, Barbara, what saith the law? A runaway servant *must* be returned to the master from whom he hath fled away."

"True, Gerrit; that is the ordinance: but what saith the Mosaic law? 'If a servant shelter himself with thee against a cruel master, thou surely shalt not deliver him up.'"

"And if we do not deliver him up," replied Van Sweringen, "then doth my mission fail, and with it fails New Netherland for thee and me and Dorothy. Nay, Barbara; the boy must serve the turn; there is no other way."

"Yet the blessed Scripture teacheth us to deal justly and to love mercy."

"Ay; but it putteth justice first," rejoined Van Sweringen. "We would be just; but jus-

tice means adherence to the established law; and so, whether the boy were of use to us, or useful for nothing at all, our word is our word, the law is the law, and we must still return him. His rights he must seek in the courts of Maryland."

"But, Gerrit, I thought that the law was the right?"

"I thought so once myself. But be it the right or be it the wrong, we have given our word and must keep it. We had no choice in the first place, and necessity hath left us less. Enough; let us speak of other things; there is no more to be said of this. Hast had thy supper, Dorothy?"

The girl was sitting in the shadow of the door upon a low stool, with her head leaning against the wall and her hand to her cheek.

"Nay, father; I have had no supper, nor do I care for any," she replied in a voice that was filled with suppressed emotion.

"Then go to thy room; it is bedtime, and the wind is growing chill."

She arose and went quietly up to her room beneath the roof of the northern gable. The dormer-window was full of stars. Her little blue petticoat slipped off and laid across the foot of the bed, the little shoes set side by side, lifelike yet still, by the side of the stool on which she knelt to say her prayers, she went softly to the open window, and dropped to her knees beside the sill, her cheek upon her folded hands; and kneeling there alone in the silence and the great quietude of the night, she watched the steady constellations swing in the great vault of the sky, solemnly, peacefully, triumphantly. Her heart was soothed and stirred by the might and noiseless majesty of these marching worlds beyond the fathomless void of the universe. It seemed to her that the mighty hand that had formed and ordered that array might, with one touch, reserve from harm the helpless and the friendless; not only might, but would; not only would, but must, moved by the depth of the infinite mercy that oversees the many earths, and on not one, emotionless, sees the least of the sparrows fall. It seemed to her that a face as sweet as that of the English boy must be reserved for some kinder fate than return to ignominy and wrath, injustice and brute cruelty. "He is a fair, good boy," she thought, "and God shall not forsake him. Nay; he will keep the English boy as he doth keep my father; for his strength is with the fatherless, and his power behind the righteous. He will never fail who trust in him, for Christ's dear sake. Amen." And turning with a quiet face, and eyes that shone like the white stars in the sky beyond the dormer-window, she laid herself down in her small bed, her face upon the little figured pillow, and was very soon sweetly, trustfully asleep.

"God will keep the English lad, for he is a good, true lad," she had said as she softly closed her eyes.

On the fourth night after this, as Barnaby Lee sat in the door looking out into the twilight, a man with a rolling gait, like a sailor, came in at the gate of the fort, and, after some little inquiry of the sentry, accosted Mynheer Van Sweringen, who was strolling alone in the parade, quietly smoking his pipe. When he had delivered his message, for message it seemed to be, Van Sweringen said: "Tell thy master, presently, that I and my party will be on time without failure." Then the man went out at the fort gate; but Van Sweringen, turning, came across the parade to the stoop before the darkened doorway. "Boy, art thou there in the doorway?" he asked, vainly peering into the shadow.

"Ay," returned Barnaby, making a movement.

"I see thee now," said Van Sweringen. "Didst hear what yon sailor said?"

"Nay," replied Barnaby; "I gave no attention."

"Well," continued Van Sweringen, "he is a sailor from the 'Bonte Koe,' on which we are to sail, and bringeth word that we are to flit at the turn of the tide in the morning. Hold thyself in readiness, for we must be doing early. I will have the house-servant summon thee at the changing of the watch. The clothes thou hast on will do for thee; the juffrouw giveth them to thee. Go to bed now; thou hast need of the rest. Good night."

"Good night," said Barnaby.

He was awake when they came to call him. Indeed, he had slept but little. He sat up and

brushed the hair back from his face; then he knelt and said his prayers. His heart was aching sorely, but—"What is the good of it?" he said. "What is the good of breaking my heart? It is the only one that I have, and it must serve me out my lifetime; 't is no good breaking it!" Things on earth were as they were, and the heartache would not change them.

He had dreamed to lay hold on freedom, and had grasped but a handful of air. Life was hard indeed to him. Yet he made up his mind to bear his lot as bravely as he might.

A breeze had sprung up in the night, and all the trees were stirring with a cool, pleasant sound as he swiftly washed and dressed himself. It was early when they went to the landing, and the dwelling-houses along the streets were closed against the light. The crooked way was deep with the dust, and their feet grew gray with it. At the Stad-Huis Mynheer Van Sweringen stopped and brushed it from his shoes. Barnaby gave his feet a stamp, and that was enough for him.

They were joined at the Stad-Huis by Captain Martin Kregier, Tierck Van Ruyn, the commissary's clerk, secretary of the embassy, and Albert Corlaer, the garrison trumpeter, a straight, smooth-shaven, clear-eyed man with a still tongue, a brave spirit, and every inch a soldier. The master of the Bonte Koe, Jan Jansen, a ruddy Fleming, met them at the landing with two sailors and his yawl. The men were stout-backed fellows, as broad as a tavern-door, which there was no doubt that they frequently filled; their faces were very red. They wore green jackets with shark-bone buttons as yellow as fiddlewood, and they were very stout fellows indeed, as was the skipper himself. He occupied half the stern-sheets. They rowed the party aboard. The vessel lay north of the finger-post, her dark-red sails already unfurled and puffing in the wind. The watch were heaving up her anchor.

"Mynheer, the tide is going out," said the mate to Skipper Jansen, as they all came clambering over the rail.

"Ach!" said the skipper, without moving from his place. "Well, so is my pipe. Wilt get the ship under way? If this wind holds we shall anchor at St. Mary's in five days."

CHAPTER XIX.

IN OLD ST. MARY'S TOWN.

IT was morning in St. Mary's, and a day near the end of June. The sun shone with a penetrating heat which before noon had grown almost fierce. The men who went about the village street were clad in the lightest linen, with straw hats peaked like steeples. Here and there a negro slave went slowly to and fro, bare to the waist, like a statue of ebony, and with a bright turban around his head.

Across the south, where the Potomac flowed, the horizon blazed like a streak of flame. The distant hills along the west were dark with yellow pine-trees, and in the north the broad white cart-road wound away like a river of dust.

Here and there along the road stood scattered dwelling-houses, thatched with straw or pale-green rushes, or roofed with cheery red English tiles, each house alone in its orchard, peeping through the green. Here and there a small group of houses stood in a clustering grove of trees like friendly neighbors gossiping, with straw-bound beehives, roses, and apple-trees all about them—the head of some great plantation, and a community in themselves.

The clinking sound of distant cow-bells, falling faintly from the uplands beyond the town, the shrill, sweet song of a wild bird in the shady dells below, the pleasant voice of a woman singing somewhere in the meadows, gathered, mingled, and floated out across the quiet town in a harmony which seemed to be a part of the day itself.

Down around the landing-place the air was heavy with spicy smells. The wharves were piled with bales and casks. Kegs of spirits, of rum, and of sugar, ginger, molasses, and lime-juice, with rolls of hides and tobacco-trundles, lay heaped in the hot sun.

In a barn beyond the landing-place a crew of petticoated seamen were stowing leaf-tobacco; and in an open place near the barn a heap of spoiled tobacco lay smoldering, filling the air with pungent smoke.

The sunlight on the landing was intolerably bright. Along the roadway through the bluff the hot air danced against the sky. Above the

bluff arose the top of a huge mulberry-tree, and upon the trunk of the mulberry a man was nailing a placard.

His mouth was full of copper tacks, and he was in his shirt-sleeves; his hair was cut so very short that his bare head looked like a turnip.

A sailor in a red peaked cap came slowly up from the landing. His feet were bare, and his great brown toes dug deeply into the dust.

In his hand he carried a letter, ill sealed and dirty. "I be a-looking for Master Richard Roe," he said, when he had come to the mulberry-tree.

The man with the copper tacks in his mouth made an inarticulate sound, and went on with his tacking.

"I have a letter for him," added the sailor, heavily.

The tacker drove home his last tack, and then, "Who did ye say it was for?" he asked.

"'T is for Master Richard Roe," replied the sailor. "Be you he?"

"No, I be n't," rejoined the other; "I be Master Roger Askridge, under-secretary of the province."

"Oh!" said the sailor, helplessly. Then he stood and looked about him. "I be Mad Will of Bristol, and I be daffy in the wits."

"Poor soul!" said Roger Askridge.

"Ay," said the sailor, smiling vacantly; "that be what mother said alway." He turned the letter in his hand, and looked along the hill-slope. "I be a-looking for Richard Roe, for Master Richard Roe: R-i-c-h-a-r-d R-o-e," said he; "I learned my letters at a school, but that was afore I went so daffy."

"IT WAS EARLY WHEN THEY WENT TO THE LANDING, AND THE DWELLING-HOUSES ALONG THE STREETS WERE CLOSED AGAINST THE LIGHT."

Just at the summit of the slope stood a row of houses with walls of chocolate-colored brick and roofs of Flemish tiles. On the porch of one of these houses, beside the open door, a tall, dark man, very handsomely dressed, was standing in the sun.

Although the day was exceedingly hot, he seemed to court the sunlight, and to turn and

spread himself before it like a butterfly. He wore a wig of long, black, falling curls; his coat was of crimson velvet with buttons of silver-gilt; his waistcoat of grass-green satin, laced with gold thread. At his watch-fob hung a seal cut from a yellow Brazilian stone, which, like its master, seemed to love the glory of the sunlight, and to spread itself and to gather the radiance until it blazed with borrowed splendor. Rich lace ruffles drooped at throat and wrist of the crimson coat, and seemed to be to their wearer as the savor of balsam to the nostrils; for he ran his fingers through them, spread them back across the velvet sleeve, laid them softly down again with light, caressing touches, and, rubbing his hands together, smoothed his hollow cheek, and turned himself from side to side, resplendent in the sunshine.

"Here," he said; "you man there, you sailor-man with the letter, who be ye looking for?"

The sailor bowed with a vacant smile. "I be a-looking for Master Roe—Master Richard Roe," he said.

"There 's no such person hereabouts," said Askridge, going in at the door.

The seaman twirled the letter and looked helplessly about him.

"Here," said the gentleman, with a gesture, "leave me see that letter."

"It be for Master Richard Roe," said the sailor, doubtfully.

"All right," replied the gentleman, holding out his hand. "I will see to it that he gets it. Well?" he said impatiently; for the simple rogue still stood, turning the letter helplessly over and over.

"It be for Master Richard Roe," he said, "and I 'm to fetch an answer to it, and I 'm to have a shilling. Be you Master Roe?" he asked suspiciously.

The gentleman imperiously stretched out his hand and took the crumpled letter. "Don't be a greater fool," said he, "than Providence ordained ye. Sit down here on the step and wait, if you 're to take back an answer."

"Where be my shilling?" asked the simpleton, anxiously.

"Sit down and wait for it, ye fool," rejoined the gentleman; and turning sharply on his heel without further speech, he went in at the entry.

The sailor leaned against the wall and stared across the fields. Over the bluffs could just be seen the waters of the inlet dancing and sparkling in the sun. A broad-beamed Flemish herring-buss was coming up the channel. As she crept along, the bluffs arose until they stood mast-high and shut away the wind from her sails. Yet still she slowly forged ahead, with her dull red topsails fluttering, until her foremast ranged beyond the mulberry. Then sluggishly luffing up into the wind, which was now almost fallen away, she stood motionless for a moment, her sails like idle banners; and then, with a shrill, sudden sound of a chain, she let an anchor go.

The simpleton turned to look at her, and watched her topmasts drifting until her cable tautened and she swung with the stream. "There are good ships in Bristol," he said, with a silly nod; and then a cloud-swept, dreamy silence fell upon St. Mary's Town. Everything seemed fallen asleep.

So, for a few short moments, that summer day slid by. Then over the bluff a cloud of dust floated up from the road running down to the landing, and through the dreaming stillness came a sound of voices. Master Roger Askridge turned and looked out of the window. "There 's somebody coming," said he.

The gentleman with the crimson coat jerked up his pen from the paper. "Who can be coming here?" he said, with an air of irritation. "There is no one at all should be coming here."

"Well, they 're coming, just the same. I 've got this notice here to post. I think I 'll go and post it," replied the under-secretary. "I will come right back again."

The gentleman in the crimson coat got up and looked out of the window. "Who can be a-coming here to-day?" he muttered fretfully, watching the little white cloud of dust that drifted on the wind above the hollow roadway coming up through the bluff. Then along the clovered slope which lay before the town came three men walking rapidly. It was Mynheer Gerrit Van Sweringen and Captain Martin Kregier, with Barnaby Lee following after them.

Briskly up past the mulberry they came

through the shimmering grass. Master Roger Askridge was standing in the door.

"Good-morrow," said he. "Who might ye be seeking? The Governor, Master Charles Calvert? Alack, sirs, his Excellency is out; he hath gone to spend Midsummer Eve in a frolic at Master William Darnell's, and I think that he will scarcely return before to-morrow morning. Pray, what might be the nature of your business with him, sirs? Perchance 't is something I can do. I am Roger Askwith Askridge, under-secretary of the province."

Van Sweringen bowed profoundly. "My name is Gerrit Van Sweringen," said he. "I am the sheriff of New Amstel. I am come hither from his Excellency the Governor of New Netherland, to return an apprentice, a fugitive who was taken at New Amsterdam."

"Mynheer, I salute ye," said Askridge, bowing most courteously. "I pr'ythee, come into our office; it is exceeding hot out here."

Chapter XX.

"I will not have him here."

The gentleman in the crimson coat was sitting at his desk beneath the northward window, with his back to the room. His wig was hanging on the chair, and he seemed to be very busy. As the strangers came into the office he neither turned nor looked up, but continued, apparently, as he had been, deeply engrossed with the paper before him.

"Did I understand ye, sir, to say that ye have brought back a runaway apprentice?" asked Askridge, as they came into the room.

"Yes," replied Van Sweringen; "a flute-ship's cabin-boy."

The gentleman in the crimson coat had taken up a quill and begun to write a letter; but at Mynheer Van Sweringen's answer to the under-secretary, his hand stopped with a little jerk, and he did not go on writing. He raised his head a trifle, with a curious expression on his face, and sat with pen uplifted, listening.

"A flute-ship? Hm-m-m!" said Askridge. "There be a heap of flute-ships, sir."

"This one was a trading-coaster by the name of the Ragged Staff."

"I do not recollect that name," said the under-secretary. "There be such a heap of flute-ships going up and down the coast that I can't keep track of them all. But I will look in the register, mynheer; she may be noted there." He took the pigskin volume down from the shelf, and turned its pale blue pages one by one. "Well, she 's not on the register, sir," he said after a moment. "I will examine the general shipping-lists; she may be entered among them."

Captain Kregier was standing by the window, with the steady gaze of his nut-brown eyes fastened upon the crimson coat of the gentleman sitting at the desk. If there was one thing more than another that Captain Kregier coveted, it was a crimson velvet coat. Crimson, to him, seemed the acme of all color for a soldier. "Ah," thought he, "here is a spitfire, and a regular reck-for-naught!" But when he came to the head at the top, "Oh, no," said he, in disgust; "no devil-dare that ever lived had a head like a pale blue turnip."

Master Roger Askridge turned the pages of the record. "No, mynheer," he said at last; "she 's not on the shipping-lists. Are ye right certain of the name?"

"Yes," replied Van Sweringen; "I read it on the stern."

"Well, 't is neither in our shipping-lists nor on the register," said Askridge.

"That is singular indeed," said Van Sweringen. "She certainly hailed from here."

The gentleman sitting at the desk had begun with his writing again, seemingly intent upon what he was doing and utterly heedless of anything else; but there was a queer look in his eye, as though he were dazed, and when his pen came to the edge of the sheet, he went on writing across the desk-top as if oblivious to the fact, until his hand stopped with a little thump against a pile of ledgers. He sat up with a start. "You are in error," he said in a shrill, nervous voice.

Van Sweringen turned with uplifted brows, and stared at the unexpected speaker. The latter had neither turned his head nor looked to see to whom he was speaking.

"You are in error," he said once more, in even sharper tones than he had used before. "There is no such vessel hails from here."

"Sir," said Van Sweringen, sharply, "she gave this city as her port."

"Well, there 's no such vessel hails from here," snapped the other, peevishly. "There is no such vessel has clearance papers out of St. Mary's port, or holds a trading-license of us." As he spoke he took a book from a pigeonhole, and ran his lean finger rapidly down its closely written page. "There be only these commissions let to trade with the savages: Christopher and Abraham Birkenhead, James Jolly, and Jenkin Price; and we have farmed the entire traffic upon the Hudson River. I tell you that Tom Jones has the only license there."

"'MYNHEER, I SALUTE YE,' SAID ASKRIDGE, BOWING MOST COURTEOUSLY. 'I PR'YTHEE, COME INTO OUR OFFICE.'"

"This ship of which I am speaking had no license," replied Van Sweringen, instantly. "The fact is, she had nothing that an honest vessel should have"; and with that a little angry flush went creeping up his cheeks. "But, sir, do ye think that all English ships sail strictly in accordance with either the Black Book of the Admiralty or the Usage of Amsterdam? Nay, sir; they do not. Nor are they all observant of the Sea Laws of Oléron, nor of your own Master John Godolphin's admirable English treatise on the same. This vessel was an English ship; her name was the Ragged Staff; and her captain called himself in plain fashion 'John King of Maryland.'"

The blood rushed up the hollow cheek of the gentleman at the desk, but died away as quickly as it came, and left him even more sallow than before. "Sir, what proof is that?" he asked. "Suppose the rascal lied? A man may call himself by any name that happens to take his fancy; or claim to hail from a dozen

different ports that chance to suit his convenience. Because a rogue bedubs himself 'John King' 't is no proof that 't is his name. It may be Cook, or Brown, or Ostler."

"Call him Ananias," replied Van Sweringen; "that does not alter the fact, sir, that all the goods aboard his craft were baled in Maryland, that the vessel's masts were of Maryland pine, or that the wine that was in her cabin locker was labeled 'From Tom Vintner of St. Mary's Town.'"

"Aha!" chuckled Kregier to himself. "He hath Old Turnips on the hip! I knew he had good wits."

But the gentleman in the crimson velvet coat would not look around; he had now taken up a penknife, and was scratching at a blot which he had dropped upon his paper, as if his life depended upon its erasure.

Van Sweringen stared at his unmoved back with swiftly gathering resentment, and waited an instant for a reply. But there was no reply.

"Sir," said Van Sweringen, sharply, "have ye any remarks pertinent to this case?"

But the gentleman made no reply. He went on scratching at his blot. The Dutch ambassador drew himself up with no little dignity. "Sir," he said, with imperious asperity, "construe my facts as suiteth thee. I have come to see his Excellency, your Governor, Charles Calvert. I shall return anon. I shall see if the port of St. Mary's bloweth both hot and cold. Meanwhile I shall consign this runaway apprentice to the Collector of the Port in case his master should claim him."

"No master will come to claim him; there 's no use of leaving him here."

"There will be just this much use of it: there are two hundred pounds of tobacco due us for his return to you, a bill of costs to be settled for his keep since the 1st of April, and a surgeon's bill to be discharged, for the boy was ill a month or more; and by your province's agreement with ours, this sum your Collector is bound to pay, whether an owner appeareth or not."

The crimson-coated gentleman struck his fist upon his desk, and, with sudden unaccountable excitement, cried in a shrill, almost angry voice: "The Collector shall not pay a farthing! We don't want your runaway. I don't want him here; I won't have him here; the Collector shall not receive him."

Van Sweringen's black eyes flashed.

"Look out!" muttered Captain Kregier.

But Van Sweringen bridled his angry tongue. "Your Collector will have to receive him," he said, "and that is all there is to it."

"The Collector shall not receive him, I say. I will not have the knave here," the man at the desk rejoined vehemently in an agitated voice. "I should like to know what business you have saying what my collector shall do?"

"Ach!" said Martin Kregier, "the fat is in the fire!" For the blood had rushed up Van Sweringen's face to the very roots of his hair. For an instant the angry ambassador stared at the motionless back of the man at the desk before him; then, clapping his hand upon the hilt of his rapier, he took a quick step forward. "I do not know who you may be, sir," he said, with considerable fierceness, "nor do I know that I care. But I have this much to say to you: Your courtesy is charming! That is to say, I have never met such discourteous insolence among even heathen savages; and, upon my word and honor, sir, were I not come into Maryland endued with better business, I would give you a lesson in manners. In civilized countries, sir, men who are gentlemen do not converse through the back of their heads. I have said this. Do you hear?"

But the man who sat at the writing-desk was as unmoved as a graven image.

"Pah! Foh!" continued Van Sweringen, with sudden supreme contempt. "I waste my time on thee. Thou art a spiritless craven as well as a boor!" He whirled upon his heel.

"Come, Captain," he said to Kregier, "we have other fish to fry. We shall only misdemean ourselves by picking quarrels here. Go on," he said to Barnaby; and the boy started toward the door, wondering what strange experience mad fortune would send him next. But the choice was not his, so what did it matter? Behind him came those whom fate made his masters; before him lay the dusty white road, running into the troubled world. So Barnaby Lee went as he was told.

(To be continued.)

A YOUNG INVENTOR.

By George A. Williams.

The subject of this sketch was known around the docks at Shelter Island as "Cable." He had just turned fourteen, and a better sailor or fisherman could not be found so young in years. The training received under his father, the captain of a thirty-foot sloop, had made him an able seaman.

Cable had a fairly good wheel, purchased with his own scanty savings of several years, and it is needless to say that he was always ready for a ride whenever the sloop lay at anchor in the harbor. As his work aboard the vessel kept him busy during the day, it was only in the evening that he could go ashore. The law required that all wheelmen should carry a lamp, and Cable, being too poor to buy one, was barred for a time from enjoying his wheel. Instead, however, of sitting down in despair, he went to work and made a lamp that, in spite of its crudeness, answered every need. It became known throughout the fishing-fleet as the "Cable Perfect," warranted never to go out.

For the body of the lamp he used a baking-powder can. Through the bottom of the can

THE LAMP OF THE "CABLE PERFECT."

he cut a hole, into which he slipped the oil-cup, made by fitting an old lozenge-bottle into a wedge-shaped piece of wood. The hole being

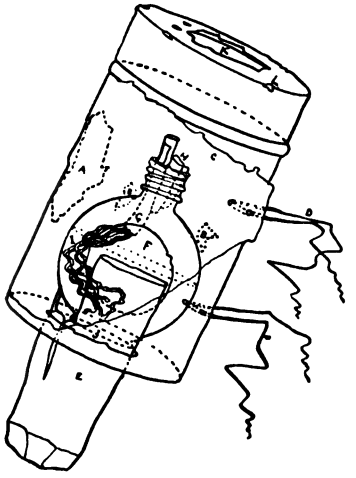
VIEW OF THE "CABLE PERFECT" BICYCLE LAMP.

smaller than the plug prevented it from falling through.

The wick, made of several pieces of string held together by bending a small strip of tin around them, is wedged in the neck of the bottle. When it charred off, it became necessary to turn it up. This was accomplished by raising the wick with a pin.

In the top of the can he cut a hole for ventilation, and one in the front to answer the purpose of a lens, also a small one in each side for side-lights. Over the opening used for the lens he glued with flour paste a piece of red muslin. This done, the lamp was completed and soon wired to the front of the wheel. Then, mounting his wheel, Cable rode swiftly through the darkness, safe from all interference of the law.

In exchange for this crude affair I gave him a new lamp. He departed with a smile that



PLAN OF THE HOME-MADE LAMP.

A, hole covered with red muslin; B, B, the side-lights; C, red muslin; D, wires to attach to bicycle; E, plug to hold bottle; F, the glass bottle; G, wick; H, plug to hold wick; I, cotton wick ends; J, hole supporting the lamp-plug; K, L, air holes in cover.

reached from ear to ear on his sunburnt face. That afternoon he was seen riding with the new lamp burning brightly, although it was daylight and fully two hours before sundown.

CYNICAL TOMMY.

By Frances Wilson.

If I should stand and be burned up,
As Casabianca did,
My pa would be mos' awful 'shamed
Of such a silly kid.

If I 'd stay out all night sometime,
A-stoppin' up a dike,
There 'd be hot times when I got home—
Whippin's and bed, mos' like.

So I ain't goin' to try to be
A noble sort o' kid,
'Cos my fam'ly 'd never 'preciate
The great deeds that I did!

"THE PAPER FISHES THEN APPEAR."

THE FIFTH OF MAY IN JAPAN.

THE year has many a holiday;
But brightest is the Fifth of May,
When drums and guns and warlike toys
Bring ecstasy to little boys.

Above the houses, far and near,
The paper fishes then appear;
From bamboo poles they wheel and play,
As though about to dart away.

The sky is like a globe o'erhead;
The roofs like purple pebbles spread:
And all the world has now become
One jolly big aquarium.

Mary McNeil Fenollosa.

TALKING OF CHARCOAL.

By Ralph Benton.

"Charcoal?" slowly repeated the druggist. He pronounced the word softly as if he were studying how far the question would lead. Then he said, "The charcoal that we sell for medicine is made in two different ways."

Sandy McLaurin had been helping in the drug-store. One of his tasks was to fill some small boxes with willow charcoal. There was now a lull in business, and the druggist was in the back room; so Sandy asked the question about what he had been handling.

"One way," continued the druggist, "is to arrange long, thick pieces of wood in a cone-shaped pile. This is then covered with sod, or earth, leaving one small opening at the top and several at the bottom. Then the wood is set on fire, and gradually the holes through the sod (left to make a draft at first) are closed. The wood burns slowly, because the air is kept from it, and finally is changed into sticks of charcoal, instead of crumbling to ashes, as when burned in a stove. As a last step the charcoal sticks are crushed into powder in a mill.

"Another way of making charcoal is to put heavy pieces of wood into closed iron cylinders, which are then heated. The principle is the same as in the old-fashioned way, when wood is covered with sod; that is, the wood is burned away from contact of air. All the big powder-mills make charcoal in this way."

"Is charcoal used in gunpowder?" asked Sandy.

"Yes. In fact, a large proportion of all the charcoal that is made is consumed in manufacturing powder.

"Charcoal is largely composed of the chemical element carbon. An element, I think I told you once, is a substance that has not ever been decomposed or split up into other simpler substances. Gold and silver and copper are elements. The whole world is made up of about sixty-seven elements. By and by, when you are further on in your studies, you will learn that the elements are the A, B, C of chemistry. You will learn that water is made up of hydrogen and oxygen gases; salt is formed of sodium and chlorine; and sugar contains carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Everything that you eat or drink or wear is composed of some of the sixty-seven elements. We 'll go back to carbon, however; that is what started my talk of 'elements.'

"Carbon has a wonderful family. The aristocrat of it is the diamond. I thought you would look surprised at that remark. Nevertheless, all of those diamonds that you see in the jeweler's window are pure carbon. They are carbon crystallized—the most permanent of gems, for they can neither be melted nor dissolved. The Czar of Russia has set in the end of his scepter a diamond that is said to be worth three quarters of a million dollars, and there is one in England that weighs much less than a silver dollar, but it is valued at six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

"The closest relative of the diamond is a smooth black substance called graphite. In one form you handle it every day, for graphite is used in making lead-pencils. Gas-carbon is a cousin of the diamond, and is obtained, as you might imagine from the name, in the process of making gas."

"Why, did you tell me about that before when you spoke of gas? I thought only three things came from bituminous coal—gas, coal-tar, and coke," Sandy remarked.

"You are correct, Sandy; but gas-carbon is another name for coke," the druggist answered. "Now, the diamond gives exquisite and inimitable sparkles of light, which make it of great value as a jewel; but it gives only the pleasure of possession. Its sober-hued cousin, coke, affords broad beams of light, making the path of night easy to travel, and lessening the crime that used to prevail in dimly lighted city streets. For from coke the long black pencils, or 'carbons,' used in arc-lights are made. First the coke is ground to fine powder. Then it is mixed with molasses and made into a very thick dough. After being rolled into long cylinders having a thickness about equal to

the diameter of a twenty-five-cent piece, it is baked. And night after night, in all seasons, the power that we know as electricity is at work in millions of pieces of carbon all over our great country, giving us light and comfort and safety.

"Yet," continued the druggist, "I can't say that this is the most marvelous effect coming directly from carbon. No doubt you know that steel is a certain form of iron, but, like many older people, you don't know exactly how it differs from ordinary iron. Well, the difference is that steel is iron containing a very small proportion of carbon—from .75 per cent. to 1.5 per cent.—and thus the iron becomes very, very hard. The surgeon, the carpenter, the engraver, and every one else who uses edged tools would be in a serious plight if they had to depend on iron alone. With steel, however, a keen edge can be secured. The railroads in these days are almost all equipped with steel rails, which last longer than those of ordinary iron. All our wonderful cruisers and battleships wear outside cases of heavy steel plates. They are as strong as floating forts, and can withstand shocks and shots that would have sent an old-fashioned man-of-war to the bottom.

"So you see that the black, smudgy willow charcoal has interesting and useful relatives."

"AN IRISH LULLABY" AND "GOING A-HUNTING."*

By Alfred Perceval Graves.
(*Author of "Father O'Flynn."*)

AN IRISH LULLABY.

I 've found my bonny babe a nest
On Slumber Tree.
I 'll rock you there to rosy rest,
Asthore Machree!
Oh, *lulla lo!* sing all the leaves
On Slumber Tree,
Till everything that hurts or grieves
Afar must flee.

I 'd put my pretty child to float
Away from me,
Within the new moon's silver boat
On Slumber Sea.
And when your starry sail is o'er
From Slumber Sea,
My precious one, you 'll step to shore
On mother's knee.

GOING A-HUNTING.

Molly bawn, as white as lawn,
As sweet as sugar candy,
In satin frock and silken sock,
To-day you 're quite a dandy.

Come here, come here to father, dear,
For he at last has leisure
To lie an hour within your power,
You tiny toddling treasure!

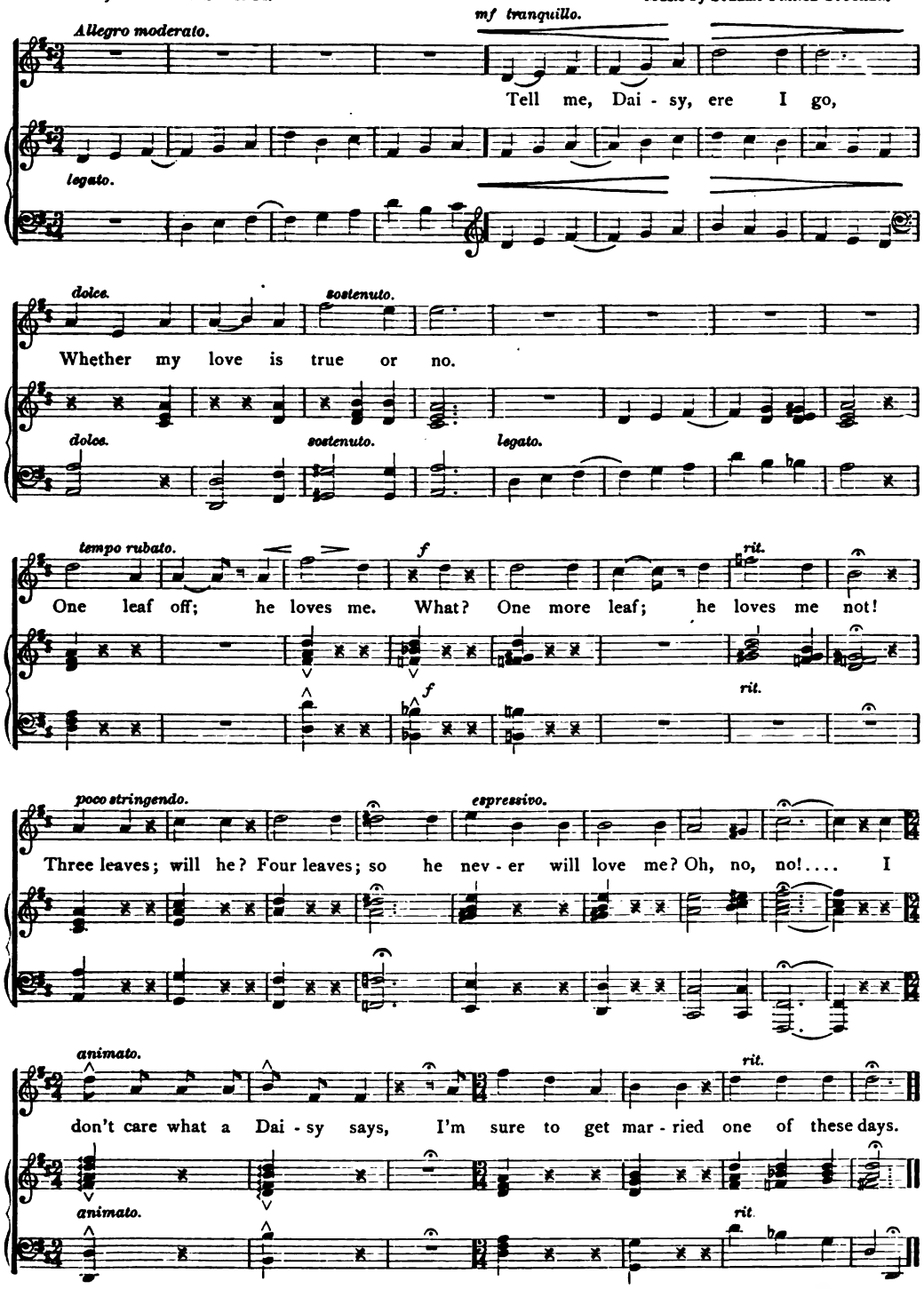
Come, one, two, three! upon his knee;
Fly up, my baby bunting.
And tally-ho! away we 'll go
With all the hounds a-hunting.

Oh, here 's a gate! but we 'll not wait;
But pop! our pony 's over.
And here 's a ditch! but raise your switch,
And crack! we 're in the clover.

Till in the rocks the cruel fox
Is killed by Dick and Dolly,
And Peter Plush cuts off the brush
And hands it here to Molly.

"TELL ME, DAISY."

Words by MARY MAPES DODGE. Music by STELLA PRINCE STOCKER.



BOOKS AND READING.

OUR readers were asked, in the January number of ST. NICHOLAS, to answer certain questions, and a prize was offered — one year's subscription to the magazine — for the best list of answers. The questions seem to have been difficult, since fewer competitors entered than answered the December questions. The best list was received from Irvie Boernstein of Washington, D. C., and the prize is awarded accordingly. Here are the answers:

1. WHO wrote the book for boys in which occur the lines:

"Root Beer
Sold Here"?

ANSWER: Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

What town is the scene of the story?

ANSWER: Rivermouth.

2. Why is the owl considered the bird of wisdom?

ANSWER: Its large head and solemn eyes, and, indeed, its general aspect and dignified movements, give it an air of wisdom, which, however, its brain does not sanction. In the Scriptures the owl is almost always associated with calamity and desolation; poets, painters, and story-tellers introduce it as a bird of ill omen and as the companion of ghosts, witches, demons, and magicians; almost all uncultivated people regard its peculiar cry as a portent of evil, and look upon it as an unwelcome visitor; the ancient Greeks and Romans, however, made it the *emblem of wisdom*, and sacred to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, of war, and of the liberal arts. The owl was the emblem of Athens, because owls abound there, and as Athena (Minerva) and Athenæ (Athens) are the same word, the owl was given to Minerva for her symbol also.

3. How came the "Arabian Nights" to be first translated into English?

ANSWER: The "Arabian Nights Entertainments" were first made known to readers of English in 1702, by Antoine Galland, professor of Arabic in the Collège Royal of Paris, and a resident for some time at Constantinople. The stories at once became exceedingly popular, and have ever since maintained a foremost position in juvenile literature. These stories, on their first introduction into England, labored under the disadvantage of having passed through the process of a double translation, first from Arabic into French, and then from French into English. Dr. Jonathan Scott, Oriental professor at the then existing East India College, and a friend of Dr. White, the learned professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford, published in 1811 a new edition, "carefully revised, and occasionally corrected from the Arabic." Some authorities consider this edition as the best rendering of these tales.

4. What is a "fairy ring," and how is it explained?

ANSWER: A "fairy ring" is a circle of rank or withered grass, often seen in lawns, meadows, and grass-plots. It is said to be produced by fairies dancing on the spot. In sober truth, these rings are simply an agaric or fungus below the surface, which has seeded in a circular range, as many plants do. Where the ring is brown and almost bare, the "spawn" is of a grayish white color. The grass dies because the "spawn" envelops the roots, so as to prevent their absorbing moisture; but where the grass is rank the "spawn" is dead and serves as fertilizer to the young grass.

5. Who was the Bellman?

ANSWER: The Bellman was the captain of the ship and crew that set out to hunt the "Snark," described in the fanciful tale in rhyme entitled "Hunting of the Snark: An Agony in Eight Fits," by Lewis Carroll (the late Rev. C. L. Dodgson). He is portrayed as carrying a bell, which he is incessantly ringing.

What is a Snark?

ANSWER: "Snark" is one of numerous fantastic words coined by the late Mr. Dodgson, and is used in a funny story in rhyme, the title of which is given in the foregoing answer. The Snark was a "Boojum." To capture the Snark was the object the Bellman and his crew of queer creatures and people had in view when they set out on their venturesome voyage. The Bellman, the Banker, the Barrister, and others speak of it as if perfectly familiar with its anatomy and habits, but the reader is always delightfully left in the dark as to whether it was fish, flesh, or fowl. For instance, the Barrister's dream:

"He dreamed that he stood in a shadowy court,
Where the Snark with a glass in its eye,
Dressed in gown, bands, and wig, was defending a pig
On the charge of deserting its sty."

The Butcher is said to have actually caught sight of it, and was thereby almost frightened out of his wits or else filled with delight. Last verse:

"In the midst of the word he was trying to say,
In the midst of his laughter and glee,
He had softly and suddenly vanished away—
For the Snark *was* a Boojum, you see."

What was Mercator's real name?

ANSWER: His real name was Gerhard *Krämer* or Gerhard *Kauffmann*. In accordance with the custom of his time, his German or Flemish name was Latinized, *Mercator* being the Latin equivalent of *Kauffmann* or *Krämer*, a merchant or tradesman.

6. How does "the exception prove the rule"?

ANSWER: The exception proves there is a rule, or there could be no exception; the very fact of the exception proves there must be a rule.

Explain:

"And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

ANSWER: The lines occur in Milton's poem "L'Allegro." The word "tale" does not here imply stories told by shepherds, but is a technical term for numbering sheep, which is still used in Yorkshire and the distant counties. "Tale" and "tell," in this sense, were not unfamiliar in English poetry in and about Milton's time; for instance, Dryden's Virgil, "Bucol." III. 33:

"And once she takes the tale of all my lambs."

The shepherd opens his fold, and takes the "tale" of his sheep, to see if any were lost in the night.

7. What has been called a plow, a chopper, a king's chariot, an animal, a farmer's cart, though it has always been known to be none of these?

ANSWER: The constellation Ursa Major (Great Bear), popularly known as the "Dipper." The common names in Europe for the seven bright stars are the "Plow," the "Wagon," the "Butcher's Cleaver," "Charles's Wain," the "Great Bear," etc.

8. What was the date of the Pied Piper's visit?

ANSWER: The date commonly given is June 26, 1284.

9. What blind man made remarkable discoveries about honeybees?

ANSWER: Francis Huber. At the age of fifteen a too close devotion to the study of the natural sciences, which he had followed from childhood, affected his health and eyesight, and he was taken to Paris for medical treatment. His health was soon restored, but the disease of his eyes was pronounced incurable, and he soon after became totally blind. Before that time he had won the affections of a young lady, Mlle. Lullin, who married him, and until the close of his life was unremitting in her devotion to him. His father having left him in comfortable circumstances, he resumed his investigations in natural science, in which he was aided by his wife and a faithful attendant named Burnens, who ultimately became his reader and amanuensis. Pursuing his researches into the economy and habits of bees, he made many interesting discoveries, and in 1792 published "New Observations on Bees," which excited a great sensation. He was born at Geneva in 1750, and died about 1830.

10. What is the meaning of the following sentence: "Argent on a fess between three crosslets sable as many martlets of the field"?

ANSWER: It is a description, in technical terms, of a heraldic device. The field is of silver; there are three black crosslets on a band occupying the middle third of the escutcheon; three "martlets" distributed over the field. The "martlets" are martins of the heraldic sort —that is, without beak or feet.

IRVIE BOERNSTEIN,
1326 Sixth Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

In view of the especially excellent work of other competitors, the editor has resolved to give a year's subscription each to Lingo Platter and to Carroll R. Harding (age 12 years).

The following competitors sent in lists that were so excellent as to entitle them to mention upon the

ROLL OF HONOR.

Nelda Fisher.
Margaret Conway.
Margaret Leal.
Ethel M. Farquhar.
Elizabeth Rawls.
Atlee V. Kirtland (age 11 years).

AS TO THE QUESTIONS. EVEN the best lists never contain all the best answers, so a few words may be added to the explanations given in the winning list. Many failed to mention that "Rivermouth," the scene of Aldrich's story, was really Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The "Bellman" also puzzled a number, though Carroll's "Hunting of the Snark" should be well known. But the one question upon which all, *without* exception, failed to give a complete answer, was Number 6. Many good and ingenious reasons were given why "the exception proves the rule," but no one saw that in this saying the word "proves" may be used also in the sense of "tries." The Latin is, "Exceptio probat regulam," and in Latin the verb *probare* means to test, to try. The sense of the proverb, therefore, is, "It is the exception that puts the rule to its trial"; that is, when you find an apparent exception, you must put your rule to the test to see whether it really is a rule. It is not asserted that other answers are wrong, but only that this is a likely explanation of the declaration. The only other questions that presented especial difficulty were Numbers 8 and 10. The date of the Pied Piper's visit is given differently in different authorities. Verstegan says June 26, 1284; Browning's poem says July 22, 1376; but, as one of the competitors remarked, "since it never happened, what difference does it make?" The heraldic question puzzled many—including the first-prize winner! They found the meaning

of the words, but in drawing a picture of the arms made mistakes. The description in plain English would read thus: "A white (or silver) shield. Between three black crosses with crossed arms is a horizontal black band upon which are three martlets (footless martins) of the same color as the shield." The crosslets are arranged two above and one below the fess or band.

The questions in the February number were not so difficult, and consequently many more answers have been received.

MY SCHOOL.

By Jessie E. Sampter.

I.

Ah, you have bonny things to tell of school-days long gone by;
Your cheeks were ruddy as you went, your hearts were light; but I—
I watched you caper down the road to Knowledge-land, and then,
With smiles to keep the tears away, I wandered toward the glen,
The woods, the rills, the haunted nooks, where many an imp and elf
Was waiting for the sickly child—my poor, untutored self.

II.

I lay upon the balmy earth; a canopy of pine
Was spread above to cool my brow; a kingly court was mine,
Where music welled for freedom's sake, and asked for nothing more,
While venerable teachers came to teach me ancient lore.
I fear their pupil was not apt, yet do I nothing doubt
But all the masters of the world were gathered thereabout.

III.

The rill was whispering 'mid the ferns, enchanted as a dream;
It hastened down and lost itself within the wider stream;
It told me of a mighty world that never thought of me,
And myriad little laboring brooks that perish in the sea!
And, all unheeded, by my side I saw a lily spring;
It taught me of a Love and Law that guideth everything!

IV.

From out the throats of wondrous birds melodious anthems poured
Of all the lovely, holy things that live not for reward.
And when upon the ethereal sky the rose of even smiled,
I turned me slowly home again, a solemn, dreaming child.
Your books were lightly thrown aside, you bubbled o'er with play,
But I was pondering o'er the things I learned in school that day.

THE COMING OF THE PRINCE.

By Robert C. V. Meyers.

The morning his Highness, the Prince, was expected, Johnson's shipyard was in festive array. The workmen plied their tasks as usual, but they were cleanly shaved, and it is a question if so many of them ever before attended to their daily duties in high linen collars and neckties. The yard had been freshly swept and hosed down, there was no litter on the dock, while the Stars and Stripes floated over the tent, where an elaborate luncheon was to be served.

In the office, Miss Masters, the stenographer, in her black silk gown with lace at the throat and wrists, looked positively elegant, while little Miss Curly, her typist and general assistant, had in her belt a bunch of roses which she had purchased from a street vender, and which, not being strictly fresh, had cost but little, though they looked well enough after she had picked off the faded outer leaves.

Mr. Hallowell, the bookkeeper, was the discordant note in the harmony; garbed in his every-day suit of rusty black, his face white and troubled, he looked like an unprosperous undertaker, as little Miss Curly said to the young man who had asked for Mr. Johnson, and finding that gentleman not yet arrived, announced that he should wait.

Little Miss Curly felt sorry for the young man, for Mr. Hallowell had said to him:

"Young man, I don't wish to know your business, for we are not attending to business to-day. You might as well go away, for we don't intend to be bothered by any one at all."

But the intruder took a seat. He had waited about a quarter of an hour (in spite of the bookkeeper's asking him every minute or so if he knew that he was in the way) when little Miss Curly first spoke to him. In that quarter of an hour she had decided that he was an honest-looking fellow, and a very good-natured one, for when Mr. Hallowell went up to him and told him that even when Mr. Johnson came that gentleman would see no one, for the Prince was going over the plant, the young man merely begged pardon, whereupon Mr. Hallowell threw out two or three hints relative to idiots, and went back and forth to see if the preparations for the reception of the Prince were well under way. Even the stenographer, Miss Masters, said, "How can you?" when he voiced a more offensive hint than usual, as he flung himself from the office to go to the dock.

It was during this absence that little Miss Curly, in pity for the young man, made that remark about unprosperous undertakers. The young man arose as she spoke to him. She handed him the morning paper, and he thanked her. She hesitated; then, satisfying herself that Miss Masters was too far off and too busy over some papers to hear her, said in a low voice:

"It 's like this: Mr. Hallowell has a good deal on him. The Prince, who is in the navy of his own country, is making a tour of the shipyards of the world, and visits ours this morning. Mr. Hallowell has everything to attend to, for Mr. Johnson has gone to the hotel with carriages for the Prince and his suite. It 's a good deal of trouble to take about a young fellow only nineteen years old, is n't it? But he 's a prince, you know, and maybe some time he 'll be 'the ruler of the Queen's navee'"; and she laughed. "And I 'm just dying to see him. I never saw a prince; my acquaintance with princes has been through fairy-tales, where they do beautiful acts — help worrying men and distressed maidens, and all that sort of thing. Read the paper; there 's a great lot about the Prince in it."

She glided away as Mr. Hallowell reëntered the office.

The young man opened the paper. Mr. Hallowell seemed to want some one on whom to vent his superfluous energy, so naturally he made the persistent interloper his target.

"Young man," he said, "I must ask you to go, as I tell you Mr. Johnson will not see you. It amounts to insolence, your staying here. I don't want to know *what* your business with us is, but you 'd better go."

The young man became rather pink on the cheek-bones.

"I shall wait," he said politely, but firmly, and little Miss Curly's eyes twinkled. She was only a little schoolgirl, after all.

Mr. Hallowell frowned darkly and made a movement toward him. Just then Miss Masters rather sharply called him to her.

"You are forgetting yourself," she said, so loudly that her assistant heard her. "Do you wish to publish everything to the world?"

Mr. Hallowell shrugged his shoulders and sauntered about the office. "I wish they 'd come and have it over," he said. "A mere boy to upset business like this!"

"A prince," laughed little Miss Curly.

"Excuse me, Miss Curly!" loftily returned Mr. Hallowell, and the little girl bent over the roses at her belt.

Mr. Hallowell roved about for a little while, when he approached the waiting one again.

"Young man," he said, "if you insist upon waiting, suppose you wait outside."

The young man arose at once.

"Be good enough to show me the way," he said politely.

Mr. Hallowell merely pointed to the door, and, bowing his thanks, the young man went out and stood in the entry.

He looked about him — a pleasant-appearing fellow, soberly dressed, with a stubborn, authoritative look in his eyes. He was still looking about him, at the charts on the walls, at the framed models of war-vessels, when little Miss Curly came from the office, lugging a chair.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked cheerfully. "It does n't cost any more."

He relieved her weak arms of the heavy chair, but remained standing.

"Please don't mind," she said; "Mr. Hallowell is not himself to-day, there is so much on his mind."

"The visit of the Prince?" queried the young man.

She shook her head, and the young man noticed that her face was a pleasant one, her eyes the kindest in the world.

"It 's not altogether that," she said, "but private matters."

"Ah, yes"; the young man bowed.

"He 's had a loss," little Miss Curly went on, "a terrible loss."

She hesitated as she had hesitated in the office when she spoke of the bookkeeper. "Perhaps you 'll excuse him if I tell you, for I hate to see people misunderstand one another. You see, Mr. Hallowell and Miss Masters — well, we think they 're engaged!"

"Miss Masters?"

"Our stenographer, you know. I 'm her assistant. Well, it seems Mr. Hallowell has an idea that he knows everything there is to know about stock speculations. So Miss Masters gave him about two hundred dollars she had saved up, and he took that, along with what he had saved up himself, and went to Crawl, the broker — everybody knows Crawl's; don't *you?*"

"The handsome offices were pointed out to me yesterday."

"Yes? Well, yesterday morning Mr. Hallowell went to those handsome offices pointed out to you and invested the money in 'Monawanna,' and in the afternoon Monawanna slumped, went all to pieces, and he and Miss Masters lost all they had. Is it any wonder he 's not himself to-day? Just put yourself in his place. Poor fellow!" She shook her head vindictively. "I 'd like to see myself" — there she paused. "Is n't it strange I say all this to you? I don't know what possesses me to be so forward. But then, Miss Masters has n't said half a dozen words all the morning, she 's so low-spirited; and I 'm so excited over the visit of the Prince I *must* talk to somebody. But as I was going to say, I 'd like to see myself dealing in stocks!" She laughed. "And you know stenographers' assistants have so much ready cash lying around loose to put into all sorts of wild-cat speculations, too."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed, no, then! This one has n't, at any rate. Don't be so literal; it 's not businesslike. Why, it takes all I make for home comforts. My mother and I live together. Mother is

"MR. HALLOWELL SAID, 'YOUNG MAN, YOU MIGHT AS WELL GO AWAY, FOR WE DON'T INTEND TO BE BOTHERED BY ANY ONE AT ALL.'"

never very well, and — oh, well, we manage. We 're independent, at any rate." She laughed again. "My one extravagance is flowers." She fondled the bunch of rapidly fading roses at her belt. "I buy mother a flower every day; she loves them as much as I do. Oh, what it must be to be rich and have all you want — the port wine and expensive delicacies for your sick folks! Just like that young man we are expecting — the Prince, you know. I hope Mr. Johnson will bring him to the office; I want to tell mother what a real live prince is like. I wonder if he 's like a prince in those fairy-tales, doing little things for people he knows will make them happy? — for the worrying men and the helpless maidens, you know? Though I sup-

pose a prince in these busy days has n't any time to do such things." Here a bell rang. "That 's Mr. Hallowell," she said. "Now do, please, overlook his rudeness; you know he is so much upset. And pardon me for talking so much; but I have n't been in business long, and I felt that Mr. Hallowell had treated you a little unfairly and — good-by!" And she ran off.

And then Mr. Hallowell came to the entry in a towering rage. He grasped the chair and bore it back to the office, and the waiter out in the entry heard him tell little Miss Curly to attend to her own affairs. Then the office door banged tight.

But a minute later it opened again, and there was little Miss Curly with fire in her eyes.

"I 'll not accept such treatment," she said, "even if he *is* unhappy! If this is what unhappiness does I 'm going to be happy the rest of my life. And don't you go; stay just as long as you 've a mind to. Mr. Johnson will see you when the Prince is off his mind." Her eyes took on a cooler expression. "And do pardon me for being so high-tempered, but I hate unfairness. And pardon me for taking your part like this. And — and while you 're about it, you might as well pardon Mr. Hallowell too, for you know what I told you. Good-by! I could n't bear that you should think we 're *always* so rude here. And wait as long as ever you want to"; and she was gone.

The young man left alone in the entry stood there thinking. The bookkeeper and Miss Masters were fond of each other, and all their money had been lost in speculation in — what was the name of the stock? Oh, yes! "Monawanna" — that was it, "Monawanna." And the little assistant of the stenographer loved flowers, and wished she could afford to buy port wine and delicacies for her sick mother. He could hear her now — wondering if a real live prince were like a prince in a fairy-tale, doing little things for people he knew would make them happy — for worrying men and helpless maidens! And she apologized for the bookkeeper who had "sorrows of his own."

He looked at his watch. He wondered if he should have time to go down the street and back again before Mr. Johnson arrived.

"I will try it," he said, and left the office.

He passed through the shipyard, where the hundreds of hands were waiting for the coming of the Prince.

Outside in the street were other hundreds of people waiting for the coming of the Prince.

"I wonder if he 's like a prince in a fairy-tale," that little girl had said,— "doing little things for people he knows will make them happy? — for worrying men and helpless maidens."

He struck out at a fine pace. He found Crawl, the broker, and to him put the request to have made over to him the "Monawanna" Mr. Hallowell had made himself liable for the day previous. Of course the broker looked at him as though he were the "idiot" the bookkeeper had hinted at when he refused to leave Johnson's office, but he was cool and firm, and laid down the money for the stock.

"At top price," he stipulated.

His name? John Smith — he would have the receipt made out thus. Then he went forth. He found his way to a florist's, where he had a basket of flowers made up — great, rich roses and dewy ferns, with deep-veined orchids here and there. Farther along he entered a shop and selected a dozen bottles of port wine "imported specially for invalids," and a lot of delicacies such as even people who were not invalids would not disdain. All this took time, and when he had attended to it he found he had used up nearly an hour. He lost his way, found it again, and was hot and dusty when he once more reached Johnson's just as the clocks were striking twelve, the hour when the Prince was expected.

He went boldly to the office. Mr. Hallowell was simply furious.

"Young man," he said, "I don't intend to have any more of this."

But here Miss Masters left her desk and interposed, and the young man noticed how white and drawn was her face.

"Mr. Johnson is expected at any moment," she said; "but I think he will be more disengaged later in the day. He is on his way here with the Prince, and you can readily understand —"

She was interrupted by Mr. Hallowell. The

bookkeeper had been to the telephone. He ran up to her, his face marvelously changed.

"Margaret!" he cried. "Crawl 'phones me. My 'Monawanna' has been sold, and we have come out a hundred ahead." He grasped a chair to steady himself, and she, trembling almost as much as he, led him away to the open air.

The young man, glancing at little Miss Curly, found that young girl's eyes streaming.

"I 'm so happy!"—thus she explained her tears. "I 'm so glad for them! Here is Mr. Johnson!"

But it was not Mr. Johnson; only two men, the one bearing the very prettiest basket of flowers Miss Masters's assistant had ever set eyes on, the other carrying a hamper whose very size and shape suggested many delicacies.

"For Miss Curly," both men seemed to say at once, and she grew pale and bewildered.

"LITTLE MISS CURLY CAME FROM THE OFFICE, LUGGING A CHAIR."

But the young man had no chance to look further, for through the doorway came Mr. Johnson and several gentlemen of the Prince's suite. One of these gentlemen, his hat in his hand, went up to the young man.

"We must apologize, sir," he said. "There was some mistake. You understood the appointment to be an hour earlier than we."

The young man turned to the stenographer's assistant. Little Miss Curly was gazing at him with wide-open eyes. He went up to her.

"Let me thank you for your courtesies to me," he said, "and permit me in return to offer you these little tokens of gratitude."

Her voice shook as she stammered her thanks. But he smiled in so friendly a way that she had to smile too, and was not afraid.

"Thank you," he said; "thank you. I hope you like the basket of flowers, and that your mother will find something to enjoy in the contents of the hamper."

And then the Prince had to turn to the older folks, for the spokesman of the Prince's suite said to him:

"Mr. Johnson is here, and he would like to be presented to your Highness."

CHINESE MOTHER-GOOSE RHYMES.

By Prof. Isaac Taylor Headland, of Peking University.

LITTLE FAT BOY.

What a bonny little fellow is this fat boy of mine!
He makes people die of joy!
What a fine little fellow is this fat boy of mine!
Now whose is this loving little boy?

THE LITTLE FAT BOY.

Do you want to buy a beauty?
Do you want to buy a beauty?
If you buy him he will watch your house,
And do it as his duty.

And no matter as to servants,
You may have them or may not,
But you 'll never need to lock your door,
Or give your house a thought.

A FINGER TEST.

A FINGER TEST.

You strike three times on the top, you see,
And strike three times on the bottom for me,
Then top and bottom you strike very fast,
And open a door in the middle at last.

上打三通鼓
下打鼓三通
兩邊一齊打
當閘閘大縫

"OUR BABY," IN CHINESE CHARACTERS.

OUR BABY.

Mrs. Chang, Mrs. Lee,
Mama has a small babee;
Stands up firm,
Sits up straight,
Won't eat milk,
But lives on cake.

OUR BABY.

TEN FINGERS.

(*A Chinese finger-play.*)

Three horses are drinking,
Three horses are feeding,
The two men are fighting,
The old woman pleading,
The baby is crying,
But no one is heeding.

三馬吃草
三馬吃料
兩人打架
老太太說
罷罷罷
小孫兒在
屋裏嘎嘎拉拉

"TEN FINGERS," IN CHINESE CHARACTERS.

THE LITTLE GOLDEN SISTER.

THE LITTLE GOLDEN SISTER.

My little golden sister
  Rides a golden horse slow,
And we 'll use a golden whip
  If the horse does n't go.

A little gold fish
  In a gold bowl we see,
And a gold-colored bird
  On a gold-blossomed tree.

A gold-plated god
  In a gold temple stands,
With a gold-plated baby
  In his gold-plated hands.

TEN FINGERS.

A RIDDLE.

A PLUM-BLOSSOM foot,
And a pudding face sweet;
He 's taller when he 's sitting
Than when standing on his feet.

A RIDDLE.

LADYBUG.

LADYBUG, ladybug,
Fly away, do;
Fly to the mountain,
And feed upon dew.

Feed upon dew,
And sleep on a rug,
And then run away
Like a good little bug.

蟲蟲蟲飛
飛到南山
吃露水
露水吃飽了
回頭就跑了

"LADYBUG," IN CHINESE CHARACTERS.

LADYBUG.

THE FIVE FINGERS.

(*Another finger-play.*)

A GREAT big brother,
And a little brother, so,
A big bell-tower,
And a temple and a show,
And little baby wee, wee,
Always wants to go.

THE FIVE FINGERS.

THE SPIDER.

OH, my dear brother spider,
With your body big and red,
From the eaves you are hanging
On a single little thread.

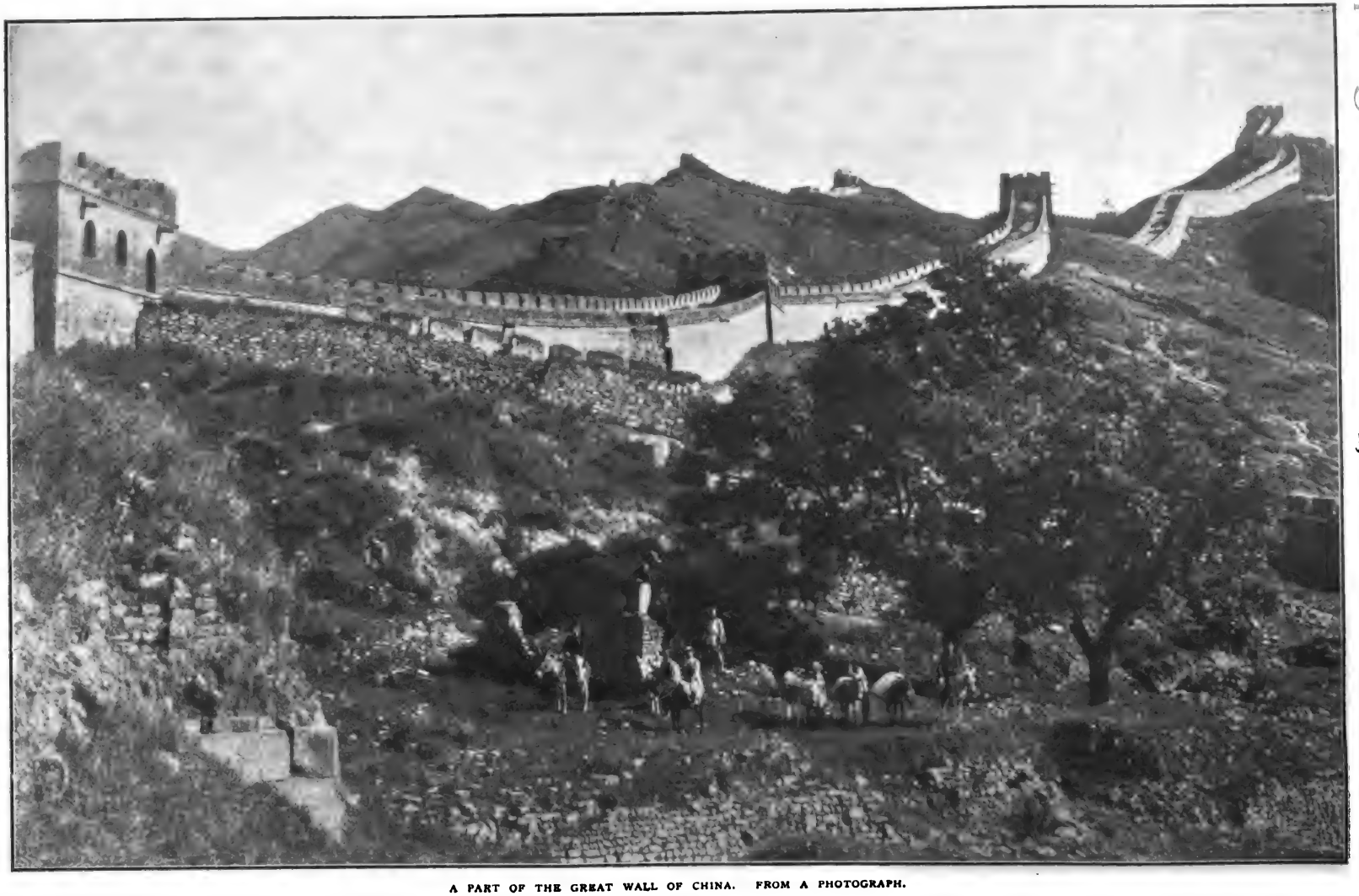
秦始皇砌城牆牆頭兒矮
磴兒窄擋着達子過不來

"THE GREAT WALL," IN CHINESE CHARACTERS.

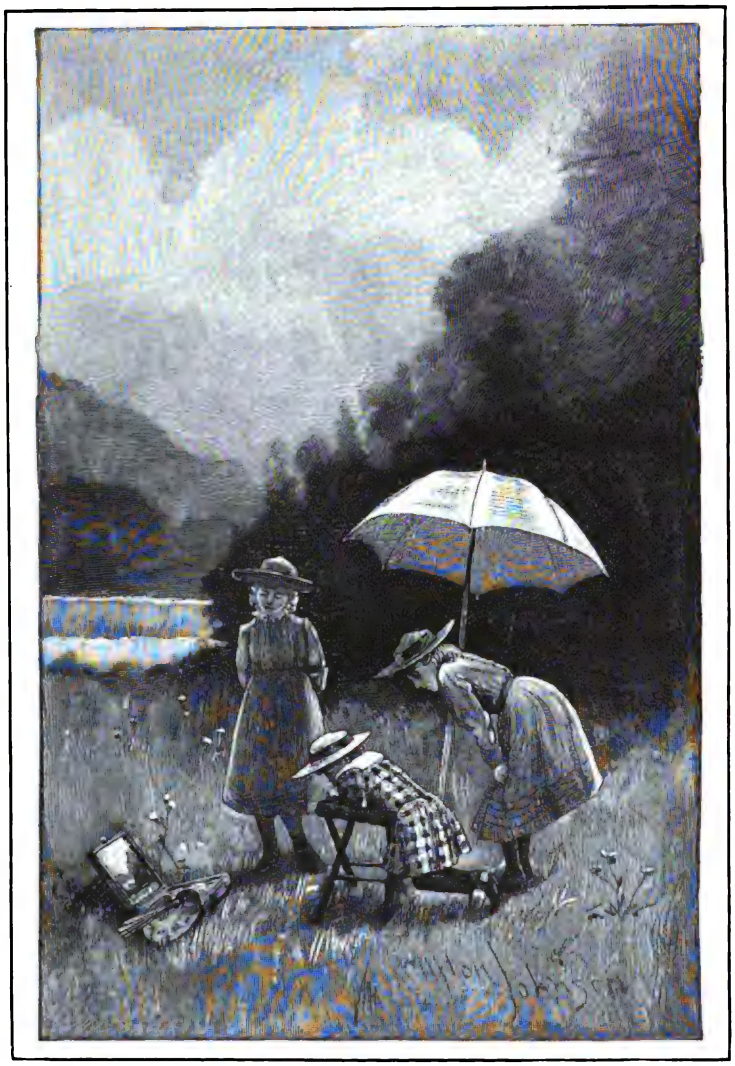
THE SPIDER.

THE GREAT WALL.

THE wily Emperor Tsin Chi-hwang
He built a wall both great and strong.
The steps were narrow, but the wall was stout,
So it kept the troublesome Tartars out.



A PART OF THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



PAINT-BOX AND CAMERA.

By Tudor Jenks.

When Mr. Milman, the artist, came to the Parkers' for the summer, the children, Kathleen, Julia, and Teddy, were full of curiosity about his work. They wanted to go with him when he went out sketching, so as to find out how he was able to make such pretty pictures of the places in which they had never noticed anything worth a second look. He not only painted, but also used a camera, and with the camera he seemed to the children as skilful as with his brushes.

In fact, the little Parkers were more surprised at the photographs than at the paintings, for while the paintings were wonderfully pretty, they thought that might be partly because of the bright colors held in the little tubes from which the tiny, snaky paints came twisting out. But the photographs were all one color, and

yet they seemed to reveal to the children new beauties in the scenes around them.

After they had come to know Mr. Milman well, and he had found out what thorough little trumps they were, he invited all three of them to go with him on a sort of "sketching picnic."

So they all packed their luncheon in a big double-lidded basket, and walked down to the six-acre lot, which is right on the bank of the river. Then the artist set up his camp-stool, screwed together the long stick that held up his white umbrella, opened his paint-box, and began to squeeze the colors out of the little tubes. Just then he noticed that the children were all gathered closely about him.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here? Why are you not playing tag or picking flowers?"

Then Teddy spoke up:

"Why, Mr. Milman, we can pick flowers or play tag any day in the week, but this is the only chance I 've had to see a real painting-artist since I was born."

"What other kind of an artist is there?" asked Mr. Milman, laughing.

"There is a kind of artist on the main street in the village," said Teddy, sturdily, "only I can't pro-*nounce* the kind of artist he is. He 's the barber."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Milman, laughing. "You mean the 'Tonsorial Artist'?"

"Yes, that 's it," little Teddy answered soberly. "He 's the only one we 've got. Do you mind if we watch you while you paint?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Milman, good-naturedly. "I am very glad if you are interested. It is rather dull sometimes by one's self."

So he went on with his painting for some time, while the children looked on. At length Kathleen asked him a question over which she had often puzzled herself.

"Mr. Milman," said she, "can you draw things as well as the camera can take them—as exactly, I mean?"

"No, not nearly," he replied.

"Then why don't you always take a photograph instead of making a drawing?"

"Because I am not trying to get an exact copy of a scene when I make a painting or drawing of it. No artist can make a true copy of any view, and no artist would do so if he could."

"Why not?" asked Teddy.

"It is not easy to explain it to a little boy or girl," said the artist; "but I will do my best. You all have been to the circus?"

"Twice," said Julia, proudly.

"Now," the artist went on, "suppose that you came home and tried to tell your mother all the things you had seen. Would you tell about every single person and thing that was in view from where you sat, or would you tell only what would interest her—about the clown and the ring-master and the riders and the tumblers?"

"I 'd tell only the queer and the funny things," said Teddy;—"course!"

"But suppose you took a camera and pointed it at the ring, would the camera take only what was interesting?"

"Why, no," Julia answered. "It would take everything there was in front of it."

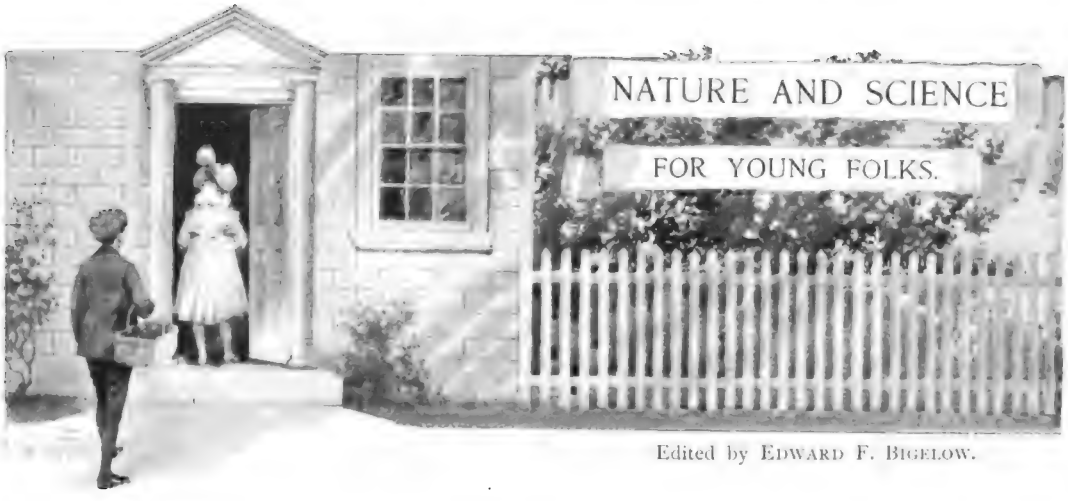
"Yes," said the artist, nodding. "It would take a hat or a bonnet that happened to be in the way, just as carefully as if it was the finest sight in the ring. You have to be very careful, in taking photographs, that there is nothing in the picture except what you want there. But the artist can pick and choose as much as he likes. So, you see, the artist is not like the camera. He paints a picture just as you would describe a circus. He tries to let other people know just what he finds beautiful in the view he sees. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said the two girls.

"Well, I don't," said Teddy, cheerfully. "But I wish you would take a picture of us with your camera, and then I 'd like to have lunch. I 'm as hungry as—two sticks!"

Mr. Milman laughed, and, after painting a short time longer, he put down his box. The children began to talk about his picture, and while they were busy over it, he took a snapshot of them without their knowledge.

Then they had lunch under the trees, and ate all the hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches, and drank the lemonade, finishing with doughnuts, gingerbread, and apple-turnovers—which were made by Mrs. Parker, and exceedingly good.



Edited by EDWARD F. BIGELOW.

RETURNING FROM A RAMBLE.

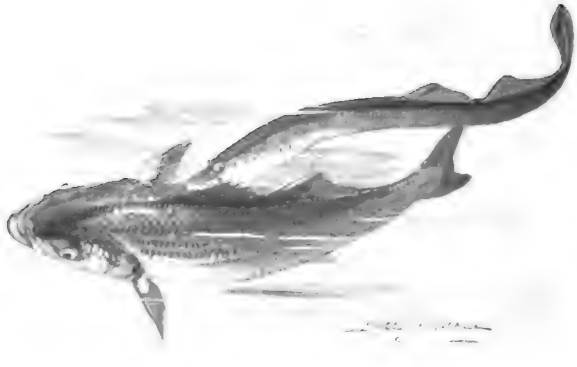
Is there anything more delightful than the fatigue of an afternoon's long ramble after objects one loves? You are not tired of them, but with them. It is a delicious fatigue. They are the sunniest spots in one's memory.— DR. J. E. TAYLOR, in "The Playtime Naturalist."

IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

I was laughed at not long ago for suggesting that the other months resign in favor of May. It is not, after all, so very surprising that such a thought should come when we consider how full to overflowing is this perfect month.— DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

LAMPREYS AND THEIR NESTS.

How many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS know what a lamprey is or have ever seen one? Some people call them "lamper-eels," though they are not eels at all, and in some of the eastern States they are caught in the rivers in the early summer and sold in the fish-markets for food. This is the large sea-lamprey which lives in the ocean, going up the rivers only to lay its eggs. It grows to be fully two feet in length. But there is a little lamprey only about eight inches long which lives all the year in our small streams, and if you look sharply as you go along some pebbly brook in April or early May, you may see them clinging to the stones on the bottom, with their bodies waving in the current, or you may see one wriggling his way slowly upstream to get a hold on another stone. If you find that there is a small hollow in the stream-bed where the lampreys are, you may be quite sure you have found a nest, and by watching you will see the little animals enlarging the depression by carrying the stones away one at a time. The eggs, which look like small shot, but are yellow in color, are laid in these nests, and being covered with a sticky substance, they fasten to the pebbles on the bottom instead of being carried away by the current. A short time later the little lampreys hatch; they are so small that they can hardly be seen with the naked eye, and they do not look at all like their parents, but more resemble little worms. They quickly burrow into the sand at the edge of



THE LAMPREY ATTACHES ITSELF TO SOME FISH.

the creek, and there remain until they are full grown.

When you have watched the lampreys in the water and noted all their actions, capture one and examine it more closely. This you can do with your hands if you are quick enough, but you will find it much easier if you use a net. The lamprey is certainly eel-like in appearance; it is long and slim, and has fins something like a fish. But you will notice at once that instead of having jaws and a mouth, like an eel, it has a round, sucking disk, and it is by means of this and its tongue, which acts like the piston of a force-pump, that it is able to attach itself so firmly to any smooth surface. On the top of the head, almost between the eyes, is a small opening; this is the lamprey's nose, for it has only one nostril. Along the sides of the head back of the eyes are more little openings, seven in a line on each side. Of course you all know that a fish does not breathe through its nose as we do, but takes water into its mouth, and expels it through the slits back of its head. Now, the lamprey cannot take water in at its mouth when it is attached to a stone, so the water must go in and out through the small holes, and if you will put a lamprey in a jar of fresh water it will attach to the glass with its mouth, and you can see the rapid movement of the body as the animal breathes.

When the brook-lamprey becomes full grown it leaves the sand in which it has lived in a little burrow to this time, and after laying its eggs it soon dies. It is not known to eat anything during this time that it swims freely in the water. The young of the sea-lamprey, on the other hand, when partly grown, leaves the stream in which it grew, and goes down to the sea, where it attaches itself to some fish, and burrowing in so that its head is partly buried in the flesh, lives upon the blood of its unwilling host, being carried about by it until the fish dies, when the lamprey seeks another victim. During this time it grows to be as large as its

THE LAMPREYS MAKING A "NEST" BY CARRYING AWAY THE STONES, ONE AT A TIME.

parents, when it in turn goes up some river to lay its eggs, and probably dies before it again gets back to its ocean home.

LEON J. COLE.

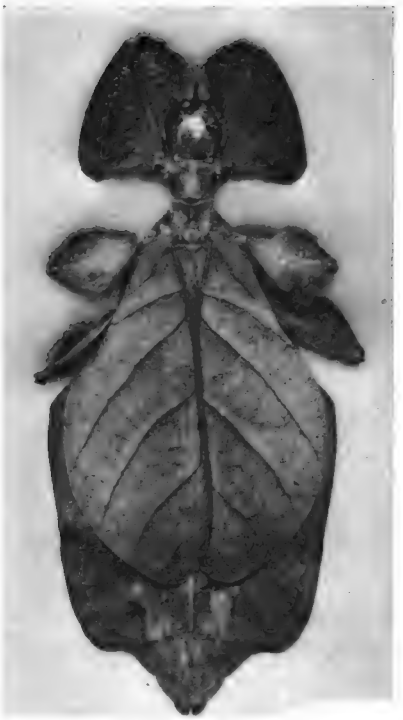
THE FAMOUS LEAF-INSECT.

WE all know how the wings of the katydids, and of some other insects, closely resemble the green leaves among which the creatures are found. We noted, on page 1123 of Nature and Science for October, how the closed wings of the India *Kallima* butterfly resemble a dead leaf. The walking-stick insect is like the green twigs on which it is found, and the roadside grasshopper cannot easily be told from the sand on which it alights.

Even a very little careful observation will find many such deceptions, which are of great interest to the young folks as well as to the learned grown-up people.

One of the most interesting examples of protective resemblance is the green-leaf insect (*Phyllium*), which is found in South America. Not only the wings, but body, legs, head, and even antennæ are leaf-like, of a bright green color. The markings of the wings appear to be leaf veins, and there are often small yellowish places in near imitation of decaying, stained, or fungus-covered spots on the leaves.

The accompanying illustration was photographed directly from one of these very wonderful insects.



THE LEAF-INSECT.
(From specimen lent by Dr. G. Lagai.)

Protective resemblance is not limited to such striking examples as this leaf-insect, or to katydids and Kallima butterflies. Very many forms, large and small, of animal life are somewhat or wholly hidden by resembling the surroundings. Try to see one of the "peeping" frogs that you hear so near in the marsh or wayside pools.

COONIE.

"RANGER" was a good hound. I had taught him myself so that he might teach me. At night I used to go out into the black woods and say, "Ranger, go ahead; let 's see what 's in this wood." And away he would go, sniffing about among the leaves for the foot-scent of the various animals, and for each different kind he had a different "tongue," or cry, so that I knew just what he was after.

During these night hunts I often heard the song of the Saw-whet owl, a high-pitched but soft quavering:

"*Whil — il — il — il — il — il — loooo.*"

And of this Ranger very properly took no notice, his business being wholly with four-foots. But one night after he had loudly announced the treeing of some creature, I heard the peculiar owl-song, once, twice, thrice.

As I drew nearer, the sound came from the top of a low stump at which the hound was baying. I *thought* that Ranger was saying, "*Coon, coon, coon,*" but the owl cry puzzled me till I came very close and noted, first, that it was too squally for the Saw-whet, and later that it came from a tiny baby Coon all humped up on the top of the stump, glaring green glares at the dog.

"You poor little Coonie," I said. "You strayed away from your mammy, did n't you?" But his only response was to turn his green-lighted eyes defiantly on me.

I took off my coat, gently put it over him, and in spite of some small growls I bundled him up and took him home.

Next morning I went to the place to learn more about my captive's midnight adventure,

"COONIE" DABBLING IN THE WATER, WITH THE REST OF THE FAMILY NEAR BY.

and as nearly as I could gather from the telltale tracks in the mud along the creek, he had been brought by his mother, with his brothers, down to the shore, so that they could play in the moonlight and learn to hunt. Most of them were careful to keep close by their mother, but one independent or perhaps disobedient cub strayed off by himself, and at the alarm of the hound he did not follow his mother with the rest, but thought he knew enough to select a tree for himself, and of course that tree turned out to be a low stump,

the one on which I found him besieged by the dog.

Some Coons have bad dispositions and can never be made really tame, but most young Coons are mild and teachable. This little one was not too old when caught, so he soon became quite tame and gentle.

It is a charming sight to-day to see him curled up asleep with Ranger, his former dreaded enemy, now his stanchest friend. His fear of myself is so entirely gone that at this very moment when I am trying to write about him, he is going through all my pockets in the hope of finding some forgotten peanuts or candy.

He rarely utters the owly "*whicker*" now, and I began to think he had forgotten that night when he went with his mother to the margin of the water and dabbled as we see him in the foreground of the picture. But one evening when the coon call was heard outside, he ran to the window, looked quickly and keenly into the darkness, then answered softly, and I could see that though quite used to his new life and at home in the house, he was still, away down in the depths of his little coon heart, just exactly what he was born to be—a fur-clad forest burglar, wearing a black domino, delighting to dabble in the mud, and truly at home nowhere but in the gloom of the midnight woods.

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON.

NEVER ALIGHTS ON TREES.

THE chimney-swift is well named, for it usually makes its home in a chimney, sometimes in a hollow tree, and few birds can equal its

THE CHIMNEY-SWIFT.

swift flight. It clings to the side of the chimney or interior of a tree by its sharp claws, using its spine-tipped tail as a support.

The swifts rush through the air like racers, twittering sociably, and catching insects in their wide-gaping mouths. They do not stop even to gather the twigs for their nests, but catch hold of them by bill or claws in passing, and break them off so quickly as not to make a perceptible pause in flight.

They have never been observed alighting anywhere other than in a chimney or hollow tree. Sometimes immense multitudes of them will make their home in a single old chimney, entering it at sunset.

FROM YOUNGER OBSERVERS.

HARMLESS SNAKES THAT PRETEND TO BE DANGEROUS.

GRASMERE, ORANGE COUNTY, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have noticed that harmless snakes are much more apt to act as if dangerous, and

THE COMMON BLACK-SNAKE.

to show fight, than poisonous snakes. As an example, I once saw a black-snake that tried its best to scare me off and make me think he was poisonous. He hid himself in the grass, and beat his tail so rapidly against a dried leaf that it sounded like the rattle of a rattlesnake. I think it is a pity that so many people kill every snake they see without discrimination, just because they are snakes. Many of the snakes kill mice, roaches, and troublesome insects, and would do more good than harm if they were left alone.

PLEASAUNCE BAKER.

Our young friend certainly shows a very commendable power of keen observation. It is indeed true that nearly all of our common snakes have no power of defense, but depend either upon gliding away from their enemies or upon frightening them away.

The black-snake fiercely beats the ground with its tail, imitating the deadly rattlesnake, as if very dangerous and in great rage.

The hog-nose snake fills itself with air till twice its natural size, erects its expanded neck and head, and utters a long-drawn, ominous hiss, as if it were a terrible fellow. All our boys, especially, know that the common small snakes

dart out the harmless little tongue as if it were a dangerous little spear or "stinger," and coil, when closely pressed, as if ready for fight. In many cases they deceive in this or a similar manner. Probably only a few of the young folk may desire closer acquaintance with snakes. All should at least know something of their interesting ways and not regard them with ignorant prejudice.

INTERESTED IN PUFFBALLS.

LARCHMONT, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much pleased to see the pictures and story of the puffballs in ST. NICHOLAS. The other day three other children and I were in the woods gathering flowers, when we saw these little brown balls clinging to a dead branch of a tree. We picked a little bunch of them, and one of us knew the puffballs. We began squeezing them, and the smoky dust came out.

Your interested reader,

DORA CALL.

One man who has extendedly studied the fungi family, of which the puffballs are members, estimates that there are ten millions of spores in a single puffball. The puffballs you found grew last year. Find some of this year's growth, and examine them before the inside has become powdery. Read the interesting and attractively illustrated chapter, "The Wonderful Fungus Tribe," in Gibson's book "Sharp Eyes."

PUFFBALLS IN THE SPRING BEFORE THEY "PUFF."

THE GAY-COLORED SCARLET TANAGER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a lover of nature, as well as of ST. NICHOLAS; and since your new department, "Nature and Science," was organized, I love ST. NICHOLAS more than ever. I have read about birds in dull scientific books for a long time; but it is only about a year since I began to study them afield. I have come to know many birds that had been before merely characters in books. The most thrilling moment I ever experienced, I think, was when I was walking in the woods one day, looking and listening for any birds that might be about. Suddenly, among the grays, browns, and greens of our commonest woodbirds there shone upon a high tree-top the gorgeous scarlet and black of the scarlet tanager. And his note! It is usual among birds that the gay-colored species have little of attraction in their song, while, on the other hand, the finest songsters are dull of plumage. But this gorgeous visitor from the tropics is gifted with notes almost as rich as his feathers. That was my thrilling moment!

I am your affectionate reader,

ARTHUR W. DUNSWELL.

THE SCARLET TANAGER.

The scarlet tanager is unfortunately named, for the mother bird is not scarlet, and the name leads us to forget her in her olive-green color.

Hence the name makes us unfairly center all attention in the male of this interesting family.

Several young people have sent descriptions of this mother tanager with inquiries for the name. It really seems a little

contradictory, in answer to questions about "a bird, upper part olive-green, under parts greenish yellow, wings and tail brown," to reply that it is a female *scarlet* tanager. Will some of the young folks tell us of other birds with a common name inappropriate to the female or the younger birds, applying correctly only to the male, in the same sense as this?

What a pleasure it is to watch the beautiful male bird in the topmost branch of a tree, singing its robin-like song, which has been translated, "*Look-up, way-up, look-at-me, tree-top!*" It stops for a moment, and then repeats the invitation.

The scarlet tanagers build their nests in a variety of places, but very frequently in the orchard. The nest is not strongly built. The eggs are three to five, greenish blue with faint brown or purplish markings, mostly at the larger end.

BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF THE RED ALGÆ.

STRAWBERRY HILL, STAMFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose a specimen of seaweed, and would like to know the name and particulars about it.

LEE WHITE.

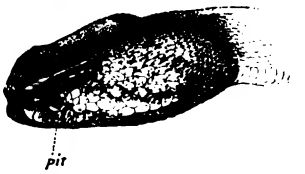
The specimen you send (from which the accompanying illustration was made) is the *Dasya elegans*, which means the hairy and elegant. Surely it is appropriately named, for the branches like locks of hair are elegant and beautiful. It is sometimes called "chenille," which indeed it somewhat resembles, especially when floating in the water. When first taken from the water and placed upon a rock or card, it looks somewhat like a stringy mass of pink or purple jelly. It may be found on the Atlantic coast south of Cape Cod, from the low-tide mark to deep water. In drying on card, use only light pressure.

BEAUTIFUL RED SEAWEED.

THE MYSTERIOUS "PIT" IN A SNAKE'S HEAD.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In an article on the "Poisonous Snakes of North America" in the reports of Smithsonian Institution for 1893, the writer suggests that the pit of the pit-vipers was an organ of a sixth sense (that is, some sense other than sight, smell, hearing, taste, or touch), as certain naturalists had discovered certain other sixth-sense organs in other animals. Later on, near the end of the article, the question of a snake's fascination was discussed. Do you suppose there is any connection between the two?



RATTLESNAKE'S HEAD, SHOWING "PIT."

MARSTON S. HAMLIN.

The term "pit-viper" is appropriately applied to rattlesnakes and their near relatives on account of a deep pit or hole found on the side of the head between the nostril and the eye. Various explanations have been suggested to explain this formation, but nothing is positively known, notwithstanding the most careful investigations. So you see an apparently simple little thing puzzles the most learned grown-up people.

Dr. Stejneger, the curator of the United States National Museum, is the author of the book referred to in the above letter. He states that we do not know the use of the pit, and perhaps may never know. "Future research may reveal a 'sixth sense,' though perhaps man will never comprehend the nature of a sense which he himself does not possess." He writes to our department that he does not believe there is any connection between the "pit" and the fascinating-power that, it is claimed, is possessed by some snakes.

There is much of mys-

tery and interest regarding snakes. The dangerous ones are fewer in reality than in popular imagination. Snakes do not chase people as is often reported and generally believed.

REPAIRED A LIVE BUTTERFLY.

965 HAMILTON AVE., ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old. My sisters have taken you ever since I can remember. I have been collecting butterflies for about two years. The other day I found a butterfly which had broken its wing and could not fly. I went into the house and got one of the hinges which my sister uses to fasten stamps in her postage-stamp album, and stuck it on his wing so that it would hold it together. Then the butterfly flew away, and the next day a friend of mine saw the butterfly sucking honey from the flowers some distance away, and its wing was still fastened with the hinge. Do you not think that was a strange surgical operation?

Your sincere friend and interested reader,

HENRY BRAINERD NELSON.

THE REPAIRED BUTTERFLY.

(The piece of paper may be seen in a curve on the middle of the forward edge of the wing.)

The department of Nature and Science hereby confers upon you the degree of B. S., which you may use after your name. This does n't mean Bachelor of Science, but Butterfly Surgeon.

THE GRASSHOPPER'S OLD COAT.

GREENE CORNER, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder how many of the ST. NICHOLAS readers know that a grasshopper sheds its skin as a snake or toad does. This is how I discovered it: I was brushing up the floor when I observed something very strange, and discovered it to be a grasshopper shedding its skin. I put it under a glass and watched to see what it would do. It worked and struggled for some time, pushing with its hind legs and trying to hold on to something with its fore legs. After a time it got out, and looked so pretty in its new green coat. I put the grasshopper out of doors, but I shall keep the old skin to show to my friends.

CHANGES IN THE LIFE OF A GRASSHOPPER.

a, *a*, newly hatched larvæ; *b*, full-grown larva; *c*, pupa; *d*, female locust. (All natural size.)

IRENE M. MILLER.
(Age 18.)

The grasshopper sheds its skin as does a snake, shedding it several times during the course of its life. This is a phase of its method of growing. Each time it sheds its skin it increases in size, as if it had outgrown its old suit, which it casts aside.

Here is an interesting letter about the new star that recently appeared:

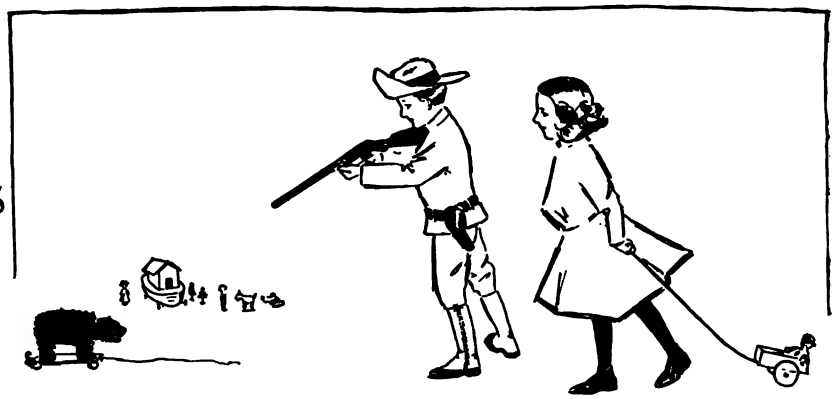
A "NEW STAR."

ON February 21, Dr. Anderson, of Edinburgh, noticed in the sky a star which is not given on any star-map. Two days before a photograph had been made of that part of the sky at the Harvard Observatory, and no star was in that place, though the photograph shows stars very much fainter that we can see without a telescope. The star grew brighter and brighter until the 24th, when it was nearly, if not quite, as bright as Capella, which is the third star in order of brightness in the whole sky, not counting the planets Venus, Mars, and Jupiter. After the 24th it grew fainter, and in a fortnight was only dimly seen in the evening sky. The large telescopes can still show it, and probably it will always be seen with their aid.

"New stars" like this one are seen every few years, but it is nearly three hundred years since one has been so bright. They always appear unexpectedly, grow brighter very fast, and then disappear gradually. "Are they stars newly made?" Probably not, but faint stars which have met with some great catastrophe —no one knows exactly what—by which they have become very much hotter and so brighter. Afterward they cool off slowly and fade out again.

WINSLOW UPTON,
Astronomer at Brown University.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"OUR HOUSEHOLD JOYS — BEAR HUNTING." BY SANFORD TOUSEY, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

MEADOWS bright with sparkling dew,
Daisies gleaming far and near;
Earth, astir with gladness new,
Marshals in the morning clear;
And the daybreak's peace and thrill
Linger o'er the meadows still.

Sunbeams beating through the air,
Pleasant shades beneath the trees;
Heat and fragrance everywhere
Borne upon the lingering breeze;
Bumblebees go drowsing by
Seeking where the clovers lie.

Sunset skies with rose aglow,
Evening peace on fields and hill;
Western breezes murmuring low
Hush to sleep the daisies still;
And a robin, far away,
Thrills the silence with his lay.

HELEN KING STOCKTON (AGE 14).
(Winner of gold and silver badges.)

WHILE the League is not a school of instruction in technical detail, but rather a class-room where its members may demonstrate what they have learned and what use they are making of their talents, there are yet a few minor points upon which we feel at liberty to offer advice.

To the young artists we wish to say that many of them execute their work too delicately, using so fine a pen and making their lines so close together that even where the work is good, it is very hard to reproduce. Pen-drawing for reproduction should be free and open and the lines firm and black, never indefinite, or drawn with anything but the *blackest ink*. The above heading is an excellent example of line drawing, though of course more color may be used if desired, provided the lines are strong and distinct. When a drawing is finished, it should always be "cleaned up"—that is, all traces of the pencil sketch, if one has been made, should be erased with a soft rubber. This is the artist's business, and not that of the engraver, who may do it carelessly and spoil the drawing. An excellent picture was discarded this month because it was drawn with purplish ink, not "cleaned up," and hence "smudgy." As to size, a drawing should be two or three times as large as it is to appear in the magazine.

"OUR HOUSEHOLD JOYS." BY DOROTHY LYMAN WARREN, AGE 13. (CASH PRIZE.)

Concerning rules for prose or verse-making, they may be found in almost any English grammar, and would be out of place in this department, but perhaps it is *not* out of place to suggest that simple directness of word and expression are always to be preferred. Do not try for long words or involved phrases. Because some of the old and famous writers have written in a style that was ornate, and perhaps more or less obscure, does

not make them worthy examples. They won their fame in spite of these things rather than because of them. The world now cares more for the simple and sincere expression that comes straight from the heart by the shortest route. The great writers of to-day know this, the truly great writers have always known it, and the greatest writer of all ages chose the simplest Anglo-Saxon words for lines that shall live forever in the mouths of men. He did not say, "I am confronted with the somewhat vital proposition of whether it may or may not prove profitable to continue my existence," but, "To be, or not to be, that is the question," and, on the whole, we feel somehow that here are just words enough to exactly cover the idea. "Sleep that knits up the raveled sleave of care." He said that, too, and all the volumes that have been written since on the subject have not equaled in beauty that single line.

"TAKEN FROM LIFE." BY LESTA ECKFELD, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 17.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

Verse. Gold badges, Elford Eddy (age 16), 140 West Twenty-second Street, Los Angeles, California, and Caroline Clinton Everett (age 14), Pearl Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Silver badges, Dorothea Posegate (age 16), 4418*a* Greer Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri, Margaret Eliot Gifford (age 11), Mount Sinai Hospital, Lexington Avenue, New York City, and Mary Caroline Arnold (age 9), Malta, Ohio.

Illustrated Verse. Silver badge, Catherine Lee Carter (age 13), Wayside, New Jersey.

Prose. Gold badges, Henry Goldman (age 14), 534 East Eighty-third Street, New York City, and Edith Emerson (age 12), 817 East State Street, Ithaca, New York.

Silver badges, Mary Grace King (age 14), Stites, Idaho, and Carolyn Percy (age 9), 21 Second Street, Hoosick Falls, New York.

Illustrated Prose. Silver badge, Ruth B. Hand (age 14), 505 Jefferson Avenue, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Drawings. Cash prizes, Sanford Tousey (age 17), 330 West Twelfth Street, Anderson, Indiana, and Dorothy Lyman Warren (age 13), 51 Wash Avenue, Albany, New York. Gold Badges, Peirce C. Johnson (age 15), 1612 Scott Street, Covington, Ky., and Helen E. Jacoby (age 12), 126 West Walnut Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Silver Badges, Beth Fuller (age 15), 585 Marshall Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Jeannette L. Eggleston (age 13), 132 West Main Street, Meriden, Connecticut.

Photograph. Gold Badges, Rachel L. Manners (age 17), Edenbank, Mansfield, Notts, England, and Lesta Eckfeld (age 12), Dennison, Ohio.

Silver badges, Paul Moore (age 14), 4 East Fifty-fourth Street, New York City, Dorothea K. Cromwell (age 13), 5 West Fifty-sixth Street, New York City, and Tony Day (age 11), 320 Newstead Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

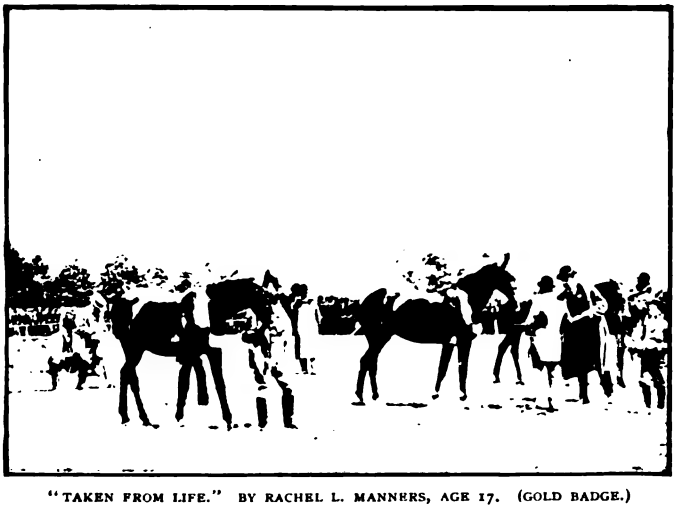
Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. First prize, "Squirrel," by Donald G. Robbins (age 15), 70 Temple Street, Springfield, Massachusetts. Second prize, "Rabbit," by John C. Wister (age 13), Wister Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Third prize, "Buzzards," by Laurence Erickson (age 15), 6632 Monroe Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Puzzles. Gold badges, Edmond W. Palmer (age 15), 4005 Powelton Avenue, West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Josephine L. Whitney (age 12), "The Bartram," Thirty-third and Chestnut streets, Phila., Pa.

Silver badges, Janet Russell Penman (age 9), 61 Ohio Street, Bangor, Maine, and Marion R. Kirkwood (age 13), Box 1056, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, Harry A. Thornton (age 11), 325 Carlton Street, Winnepeg, Manitoba, and Alice Bacon Barnes (age 10), 1432 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky.

Silver badges, Gertrude L. Cannon (age 14), One



"TAKEN FROM LIFE." BY RACHEL L. MANNERS, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)
Welbeck Tenants' Show. His Grace, the Duke of Portland, presenting rosettes to prize-winners.

"TAKEN FROM LIFE." BY DOROTHEA K. CROMWELL, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Hundred and Seventy-sixth Street, near Anthony Avenue, New York City, and S. Isabella Sanders (age 13), 228 Guthrie Street, Ottawa, Illinois.

HIS FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY HENRY GOLDMAN (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

ALL the well-behaved clocks in New York City were striking nine when the senior class of a certain technical institute in that city filed into the wood-turning shop and took up their positions at their lathes. Joseph Morris was assigned to the new lathe, No. 21.

No. 21 had just been "put in." He was a lathe of the latest pattern and the best improvements. His speed, which was his best quality in the eyes of every good wood-turner, was one thousand five hundred revolutions per minute.

Some time had passed, when No. 20 asked No. 21, "How do you like it?"

"It is much quieter here than in the machine-shop where I was built," answered No. 21. "Who do you consider the best wood-turner in this class?"

"Joseph Morris is about the best," replied No. 20. His questioner was so delighted at this news that he went at an even greater speed than before.

"This lathe is a daisy," Morris said across to Scheibel, who was working at No. 20.

"I wish I had a lathe like that," answered Scheibel.

Scheibel was one of those boys whom we meet everywhere who blame their tools and not themselves for doing poor work.

Presently Morris said to Scheibel, "Mr. Wheeler told me that he had ordered twenty lathes like No. 21."

"Did you hear that?" No. 20 asked No. 21, anxiously. "When they come I 'll be sold for scrap-iron."

"I 'm sorry for you, old chap," replied No. 21, and there was a tearful strain in his voice which showed No. 20 that he had no lack of sympathy.

On that May day when the new lathes came, No. 20's belt (accidentally, so the boys say) got caught in No. 21's head-stock, and the two friends bade each other farewell. Now, in the evening, when the dynamo stops running, all the lathes gather around No. 21, and he tells them of his first day at school.

A DAY IN THE POPPY-FIELDS.

BY ELFORD EDDY (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

ALL gold below, all blue above,
And over all God's ceaseless love;
Of such the earth seemed made that day
We spent in green fields far away.

The matchless azure of the sky,
The fleecy white clouds sailing by,
The earth's gay robe of poppy gold,
The distant mountains' outline bold,

All joined to make the landscape seem
The picture of some fairy's dream.
Far, far away the sounding sea
Lay at the limits of the lea.

Yon rushing river flowed away,
And lost itself into the bay;
And at our backs the mountains grand
Were watchful sentries of the land.

In these bright fields the day we passed,
Far from the haunts of worldly men,
Far from the student's book and pen—
A day of quiet, peace, and rest.

HIS FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY EDITH EMERSON (AGE 12).

(*Gold Badge.*)

CHIRON had just opened school for the fall term, in an old cave on the mountainside, and the little centaurs were playing outside the entrance.

A little boy of the ordinary sort was coming up the mountain with his books under his arm. When he reached the top he asked politely if old Chiron was there.

"What do you want him for?" asked one of the centaurs.

"TAKEN FROM LIFE." BY TONY DAY, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

"I intend to join this school," replied the boy, "and—"

"Oh, but you can't," interrupted a chorus of voices. "You have n't the right kind of legs!"

"What is the matter with my legs?" he inquired, looking around. "Why, you are all half horses!"

One centaur seemed offended at this remark, and said that it was best to have legs that could do things, such as running races.

"A race! a race!" shouted the centaurs, pushing them on to the race-track. The boy and the centaur started off, and of course the centaur won with ease.

"I told you I could win," he said, coming up triumphantly.

"You can't win in everything," replied the stranger.

"I can, too."

"Well, you climb this tree and see if you can get to the top before I do."

So saying, they both began to climb; but the centaur fell ingloriously to the ground, making a laughable object of himself.

Just then they heard Chiron calling them, and all trooped into the cave. While Chiron explained things to the new pupil, they arranged their feet with much noise and made ready for lessons.

Chiron did not teach them the three R's, but he told them wonderful stories about the gods, and explained "Æsop's Fables." In the afternoon they had a shooting-lesson, and when school was over Chiron said: "You will learn a great many things here, children; but one thing you must learn thoroughly, and that is, when and when not to do a thing, which you, little centaur, did not know when you tried to climb a tree. Common sense is to be desired above all other things."

"ON THE FERRY." BY PAUL MOORE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

HIS FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY CAROLYN PERCY (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

It was a summer day. The birds were singing, and everything was pleasant.

A small boy was swinging on the gate of a farm-house. His name was Willie. His brothers and sisters had gone to school, and he did n't see why he could not. (The reason why he could not go is because he was only three years old.) But this day he had determined to run away to school. It was half a mile to the district school. He was tired out when he reached it. He would not sit by the large boys; he would not sit by the large girls; he would not sit anywhere but in his sister Sarah's lap.

"IN THE MEADOWS." BY GEORGE H. STEWART, JR., AGE 13.

The next day his father put a board under the gate, so he could n't crawl under. That made no difference with him, as he climbed over.

After that his father, thinking it would punish him, said that he could not go to school unless he asked the trustee and teacher. He was not daunted, and started at once. Mr. Percy, the trustee, said he could go.

So his sisters took turns in wheeling him in the baby-carriage, as it was too far for him to walk.

After this he became a regular scholar.

To most boys school is a bugbear, but he was never known to say, "I don't like school."

This little boy is my uncle.

A DAY IN THE FIELDS.

BY CAROLINE CLINTON EVERETT (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

'T was morning when I sought the fields,
  One lovely day in spring.
Bright were the flowers, green the grass,
  Sweetly the birds did sing.
Pink apple-blossoms by the breeze
Were gently wafted from the trees.

'T was noon when next I sought the fields,
  Now filled with new-mown hay,
With black-eyed Susans here and there,
  For 't was a summer's day.
The pink sweet brier by the wall
Now let its rosy petals fall.

In autumn late, one afternoon,
  I sought the fields again.
The apple-trees bore ruddy fruit,
  Ripe was the golden grain;
And the old grape-vine by the wall
Held purple clusters out to all.

'T was night. The fields were white with snow,
  The trees were bare and brown;
The full moon from a starry sky
  Was shining softly down;
And everything showed clear and white
Under the full moon's silvery light.

BY ARMOUR P. PAYSON, AGE 14.

A DAY IN THE FIELDS.

BY DOROTHEA POSEGATE (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

SING low, sing low, red robin,
We 're out in the fields for a day,
With all the flowers at our command,
To crown the Queen of May.

Sing low, sing low, red robin,
We 'll crown her with spring wheat brown,
Small daisies and baby blue-eyes,
For she 's worthy the finest crown.

Sing low, sing low, red robin,
And watch the buzzards fly;
We 're playing they 're the May
Queen's ships;
The sea is the boundless sky.

Sing low, sing low, red robin,
And look where the poppies
sway,
For away, 'way down in their
golden hearts
They know it 's the first of May.

MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY MARY GRACE KING (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

SHALL I ever forget it? In the first place, you must know my home is on a large Idaho ranch, and I had always studied alone; but one day a neighbor called for a "two-bit" subscription toward the stovepipe for the new school-house; and at last school was a possibility for me.

Of course I must ride, as five miles was too long a walk, and before going to bed that night I had my books strapped together, the alarm-clock set, and everything in readiness for an early start.

When I sprang from my bed the next morning and pulled aside the curtain, the stars were still shining and the ground white with frost.

I dressed and ran to the kitchen to see what the prospects were for breakfast. After it was over I hurried out to my little cayuse "Frisco," whom no one else could catch.

By this time the sun had risen, and I knew it was high time I was on my way,—for in our latitude the sun is lazy about getting up in winter,—so I hastily picked up my books and lunch-pail, and galloped over the prairie and across the cañon toward the school-house.

Arriving there, I found about a dozen boys and girls standing about waiting for "teacher." They showed me where to put my saddle under the floor of the school-house, and after I had done so, and said good-by to Frisco, whom I left to wander on the range, I joined the waiting group.

It was not long before a lumbering wagon drove up with our teacher, and we all followed her into the school-house.

A queer school-house! Made of rough unpainted boards, with the blue sky shining through the knot-holes; overhead were the heavy rafters, and wandering up to the pointed roof was the stovepipe, in which we counted twenty-one lengths. Our seats were two long benches made of pieces left from the floor.

That was a strange day. I had never attended a country school, and had not lived in the West long enough to calmly accept an Indian for my desk-neighbor. However, before long we were all good friends, and at noon shared our luncheons, and discussed the good points of our horses and saddles.

It was almost dusk when school closed, and I rode swiftly homeward, thinking happily of my first day at school in Idaho.

"FLOSS." BY H. LEROY TIRRELL, AGE 14.

BY ROGER SNOW, AGE 10.

Any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, or any one desiring to become such, can obtain a League badge and leaflet on application, accompanied by addressed and stamped envelope.

AN APRIL DAY IN THE FIELDS.

BY MARY CAROLINE ARNOLD (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

We went to the fields together,
My mama, brother, and I,
Out over the soft green grasses
And under the still blue sky.

The birds were warbling their sweetest,
As if to welcome the spring
With all its glorious beauties
And gladness in everything.

Across the fields on the hillside
The little anemone grew.
It seemed to say, "I 'm waiting
For you; I 'm waiting for you."

The redbird up in the treetop
Looked down as if he knew
How much we love the wild flowers,
As he sang, "Take two, take two!"

"SQUIRREL." BY DONALD G. ROBBINS, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

HIS FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY RUTH M. PETERS (AGE 14).

"RABBIT." BY JOHN C. WISTER, AGE 13. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

John's first day at school occurred when, as he used to say, he was "a girl"—that is, when he wore dresses. John's mama took him to the kindergarten. There were twenty-two other mamas there and twenty-two other new little scholars, and, to John's horror, and his mama's too, every single one of the twenty-two was weeping with more or less vigor. John had not meant to cry, no, indeed, a "big boy" like him, three whole years and four days old! But the grief was catching. The corners of his mouth began to quiver, and in a moment he joined the chorus. The principal suggested that it would be better if the twenty-three mothers went away. So, very sadly indeed, they left the watery scene. Then John was given a clothespin, a very small one indeed, to pin his rubbers together with, and assigned to a little armchair, after which a young and pretty teacher asked the twenty-three sorrowful ones to go out and see the pigeons. This was a happy thought. They all stopped crying, and went. Then they sang. John had not a musical ear, but he liked to sing, and he sang so loudly that soon all the rest, one by one, stopped, and John found himself singing all alone, which surprised him very much. He could n't imagine why the rest stopped singing.

John was very much interested in the little bottles of cream which were distributed that morning. They were told to shake them. John followed directions so very vigorously that in his bottle appeared the first tiny scrap of butter. After all had accomplished a like result, each was given a small cracker, and, the little butter pea being put upon it, it soon disappeared down its owner's throat. This so impressed John that for some years he clung to the idea that all butter was made in the same way. These things pleased John, but, in common with his mates, he was glad when the twenty-three mothers reappeared and took their twenty-three children home.

A DAY IN THE FIELDS.

BY MARGARET ELIOT GIFFORD (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

The sun was shining warm and bright
Out of the blue spring sky,
And its bright rays fell on a merry group
Of children skipping by.

There was laughing Kate, and mischievous Dick,
And Eleanor pretty and sweet;
And their voices chimed right merrily
With the patter of little feet.

For the day of the week was Saturday;
No lessons had they to learn,
And down the lane, toward the meadow green,
Their merry footsteps turn.

The field is spangled with buttercups
As bright as the golden sun,
And the children sing out joyfully
As they think of their store of fun.

They pluck the pretty buttercups,
And have a picnic, too;
And I 'm sure that they had a splendid time;
Now, truly, are not you?

"BUZZARDS." BY LAURENCE ERICKSON, AGE 15. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

HER FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY KATHERINE CARR (AGE 10).

(*Winner of Gold Badge in* 1900.)

It was a pleasant day in May, and the flowers were beginning to bloom around the summer-house where Dorothy Allen and her friend Margaret Stuart were sitting. Dorothy had in her hand a worn brown-covered book with pages yellow with age. The two friends examined with interest the cover, on which was written in a large hand, "Rachel Webster, 1676."

"HAPPINESS." BY HENRY ORMSBY PHILLIPS, AGE 15.

On the first page was written: "Sept. 20. This morn mother said unto me, 'My daughter, thou hast been faithful to thy work and I desire to have thee go with thy cousins to Dame Porter's school, so haste and fetch thy hat from the peg.'

"Joyously went I to Dame Porter's. She greeted me kindly, and said, 'Gladly do I make thee welcome to my school. Sit thee down on the bench by thy cousins Mehitable and Abigail, and Mehitable may show thee the first stitch on thy sampler.' Mehitable did show me the stitch and her sampler which is most beauteous to see. Dame Porter saith mine will be as beauteous to see when it is done.

"I have taken up space, so I will close my Diary for this day."

"How queer it must have been," said Margaret, "to work a sampler in school!"

"Oh, that reminds me, mother has the sampler Rachel Webster worked in Dame Porter's school. Let 's go and see it," said Dorothy.

Upstairs into the attic they ran. Dorothy lifted the lid of a time-worn chest, and there lay the old sampler.

It was worked on canvas with a fancy border, and the alphabet was worked in different colors. Then followed the numbers as far as nine. Below that were worked the lines: "May nature paint thy cheek and virtue thy mind so that thy nearest Friend—" The rhyme was broken off here, and the girls turned their attention to the slip of yellow paper on which was written: "Wrought by my daughter Rachel Webster, at the school of Dame Porter, 1676."

The girls laid it away in the old chest, and Dorothy said: "I wish we had more things of Rachel Webster's."

"So do I," answered Margaret.

IN THE FIELDS.

BY RUTH BAGLEY (AGE 12).

(*Winner of Gold Badge in February.*)

THE sun is shining like a flood of gold
Upon the dew that glistens on the trees;
The violets their purple wings unfold,
And waft their scented breath into the breeze.
The corn is pushing through the upturned sod;
The buds show green upon the elm-tree near;
The lark sings praises to the works of God,
And pussy-willows whisper, "Spring is here!"

A DAY IN THE FIELDS.

BY LESLIE LEIGH DUCROS (AGE 15).

THEY rose when dawn the curtains drew
Of night, and sought the leafy lane.
On clover-blossoms shone the dew,
As yet undried from twilight's rain.
A moment on the rustic bridge
They watched the restless waves below;
The water-lilies banked the ridge,
And minnows darted to and fro.
A mocking-bird trilled out its rare
Sweet notes. Came answer sad and clear.
"And ah," she said, "the day is fair,
And see, the fields are near."
And all day long through happy hours,
They roamed the fields 'mid clover high,
And fragrant grass, and poppy-flowers,
Till twilight's shadows filled the sky.
The cows went lowing home again;
In the west burned the sunset red,
And night-deep silence filled the lane.
"Oh, what a perfect world!" she said.

BY CATHERINE LEE CARTER (AGE 13).

Illustrated by the Author.

(*Silver Badge.*)

BUT yesterday I went to spend
In the green fields an idle day;
The wind across the sky did send
White clouds that were like lambs at play.

The sparrow chirped above its nest,
The thrush sang sweet in the tree near by,
And far away into the west
A fish-hawk sailed against the sky.

Great booming bees hummed in and out
Of fragrant clovers white and red,
And here and there and all about
Flew butterflies—one overhead.

From the deep woods there came to me
Sweet scent of the azaleas pale,
And shook its bells with motion free,
The bindweed on the gray fence-rail.

When I went home, beside the way,
The birds that sang all day were still;
But faint and sweet and far away
Came the sad cry of "Whip-poor-will."

BY RUTH B. HAND (AGE 14).

Illustrated by the Author.

(*Silver Badge.*)

It was Dick's birthday, and I was one of his presents. I was only a little kitten then, not more than three months old; so when Dick told me that he was going to take me to school to show the boys, I let him put me gently into his overcoat pocket, and soon went to sleep.

When I woke up I found myself in a dark box with some books and things in it besides myself, so I began to walk around and try to get out; but there was no opening anywhere, and I had to give up. After a while I grew tired of sitting still, and called for somebody to let me out. Then I heard a great noise, and a voice close above me said:

"Richard, what have you in your desk?"

The top of the box was lifted up.

"It 's only my kitten," said Dick.

By this time I had jumped down to the floor; but there were a lot of children in the room, and when they saw me, they began to run after me and shout and laugh until I became so frightened that I did n't know what to do or where to go. I raced around, jumping from desk to chair and back again. The teacher, who was a sweet-looking lady, tried to quiet the noise, but the children either could n't or would n't hear her voice. At last one boy caught hold of my tail and held it so tight that I had to scratch his hand before he would let me go. Then I sprang on top of a small table covered with books and papers, tipping over a queer-looking bottle filled with horrid black stuff that got all over my face and paws and would n't come off. The harder I shook myself the harder the boys laughed; but the girls and the teacher all crowded back into a corner and screamed when the drops flew in all directions.

I was n't very comfortable, and wished that I were back home again, and, as the boys came nearer, I gave a scream, jumped down from the table, and cowered back against the wall. Just then Dick came up and took me in his arms, all wet and black as I was, and, turning around to the children, he said angrily:

"You sha'n't *touch* my kitten, so there!"

Then he put on his coat and cap and carried me home; and that was the end of my first—and last—day at school.

A DAY IN THE FIELDS.

BY CLARA SANFORD CUTLER (AGE 11).

(*Winner of Gold Badge in* 1900.)

Oh, to go back to those dear old fields
  On the side of the beautiful hill!
To smell the sweet fragrance the red clover yields,
  And drink of the clear bubbling rill!

To list to the song of the bluebirds gay,
  And pick the white violets fair,
To gather the ferns that grow by the way,
  And hunt for the pink orchids rare!

Oh, for one day in those fields we love,
  One day on that Berkshire hill!
We cherish those pastures all others above;
  We love them and long for them still!

"HOUSEHOLD JOYS." BY PEIRCE C. JOHNSON, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

LITTLE DORIS'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY BETH HOWARD (AGE 13).

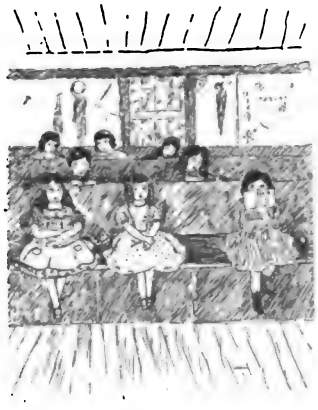
Illustrated by the Author.

(*Winner of Gold Badge in March.*)

It was a pleasant spring morning of long ago when little Doris went to school for the first time. Her quaint little curls bobbed up and down as she walked along with mama in the pleasant sunshine. Her little frock of blue was spotless and fresh, and she wore a little bonnet with a wreath of pink rosebuds under the brim.

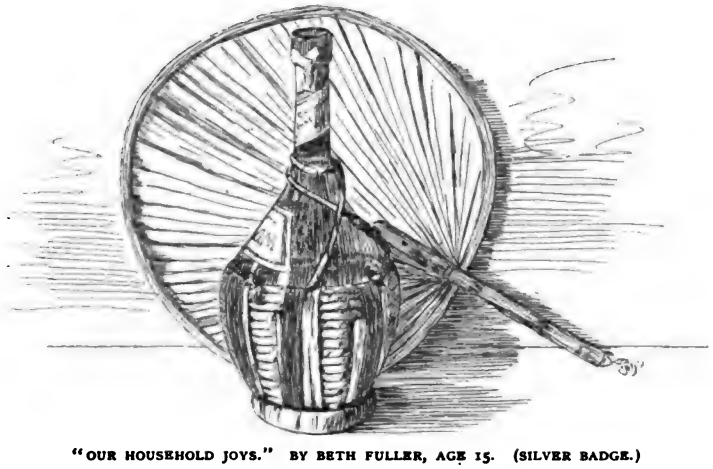
The school-houses in those days were not fine and large like our school-houses of to-day, and the little red school-house on the hill had but one room, with rows of rude benches and desks.

The teacher was a dainty little lady with pale blue eyes and fair hair. She seemed scarcely older than some of the big scholars who sat in the highest benches at the rear of the room.



Mama left little Doris in the care of Miss Elliot, as the fair teacher was called, who put her on the "a-b-c" bench of the front row.

Nine o'clock came, and Miss Elliot took a large bell and rang it. The children marched



"OUR HOUSEHOLD JOYS." BY BETH FULLER, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

in in single file, staring at the new scholar with wide-open eyes. They took their places on the benches, and lessons began.

"What piece shall we speak this morning, children?" said the blue-eyed teacher.

At that several little hands were waved wildly in the air, and one little girl said, "Please, ma'am, 'How doth the little busy bee.'"

Then the children spoke in a sing-song tone the lines beginning,

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour?
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower?"

"INDIAN BASKETS." BY NETTIE L. IRWIN, AGE 17.

This being completed, the larger scholars did sums in "'rithmetic" on the blackboard, while Miss Elliot heard the younger ones recite their "a-b-c's." Then they chanted their geography: "State of *Maine*, cap-i-*tal*, Au*gus*ta; *New* Hampshire, cap-i-*tal* is *Con*-cord; Massa-*chu*-setts, cap-i-*tal* is *Bos*-ton," etc.

Poor little Doris! with her feet dangling from the bench, mama gone, and all these strange children gazing at her from the corners of their eyes! She wished she had never come to school; she wished she was home again with Rover,—yes, dear, lonely doggy,—and with Madeline Felicie, her beloved doll. And, at last, one big tear rolled down her cheek, and then another, until she found herself in Miss Elliot's embrace, and Miss Elliot's kisses on her cheek.

Thus ended little Doris's first day at school.

A DAY IN THE FIELDS.

BY JOSEPHINE W. SCHÄFFER (AGE 12).

We started out for the fields, one day,
In a wagon bedded with new-mown hay.
There were four-year-old Emily, Jamie, and "me";
A small but merry party were we.

The fields were glowing with gorgeous flowers,
Fresh from the many April showers.
We picked them all, from primrose down
To daisy with her golden crown.

Off in the west set the golden sun;
Our day of joy and pleasure was done.
So home drove Emily, Jamie, and "me";
Very tired but happy were we.

A DAY IN THE FIELDS.

BY MARIE VAN LIEW (AGE 15).

(*Winner of Gold Badge in* 1900.)

A day in the fields in the spring! the spring!
Oh, for the green of the waving grasses!
What rapture to hear the brown meadow-lark sing,
And feel the breath of the wind as it passes!

A summer day in the fields, ah me!
The hum of the bees and the scent of the clover!
What sounds to hear and what sights to see,
By the brook calling ever, "Come over! Come over!"

But oh, for our fields in the harvest-time,
With the strange sweet smell of the new-mown hay,
The far-off sound of the bells as they chime
In the golden haze of an autumn day.

Then the gleaming fields of a winter day.
Oh, those wild, white wastes of the snow! the snow!
When the cold blue heavens seem far away,
And we hear the winds shudder and sigh as they blow.

And the sparkling snow, or the young green grass,
Treasure them all ere they slip away.
For the breeze is whispering, "This must pass.
It was so, I remember, yesterday."

"OUR HOUSEHOLD JOYS." BY HELEN E. JACOBY, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

CHAPTERS.

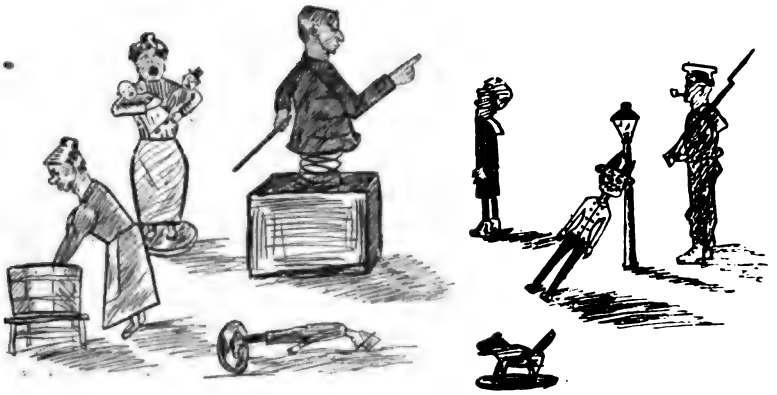
MEMBERS forming chapters may have their buttons all come together in one large envelope, postage paid, and as many buttons will be sent as desired for actual use.

Chapter 28 has reorganized and calls for seven new badges. "At our meetings we read papers on the subjects named in the competitions, and when they are good enough we send them to the League. Then we read the League department and stories from ST. NICHOLAS, after which we have something to eat and games."

Chapter 182 has changed its name, and is now the "Happy Bunch."

Chapter 185 has several new members. This chapter plays and dances every night. The members must have merry times.

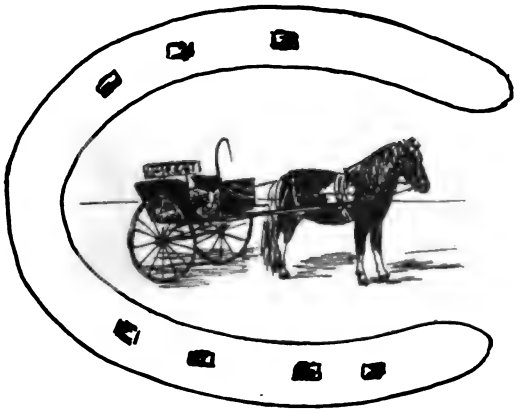
Chapter 196 has changed its name to "Glen Briar." This chapter is progressing, and though the members live seven miles apart they have meetings pretty regularly.



"HOUSEHOLD JOYS OF THE WOODEN FAMILY." BY EARLE MASON, AGE 17.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 222. "Home Cheer." Warren Eccles, President and Secretary; eighty-six members. Address, 441 Chestnut Avenue, Trenton, New Jersey.



"OUR HOUSEHOLD JOYS." BY JEANNETTE L. EGGLESTON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

No. 223. Carey Wilson, President; Landreth Witzman, Secretary; five members. Address, 2126 North Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No. 224. "Onondaga." Mary Dickey, Secretary; eight members. Address, 205 York Avenue, West Pittston, Pennsylvania.

No. 225. Frances Thompson, President; Minnie Shorrock, Secretary; seven members. Address, 462 Broadway, Paterson, New Jersey.

No. 226. "The Mistletoe." Howard Osgood, President; Harvey Osgood, Secretary; four members. Address, 12 Livingstone Park, Rochester, New York.

No. 227. John Cassidy, President; Joseph Larkins, Secretary; three members. Address, 465 West One Hundred and Sixty-third Street, New York City.

No. 228. Laura Brown, President; Eleanor Endlich, Secretary; four members. Address, 40 Dickerson Street, Newark, New Jersey. No. 228 has dues of three cents, and each member carries a small note-book in which to set down matters of interest to the League.

No. 229. "Jolly Five." Margaret Loweth, President; Mildred Phillips, Secretary; five members. Address, 402 Laurel Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota. "We will meet every Wednesday afternoon for one hour and three quarters. One hour will be taken up with work and three quarters for play and physical exercise. This winter we are going to study Longfellow's works."

No. 230. Gertrude Schirmer, President; Evelyn Holt, Secretary; six members. Address, 14 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

No. 231. "Stockton Miniature Navy Club." Richard Stockton, Jr., President; Dayton Oliphant and Percy Hutchinson, Secretaries; fifteen members. Address, 200 West State Street, Trenton, New Jersey.

No. 232. Marion Avery, President; Josephine Knowles, Secretary; seven members. Address, 314 West Belmont Street, Pensacola, Florida.

No. 233. "Violet Club." Lulu Aballos, President; Aristine Munn, Secretary; four members.

No. 234. "The Hawthorne Chapter." Anna Du Bois, President; Edith Jarvis, Secretary; seven members. Address, 187 Hancock Street, Brooklyn, New York. "Gold badge winners of the Hawthorne Chapter will receive an American Beauty rose, and silver badge winners a bunch of hyacinths."

No. 235. "Rolling Prairie Chapter." Charles Smith, President; Elsie Garrison, Secretary; nine members. Address, Wyoming, Iowa.

No. 236. Eugene Kahn-Klein, President; Clifford Fox, Secretary; five members. Address, 3514 Washington Avenue, Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio. Weekly meetings, and five-cent dues with which to buy ST. NICHOLAS.

No. 237. Helen Green, President; Clarence Thompson, Secretary; ten members. Address, 9 Belvidere Avenue, Worcester, Massachusetts. No. 237 will meet twice a month.

No. 238. Freda Stafford, President; Agnes Clodgo, Secretary; six members. Address, Essex, New York.

No. 239. Laura Platt, President; Beth Stephenson, Secretary; five members. Address, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

No. 240. "Bernard Chapter." William Stanton, President; Clarence Rodman, Secretary; six members. Address, 1005 St. Bernard Street, West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. "We meet twice a month to select the best work to send you."

No. 241. Nellie Ohara, President; Helen Thomas, Secretary; six members. Address, Middleville, New York. "We would like to correspond with other chapters."

No. 242. Dorothy Thompson, President; Elizabeth Duryee, Secretary; five members. Address, 139 East Thirty-sixth Street, New York City. No. 242 will meet once a month.

No. 243. G. O. Roux, President; R. C. McDuffie, Secretary; ten members. Address, 516 Erie Avenue, Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

No. 244. "Garvanza Camera Club." Zelma Wagner, President; Grace Dickinson, Secretary; ten members. Address, Garvanza, California. "Our club is formed for the advancement of artistic work, and our aim is to show advancement month by month. We will gladly exchange views with other chapters."

No. 245. Julian Hammond, President; Albert Thorp, Secretary; seven members. Address, 5012 Penn Street, Frankford, Pennsylvania.

"HOUSEHOLD JOYS." BY LAURA O. BUTLER, AGE 10.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

VERSE.

Allen Chase
Ethel Robinson
June Deming
John Edwin Arnold
Alice Seabrook
Rowena D. Osborne
Lillie Klein
Neill C. Wilson
Helen Emerson
Dorothy Wheelock
Laura L. Wistenholme
Marguerite M. Hillery
Elizabeth F. Bates
Oscar R. Graeve
Alma Jean Wing
Julia W. Williamson
Marion Mumford
Helen Frances Wing
May Sarah Patton
Frances Cleveland Lamont
Harriet A Ives
Carleton Howe
Henry Leo Walsh
Ruth S. Laighton
William Carey Hood
Inez Fuller
Florence Pearl Spaulding
Robert Laney
Lillie Kurtz
Maria Webber
Edith C. Newby
F. Chodorov
Lena M. Lintner
Will Smith
Jennie G. Murdock
Whitney B. Jones
Jewell Chase
George W. Langdon
Helen Mildred Rives
Frank Damrosch, Jr.
Harold Fraser
Grace F. Graef
John M. Bailey
Katherine Shrubshell
Elizabeth Stoddard Stevens
Helen J. Butler
Eastham Guild
Mary C. Landell
Ethel M. Hauthaway
Dorothy Archer
Frances Bryan

PROSE.

W. Donnell Stewart
Fred A. Seibel
Du Bose Murphy
Agnes C. Langdon
Josephine Knowles
Celia Lewis
Mary H. Fewsmith
Dorothy May Crossley
Annie Ordway
Laura A Dayton
Henry Sokoliansky
Martha E. Sutherland
Theodore M. Stevens
Blanche Phillips
Bessie Gallaway
Frances P. Tilden
Glenn Southwell
Emma S. Dano
Francis M. Posegate
Elsie Flower
Helen Luchars
Isabel Underwood
Irene L. Miles
Thaddeus Ketchum
Polly Ingalls
Eunice Fuller
Willamette Partridge
Frances Renee Despard
Ruth H. Chamberlain
Robenia E. Fletcher
Helen Madeleine Hogg
Una Z. Smith
Marjorie Harris
Helen Davenport Perry
Elaine Sterne
Katherine Iddings
Tom Spangler
Edna Guggenheim
Catherine D. Brown
Alameda Bagley
Mary P. Parsons
Ruth Boyden
Claire Van Daell
Helen Cudahy
Mary Beale Brainerd
Lida O'Bannon
Emma Bugbee
Mary Rice Banister
Marjorie Conner
Mary Bayne
Alice Winifred Hinds
Laurence B. Lathrop
Atossa Nilsen
Anna Louise Du Bois
Elaine Wolf
Edna S. Lyon
Culver Ellison
Harry H. Hunter
Dorothy Coit
Charlotte N. McKinney
Lily B. Kinnear
Bessie Jones
Edith Butler
Lilian Harris
Lizzie Black
Anna May Richards
Jane B. Wheeler
Ethel F. Hillyer
Ruth Forbes Eliot
Grace R. Gilbert
Miriam C. Carmen
Hilda Bertha Morris
Anna Stearns
Ella Coolidge

DRAWINGS.

Julia Brown
Gilberta Daniels
G. Michelson
Ernest E. Pringle
Edith G. Daggett
Garol Bradley
Alice Frances Melcher
Mary A. Sanders
Edith E. Peters
Goodwin Hobbs
Alice Appleton
Herbert R. Anderson
Yvonne Jeguier
Morrow Wayne Palmer
Frances K. Winslow
Fred Stearns
Richard Fenley
J. Deems Taylor
Louie Moen
William D. Antrim
Allen G. Miller
Margaret Crosman Phillips
Robert W. Schmitt
Leroy M. Yale
Alice L. Searle
D. Romanowsky
Clarence C. Thompson
Elizabeth Otis
Lydia K. Hopkins
Melton R. Owen
Edith Lally
Thomas W. Pond, Jr.
Philyp Little
Isabel Crosby
Dorothy Woodman
M. Dawson
Rose Howard
Ray Sapp
Elizabeth Chapin
Eleanor Marvin
Rachel Russell
Monica P. Turner
Helen Morgan
Muriel Murray
Elizabeth Anderson
Arnold W. Lahee
Dorothy J. Tufts
Clair Hatlestad
Elizabeth Coolidge
Jennie Rose Porcher
Guy Lavers
Frances Phelps
Clark De Ball
Harvey Robinson
Harry O. Demler
Samuel D. Otis
Rhoda E. Gunnison
Margaret Elizabeth Corwin
Ruth N. Faxon
Julia M. Yale
Laura Elizabeth Hadley
Charlie T. Howard
Woodbury R. Melcher
Marion Paulding Murdock
Charles Wharton
Mildred Andrus
Elizabeth Walbridge
Marion O. Chapin
Eleanor R. Chapin
Wilson Turner Ballard
Janet Flanner

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Walter P. Schuck
John Marshall Lindley
Gus Warden
Mary Alice Rogers
Eleanor Shaw
Ina Dryden
Morris Pratt
Diana de Lande Long
Will H. Patterson
Kendall Bushnell
Sheldon S. Yates
Gladys H. Cromwell
Eleanor L. Altemus
Harry F. Harvey
Edward H. Mason
Mabel W. Whiteley
Ida Crabbe
George Scott-Baldwin
Ursula Roberts
Winifred Batting
Warren French
Caroline Gillis Sawyer
Jennetta M. Scott
Madge Falcon
Constance Whitney Warren
Raymond Green
Edith Lambert
Dorothy Ruff
Louise Sloet van Oldruitenborgh
John Campbell Townsend
Ina Thorne
S. R. MacVeagh
Edith Iva Worden
Hildegarde Allen
L. A. Greene
Ellen Dunwoody
Genevieve F. Mathews
Natalie Allen Johnson
Roland P. Carr
John Burnham
E. L. Woodhams
Arthur Barrett
Lynne Watkins
Richard G. Halter
Marie Ortmayer
Will T. Dice
Gertrude Herbert
Rosamond Sergeant
M. B. Stimson
Lillian Grant
Adelaide McMichael
Edwin P. Lehman
H. Clayton Beaman, Jr.
Alice Morton
George P. Anderson
Floyd Godfrey
William Slover
James Gamble
Louise Van Dyke
Lena E. Barksdale
Dorothy Davis
Lucy G. Woodworth
Antoinette Reeve Butler
Leanore Katherine Schiff
John Fry
Pauline Coppee Duncan
Dorothy W. Stanton
Eliza Hervy
Jane E. Rowland
Jeanne Slover
Carey Wilson
Warren H. Butler
E. H. Townsend

PUZZLES.

Marie H. Whitman
Alice Karr
Herbert Schroeder
Florence Hoyte
Howard S. Wheeler
Bruce R. Ware
Howard R. Patch
Fred. H. Lahee
Ethel O. Curley
Helene Boas
James K. Neill
Jessie Dey
Gertrude Helen Schirmer
Gretchen Frank
Lillian Avery
John O. Walker
Majorie Rossiter
Marion E. Larrabee
Mildred Stillman
Violet Pakenham
Percy Mygrant
Dorothy Calman
Carolyn Putnam
Ruth Wales
Clyde A. Flint
Ethel C. Williams
Francisca Blaauw
H. P. Pennington
Alice M. Rogers
William T. Pickering

LEAGUE CORRESPONDENCE.

OWING to the great number of contributions now received we have very little space to give to League letters, which must, of course, give way to the needs of the prize competition. We would be glad to publish all that come if we only had room.

From a little girl whose badge is lost:

DEAR ST. NICK:

A member of the League how can I be
Until my pretty badge once more I see?
I 've hunted for it high, and hunted low,
But have not found it yet. And then, I know
I 've done a very, very naughty deed
To lose the badge of which I had such need.
But if you 'll send another, dear ST. NICK,
I 'll never lose it but I 'll find it quick!

Yours truly,
GERTRUDE L. CANNON.
COVINGTON, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Many, many thanks for the badge. It is beautiful and will always remain one of my most cherished possessions. I cannot tell you how glad I was to win it. I feel that it was due to your encouragement — sometimes a printed verse or two from the poem I had sent in, sometimes the mention of my name in the roll of honor — that I won my badge.

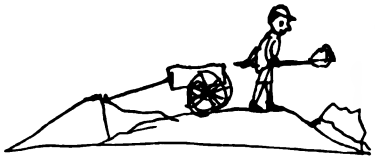
Your notice of my efforts and your kindly comments were much appreciated by me, and with each disappointment inspired me with confidence and hope of winning.

Though I can no longer contribute to the League contests, having reached my eighteenth birthday, I have a very warm spot in my heart for the League, and wish it long life and greatest success.

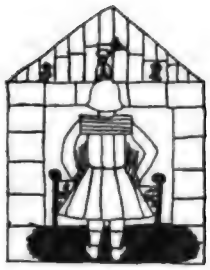
Most sincerely yours,
GEORGE ELLISTON.

From Howard P. Rockey, 1717 Green Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, come four numbers of a little publication called "Pastime," of which H. P. R. is both editor and proprietor. It is on all counts the best amateur periodical we have ever seen, and the fact that it is now in its third volume indicates that it has been appreciated by both readers and advertisers. Editorially and typographically it is equal to the majority of metropolitan publications, while its contents are uniformly good. A continued article on "How Great Newspapers are Run" would do credit to a high-class magazine. Master Rockey, a League member, is fourteen years old, and to be congratulated.

Other appreciative and interesting letters have been received from Marjory Anne Harrison, J. Ernest Bechdolt, M. Letitia



BY GLENN STANLEY, AGE 7.

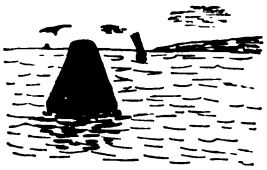


BY CONSTANCE FREEMAN, AGE 9.

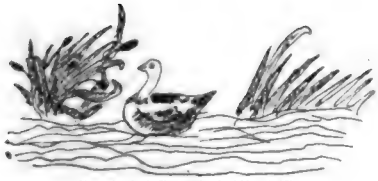
BY LOUIS M. CRUTTENDEN, AGE 6.

BY PAULINE FOSTER, AGE 9.

BY MARY HELEN STILE, AGE 8.



BY CHARLES WARREN CHURCH, AGE 10.



BY EUPHAME MALLISON, AGE 5.

BY D. HART McKOY, AGE 6.

BY HAROLD STERNER, AGE 5.

Stockett, Reinhold A. Palenske, Floyd Godfrey, Dora Huntington, Charles E. Walbridge, Jr., Susan Sturgis Strong, Gerard Morgan, John W. Robbins, Helen Van Nostrand, Marion L. Ebbetts, T. G. Ebbetts, Dorothea Mackellar, Marie L. Loomis, Harriet A. Ives, Mrs. G. Mallison, Ursula Sutton Nelthorpe, Katherine Allison, Carol B. Newberry, Grandma Jones, Effie Kearne, Dorothy Garnett Beanlands, Mary A. Carolan, Miles S. Gates, Sarah C. McDavitt, Kate Colquhoun, Dorothy A. Baldwin, Horatio Howard Morris, Jr., Joe Beem, Herbert Schroeder, Claire Curran, Edna B. Ackerly, Ruth Osgood, May Higginbottom, N. Forshew, Irving N. Brant, Antoinette Dickinson, Ruth Bagley, Morris S. Phillips, Robert S. Grinnell, Lawrence Avery Rankin, Margaret Stevens, Wm. B. Belknap, Mary L. Ware, Mary V. Jones, H. A. Miller, Jr., Pleasaunce Baker, and Tina Gray.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 20.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

Competition No. 20 will close May 15. The award will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for August.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject, "Vacation Days."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject must contain the word "picnic."

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints. Subject, "Horse, or Horses, in Motion."

"MY HOUSEHOLD JOYS." BY MARK H. WISEMAN, AGE 11.

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A sketch from Nature." May be landscape or marine, with or without figures, etc.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word relating to summer sport.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No, 4.

A report of the winners in this competition will be found on advertising page eight of this issue.

RULES FOR ALL COMPETITIONS.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*.

Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square,
New York City.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

On page 447 of the March St. Nicholas the descriptions of the flags of France and of Holland should be exchanged, Holland's flag, as our readers know, having the horizontal bands of color.

Washington, D. C.

Dear St. Nicholas: You have been in our family twenty-five years. Twelve years before I was born my cousins began to take you; and we are having you now for a Christmas present every year. I think you are the very best children's magazine in this country.

Last Sunday my sister, brother, a friend, and I drove out to Arlington, the National Cemetery, which lies just across the Potomac River; but the road winds about so that it makes it two miles for a carriage. It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining brightly, and the white, fleecy clouds were floating across the clear, blue sky. Only those who belong to the army and navy are buried there; but if the lot is large enough members of the officers' family may be buried there also. Near the central house is "The Grave of the Unknown Dead," where two hundred soldiers, Federal and Confederate, lie together, no longer enemies, but brothers. It was lovely! Later we drove to a part where the soldiers of the Civil War lie. There are hundreds and hundreds of graves just in this one part of the cemetery. Few people go there, yet to me it is the loveliest part of all. The large trees spread their branches over the graves, and the sunlight sifting through the leaves lights the place with a light most fitting for it. In several places are squares of bronze, and on them the following verse in raised letters:

> Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
> Dear as the blood ye gave.
> No impious footstep here
> Shall tread the herbage of your grave.

Such other appropriate lines are to be found all through the grounds.

I am afraid I am making my letter too long, so I will close by wishing you a long life.

Your faithful reader,
Ellen Dunwoody.

Carrolltown, Pa.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have taken you for over two years, and I like you very much. I am eleven years old. I am living in the Alleghany Mountains, in Cambria County. I have a brother named Edgar. He is nine years old. My father has coal-mines up here. One day a bull went in one of the mines, and the miners had to chase it out. One of my cousins is fighting in the Philippine war, and my uncle was one of the Rough Riders in the war with Spain.

Your interested reader,
David K. Jackman.

Lymington, Hants, England.

Dear St. Nicholas: We have now been taking you in for three years, and have always enjoyed you very much. We are a large family, and there is always a rush for you when you first come in. I don't think there is such a fine magazine brought out in England at all, and I should hardly think you have an equal in America either. Every bit of you is good, healthy, interesting reading, and there is never anything stale or dull.

Lymington is quite a small town in Hampshire, on a small river—a very small one. It is a small port, and steamers connected with the Southwestern Railway run down the river and across the Solent to Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight opposite. It is a short journey, only four and one half miles. The town is very old and stands near the site of an ancient British village. It has been a borough for over eight hundred years, and sent a member to Parliament until 1883, when it was merged in the New Forest Division. A hundred years ago it was a larger port than Southampton, and it sent more ships to fight the Spanish Armada than Southampton did. The main part of the town stands on a steep hill called the "Camel's Hump," rising from the right bank of the river. Tennyson's monument on the hills of the Isle of Wight is in plain sight from here on a clear day.

I read the article in the September number "About Clothes." It was very interesting, but the English history seemed a bit faulty. The writer speaks as though Julius Cæsar had conquered Britain at first and then the Romans a century after had reconquered it. Cæsar invaded the country, and penetrated only a very short distance into the interior and took tribute of the chiefs. He then returned to Gaul, reinvaded the country next year with the same results on a larger scale, and went back again. So much for him. The writer says nothing of the exodus of the Romans in the fifth century, and, most glaring of all, nothing whatever about the invasion and settlement of the English (Saxons, Angles, and Jutes). These entirely conquered and, what is more, dispossessed and drove out the Britons; but the writer goes on and speaks of the "British" being conquered by the Normans. We had no right whatever to be called "British" till James VI. of Scotland succeeded to the throne of England, and the whole island was called "Great Britain." The dress of the English, before the Norman conquest, was a short tunic with hose reaching to a little way below the knee, cross-gartered, with a long, loose cloak if the man was free and of any standing. The Normans wore short cloaks before and at the time of the conquest. The writer speaks of Henry II. as though he were another foreign invader with no right, but that of the sword, to the crown. He was, of course, the rightful heir, grandson of Henry I., who, after a long war with the usurper Stephen, gained his rights by treaty. The struggle between the English people and the crown did not end till long after the Great Charter.

Your devoted admirer,
F. H. Leminon.

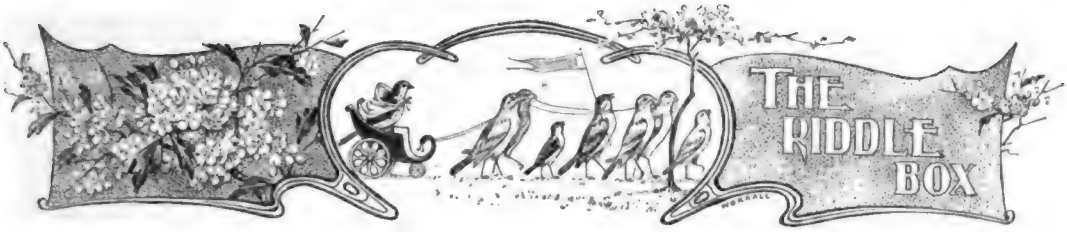
Evanston, Ill.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have a Japanese robin which was imported from Japan, and I bought it in Chicago. It is a very beautiful bird, and has a green head, a red bill, a brown-and-yellow breast, and a black tail marked with red and yellow.

It has a note like that of the American robin. It will mock our canary, and, if it does not like anything, will scold away for a long time.

It is so active that it has to have a cage about five times as big as the canary's cage; when it jumps from one perch to another it always turns a somersault. It is moulting now, and has lost its tail, so it is a little unsteady. It is so timid that when I want to let it out it will not come. Yours sincerely,

Melissa E. Foster.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. From 1 to 2, Calhoun; 3 to 4, Webster. Cross-words: 1. Cow. 2. Paper. 3. Globe. 4. Chase. 5. Route. 6. Auger. 7. Nor.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"All who joy would win
Must share it; Happiness was born a twin."

RIDDLE. Pole, poll.

ILLUSTRATED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Make hay while: finals, the sun shines. Cross-words: 1. Magnet. 2. Ah. 3. Knave. 4. Eggs. 5. Honolulu. 6. Acorn. 7. Yachts. 8. Watch. 9. Hayti. 10. Inn. 11. Line. 12. Ends.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Pear. 2. Ease. 3. Asks. 4. Rest.

CENTRAL TRANSPOSITIONS. Centrals, transposed, blessedness. Cross-words: 1. Dolor. 2. Ideal. 3. Hedge. 4. Mania. 5. Hyson. 6. Resin. 7. Grebe. 8. Lusty. 9. Caste. 10. Skein. 11. Rebel.

CHARADE. Miss-tick, mystic.

Beheadings. Felicity. 1. F-oil. 2. E-at. 3. L-oath. 4. I-slander. 5. C-oats. 6. I-deal. 7. T-hump. 8. Y-awl.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Enjoyment. Cross-words: 1. Easter. 2. Notice. 3. Jungle. 4. Orange. 5. Yonder. 6. Minute. 7. Eleven. 8. Nutmeg. 9. Thrush.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Echo. 2. Chin. 3. Hill. 4. Only. II. 1. Yale. 2. Area. 3. Lear. 4. Earn. III. 1. Nick. 2. Isle. 3. Clan. 4. Kent.

RHYMED ANAGRAMS. Caters, caster, traces, crates, carest, recast, racest, reacts, carets.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from D. O. N.—Joe Carlada—Allil and Adi—Grace C. Norton—Augustus Bertram George—Ralph E. Dyar—Mabel, George, and Henri—Bertha B. Janney—"The Spencers"—Eleanor R. McClees—A. M. S.—Alice Bacon Barnes—Irma Pretzinger—"Willoughby"—Helen Toothe—Louise Atkinson—Harry Thornton—Courtland Kelsey—Frances Hunter—Honora P. Russell—S. Isabella Sanders—Gertrude L. Cannon—Eloise Tyler—Walter E. Roberts—Virginia C. Craven.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Dorothy Russell, 3—G. R. Leverick, 1—A. B. Reed, 1—Ethel L. Pugh, 2—Laura and Florence, 1—Virginia Watson, 2—Kate Molesworth, 5—F. K. Gillingham, 1—M. Brooks, 1—"Beth," 7—W. Montgomery, 1—D. W. Hurry, 1—G. M. Kimball, 1—A. U. Rollins, 1—Olive Vollker, 4—F. M. Wadsworth, 1—S. F. Gould, 1—B. W. Pepper, 1—P. Cooper, 1—Joseph M. Rogers, 3—Beatrice Reynold, 2—M. F. Falkner, 1—V. Chartrand, 1—Harold T. Husted, 2—P. S. Winslow, 1—M. Schwab, 1—Florentine Hackbusch, 5—William Very, 2—Louisa B. Barker, 4—Ernest Gregory, 6—Albert and Selma Baum, 5—Edith and Jessie Patrick, 3—Arva W. Riley, 3—S. W. Palmer, 1—D. Snodgrass, 1—Beatrice Reynolds, 3—M. O. Perkins, 1—Helen H. Bain, 4—Euphemia Miller, 3—Martha Washburn, 6—Vashti Kaye, 7—Charles C. Atherton, 4—Thos. H. McKittrick, Jr., 4—Hildegarde G., 6—Louise Manny, 3—Florence and Edna, 5—Priscilla Beall, 4—G. Bromfield, 1—H. Wildes, 1—M. Owings, 1—H. B. Hering, 1—Elizabeth MacKnight, 5—E. Warner Bacon, 5—Fred Van Voorhes, 4—"Dotsey and Adsie," 3—Marion O. Perkins, 2—Marguerite Sturdy, 5—Katharine M. Clement, 7—Helen H. Nichols, 7—Marion Thomas, 3—Henrietta and Elizabeth, 6—"Athena and Poseidon," 7—Helen Gifford, 6—Cyril and Winnie Black, 2—Lowell Walcutt, 2—Marjorie Clare, 4—Hilda Hughes, 6—H. W. H. Powel, Jr., 7—Adelaide Cunningham, 3—Rebecca Chany, 1—W. F. Lippitt, Jr., 1—R. Siewers, 1—Eugenia Elliott, 2—Ina Dryden, 2.

WILD-FLOWER ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EACH line alludes to a certain wild flower. When the nine flowers have been rightly guessed, the initial letters will spell the name of a very famous ship.

1. In marshes grows this yellow flower;
2. The next, it makes a fairies' bower;
3. This flower, in medicine, has great power;
4. This tiny flower is colored blue;
5. This the lady loves, 't is true;
6. An animal's eye, and a flower beside;
7. The next tells robin that spring has arrived;
8. The next turns night into the day;
9. My last, "for remembrance," does Shakspere say.
   My whole, a flower, close to the ground;
   In bleak New England's woods 't is found.

JANET RUSSELL PENMAN.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

(EXAMPLE: Doubly behead large, and leave to consume. Answer, gr-eat.)

1. Doubly behead a part of a sentence, and leave to demolish. 2. Doubly behead unlawful, and leave just. 3. Doubly behead an oration, and leave a robe. 4. Doubly behead part of the arm, and leave part of a boat. 5. Doubly behead an old name for a light-house, and leave a common verb. 6. Doubly behead a Shakspearean character, and leave to depart.

The twelve beheaded letters will spell the name of a large city. JOSEPHINE L. WHITNEY.

CHARADE.

IN my *first* my *second* sings;
In the *last* a score of things;
My *whole* is not to peep or pry—
It simply asks the reason why.

ANNA M. PRATT.

HISTORICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, their initial letters will spell the name of a spring holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A famous Confederate war-vessel. 2. A famous battle of the Civil War. 3. A famous battle of the Revolution. 4. A famous fortification in Tennessee. 5. An American Revolutionary general and traitor. 6. A lively American national air.

MARION R. KIRKWOOD.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

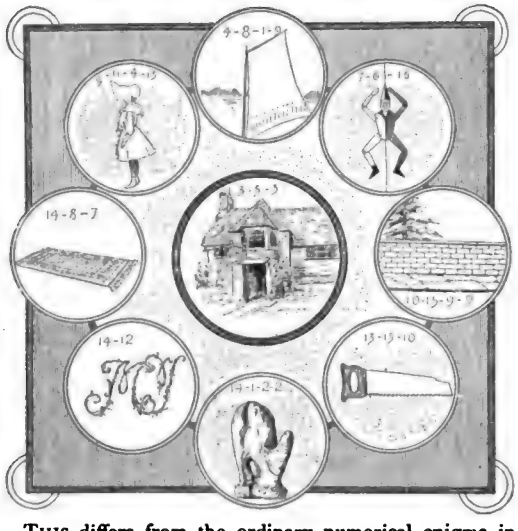
ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the diagonal beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter will spell a Cuban seaport, the diagonal beginning at the upper right-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter will spell another Cuban seaport.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The man for whom the first mausoleum was built. 2. Pertaining to the art of navigation. 3. Pertaining to a nation. 4. Swimming. 5. Womanly. 6. Fully understands. 7. Pertaining to fields or lands. 8. Without scent.

"CANADIAN BEAVER."

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of sixteen letters, forms the title of one of Longfellow's poems.

EDMOND W. PALMER.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

(One word is concealed in each couplet.)

1. POLICEMEN say that every day
   Suburban kittens go astray.

2. And city cats, that live in flats,
   Are always running after rats.

3. It is not right, with birds in sight,
   To leave these pets alone at night;

4. For feline youth, though fair in sooth,
   All lack a tenderness for truth.

ANNA M. PRATT.

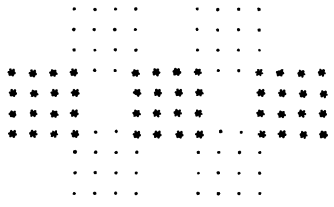
CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, the central letters will name pretty spring flowers.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Cross and cynical. 2. An annual allowance. 3. A celebrated chief of the Ottawa Indians. 4. An invented story. 5. An English courtier who threw his cloak on the ground for the queen to walk upon. 6. Endless. 7. The position of a baseball player. 8. A title conferred as a supreme honor upon women of the Roman imperial house. 9. A variety of pigeon with a large crop. 10. Springy.

HERBERT SCHROEDER (League Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES.



UPPER SQUARES: I. 1. A greenish stone capable of a fine polish. 2. A seaport in Arabia. 3. Inanimate. 4. Concludes. II. 1. To venture. 2. A continent. 3. Tumult. 4. Devours.

CENTRAL SQUARES: III. 1. A feminine name. 2. To affirm with confidence. 3. A Roman emperor. 4. The god of love. IV. 1. Identical. 2. The second son of Adam. 3. A repast. 4. A feminine name. V. 1. Fine particles of stone. 2. The agave. 3. Not any. 4. An act.

LOWER SQUARES: VI. 1. A title of respect used in addressing a sovereign. 2. Opinion. 3. To raise. 4. A nobleman. VII. 1. Old. 2. Sport of any kind. 3. A feminine name. 4. A college official.

MARY N. WILLIAMS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals name a spring holiday, and my finals, a famous poem relating to that holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The queen of the fairies. 2. A nobleman. 3. A bill of fare. 4. The emblem of peace. 5. The name of a famous story by "H. H." 6. An aborigine. 7. Received with favor. 8. Vigorous. 9. An entrance. 10. A continent. 11. Annually.

MARIE H. WHITMAN (League Member).

A FLAG PUZZLE.

1	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
2	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
3	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
4	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
5							
6							
7							
8							
9							
10							

FROM 1 to 10, is the name of a certain day, which is 4-18-19-20-21-22-23-24 annually. It is a certain 1-11-12 13-14 15-16-17.

From 11 to 18, a king of Israel; from 12 to 19, affirmative votes; from 13 to 20, unemployed; from 14 to 21, close at hand; from 15 to 22, an oasis in Russian Central Asia; from 16 to 23, pain; from 17 to 24, a measure of length.

ALICE KARR.

(Winner of Gold Badge, July, 1900.)

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL IMP.

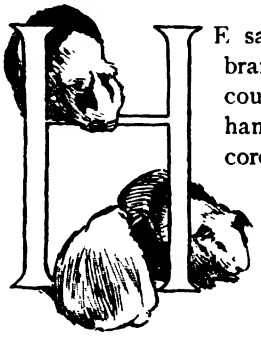
"SHE EXPLAINED TO HIM HOW MOTHERS FELT WHEN THEIR BOYS CARED SO LITTLE FOR THEM AS TO BE WILLING TO RUN AWAY." (SEE PAGE 680.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVIII. JUNE, 1901. No. 8.

THE PRODIGAL IMP.

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM.



HE sat mournfully in the library, on the lowest stool he could find, and clasped his hands tightly over his brown corduroy knees. Occasionally he sniffed and winked rapidly. Not that he was crying—oh, no! A person who has worn corduroy trousers since Tuesday does not cry. But when one is about to leave forever—or for at least ten years, which amounts to the same thing—the home of his childhood, one may be pardoned if he loses control of himself so far as to sniff.

For he was going to run away. To-morrow at this time where should he be? He did not know: he only knew that he should not be with a household that might perhaps miss him when he was gone; here he winked very hard and felt for his pocket, the hip-pocket. Kittens, indeed! A boy of seven keeping kittens! He blushed for shame. He had only asked for three guinea-pigs—three little guinea-pigs; and they had been immediately and flatly refused.

"But what *can* I keep?" he had demanded. "Every boy keeps *something!*" And then they had offered kittens—the children of the cat in the next house, that he had known all his life, more or less! He had given way to one burst of temper, and rushed from the room; they had laughed. Now he was going away, but more in sorrow than in anger, truly.

He got up from the stool and went softly upstairs to his room. He looked sadly at the pretty white bed—it might be long before he should sleep in such a bed as that again! For he knew well that when knights and princes went forth to seek their fortunes and elude cruel guardians, they had troublesome if thrilling adventures, and often went for nights and days with little food or sleep, till the godmother came with the chariot and magic luncheon tray.

He shook his bank that looked like a little church, and with an ease born of long practice took off the bottom and gathered up the dimes and nickels. He knew just how much there was—one dollar and eighty-five cents if you counted the Canadian dime. He put the money into the left hip-pocket, where it rattled pleasantly, and then he crushed his polo-cap on his curly head and left the room. With money in one's pocket, one feels less mournful.

At the top of the stairs he stopped and considered. It might be well to have some clean clothes, and at least a night-gown and a tooth-brush. His Uncle Stanley said that with a

night-gown and a tooth-brush a man could start for China at any minute, and his Uncle Stanley was a very clever young man indeed. The Imp intended to go no farther than New York; still, the rule might hold.

But stop! Had any prince that he had heard of carried a night-gown when he left his father's palace where the older brothers laughed at him and the servants sneered, but he came back wealthy at last, and honorable, with the princess at his side, and they banished the brothers and ruled the country? No book that had been read to him ever so much as hinted at a night-gown, or a tooth-brush, for that matter. So, with a sigh not wholly sorrowful, he abandoned the idea and turned again to go.

But his mother's reproachful eyes seemed to open wide before him, and he seemed to see again the little white box with the cunning baby tooth-brush tied with white ribbon, that came on his fourth birthday. It was for him to use himself, and there was what he called a "pome" with it. Softly the Imp repeated the instructive verse to himself:

> "Little Imps must brush their teeth,
> Or else they will be dirty;
> And they should begin at four,
> Not wait till four-and-thirty.
> So, mind you, Implet, every day,
> Open your mouth and scrub away!"

Uncle Stanley made that "pome," and it was great in the eyes of the Imp. They had repeated it to him on those occasions when he had objected to the process it implied, and he had grown to reverence the brushing of teeth because of the beauty and dignity of the "pome."

So, rolling it in a scrap of paper, he crowded the tooth-brush—it was almost new and very stiff—into the pocket of his blouse, and went downstairs. It was a small concession to his relatives, and no one could possibly know it was there.

He would not say good-by to them: his heart was too hot. And they would very probably laugh—or, worse than that, prevent his going. So he walked out of the house and down the path and out of the gate.

Good-by! Good-by! He almost forgave them in the sorrow and grandeur of the moment.

Suddenly a voice from the farther hammock: "Where you going, Imp? After the kittens?" And then a chuckle—low, suppressed, but still a chuckle.

The heart of the Imp hardened. He would never come back—never! He strode on, and made no answer. Kittens, forsooth! As he passed by the house where the kittens lived he looked the other way.

It was half a mile to the station, and the Imp took the longest way to avoid meeting friends or relatives who might be curious. He had never been in a station alone, and his heart thumped as he turned the brass knob and entered.

The New York express had just thundered in and stood waiting for its passengers; but they were very few, for this was too late an hour for the business men and it was too warm a day for shoppers. Still, one man was getting a ticket in a hurry, and the Imp guessed that he was going on that train, which was headed for New York, as he knew.

Everything fascinating in the way of toys and clothes came from New York, and when visitors came they usually got out of a car that had come from there. What better place to seek a fortune than that city of supplies and guests?

The Imp crept up behind the man and listened. How did men buy tickets? "One for the city," said the man, and a little cardboard flew across the tiny counter to him as he put down a bill. Oh—it took a bill, then? The Imp felt in his left hip-pocket and drew out a soiled handkerchief, three jackstones, a plum, and a large, flat elastic band. Where was it? Had he lost it? Oh, no! Safe at the bottom lay a crumpled dollar bill.

He walked to the little window, which was almost above his head, and held up the bill. "One for the city!" he said. All the station seemed to pause and listen; the scrub-woman, the half-dozen women with babies and bundles, and the paper-boy, all stopped, he thought, to hear him.

Probably he should not get a ticket. Probably that young man would throw back the bill and tell him to buy kittens with it! He started to sniff, and stopped, for over the

little counter came the ticket and three dimes! The young man did n't know him, nor care whether he went to New York and never came back! He picked them up and scuttled off, fearful of being called back; but nobody noticed him.

Miss Katharine Sampson was standing near the door, and as he went out he heard her say to her friend, "Why, see little Perry Stafford! He bought a ticket himself. Where is that baby going?"

The Imp swelled with rage. *That baby!*

"Oh, his mother 's on the other side, of course," said the other young lady. "When I was a little tot I always loved to get the tickets myself."

The Imp smiled bitterly. When she was a little *tot!* Doubtless she had never worn corduroy trousers, however. And young ladies were only grown-up little girls. He boarded the train, taking care to go in a car that no one else from the station patronized, and his heart beat fast as he passed by the brakeman.

"'ONE FOR THE CITY!' HE SAID."

"Here! where 's your ma?" said that official.

"My mama is at home," responded the Imp, with dignity, and went on.

"Humph!" said the brakeman, following

him up the steps and giving him a kindly shove —the steps were far apart and the Imp's legs were short. "What 's your name? Ain't anybody along with you?"

The Imp was horribly frightened; the hissing, pounding engine, the bell that clanged, the bustling people, all woke him to a sense of his strange position, and for a moment he heartily wished that some one *was* along with him. Then the chuckle from the hammock rung in his ears, and he stiffened, and faced the brakeman with all the dignity and haughtiness of his grandfather (who had publicly rebuked the governor of Connecticut for a want of courtesy), and said:

"I am Perry Scott Stafford, and I am going to New York by myself."

"Oh!" said the brakeman, and went on in silence, surprised but quite convinced.

The Imp settled back in the red plush seat, and the train pulled out. It was done! Nevermore should he see the gravel path and the library and the open fire and the stable and his mother! Oh! A short, quick sound like a sob that is changed quickly into a cough came from the seat where the Imp sat. It could not have been from him, because he looked around with an over-acted surprise as if he were greatly shocked at such a noise in a public place.

What were they all doing? Had they found him out? Were they crying? Was Gertrude wishing she had bought ice-cream when the man came by with the bell and the white apron?

Was Uncle Stanley regretting his loud and untimely laughter when the Imp climbed upon the edge of the bath-tub to illustrate the proper method of balancing on a rope, and fell suddenly and splashily in? That had been a very mortifying occasion.

Was Katy Nolan wishing she had been a little kinder in the matter of a few paltry sugared cakes that a person might want when he had been running errands all the morning?

Was James O'Connor wishing *he* had been a little kinder, even if the horse had been watered when he did n't know it? What was a pail of water more or less? And the horse was very grateful for it!

And his mother—was she thinking of her little boy?—but again came that strange noise, and the Imp sat very straight and turned his attention to the men around him. They were reading papers. Men always did that, it seemed. A paper-boy came through the train, and the Imp touched his arm softly. The boy turned.

"I 'll take a paper, if you please," said the Imp.

"What d' ye want?" said the boy.

"Just a paper, thank you," said the Imp, blushing, because he felt that people were looking at him.

"But what paper?" persisted the boy, half laughing, half puzzled.

"Oh, any one you like," said the Imp, politely.

The boy pulled out one, and said, "Three cents, mister!" in a businesslike way that delighted the Imp beyond measure. He gave the boy a dime and a nickel, in a large, easy way, and concealed his surprise at the handful of pennies handed back to him.

Then he glanced around, and coughing importantly, after the fashion of his Uncle Stanley when he read anything aloud from a magazine, opened the paper. He had not read very much recently, except in an unpleasant blue book with words in columns and very poor pictures of common objects which one hardly cares to see in type every day. He preferred to have others read to him, on the whole. One gets through more books in a shorter time. But he had seen papers read, and holding it before him, he glanced intelligently up and down the columns, coughing at intervals.

He felt very grown up and very busy. No wonder men liked to read papers; they were so big and crisp, and smelled so good. One regretted the lack of pictures, but then, for three cents one could hardly expect so fine a volume as the "Blue Fairy Book," for instance.

"Any news to-day?" said the man who sat behind him, leaning over the back of the seat.

The Imp turned politely around.

"I—I have n't got very far," he said; and then, in a burst of confidence: "I don't read very much except in the First Reader, you see. Gertrude mostly reads to me. She reads very well."

"Is Gertrude your sister?" asked the man,

looking curiously at the mite in corduroy and a polo-cap.

"Gertrude," said the Imp, with decision, "is my aunt, but I *never* call her that."

"No? Why not?" said the man.

"Because she 's too young," answered the Imp, a flash coming into his eye. "She 's only fifteen, and I won't call a girl that 's only fifteen *Aunt* Gertrude. She 's very angry that I won't. She says I ought to be made to. So Uncle Stanley says that *he 'll* call her Aunt Gertrude; *he 'd* just as soon. So one day they all called her Aunt Gertrude—all but me. She was very angry."

The man laughed very hard. "And why are you running away?" said he.

"Because they won't let me have guinea-pigs," said the Imp, simply. It did not seem at all strange that the man should know he *was* running away; he only wondered that everybody had n't noticed it.

"O-oh!" said the man. "To New York?"

"Yes, sir," replied the Imp. "I thought it was a good place."

Then, as there was no reply, he looked anxiously at his companion. "Is n't it?" he inquired.

The man looked out of the window thoughtfully. "Well, that depends," said he, slowly, "on what you want. You see, they may keep you at the station and carry you to the—the—the place where they take people who are all alone with no—no aunts or anything with them, you know, and they keep you till you 're identified; and it 's very hot and stuffy; and then they send you home with a policeman, and he 's very cross at having to take you—and that 's all."

The Imp gasped. "But I 'm going to run away!" he said excitedly. "I 'm going to—to earn a great deal of money!"

"Ah?" said the man, politely. "By selling papers? That 's what little boys do in New York. They rarely do anything else."

"Why?" whispered the Imp, terrified at the solemn manner of the man. "Why?"

"It 's about all they can do," said the man.

The Imp leaned back in his seat. He did not wish to sell papers. The paper-boys he had seen were very ragged and dirty, and ate queer things.

"Now, if you cared to," said the man, still looking out of the window, "you could get out here at the next station, and in a few minutes there 'd be a train home, and you could take it. It comes very soon, and you 'd be back before they knew you had gone. Of course, you need n't unless you care to. If you 'd rather sell papers—"

"Oh, no!" said the Imp, decidedly.

"Then, there 's your mother," said the man; "she will probably miss you at first, and she 'll

"'I DON'T READ VERY MUCH EXCEPT IN THE FIRST READER, YOU SEE.'"

feel very bad—for a while. She 'll miss you at night—" But the Imp heard no more.

He buried his face in his polo-cap and sobbed with remorse and loneliness. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" he moaned. "I 'll miss her, too! I 'll miss her awfully bad!"

"Well," said the man, "here 's the station!"

And down the car steps stumbled Perry Scott Stafford, with very red eyes and a very damp cap. The man waved his hand out of the window, and the Imp called huskily after him, "Good-by! But I sha'n't keep kittens —I sha'n't!" He did not hear the man's reply, which was somewhat confused.

And the train, when it came, went all too slowly for Perry Scott Stafford, who was frightened at his daring and remorseful at his bad temper, and filled with a great and powerful desire to see his mother—so much so that he wept at intervals, and feeling, as he did, very pious, recited softly, "Little Imps must brush their teeth," under the impression that he was saying his prayers! And when he got off at the station he fled to his home, with a love for it that he had never felt before.

He stumbled up the gravel path, and noted with amazement that all was as he had left it. The house looked the same, and the croquet-ground and the stables. Even the hammock held the same person whose laugh had made him hurry along to the train on that dreadful occasion that somehow seemed so long ago!

He skirted the house and went in at the back door. His mother was sewing in the shade on the side porch. She looked very cool and white and comfortable, and she was singing a little tune just as contentedly as if she had not come near losing her only son.

His tears flowed afresh, and he jumped into her arms, explaining his late revengeful intentions so confusedly that she thought he had been dreaming, and cuddled him softly till his penitence grew clearer, and then she looked grave, and explained to him in heartrending words how mothers felt when their boys cared so little for them as to be willing to run away.

He wept quietly on her white lawn shoulder, wiping his eyes at intervals on the lace of her tie, and leaving grimy smudges on her sleeve, while she kissed his hot little head and sang him to sleep.

As he drifted off he seemed to hear a familiar voice, that, indeed, of James O'Connor, describing to Katy Nolan the appearance of what he called "a rale foine collie pup as iver was, that Misther Stanley had talk about buyin' and l'avin' here whin he wint back to the city."

It was too good to be true, and it may have been a dream: the Imp was almost sure it was. And yet it might be true, and if it were, how unjustly he had blamed his Uncle Stanley! And thinking how polite he would be to grown people, and how kind to the collie pup,—*if it were true*,—the Imp fell fast asleep.

OUR WONDERFUL TONGUE.

THOUGH a sailor often sails,
Yet a tailor never tails;
And though shooting 's done by every single shooter,
Yet a tutor does not tute,
Suitors do not always *suit*,
And a fruiterer is seldom known to fruiter.

A tinker never tinks,
Though a thinker often thinks;
A monster never monsts (it cannot, can it?);
If a grocer groced, I know,
Hucksters well might huckst also;
But a janitor is never said to janit.

Grace Fraser.

IN FAIRYLAND.

WOODLAND green is all a-quiver, fanned by filmy, fairy wings:
Tiny princesses and warriors, with grave bows and curtseyings,
Knights and ladies, smiling jesters, rings of dancers all a-whirl,
Float above the dreaming children, blue-eyed boy and brown-eyed girl.

Christopher Valentine.

WHICH?

By Edwin L. Sabin.

Calls mother: "Why, it 's nearly eight!
For shame! Get up, or you 'll be late."
But Johnny Sleepyhead moans: "Oh,
That clock is much too fast, I know!"

And when at noon he lingers round
Until the dinner-bell shall sound,
He says: "Oh, dear, it seems to me
That clock 's as slow as it can be!"

But when at night some one declares,
"Come, Johnny, run along upstairs.
Just see, your bedtime hour is past!"
This Johnny vows, "That clock is fast!"

Now, what a funny clock, indeed,
To go with such erratic speed!
Would you another clock employ?
Or would you regulate the *boy?*

"MISS ARROGANCE."

By Marguerite Stabler.

It was several moments longer than usual before the girls of Nordminster could settle down for the "quiet fifteen," as the evening prayers were termed. Excitement betrayed itself in the craned necks and inquiring glances on every side until at last a tall girl rustled into the assembly-hall and took her place among the seniors. With a general sigh of satisfaction, the girls turned to the reading of their responses, the singing of "Lead, Kindly Light," and, with many secret glances toward the senior row, bowed their heads to be dismissed.

Reversing her usual order, Miss Briscombe dismissed the younger girls first, beginning with the "preps," and ending by calling the senior class to the front seats and asking the last unwilling junior to close the door behind her. Although Miss Briscombe had made the same remarks on the same occasion the last twenty years, there was always an air of hesitancy and solemnity in her manner as she addressed the girls as "young women about to be rewarded for their diligence by receiving a diploma from Nordminster College." It was now four weeks before commencement. The girls were from this time to be excused from the evening study-hour. The essays were to be handed in without fail by the end of the week. The class-day play must be prepared during the second week, and the assembly concert for the undergraduates, the graduating gowns, the class picture, and all the minor details must be ready by the end of the third week. Each girl sat rigidly upright as she listened to these instructions, for the weight of dignity about to descend upon her made her a personage of great importance in the eyes of the school.

"And for any suggestions any young lady may need from me," continued Miss Briscombe, "regarding the affairs that most concern her now, she will find me in my study every day from nine o'clock until eleven. And now, young ladies, good night. Will Miss Bar-

rowes stop at the desk, after the others have passed out, to explain her tardiness to prayers?"

The other girls trooped out. Miss Barrowes had been up to New York three times this term, and on this occasion had overstayed her time and returned on a late train. The class of '99 was proud of having Miss Barrowes, or "Miss Arrogance," as she was secretly called, as a member, for, as Mary Powers, the class president, had said, "such a girl is rare." But, notwithstanding this admission, the feeling toward her was not friendly. A girl whose education had begun under an English governess in Australia, continued in a French convent, followed by the Leland Stanford Junior University in California, was bound to be re-

"NOTHING SO LOVELY AS THE FILMY HEAP OF LACE AND FRILLS HAD EVER BEEN SEEN IN NORDMINSTER." (SEE PAGE 685.)

garded with a certain disapproval by girls who had scarcely been out of their own State.

"HERE ON THE FLOOR CONSTANCE FOUND HER, RED-EYED AND MISERABLE." (SEE PAGE 686.)

Early in the term, Elisabeth Bates, seeing her position as social leader might easily be disputed by the new senior, had given a luncheon to the "old set," which amounted to a class luncheon with the new-comer left out, and had taken the opportunity to announce that while Miss Barrowes was, no doubt, a nice girl, her manner was certainly very arrogant, and she, for her part, thought it would be just as well to let her see that she was not such a very important factor in the class. This speech had had a telling effect; the new girl was promptly dubbed "Miss Arrogance," and treated with what was intended to be a chilling dignity by all but Lucy Cobb, who did n't seem capable of rising to the situation. She hung in open-mouthed admiration on everything the new senior said, always managed to get a seat behind her in recitations so she could watch her, and made herself otherwise too humble. The first time she mustered up the courage to speak to her, she had barely saved herself from disgracing the whole class. "Miss Arrogance" had lost a school text-book, and Lucy, seeing an opportunity to serve her, had, in spite of the action taken by the class, eagerly offered her own, saying:

"Oh, I can let you take mine, Miss Arro—" Then stopped, colored to the roots of her hair, and looked appealingly at Mary Powers, who sat opposite and listening to the offer, rigid with indignation.

Whether "Miss Arrogance" knew her nickname or not, she could not help seeing the dismay Lucy's remark had caused; but she looked up and said simply:

"Thank you, Miss Cobb; I should be so glad. But my name is not Miss Arrow, but Barrowes—Constance Barrowes; and I wish you 'd call me Constance."

Poor little Lucy was so overcome by her mistake and this unexpected mark of favor that she merely looked at her champion and could n't think of a thing to say; but from

that time there grew up a very kindly feeling between "Miss Arrogance" and plain little Lucy Cobb.

Finally, three of the weeks preceding the commencement had passed. The essays were in and approved. The class-day play was over, and had been a great success; Constance Barrowes had played the leading rôle, and had received showers of applause after every act. The class picture was framed and hung in the recreation-room; and after Baccalaureate Sunday the graduating gowns were to be inspected. For this event the rooms were put in "inspection order"—the table was pushed back against the wall, the little iron bedstead moved out into the center of the room, and thereupon the graduating gown was spread in state. First the juniors and sophs made the tour in wide-eyed admiration. The "freshies" and "preps" always saw the gowns somehow, but they were not supposed to.

On the morning of the 25th—inspection day—the north corridor was in a flutter of excitement. Each girl arranged her own things and flew across to see her neighbor's. There were organdies and suisses with crackling silk linings, lace frills, and floating ribbons, till each little iron bedstead looked as if some fleecy white cloud might have lost its way and settled down to rest a moment there. The last room on the left side of the corridor was Constance Barrowes's, and as each inspection party reached her door a little scream of ecstasy went up; they had all expected "Miss Arrogance" would have a beautiful gown, for nobody in the school dressed as well as she did, but nothing so lovely had ever been seen in the halls of Nordminster as the filmy heap of lace and frills that rested upon her bed. Instinctively, as inquisitive fingers were put out to touch it, they were drawn back out of sheer reverence for this marvel of a graduating gown.

Then it appeared why Miss Barrowes had made so many trips up to New York. A famous milliner had made it—one who designed the wedding gowns of duchesses and of countesses had made this gown for the '99 commencement of Nordminster. The footsteps that passed Constance's door were almost muffled in awe, and Constance herself seemed to lose her supposed arrogance, and chatted and sparkled with delight at the prospect of wearing this exquisite creation on commencement day.

The next room across the hall belonged to Lucy Cobb. Poor Lucy! Never in all her plain little life had she felt so plain and so unlike the other girls as now! If only her room

"THERE STOOD CONSTANCE BARROWES AT THE END OF THE LINE." (SEE PAGE 686.)

had been farther down the corridor, things would not have been quite so bad; but to have the girls come direct from Constance Barrowes's room, with the image of her gown still shimmering in their eyes, was the bitterest experience of her life. When her box had come she had been all excitement and anticipation; but when it was opened her heart had turned sick with

disappointment. Muslin!—plain, common muslin, with plain hems—such a thing as one might wear any day in the week.

Unconsciously a little surprised "Oh!" escaped from every girl who looked at it lying so apologetically upon Lucy's bed, and the repetition of that little "Oh!" at last broke down every bit of flagging courage the poor child had been trying to summon to her aid.

Throwing herself on the floor when the ordeal of inspection was at last over, she crushed into her belt the home letter that had come with it, and sobbed out her disappointment against the hated muslin gown, without a thought of how she was ruining its neat muslin frills. She could have stood anything but the tone of those thoughtless "Ohs!" for her overwrought nerves put much more meaning into their tones than the girls had felt. She read the crumpled letter over several times:

> I hope you will like your dress. I know you will look sweet in it and do us all credit; I only wish we could be there to see you wear it, but we will have a nice treat for you when you come home, for your father at last sees his way clear to putting up an east porch. We are going to begin it next week, and Nita has already planted a clematis where it will be ready to vine as soon as the posts are up.

And so on—all the little home gossip about Tom's fine colt and her own little guinea-hens, and loving thoughts from them all for Lucy. But Mrs. Cobb had never been graduated from Nordminster, and to her the simple white muslin seemed fine enough; her plain, practical soul could never appreciate the school-girl tragedy that lurked in the folds of that muslin frock. Then Lucy tried to think of the other children, of the expense of their education and clothes, for she knew that if she sent her dress back and told them it would not do, it might defer the building of the east porch another year; and the whole family had counted so much upon having it.

Here on the floor Constance found her, red-eyed and miserable, when she ran across to show Lucy a box of roses that had been sent to her. In an instant "Miss Arrogance" was on her knees and had the girl in her arms, where the whole pitiful story was sobbed out. Without a word about the gown, Constance changed the subject to her own life, and told Lucy a story that brought the tears to both their eyes—but not "white-muslin tears," as Lucy afterward smilingly called them. To her amazement, Constance told her that she would give everything she possessed for just one such letter as had come with that muslin gown; that she had not one relative near enough to care whether she looked sweet and did them credit or not; that she had no home at all, not even so much as an east porch, to go to, and when she left Nordminster she had no one to receive her but a great-aunt who traveled continually, hoping to recover her health, and never stayed more than a month in a place, or an uncle who was a mining man in the heart of South Africa.

The plain little gown was folded carefully away, and Constance slipped down quietly and arranged to be put in line next Lucy in the graduation exercises, now only a few days off. During the remaining time "Miss Arrogance" was treated with a marked deference. That exquisite gown would make the class of '99 famous for all time, and, either because her manner was changed or because the sight of the gown had changed their point of view, each girl decided secretly in her own heart that she was not so arrogant after all. Then, before the last day, Constance made another hurried trip to New York, which made four that term, and it was rumored that she went to see her guardian about securing her passage on one of the great steamships to join her aunt on a trip around the world.

At last the great day came. The assembly-hall was crowded with the parents and friends of the girls. The class of '99 marched proudly through the halls and up on to the platform. Suddenly, as the girls looked shyly down the line, the same unconscious little "Oh!" that had broken down Lucy's brave resolves went up in fifteen different gasps. For there at the end of the line, in the most prominent place, stood Constance Barrowes, dressed, not in the wondrous creation that was going to make the class of '99 go down in the annals of Nordminster distinguished as no other class had ever been, but in a plain white muslin gown as nearly like Lucy Cobb's as she had been able to find on that last hurried trip to New York.

CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING.

SIXTH ARTICLE: THE FIREMAN.

VILLAGE ATTACKED BY A RIVER OF FIRE—THRILLING RESCUES FROM THE WINDSOR HOTEL—STORIES OF THE FIRE-BOATS FIGHTING A NIGHT CONFLAGRATION ON THE RIVER-FRONT—SAVING LIVES FROM RED-HOT OCEAN LINERS.

By Cleveland Moffett.

I will first tell a story, fresh in my memory, about a New Jersey village lost in the hills back of Lake Hopatcong, a charming, sleepy little village that reaches along a stream fringed with butterball-trees and looks contentedly out of its valley up the steep wooded hill that rises before it. Nobody in Glen Gardner cares much what there is in the world beyond that hill.

The general attitude of Glen Gardner toward progress is shown well enough by this, that the village could never see the use of a fire department. They never had one, and never proposed to; other people's houses might get on fire: theirs never did. As a matter of fact, nobody could remember when there had been a fire in Glen Gardner, unless it was Aunt Ann Fritts, who was eighty-eight years old, and remembered back farther than was necessary.

This was the case up to a certain drizzling Sunday in March of the new-century year, when, at 6:30 A.M., the world beyond the hill intruded itself upon Glen Gardner's peacefulness in such strange and sudden fashion that old Mrs. Bergstresser was prostrated from the shock, while Aunt Ann Fritts was almost despaired of. What made it worse was the fact that there had been a dance the night before at Farmer Apgar's, and half-past six found most of the village dozing comfortably. There was really nothing to do before church-time. So they all thought, at least, little suspecting that even now, as they slept, a long oil-train was puffing up the steep grade from Easton, bringing sixty cars loaded with crude petroleum and trouble.

On came the oil-train, its front engine panting as the drivers slipped, and the "pusher" back of the caboose shouldering up the load with snorts of impatience. Ouf! The front of the train climbs over the ridge at Hampton Junction, half a mile back of Glen Gardner, where the Jersey Central tracks reach their highest point. Now they are all right. There is a long down grade ahead for three miles. The pusher gives a final shove at the rear end, and cuts loose, glad to be rid of the job. The men in the caboose wave good-by to the fireman and engineer as they drop away.

Hello! What 's that jerk? They look out, and see the last oil-car just clearing the divide. It 's nothing; they 're over now; they 're running faster. Queer place, this! There 's a spring here with two streams that part in the middle like a woman's hair; one goes down the east side, the other down the west side. What? Broken in two?

The caboose crew start to run forward; a brakeman on the front half starts to run back. Thirty-seven cars behind the engine a coupling has snapped, and the train is taking the down grade in two sections: twenty-three loaded oil-cars are running away, and a million gallons of oil are chasing two million gallons down a mountain-side!

Everything now depends upon the brakeman on the forward section. He is the only man who can judge the danger, and signal the engineer what to do. The engineer does not even know that anything is wrong. It is plainly the brakeman's business to keep the front half of the train out of the way of the rear half. They must go faster, faster as the

runaway cars gain on them. Any one can see that it is undesirable to have two million gallons of oil struck by a million gallons coming at forty miles an hour.

Yet the brakeman does the wrong thing (no man can be sure how he will act in imminent peril); the brakeman signals the engineer to stop. Perhaps he planned a gradual slow-up to block the flying section gently; perhaps he did not realize how rapidly the runaway was coming. Most likely he had lost his head completely, as better men have done in less serious crises. At all events, the front section presently drew up with its grinding brakes on the ledge of track that stretches along the cheek of the mountain just over the slope where the slumbering village lay. It was not five feet from a warehouse, beyond which were the coal-yards, and beyond them the wooden houses of Glen Gardner, the post-office, the hardware store, and the main street. Of all places for that train to stop, this was the worst.

"SNYDER, WHITE AS A GHOST, RACED AHEAD OF THE FIRE."

It was a matter of seconds now until the crash came, and on this followed a shattering blast that shook the valley and hill, and brought the village to its feet in a daze of fear. Four oil-cars were smashed in the wreck and hurled across the tracks for the rear cars to pile up on. And straightway there was a gushing oil-well here, out of which in the first ten seconds came an explosion with the noise of cannon, that showered burning oil over fields and trees and shingled housetops, while a fire column shot up fifty feet in the air and began its fierce feeding on the broken tanks. And out of this fire fountain came a smoking fire river, that rolled down the hill toward the village.

At this moment, Joe Snyder, who had not gone to the dance the night before, and was doomed now to the early worm's fate, had put his key in the door of the butcher-shop. He never turned the key, nor saw it again, nor saw even the butcher-shop again. What he did see was a roaring torrent of oil sweeping down the street and blazing fifteen feet high as it came. And the picture next presented when Snyder, white as a ghost, raced down the road, doing his best to keep ahead of the fire, will stay long in the memory of those who saw it from their windows.

GALLAGHER'S RESCUE OF A SWEDE FROM THE BURNING BARGE. (SEE PAGE 695.)

But this was no time for looking at pictures out of windows; there were other things to be done, and done quickly. Never did fire descend so swiftly upon a village. Even as the startled sleepers stared in fright, houses all about them burst into flames like candles on a Christmas tree. Now the warehouse is burning, and the sheds across the tracks; and there goes the hardware-store; and there goes the carpenter's shop; and now the fire-stream rolls through Main Street, and licks up the Reeves house on one corner and Vliet's store on the other. Then the drug-store goes, and Carling's store and Rinehart's restaurant.

Trees are burning, fences are burning, the very streets are burning, and men see fire rolling across their front yards like drifting snow.

I do not purpose to follow the incidents of this fire and the several explosions, nor show how the village fought against it vainly, damming up fiery oil-streams and turning their

courses, toiling at bucket-lines, and spreading blistering walls with soaked carpets. The point is that these efforts alone would never have availed, and Glen Gardner would speedily have been laid in ashes, had not fire-engines from Sommerville and Washington been hurried to the spot. And even as it was, a section of the village was wiped away in clean-licked ruins, which stood for many a day a grim reminder that the only safety against fires in these times lies in being able to fight fires well.

Which brings me, of course, to the modern fire department and the men who risk their lives as a matter of daily routine to protect their fellow-men. In all its history I suppose the world has seen no heroes like these who join the skill of gladiators with the valor of crusaders. Does that sound like exaggeration? I should call it rather understatement: for gladiators fought for gain or glory, and crusaders were often cruel and greedy; but firemen devote their strength and skill simply, and, in the main, obscurely, to the public good. They stand ready always to offer themselves for others in unselfish sacrifice.

As illustrating the things firemen do every day, and do gladly, I will give some incidents of one particular fire that happened in New York on St. Patrick's Day, 1899. It was a pleasant afternoon, and Fifth Avenue was crowded with people gathered to watch the parade. A gayer, pleasanter scene it would have been hard to find at three o'clock, or a sadder one at four.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, coming along with bands and banners, were nearing Forty-sixth Street, when suddenly there sounded hoarse shouts and the angry clang of fire-gongs, and down Forty-seventh Street came Hook and Ladder 4 on a dead run, and swung into Fifth Avenue straight at the pompous paraders, who immediately became badly scared Irishmen and took to their heels. But the big ladders went no farther. Here they were needed, oh, so badly needed; for the Windsor Hotel was on fire—the famous Windsor Hotel, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-seventh Street. It was on fire, and far gone with fire (the thing seems incredible), before ever the engines were called; and the reason was that everybody supposed that of course somebody had sent the alarm. And so they all watched the fire, and waited for the engines, ten minutes, fifteen minutes, and by that time a great column of flame was roaring up the elevator-shaft, and people on the roof, in their madness, were jumping down to the street. Then some sane citizen went to a fire-box and rang the call, and within ninety seconds Engine 65 was on the ground. And after her came Engines 54 and 21, and then the hook-and-ladder companies. But there was no making up that lost fifteen minutes. The fire had things in its teeth now, and three, four, five alarms went out in quick succession. Twenty-three engines had their streams on that fire in almost as many minutes. And the big fire-tower came from Thirty-sixth Street and Ninth Avenue, and six hook-and-ladder companies arrived.

Let us see how Hook and Ladder 21 came. She was the mate of the fire-tower, and the rush of her galloping horses was echoing up the avenue just as Battalion Chief John Binns made out a woman in a seventh-story window on the Forty-sixth Street side, where the fire was raging fiercely. The woman was holding a little dog in her arms, and it looked as if she was going to jump. The chief waved to her to stay where she was, and, running toward the truck, motioned it into Forty-sixth Street. Whereupon the tiller-man at his back wheel did a pretty piece of steering, and even as they plunged along, the crew began hoisting the big ladder. Such a thing is never done, for the truck might upset with the swaying; but every second counted here, and they took the chance.

As they drew along the curb, Fireman McDermott sprang up the slowly rising ladder, and two men came behind with scaling-ladders, for they saw that the main ladder would never reach the woman. Five stories is what it did reach, and then McDermott, standing on the top round, smashed one of the scaling-ladders through a sixth-story window, and climbed on, smashed the second scaling-ladder through a seventh-story window, and five seconds later had the woman in his arms.

To carry a woman down the front of a burn-

ing building on scaling-ladders is a matter of regular routine for a fireman, like jumping from a fourth story down to a net, or making a bridge of his body. It is part of the business. But to have one foot in the air reaching for a lower step on a swaying, flimsy thing, and to feel the other step break under you, and to fall two feet and catch safely, that is a thing not every fireman could do; but McDermott did it, and he brought the woman safely to the ground—and the dog too.

Almost at the same moment, the crowd on Forty-seventh Street were gasping in admiration of a rescue feat even more thrilling. On the roof, screaming in terror, was Kate Flannigan, a servant, swaying over the cornice, on the point of throwing herself down. Then out of a top-floor window crept a little fireman, and stood on the fire-escape, gasping for air. Then he reached in and dragged out an unconscious woman and lowered her to others, and was just starting down himself, when yells from the street made him look up, and he saw Kate Flannigan. She was ten feet above him, and he had no means of reaching her.

The crowd watched anxiously, and saw the little fireman lean back over the fire-escape and motion and shout something to the woman. And then she crept over the cornice edge, hung by her hands for a second, and dropped into the fireman's arms. It is n't every big, strong man who could catch a sizable woman in a fall like that and hold her, but this stripling did it, because he had the nerve and knew how. And that made another life saved.

By this time flames were breaking out of every story from street to roof. It seemed impossible to go on with the rescue work; yet the men persisted, even on the Fifth Avenue front, bare of fire-escapes. They used the long extension ladders as far as they could, and then "scaled it" from window to window. Here it was that William Clark of Hook and Ladder 7 made the rescues that gave him the Bennett medal—took three women out of seventh-story windows when it was like climbing over furnace mouths to get there.

And one of these women he reached only by working his way along narrow stone ledges for three windows, and back the same way to his ladder with the woman on his shoulder. Even so it is likely he would have failed in this last effort had not Edward Ford come part way along the ledges to meet and help him.

USE OF THE SCALING LADDERS.

Meantime Fireman Kennedy of Engine 23 had rescued an old lady from the sixth floor; and Joseph Kratchovil of Hook and Ladder 2 had carried out Mrs. Leland, wife of the proprietor, from deadly peril on the fifth floor; and Frank Tissier of Hook and Ladder 4 had found a family named Wells—father, mother, and daughter—in a blazing room, and borne them out, with his own clothes burning, to the arms of Brennan and Sweeney, waiting for him at the top of the eighty-five-foot extension ladder in a fury of fire.

And Andrew Fitzgerald, also of Hook and Ladder 4, but off on sick leave with pneumonia, had shown the hero spirit by hurrying to the fire as he came from the doctor's. There was need of him here, and sick leave or not, pneumonia or not, he would do what he could. What he did was to carry out the last ones taken alive from the hotel, three women whom he bore in his arms from the fourth floor through roaring hallways, then up a fire-escape, then back into the building, with the flames singeing him, and a shattering blast of exploding gas pursuing him, and finally out on a balcony whence, with the help of Policeman Harrigan, he got them over safely to an adjoining housetop. No wonder that the Bonner medal was awarded to Fitzgerald later for conspicuous bravery.

Then there was—but I must shorten the list of bravery. And what a list it is! Here we have seen but a few things that happened at *one* fire in *one* city—a drop in the ocean to the stories that might be told: for at all fires in all cities firemen acquit themselves in the same noble way, and show the same admirable skill and unselfish courage. Let me lay emphasis on this, that their courage is unselfish and therefore of the finest sort, and then let me turn to another and not less interesting field of the fireman's activity.

After all has been said that may be about our admirable fire-engines, and endless stories have been told of gallant fights made by the engine lads for life and property, there remains this fact: that New York possesses a far more formidable weapon against fires than the plucky little "steamers" that go clanging and tooting about our streets. The fire-boat is as much superior to the familiar fire-engine as a rapid-fire cannon is superior to a rifle. A single fire-boat like the "New-Yorker" will throw as much water in a given time as twenty ordinary fire-engines: it will throw twelve thousand gallons in a minute, that is, fifty tons; or, if we imagine this great quantity of water changed into a rope of ice, say an inch thick, it would reach twenty miles.

Suppose we go aboard her now, this admirable New-Yorker, and look about a little. People come a long way to see her, for she 's the largest and finest fire-boat in the world. Pretty, is n't she? All brass and hard wood and electric lights, everything shining like a pleasure-yacht. Looks like a gunboat with rows of cannon all around her—queer, stumpy little cannon, that have wheels above their mouths. Those are hose connections, like hydrants in a city, where they screw fast the rubber lines. She has twenty-one on a side; that makes forty-two "gates," as the engineer calls them, without counting four monitors aloft, those things on the pilot-house that look like telescopes with long red tails. It was the monitors, especially "Big Daddy," that did such great work against those North German Lloyders in their drift down the river last summer with decks ablaze and red-hot iron hulls. We shall hear all about that day if we sit us down quietly in the fire quarters ashore and get the crew started.

Stepping over-side again, here we are in the home of the fire-boat crew. It 's more like a club than an engine-house. No horses stamping about, no stable; but pictures on the walls, and men playing cribbage or reading, and nobody in a hurry. Plenty of time for tales of adventure, unless that gong takes to tapping.

And here comes Gallagher, sliding down yonder brass column from the sleeping-rooms. He 's the lad who did fine things in that great fire at the Mallory pier—saved a man's life and made the roll of honor by it. We 'll never get the story from him, but the other boys will tell us.

If ever fire-boats proved their value, it was this night in May, 1900, when Pier 19, East River, caught fire, with all its length of inflam-

mable freight. Near to three o'clock in the morning it was, and a hurricane from the north-

"INTO THIS STREET OF FIRE, BETWEEN THE TWO PIERS, STEAMED THE BIG FIRE-BOAT, STRAIGHT IN, WITH FOUR STREAMS PLAYING TO PORT AND FOUR TO STARBOARD, ALL DOING THEIR PRETTIEST." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

east was driving the flames toward land. Before the engines could start, a fire-wave had leaped across South Street and was raging down the block. And another fire-wave had leaped across the dock between Pier 19 and Pier 20, setting fire to a dozen barges and lighters moored there, and to a large steamship of a New Orleans line. And presently all these were blazing, some with cargoes of cotton and oil, blazing until the lower end of the island

looked out of the night in ghastly illumination, a terrible picture in red and black. They say it was bright enough that night half a mile away for a man to pick up a pin.

There is no harder problem for the engines than these fierce-driven water-front fires that sweep in suddenly shoreward, for they must be taken head on, with all the smoke in the firemen's faces, and water often lacking, strange to say, although the river is so near. For the fire-boats, however, the advantage is the other way: they attack from the rear, where they see what they are doing, and can pump from a whole ocean. Besides that, they attack with so formidable a battery that no hook and ladder corps is needed to "break open" for them. The 3-inch stream from Big Daddy alone will tear off roofs and rip out beams like the play of artillery; and if that were not sufficient, the boys have only to hitch on the 4½-inch nozzle and set the two pumps feeding it five thousand gallons a minute, or twenty tons of water. Under the shock of such a stream there is no wall built of brick and mortar that will not crumble.

When the New-Yorker came up on this memorable night the fifth alarm had sounded and things were looking serious. Piers 19 and 20 were in full flame, and every floating thing between them. Into this street of fire steamed the big fire-boat, straight in, with four streams playing to port and four to starboard, all doing their prettiest. She went ahead slowly, fighting back the flames foot by foot, on pier and steamship and kindling small craft that drifted by in fiery procession. And the air in the men's faces was like the breath of a furnace!

Here it was that Gallagher won his place on the roll of honor in this wise. For some time they had heard shouts that were lost in the din of conflagration; but presently they made them out as a warning from somebody somewhere that a man was on a burning barge just passing them. It seemed incredible that a man could be there, alive and silent; but, with the spirit of his trade, Gallagher determined to see if it were true: he would board the barge anyhow; and as the New-Yorker swung close alongside, he sprang down to her deck, where things were a

FIRE-BOATS WORKING ON THE "BREMEN" AND THE "SAALE."

good deal warmer than is necessary for a man's health. And as he leaped, John Kerrigan, at the steering-wheel of Big Daddy, turned its mighty stream against the barge, keeping it just over Gallagher's head, so that the spray drenched down upon him while the stream itself smote a path ahead through the fire.

Down this path went Gallagher, searching for a man, avoiding pitfalls of smoke and treacherous timbers, confident that Kerrigan would hold the flames back, yet see to it that the terrible battering-ram of water did not strike him—for to be struck with the full force of Big Daddy's stream is like being pounded by a trip-hammer.

Gallagher reached the cabin door, found it locked, put his back against it and smashed it in. Then he went on, groping, choking, feeling his way, searching for his man. And at last on one of the bunks he found him, stretched out in a stupor of sleep or drowsed by the stifle of gases. The man was a Swede named Thomas Bund, and he came out of that cabin on Gallagher's back, came off that burning barge on Gallagher's back, and if he does not bless the name of Gallagher all his days, then there is no gratitude in Sweden.

Here we see the kind of service the fire-boats render. On this night they saved the situation and a million dollars besides; they worked against a blazing steamship, against blazing piers, against blazing runaways; worked for eleven hours, until the last smolder of fire had been drowned under thirty thousand tons of water. And not a year passes but they do something of like sort. Now it is a steamship, say the ill-starred "Leona," that comes up the bay with a cargo of cotton burning between decks. The New-Yorker makes short work of her. Again it is a blazing lumber district along the river, like the great McClave yards, where the fire-boats fought for eight days and nights before they gained the victory. But they *did* gain it. Or it may be a fire back from the river, like the Tarrant horror, where the land engines, sore pressed, welcome far-carried streams from the fire-boats as help that may turn the balance.

"Why, this fire-boat 's only ten years old, sir," said Captain Braisted, "and she 's saved more than she cost every year we 've had her." Then he added, as his eyes dwelt proudly on the trim craft purring at her dock-side: "And she cost a tidy sum, too."

Let us come now to that placid summer afternoon, to that terrible Saturday, June 30, 1900, when tug-boats in the North River looked upon a fire the like of which the river had never known and may not know again. They looked from a distance, we may be sure, these tug-boats; for when a great liner swings downstream, a roaring, red-hot furnace, it is time for wooden-deck craft to scurry out of the way. And here were three liners in such case, the "Bremen," the "Saale," and the "Main," all burning furiously and in sorest need, yet all beyond human help, one would say, for their iron hulls were vast fire-traps, with port-holes too small for rescue, and the decks swept with flame. It was hard to know that back of those steep sides were men in anguish, dozens of men held like prisoners in a fortress, a fortress of glowing steel that sizzled as it drifted—three fortresses of glowing steel.

Then up steamed the New-Yorker and the "Van Wyck," with men behind fire-shields against the blistering scorch and glare, with monitors and rail-pipes spurting out all that the pumps could send. The New-Yorker took the Bremen, the Van Wyck took the Saale; and there they lay for hours, close on the edge of the fire, like a pair of salamanders, engines throbbing, pumps pounding, pilots at the wheel watching every movement of the liners, following foot by foot, drawing in closer when they gained on the fire, holding away a shade when the fire gained on them, and fighting every minute.

"It 's queer," said Captain Braisted, "but when you play a broadside of heavy streams on a vessel's side, say at fifty feet, there 's a strong recoil that keeps driving the fire-boat back. It 's as if you were pushing off all the time with poles instead of water. And you have to keep closing in with the engines."

"How near did you get to the Bremen?" I asked.

"Oh, we finally got right up against her, say after forty-five minutes. You can cool off a lot of red-hot iron in forty-five minutes if there 's forty-five tons of water a minute to do it with."

It was just as they came alongside that one of the crew made out a human shape in the coal-chute some ten feet up the Bremen's side. And presently they saw others there, blackened faces, fierce and fearful eyes. And above the fire-crackle and the crash of the falling, spattering water they heard men's cries.

SAVING THE MEN OF THE BREMEN.

Straightway a ladder was brought, and three of the crew, Breen, Kerrigan, and Hartmann, lifted it on their shoulders until the top rung came up level with the coal-chute. But this, instead of bringing relief to the fire-bound company, brought madness; for now they fought and struggled so, each one wishing to go first, that none were able to go at all. "They were like wild beasts," said one of the crew.

In this crisis Gallagher sprang up the ladder to the top, where he could look in through the hole, the one hole in all the vessel's sides that was large enough for a man's body to pass. And reaching in here, he grabbed what was nearest, arm, leg, or shock of hair, and hauled it out and lowered it down the ladder to Captain Braisted, who stood below him and passed the bundle on. Then Gallagher grabbed again and again, pulling forth by sheer strength one man at a time, taking them as they came, Germans or Italians, officers or coal-handlers, anything that was alive. Down came the tumbling mass, yelling, praying, fighting, a miserable human stream; and when it was all over and the count was taken, they had saved thirty-two lives.

Now one of the rescued men spoke up in broken English, and said that there were others still on the Bremen, down in the engine-room. And Gallagher volunteered to go aboard for

the rescue if one of the men who knew the vessel would come along to guide him. But no man offered this service. It was too hazardous a thing, they said; where the fire was not raging there was smoke and darkness, and the engine-room was far down in the vessel. They had groped about themselves for half an hour in despair, searching for the way out, and now that they had found it, they were not fools enough to go in again.

"But you say there are others in there alive!" insisted Gallagher.

The rescued ones shook their heads blankly at this; in their minds the law of self-preservation rode over all other things at this moment. Poor men, they were half dazed by their sufferings and the shock!

"All right," cried Gallagher; "I 'll go in and find 'em without any guide. Hold the ladder, boys."

And up he went!

"I 'm with you, Ned," called Captain Braisted; and without more words these two climbed in through the coal-chute and started down the black, hot, stifling ways for the engine-room. And somehow they got there safely, and found eight men still alive, all Germans, engineers and their assistants. But when the firemen called to them to hurry out for their lives, they refused to move. Their duty was with their engines, said they; they had to run the engines; they were much obliged to the American gentlemen, but they could not leave their post.

Gallagher and Braisted could scarcely believe their ears. "But you will die!" they urged.

The Germans thought it very likely; still they could not leave.

"But it won't do any good; the vessel is past hope; you will be burned to death."

The Germans understood perfectly: they would be burned to death at their engines; and as they were all of this mind and not to be shaken, the firemen could only say "good-by" and set forth sadly on the return journey. And this time they nearly lost themselves; but at last their good star prevailed, and they came without harm to their comrades, who listened in wonder to the news they brought. It seemed such utter folly, the decision of that unhappy engine-room crew, yet there was something almost splendid in their stubborn devotion to duty. Quietly they had looked death in the face, a horrible, lingering death, and had not flinched; and days later, when the steamer had burned herself out and lay grounded in the mud, cold and black, the wreckers found these faithful though mistaken men still at their post, still by their engines, where they had waited in spite of everything—where they had perished.

All this time the Van Wyck had been working on the Saale, but in a harder fight, for the flames raged here as fiercely as on the Bremen, while the smaller fire-boat could throw against them only twenty-five tons of water a minute, which was not enough.

So, now, when all had been done that could be for the Bremen, orders came that the New-Yorker, too, turn her streams against the Saale, and a little later the two fire-boats were in massed attack upon the unhappy liner, which swung down the bay like a blazing island, and presently grounded by the bow on the Communipaw mud-flats, and rested here for the last agony.

The story of those tragic hours is not for telling here. There were more heroic rescues. There were brave attempts at rescue that availed nothing. The fire-lads stood on the hurricane-deck with flames roaring about them, and water up to their knees surging past like a mill-race.

Nor does this end the record of that day for the fire-boats. There was still the Main to fight for, and at eleven o'clock that night the New-Yorker steamed up the river and caught the third liner as the flood-tide bore her, stern first, toward the flats of Weehawken. She had been blazing for eight hours, and was red-hot now from the water-line up. It seemed incredible that there could be a living thing aboard her; yet they went to work in the old way, and within an hour had dragged out through the coal-hole a blackened and frightened company, more than a score of boiler-cleaners and coal-handlers, who had somehow lived through those fearful hours by burrowing down in the deepest bunkers far below the water-level.

(THE NEXT ARTICLE IN THIS SERIES WILL BE "THE AËRIAL ATHLETE.")

KATY'S QUEER GIFT.

By A. I. Lyman.

Once there was a little girl named Katy, who was stolen from her home by a naughty fairy. Now this naughty fairy changed her as small as a lima-bean and left her alone in the woods. She was asleep when all this happened; so when she awoke to find herself lying upon a pink wild rose, and saw great tall trees all about her, she was very astonished indeed.

A squirrel, sitting near eating a nut, said to her quite kindly: "Don't feel sad and cry. You will get back to your home again. And perhaps the good fairy Librosa may help you. Hush, there she is now!" And he dropped his nut to stand motionless, his little paws on his heart, gazing intently just above Katy's head. There, poised in the air, Katy saw a beautiful fairy. She was all in white, and carried a white shining wand.

"Little girl," said she, in a sweet, soft voice, "I know all about your troubles, and am going to give you a gift that will help you on your way home. When you awake in the morning you will find it sitting beside you." Then she floated away.

Katy wondered what the fairy-gift might be, and it was her last thought that night when she cuddled up to sleep in her pink wild rose.

Well, on the morrow, when she awoke, what do you suppose she saw? Now don't be surprised, but just wait and see how it turns out. She saw a green caterpillar.

"Are *you* the fairy-gift?" said Katy, disappointed enough to cry; and turning her back on him, she climbed down to the ground and walked away.

Without a word, the caterpillar calmly followed her. As she was so tiny, he easily kept up with her.

"Go away!" said she, stamping her tiny foot. "You horrid green thing! How can you help me to reach my home?"

He answered never a word, and appeared to doze. She waited until she thought he was really asleep, then tiptoed off.

Sure as your life, he followed after her!

A funny long-legged insect, sitting on a tree, saw the two come walking along, and said with a giggle to Katy, "Where did you get your pet?"

"He is a fairy-gift I have just received," replied Katy.

"Katy received a fairy-gift," repeated the insect to another one who looked just like him.

"Katy did n't," answered the other one, eying the caterpillar and laughing in scorn.

"Katy did!" chirped the first.

"Katy did n't!" chirped the second; and they set up such a noisy contradiction that Katy put her hands over her ears and ran off. The caterpillar followed close at her heels.

"I am sure I don't know which one of those insects is right," said she to the caterpillar. "Why don't you say something?"

"I am getting sleepy," answered he in a faint, far-away voice.

"Oh, you dumb, dull dunce of a wormy thing! Is that all you can say?"

He made no reply.

"That is good of him," thought Katy. "Many would have been angry to have been called such names, and answered back, or left me." But the caterpillar kept on following her just the same.

"I don't see how you are helping me to get home," said Katy, beginning to cry.

His only response was to murmur in a dull, sleepy voice, "I want to spin."

"Caterpillar," cried Katy, quite out of patience, "I think you have n't any sense. What do you want to spin?"

"A cocoon," said he.

"And what is that, I 'd like to know?"

"Watch me, and I will show you."

"Begin, then."

"I can't until you stop walking."

Katy sat down on a little toadstool.

"He is a queer thing," thought she, as she watched him crawl on a twig of a bush and begin to spin a white thread.

He spun so much after a while that he cov-

ered himself all up by it. When he was so hidden that Katy could hardly see him, he curled himself up and lay very still.

"Caterpillar," called Katy, "I believe you have gone to sleep. So that soft white stuff you are so snug and warm in is a cocoon, is it? Cocoon, indeed! Wake up, caterpillar!"

No answer.

"I say, caterpillar, wake up!"

No answer.

"Well," said Katy, resting her chin on her hand, "he may be a fairy-gift, but he is n't much company."

"Katy did receive a fairy-gift!" chirped a voice up in a tree.

"Katy did n't!" chirped another.

"Katy did!"

"Dear me! there are those quarrelsome creatures again," sighed Katy. "If he sleeps through their noise I guess he will sleep on for a long time."

And indeed he did. Katy waited for him to wake, because she thought if he were a fairy-gift it was n't very polite to leave him.

One day, as she sat upon her favorite toadstool, waiting, who should come hopping along but a great fat frog.

"Have you gone on your journey no farther than this?" said he, stopping to talk and take a rest as well.

Katy told him all about the queer behavior of the worm. He appeared very interested, and said he thought he would wait too. He seemed to think something peculiar was going to happen, and said as much to a number of the small animals of the woods. The consequence was, quite a crowd of little animals of all sorts used to gather around the cocoon or sit with Katy to talk about it.

Well, one day the cocoon opened on a crack.

"He is coming out," whispered a little cricket, in great excitement.

"Stand back, and keep still," said the cricket mother, holding him by the leg.

Wider opened the cocoon, and then out came—not the caterpillar, but a beautiful yellow butterfly! He soared into the air, where he hovered and dipped, and finally lit on a flower at a short distance off. They all followed.

Katy, tiptoeing up to him, said: "Now that you have grown so beautiful, have you forgotten me?"

"No," said he, in a tiny silvery voice. "Come, and I will carry you to your home, for that is why the fairy gave me to you."

So Katy mounted his soft butterfly back, and away he flew.

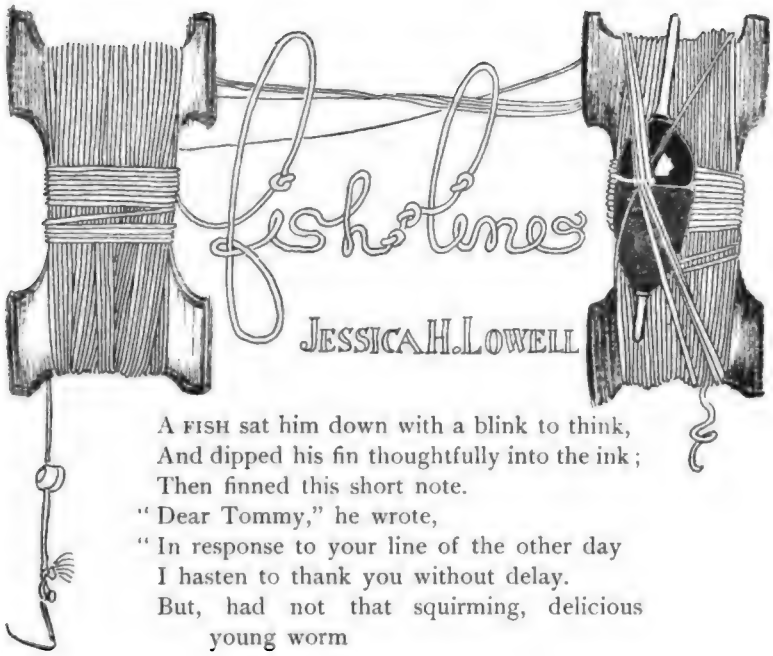
"Good-by, little friends," she called to all the small animals, who stood in a crowd watching with great interest.

"Good-by, good-by!" they answered, and the frog's voice sounded quite loudly mournful. As for the grasshopper, he tried to follow by jumps, but was soon left far behind.

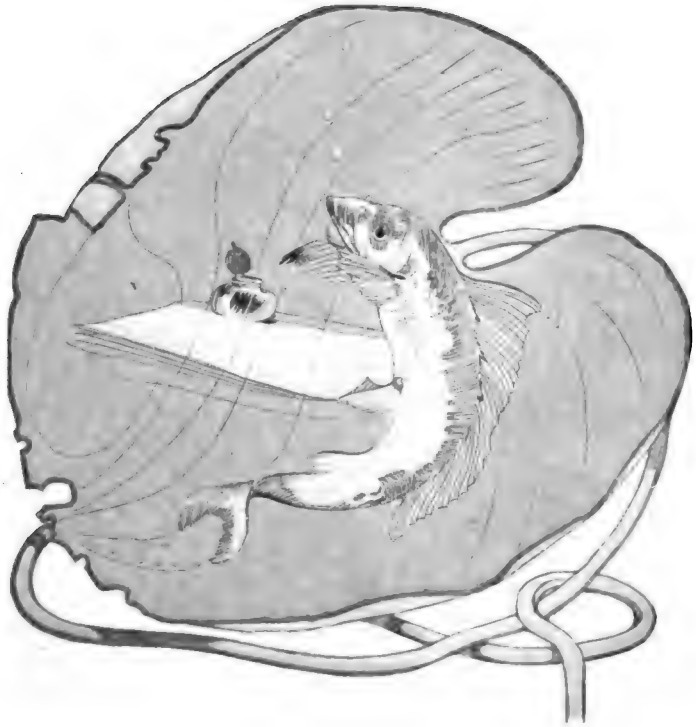
"Butterfly," asked Katy, as they floated along through the air, "will you forgive me for calling you names and being so very impolite?"

"Yes," answered he, "for I appeared little like a fairy-gift, and human beings have a way of never thinking of what a creature may become, even when they know that just a little seed can grow into a beautiful flower."

And so, after a day's flying, the butterfly took Katy safely home to her mother.



A FISH sat him down with a blink to think,
And dipped his fin thoughtfully into the ink;
Then finned this short note.
"Dear Tommy," he wrote,
"In response to your line of the other day
I hasten to thank you without delay.
But, had not that squirming, delicious young worm
Shown a set in his curves too suspiciously firm,
I might not be here
To write you, my dear

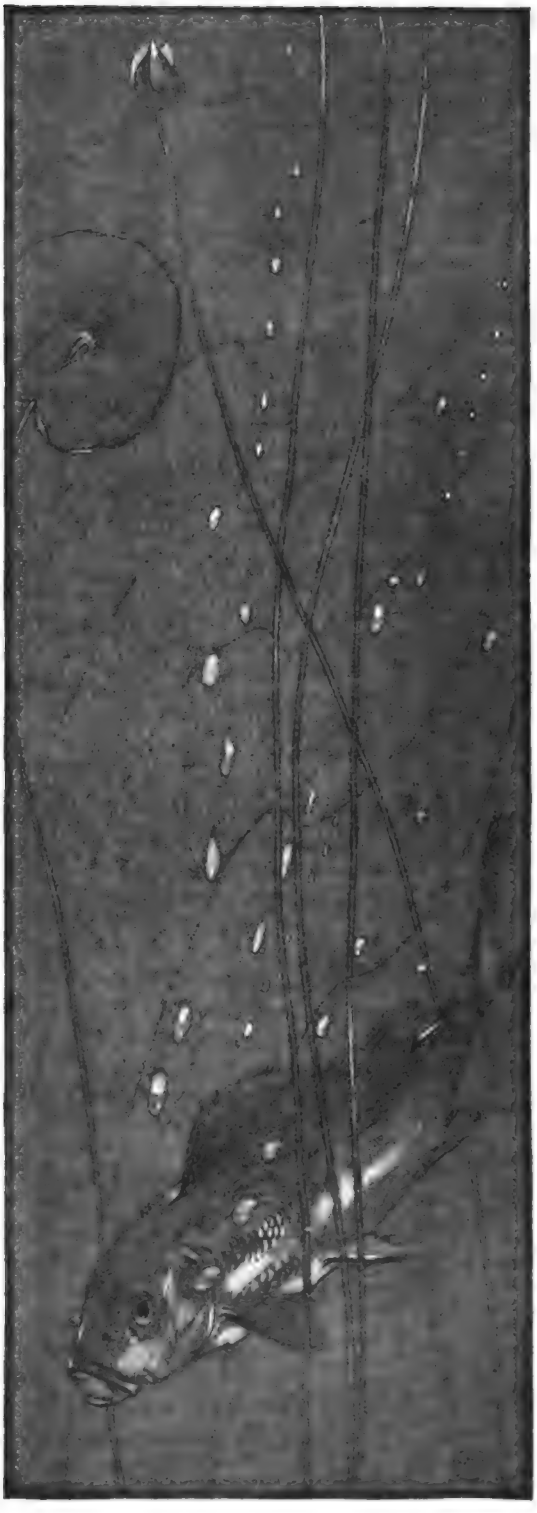


(What you may not believe, 't is so monstrously queer),
That the wriggler you sent
With most kindly intent
Had swallowed a pin that was frightfully bent!

"You see—if I 'd greedily taken a bite,
The pain and the shock would have finished me quite;
So, the next time you send,
My juvenile friend,
Just mark if the worm has a natural bend
Ere you dangle him temptingly down here to be
The death of some innocent young thing like me."

And he grinned as he used some dry sand for a blotter
(Ink dries rather slowly, you know, under water),
Then signed it in haste
And sealed it with paste.

It was growing quite dark and he 'd no time to waste,
So he posted it slyly, without wasting more,
On the crest of a ripple that ran toward the shore;
Then, shaking his scales in a satisfied glow,
All shining and shimmering, sank down below,
Where he soon fell asleep
In an oyster-bed deep,
With the green sheets of water his slumber to keep.



READING THE NEW MAGAZINE.

THE FUNNY CARPENTER.

By Archibald Hobson.

There was once a funny carpenter, who lived I don't know where;
And every building he did build had *such* a funny air!

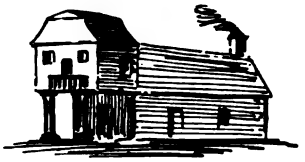
THE CROSS CARPENTER-SHOP.

He started out to build a shop,
But when he got it done
It looked so very cross it made
His customers all run.

He once was hired to build a church,
But had no luck in that;
His fellow-townsmen, laughing, said
It looked more like a cat.

THE CAT CHURCH.

Some friends they let him build an inn,
  But they were money out,
For not a guest would take a bite;
  They 'd rather do without.

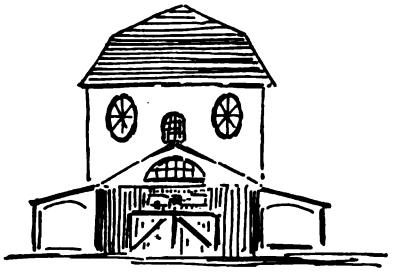


THE INN THAT SHOWED ITS TEETH.

At last he made a little barn,
  And this was a success.
The neighbors all admitted
  'T was a barn—no more, no less.

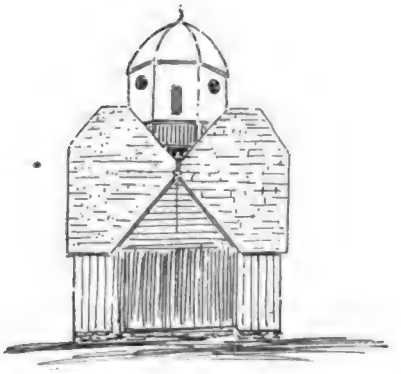
JUST A BARN.

But later on he built a hall
  Above and to the rear,
Which gave the finished building
  A look of silly fear.



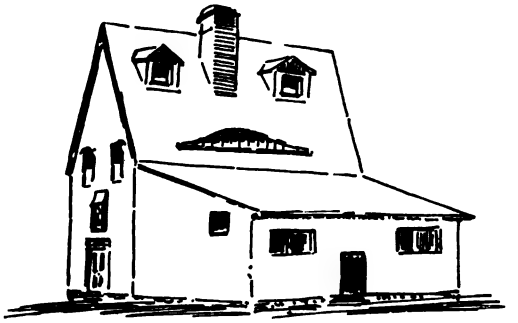
THE SCARED BARN.

He fixed the schoolhouse belfry,
  And oh! it seems absurd,
But the building then resembled
  A sickly dodo bird.



THE DODO SCHOOLHOUSE.

One house he made to rent,
  But no tenant could be found,
For no one likes to have his house
  Make faces all around.



THE HOUSE FACING SEVERAL WAYS.

And now this funny carpenter began to put on airs;
For he said it took the greatest skill to build such splendid stares.

IMPRISONED IN A MINE.

By Caroline Abbot Stanley.

It was the hour for the three-o'clock shift. The half-dozen men gathered in the shaft-house of the Bon Air Mine went, one by one, to the box of candles; each put four candles in the pocket of his rubber coat, and stood by the shaft. The bell clanged; they stepped inside the cage, and the engineer lowered them into the depths of the earth.

As they dropped slowly down the shaft, a bulge in the timbers caught the eye of one of the men.

"That place will make trouble some day," he said.

"Why don't they fix it?" asked a young fellow of nineteen or twenty, Bert Frain by name.

"It costs money to re-timber mines."

"But if it 's dangerous —" he persisted.

A man beside him gave a harsh laugh. "The danger 's to the men, not the Company; so what do they care?"

"I guess they care something for the lives of their men," said the youth, indignantly.

"They don't, I can tell you. You 're green, boy. They don't care for nothin' but the almighty dollar. You an' me might drop to the bottom of this here shaft, an' the boss would n't stop to pick us up unless we was in the way of the ore-cars."

"I don't believe it."

"You ain't lived in this world as long as I have," responded Hyler, grimly. "You 'd know more if you had."

"Better not know so much than to know so much that ain't so," retorted the young man.

In the laugh that followed, the cage reached the four-hundred-foot level, and the men turned into the tunnel, going to work with pick and shovel.

At the close of working-hours they stood at the shaft again, waiting to go up, the loaded cars beside them.

"Say, boys," said an old miner, "ef these cars go up now, some of us will have to wait till the next trip."

"Go ahead," said Hyler. "I 've got to go back for my coat, anyway."

Bert Frain stepped off. "I 'm in no hurry. I 'll wait with Hyler."

The cage rose slowly, and the two men walked back to the drift where Hyler had been at work. They were returning leisurely when they heard a crash. They rushed to the shaft, expecting to see a fallen cage and four mangled men. Instead, there was nothing to be seen but a mass of earth and timbers. *The shaft had caved in!*

They stared at it a moment in silence. Then they turned ghastly faces toward each other.

"Hyler!"—the boy stepped close to him and spoke in a half-whisper—"surely they 'll get us out?"

The man shook his head. "They can't! That shaft may be half full."

"But we can help! We can shovel the dirt into the cars and run them back into the tunnel and empty them. Then if they dig from the top—"

Hyler interrupted him: "How long do you s'pose we could shovel dirt and lift timbers without anything to eat?"

The younger man was silent. "How long would it take them to clean out the shaft, supposin' it *was* half full?" he asked.

"Longer 'n me and you 'd hold out," said Hyler, with the calmness of despair. "No, boy; we 're dead men—caught like rats in a trap!"

Then he cursed the Company and their own unhappy fate.

"Hyler," said Bert, at last, "they certainly will not leave us here to die. They 'll put all hands at work to dig us out. Surely—"

"They don't know we 're alive, I tell you. We was standin' right by the shaft. They 'll think we 're dead now." Despair was settling

down upon the older man; but youth is always hopeful.

"I 'm going to dig," said Bert. He found an empty ore-car, and worked with the energy of desperation. "Come on, Hyler; don't let 's give up!"

Momentarily strengthened by his companion's courage, Hyler took his shovel and began to work. He laid it down in a few minutes.

"'T ain't no use, boy!" he said. "Might as well try to dip Salt Lake dry with a pint cup!"

But Bert worked on. He stopped at last, overcome with exhaustion. He could hardly see that he had made an impression. Then the full horror of their situation came upon him, and he sank to the ground.

"If they could only know that we are alive!" he groaned, "perhaps they could do something."

His shovel fell from his grasp, and struck against the iron water-pipe, making a sharp clang. The sound fell upon a brain growing benumbed, and electrified it. He sprang up excitedly.

"Hyler! *Hyler!* We can let them know we are alive by the pipe! Don't you know the earth carries sound?" He was wild with joy at the thought of communicating with the world above.

They rapped, then listened, then rapped again. No sound but their own labored breathing.

"Harder! harder!" and they rained blows upon the heavy iron.

The pipe was one used for draining the mine, and led directly to the shaft-house above. Bert's hope was that some one might hear the rapping, and understand that they were alive. As the minutes went by, however, and there was no answering signal, hope turned to fear, and fear to the agonizing conviction that their signals had not been heard by those above.

"It would n't do no good, nohow," said Hyler, despondently. "We 're bound to starve before that shaft can be dug out!"

They fell back then against the walls of the tunnel, and sat in silence — Bert thinking of life and all it had promised, Hyler thinking of his wife and children.

How long they sat there they never knew. They had no watches, and no way of telling day from night. After a while Hyler blew out his candle, muttering something about saving it, and Bert looked up with a frightened face. He had heard of men eating candles in extremity; was this what Hyler was thinking? He went back to the drift and collected a lot of the old ends. It seemed they had been there for hours, when Hyler asked if he had matches.

"IT WAS A WEIGHTED CORD WITH A NOTE TIED TO IT." (SEE PAGE 706.)

He felt in his pocket. "Yes, I have." "Blow out your light, then, and le' 's go to bed. We 'll sleep all we can."

They lay on the hard floor, their coats under their heads, and tried to sleep. Bert crept close

to Hyler, and Hyler did not repulse him. The longing for human touch was upon them both. Then exhaustion overpowered them, and they dozed fitfully.

But their sleep was a nightmare. From a horrid dream Bert woke to a reality not far different. The darkness was insupportable, the silence such as chills. A cold sweat stood on his face in beads, and a shivering fell upon him.

"Hyler!" he whispered. Even in the extremity of his terror, he would not wake his companion if he were asleep.

"What?" The man's gruff voice had softened strangely.

"Oh, Hyler, have we got to die here in this hole?"

"We 're bound to, boy! There 's no help!"

They lay there a few minutes in silence; then Bert said brokenly:

"Hyler, can you pray?"

"No."

There came into the boy's mind a far-off memory of "Now I lay me down to sleep," and the words "Our Father"; but they did not seem exactly appropriate, and were unsaid. He did not know that the very turning of the soul in a mute cry for help was prayer.

"Some are praying up above," he said. There was a gleam of hope in the thought.

"It won't do no good," responded Hyler, gloomily. "You see, the trouble is, they can't get food to us. An' we can't live on prayin'! Like enough they won't think of it, noway," he added, after a moment. He did not know much about prayer, but it was a straw, and he was a drowning man.

"I know my mother will," said Bert, positively; "and I believe your wife will."

"I don't know as she 'd know how." Hyler spoke doubtfully. "She ain't had much time for prayin' an' all them things — havin' such a raft o' young ones to look after an' so much to do. She 's had a hard life, Lizy has."

Then he sat up, and said, with a little catch in his voice: "I tell you, boy, ef I was out of this I 'd give her a different sort of life from the one she 's had!"

Thus passed the long, long night away. They talked and dozed and dreamed and woke to wish their sleep had never ended. Finally, worn out with it all, they fell into the dreamless stupor of exhausted nerves.

They were awakened by an explosion that brought them to their feet. It seemed as if the very walls were falling. Bert lighted his candle with shaking fingers; his companion followed the example, and the two men peered around them. There was nothing that they could see. The walls were as solid as ever. They moved cautiously toward the mouth of the shaft, and in doing so had to pass the water-pipe.

They lifted their candles above their heads and examined closely as they went. When they reached the pipe they stopped. *It was blown to pieces!*

And as they stared and wondered and speculated, they saw something emerging from its mouth. It was a weighted cord with a note tied to it. They tore it off frantically. It said:

Keep up courage, boys; we will let down food through the pipe, and in a few days we can get to you. The men are digging day and night. Tell us if you are hurt.

They dropped to their knees and cried like babies — cried and laughed and wrung each other's hands. Oh, the joy of life — just life!

Bert took the pencil and wrote:

We are all right, but awful hungry.

They had not felt their hunger till now.

What day is it? How long have we been in? And how did you do it?

He fastened the note to a weight, gave the rope a jerk, and it was drawn up. Before long a tin pail began to emerge from the pipe. It was filled with food. They emptied it quickly on to a rubber coat, and it was drawn up, to reappear with a supply of candles and another note.

They lighted two or three of the new candles, laughing hilariously at their illumination, and read:

We heard you tap on the pipe and knew you were alive. Then we set our heads to work to get food to you. First we pumped out the water. Then we let down a light charge of dynamite in the pipe to just the right distance, and set it off. Of course it burst the pipe, and now you are all right. Your wife 's been at the shaft-house all along, Hyler, and Bert's mother has been on her knees most of the night. I 'll send you the morning paper. It tells all about the cave-in.

"Hyler," said Bert, as he read the sentence about his mother, "I knew they would remember!"

It was not three days (the time predicted by the "Daily Eagle") that they were entombed, but many. The opening of the old shaft was found to be impracticable, and a new one was started. But the two men were in safety now, and comparative comfort. Food, lights, letters, and papers were lowered to them, and there, four hundred feet below daylight, they read the story of the work for their rescue. They received and sent daily bulletins by the pipe.

But the days lengthened to weeks before they were released, though the whole force was put upon the new shaft, in half-hour relays. "The men are working like demons," the newspaper said.

On the twenty-third day the work was completed, and the cage bearing the entombed men was lifted slowly into daylight.

"FOUR HUNDRED FEET BELOW DAYLIGHT, THEY READ THE STORY OF THE WORK FOR THEIR RESCUE."

"AS THE MEN APPEARED, A SHOUT WENT UP."

The shaft-house was full, and as the men appeared, a shout went up. The manager stood by the shaft, and gave them each a hearty hand-shake.

"Stand back, boys," he said, as the men crowded round; "you must let their women have a chance with them first."

"Bert, you or'nary cuss," said one of the men, a little later, when the hand-shaking was over and they still lingered, "what do you s'pose it has cost to git you fellers out o' there?"

"I don't know. What?" They had hardly thought of the money spent to pay for the work of rescuing them.

"Three thousand dollars! I told the boss, jokingly, after it all was over, that you was n't wuth it; but he got mad at that, and said money had nothing to do with it, and that

he 'd save your lives ef it busted the Company."

Three thousand dollars! The two men looked into each other's faces. Then Bert turned to the "boss."

"Hendricks is right, sir," he said. "We *ain't* worth it—in money to the Company—but—"

He looked up at the blue Colorado sky that he had thought never to see again, and drew a long, free breath. Then he lifted his cap reverently.

And Hyler took the heavy baby from his wife's tired arms.

"Come, Lizy, my girl," he said, with a gentleness new to him, "le' 's take baby home."

THE ALGONQUIN MEDICINE-BOY.

By Francis S. Palmer.

Algonquins from the Ottawa River were making an expedition against their enemies, the Iroquois—the redoubtable Five Nations, whose villages extended through what is now northern and central New York. Forty canoes laden with swarthy warriors had crossed the St. Lawrence, passed through the Richelieu, and were in the northern waters of Lake Champlain.

For years the Mohawks, one of the most warlike of the Five Nations, had brought war to the homes of the Algonquins, and a counter raid was being made. The Canadian warriors had high hopes of success, since French soldiers from Quebec were with them, and the white-man's firearm was still a terror to the Indian. Only one thought dampened the ardor of the Algonquins. Wahiawa, their great medicine-man, skilled in planning raids and wars, was dead. Wahiawa, who was more wily than any magician among the Iroquois; more cunning than the fox; more wise than the serpent. Wahiawa, who, as it was rumored, could not be killed by mortal hand, whose name was a dread to all enemies of the Algonquins. Disease had crept upon him, and Wahiawa was dead.

Forty Algonquin warriors were in each of thirty-nine canoes; there were also a dozen craft carrying the French soldiers. Another canoe held two warriors, also Anguel, the medicine-man; and with him the son of dead Wahiawa, Uncoma, a lad of fourteen who came to see how his people made war.

Anguel rose in the canoe and addressed the members of the little fleet:

"It is time, my children, to land and build our camp. Then Anguel will learn whether the spirits promise victory if you fight to-morrow."

The Indians obeyed and went ashore on the island since called Isle La Motte. A small wigwam covered with brightly colored skins of the deer and moose served as the medicine-man's temple. Into this crept Anguel to commune with the deities. Uncoma stood just outside, ready to make known to the assembled warriors the oracular words spoken to Anguel.

The Frenchmen, lounging at one side of the camp-ground, looked with scornful eyes at the solemn concourse of Indians. They thought it strange such stout fighters could be so childish.

Now the slight poles of the wigwam began to shake as though agitated by the presence of mighty spirits, and soon muttering voices, supposed to belong to the gods themselves, were heard in earnest converse with Anguel.

"The spirits say," interrupted Uncoma, "you must fight to-morrow, for then you will be terrible to your enemies, and the frightened Iroquois will try to hide himself beneath the moss of the forest. When you have won the battle, you shall rest and feast, giving thanks to the gods and presents to the medicine-man."

The assembly broke up, and a roughly fortified camp was built; now they were in the land of the Iroquois, and it would not do to be careless. That night Uncoma lay by the side of his instructor, Anguel.

"Tell me," said the boy, "why do you deceive the warriors? They thought spirits shook the tent, but I saw your hand grasping the poles, and it was you, not the spirits, that spoke."

"O son of Wahiawa," replied Anguel, "your father could persuade men by his wisdom; but we lesser prophets must deceive if we would keep our influence. It is right for these dull warriors to fight to-morrow, for they are now well fed and in good courage; it is for their advantage, and so I thought it wise to say the gods bade them fight."

This reasoning did not quite satisfy Uncoma, and he fell asleep pondering over the duties of a medicine-man. He was almost sorry to think of what might come to him in the office he inherited.

By sunrise the canoes were again journeying southward, stealing along the west shore of the lake. During the forenoon the Algonquins saw smoke as of camp-fires rising into the air above a wooded point which stretched far into the water. Scouts were sent forward to learn the cause. They reported a camp of Dutch traders from Fort Orange, and, gathered around the traders, many Mohawk wigwams. An attack was planned, and soon the Iroquois, busy in exchanging furs for the wares of the white man, were startled by the war-cry of the Algonquins.

"CANOES LADEN WITH SWARTHY WARRIORS HAD CROSSED THE ST. LAWRENCE."

The Mohawks, assisted by the Dutchmen, intrenched themselves behind a rude barricade, and tried to make a stand against the invaders.

The commander of the French soldiers called on the besieged men to surrender; but even he doubted his ability to protect prisoners from the fury of his savage allies; the band inside the barricade seemed willing to die, but not to become captives.

Though the fight was stubborn, every advantage was in favor of the attacking party, and before sunset the only survivors of the band that defended the barricade were a few Mohawk warriors who had been wounded and made prisoners. The Dutchmen were all slain, their breastplates being no protection against the skilled bowmen of the Algonquins.

Uncoma was kept in the background during the fighting; but now that the battle was over he ran forward to examine the strange accoutrements of the Dutchmen. Back of the barricade he noticed a mound of leaves rudely heaped together. Throwing these aside, he saw the rounded top of a steel breastplate, from beneath which a faint sound was heard. A hole had been dug, and covered by the breastplate; in this cavity was a flaxen-haired white child, a girl less than twelve years old.

The little girl might have been slain by the victorious Indians had not Uncoma restrained them. He comforted her as best he could, and led her away from the bloody scene. She knew a few words of the Indian language, and thus could give some account of herself. Her father, who had come north to barter with the friendly Mohawks, had brought her with him. There seemed but little danger, as the terror of the Mohawk warriors usually kept the Champlain region clear of hostile Indians. When the camp was attacked, her father had put her where he thought she would be safe from the Indian arrows. Now her father was killed, and his Gretchen a captive among the cruel Algonquins — tales of whom had so frightened her.

"Do not fear," said Uncoma. "They shall not hurt you. I am the son of Wahiawa, and, young as I am, can protect you."

Although Uncoma spoke thus boldly, he had some misgivings, and that night he questioned Anguel as to the probable fate of the captives.

"Already," said the medicine-man, "the warriors are drinking the liquors brought by the Dutch traders; to-morrow every Indian will be wild and bloodthirsty. It is useless for even you—son of Wahiawa, and the only Serpent left among the Algonquins — to attempt to interfere for the captives. Moreover, the law of the tribe gives warriors the right to prisoners taken in battle."

Uncoma lay awake thinking. The white child who already had roused his pity and friendship must not be abandoned to the cruel warriors. The lad resolved upon a plan to save her — a plan which kept his thoughts busy until far into the night.

It was past midnight when Uncoma grasped his bow and arrows, slipped from the side of the sleeping Anguel, and stole away into the darkness.

"HE BUILT A FIRE AND ROASTED THE GROUSE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Stealthily he flitted through the woods to where the captives were. The guards seemed sleepy or maybe tipsy, and it was an easy matter to move to the spot in which the Dutch girl had sobbed herself to sleep. He lifted his knife to sever the few thongs that bound her. His foot must have pressed somewhat too heavily upon the moss, for a twig snapped beneath it, with a sharp report. An Indian guard close to Uncoma's side started and peered around. The boy knew the surer way to silence this fellow was

to plunge the knife into his heart: what mattered a stupid warrior more or less? Yet Uncoma had enlisted in the cause of mercy, and this would be a bad beginning.

"Lie still and close your eyes, friend," he whispered to the guard, "or you will anger the spirits with whom I, Uncoma, am communing."

In supernatural awe the sentinel buried his face in the moss. Uncoma cut the thongs, and the child awoke from troubled dreams to see the kind face of her boy protector. He signed her to follow as silently and quickly as she could. Both wore moccasins and moved with inaudible footsteps. When out of hearing of the guards, Uncoma seized the girl's hand and ran as fast as the darkness and roughness of their path would allow. He did not slacken the pace until Gretchen was breathless. Then they walked again, and, as it seemed to her, had walked many miles when a gray light in the east foretold the dawn, and Uncoma permitted a halt.

The girl was hungry, and cried for food. Uncoma, in his anxiety to rescue her, had forgotten to bring provisions. But he had bow and arrows, and there must be game in the woods. Leaving his tired and weeping charge, he started forth. The forest creatures were hardly awake, and it began to seem as though he must return empty-handed, when he noticed some little balls on the branch of a spruce-tree. Uncoma stepped nearer and saw each ball was a fluffy mass of feathers. His arrow sped from the bow, and a half-grown grouse fell to the ground. The noise of the arrow, and the fall on the dry leaves below, alarmed the old bird; in a moment she was alert. Before the boy could fit another arrow to the bow, she was off and her young ones whirring after her.

The young grouse he had killed was no larger than a pigeon, but it would make a breakfast for the child. As for himself, like most Indian boys, he was trained to bear privation, and took pride in showing indifference to hunger.

He returned to Gretchen, built a fire, and roasted the grouse. While she breakfasted he

"'SEE!' HE CRIED, 'ON THE BOY'S WRIST IS THE TOTEM OF THE SERPENT-CLAN! HE MUST NOT BE KILLED.'"

unfolded his plan. They would follow some trail to a Mohawk village. As the Mohawks were friends of the Dutch, she would then be safe; but he, Uncoma, must leave her at the village outskirts, and return to Canada as best he could. An Algonquin lad could expect no mercy from the Mohawks.

Uncoma was making a couch for the tired child by spreading his mantle of beaver-skins over the moss, when a scream from her caused him to look up. She was staring at a bushy evergreen, where its heavy lower branches rested upon the ground. Following her glance, he saw a pair of menacing eyes gleaming from out the shadows. The young savage had been taught to act promptly; he seized his most deadly weapon—the keen flint tomahawk thrust through his belt—and hurled it at the peering eyes. There was an angry howl, and Uncoma, grasped from behind, was thrown to the ground.

A dozen dusky figures glided from out the underbrush, and the tall Mohawk warrior who had seized Uncoma stood over him, looking down with a grim frown.

"Why is the Algonquin boy and the white child in the land of the Mohawks? See, he is too quick with his tomahawk."

From under the evergreen an Indian was crawling. The boy's weapon had gashed his ear, and the warrior was furious with pain and outraged dignity. He moved to where Uncoma lay, and raised his knife.

"This whelp of the Algonquins must die," he muttered, "or the wound of the Mohawk brave will not heal."

Gretchen, who was watching with terrified eyes, screamed wildly; but Uncoma looked at the raised steel with steady gaze, though his hand convulsively clutched the earth. Perhaps this movement saved his life, for, as the blade was about to descend, one of the warriors caught and held the avenging arm. "See!" he cried, "on the boy's wrist is the totem of the Serpent-clan — the clan of great medicine-men which is sacred among all the tribes of the lakes and the river. He must not be killed."

The warriors crowded around to gaze at the image of the rattlesnake tattooed on the boy's wrist — the sacred symbol worn only by the chief magicians and their chosen successors.

Uncoma was ignorant of the full power of the totem which his father, Wahiawa, had tattooed upon his wrist, and which he alone of all Algonquins now had the right to wear; even if he had known its power, the morbid pride of an Indian might have forbidden his taking advantage of it to escape death. He was still solicitous for the welfare of the little maid, and so assumed all the dignity of his priestly rank as he addressed the now submissive Mohawks:

"Take this child safely and quickly to her people at Fort Orange; as for me, I wish guides to the great river which flows between the lands of the Iroquois and the Algonquins. Tell the Serpents of the Iroquois that among the Algonquins one only of their clan is alive, and he soon will visit them to be taught the secrets of the sacred wampum."

Yellow-haired Gretchen wept at parting with her young protector; but Uncoma did not dare unbend his dignity, and contented himself with ordering the Indians to take her safely to her people, or else fear the wrath of the Great Spirit. The Mohawks then separated into two parties: Gretchen, placed on a litter, was carried southward toward Fort Orange; while the guides of Uncoma took a northwest course to the St. Lawrence.

The boy felt safe among his new friends, and so bade them take him direct to Canada. He feared to let them know the existence of the Algonquin war-party.

In due season Gretchen reached the Dutch settlement, and told of the destruction of the trading-party and her own rescue by the medicine-boy.

For many years Uncoma, last of his line and chief medicine-man of the Algonquins, wisely guided his people; but even he could not prevent the gradual annihilation to which they were doomed. In the latter days, when the Algonquin name was almost forgotten, an aged Indian stalked among the huts of Montreal. The good priests looked upon old Uncoma with kindly eyes, for his was a voice that had always been heard for peace and mercy.

FINGAL THE GIANT.

By H. L. V.

IN a wonderful cave in the northern sea
Lived a giant in days gone by.
He was rugged and rough as a Norway pine,
And he had but a single eye,
As big and as round as the wheel of a cart;
And I certainly think—don't you?—
That one was enough of such terrible eyes;
It was lucky he did n't have two!

HIS name it was Fingal; and I have been told
That if he but whispered, the roar
Of his mumbling voice made all Ireland shake
And echo from shore to shore.
He dwelt in his cavern in great content
With his giantess wife; and though
He would pocket the cottagers' cattle and sheep,
He was gentle, as giants go.

ONE day he came home in despair and rage,
And he spoke to his wife in fear:
"The giant from Skye, in his seven-league boots,
Is coming—is almost here!
Alack and alas! and bad cess to the day!
Be jabers! and what will I do?
The giant from Skye is greater than I,
And his voice is mightier, too.

"HIS eye is as big as the wheel of a mill;
I 'm a babby beside him, says I!"
"Whisht, now, ye spalpeen," said the giant's wife;
"We 'll bother this giant from Skye!
So wrap yourself up in your wolfskin warm,
And kape yourself still on the floor;
And whativer is said and whativer is done,
Mind you do nothing but snore."

HE minded his wife, did the giant bold,
For he knew she had some wise plan.
"Be quick, for I see him," the giantess said;
"He is coming as fast as he can!"
He came; and he stood at the door of the cave;
He glared and he stared within;
He gnashed his teeth, and he rolled his eye,
And he looked quite as ugly as sin.

"IS this the cavern where Fingal lives?"
Roared the giant. "Now, woman, say!"
"Yes, Fingal lives here when he is at home;
But Fingal is gone away."
"And well he may flee!" laughed the giant of Skye,
In a voice that would make you quake.
But the giantess crooned a cradle-song
That made all Ireland shake.

"HE fled because he feared my might!"
Laughed the giant in boastful glee.
"Hush! hush wid ye, now," said Fingal's wife;
"The babby 's asleep; can't ye see?"
The giant looked down on the bundle of skins
That lay on the cavern floor,
With hair like a mane, and knotted limbs,
Like a tree fallen prone on the shore.

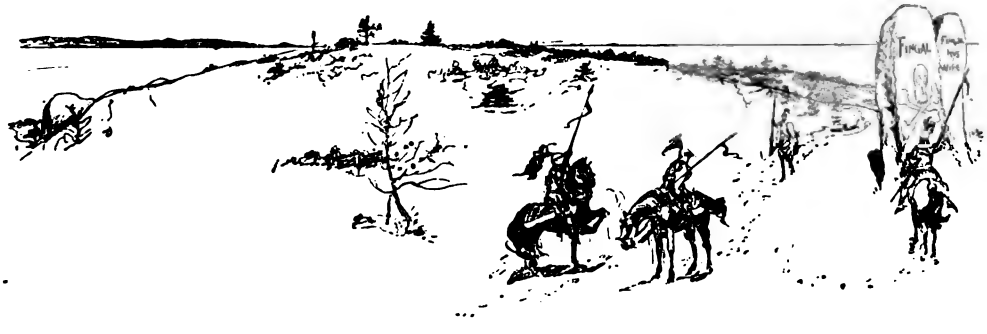
"WHO is that?" he said in his terrible voice,
That would fill your soul with dread.
"That 's Fingal's babby, ye bold gossoon,"
The crafty giantess said.
Then pallid with fear grew the giant from Skye.
"Bad cess to my fortune!" said he.
"If that be the babby of Fingal, bedad,
How mighty must Fingal be!"

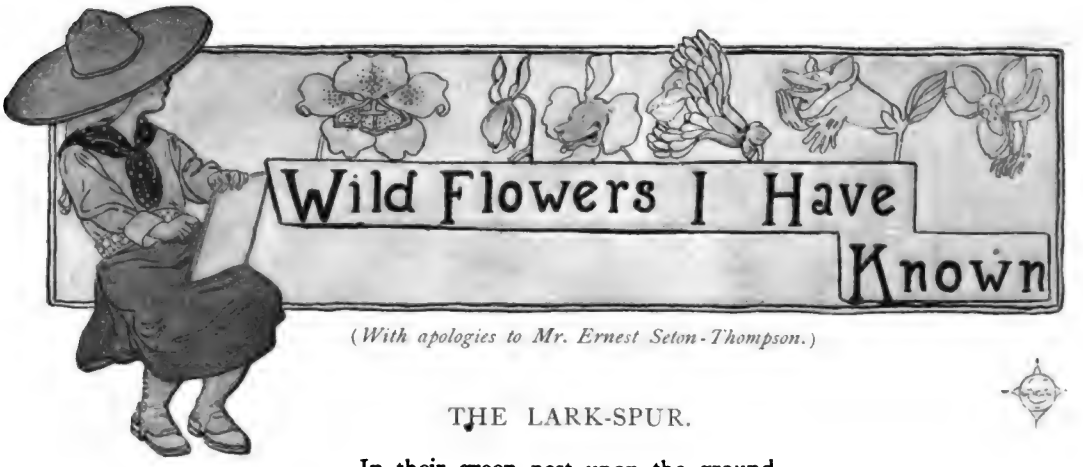
HE turned him about, did the giant bold;
He stayed not to say good-by,
But he strode away in his seven-league boots
Quite rapidly back to Skye.

THEY lived till they died, in serene content,
With never a care nor a sigh,
And they saw no more to the end of their days
Of the terrible giant of Skye.

And Fingal the giant arose and laughed
As he never had laughed in his life.
"What matter how simple a man may be,
If he gets him a clever wife?"

And if you doubt if my tale be true,—
And doubt is a troublesome elf,—
You have only to go to the Emerald Isle
And visit the cave yourself!

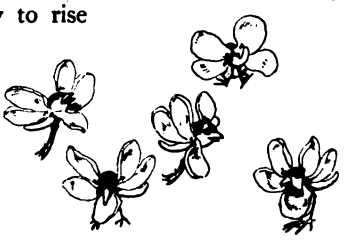




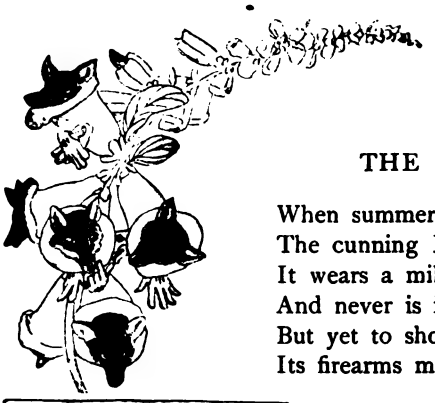
(With apologies to Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson.)

THE LARK-SPUR.

In their green nest upon the ground
A flock of Lark-spurs may be found.
They spread their tiny winglets blue
And greet the sun and drink the dew,
And well content are they to rise
A little way toward the
skies.



The Lark-Spur



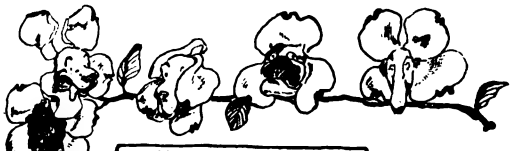
The Fox-Glove

THE FOX-GLOVE.

When summer days come round again
The cunning Fox-glove *leaves* its den.
It wears a mild and harmless mien,
And never is its weapon seen;
But yet to shoot it dearly loves —
Its firearms must be in its gloves.

THE DOG-WOOD.

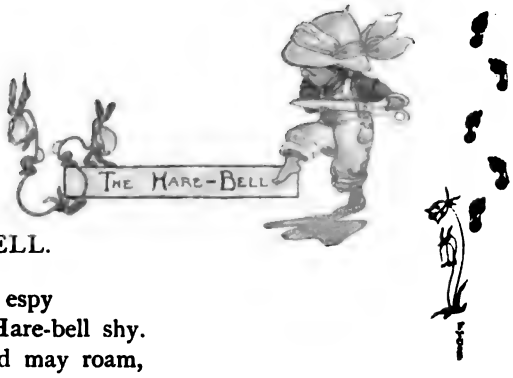
We love the happy Dog-wood days,
When he who walks by shady ways
Welcomes in every grove and park
The gentle Dog-wood's friendly bark;
It never bites; no sign is there
To bid us of the Dog beware.



The Dog-Wood

THE TIGER-LILY.

Down in the sunny garden there
The Tiger-lily has its lair;
But well this flower has been trained—
There is no need to keep it chained,
And timid folk abroad may walk,
Nor fear the Tiger-lily's stalk.



THE HARE-BELL.

Wild-flower hunters may espy
In sheltered nooks the Hare-bell shy.
Though other hares afield may roam,
This species always stays at home,
And we must seek within its dell
The sweet, retiring Bunny-bell.

THE DANDE-LION.

We soon shall see on hill and plain
The Dande-lion's yellow mane.
And though no warning roar we hear,
We know the spring is very near,
When Dande-lions, far and wide,
Are rampant through the country-side.

Jennie Betts Hartswick.

THE UNWILLING STUDENT.

By Albert Bigelow Paine.

"'T is hard to stay here in the house
And study all day long,
When through the casement I can hear
The throstle's mating-song.

"How can I bend above a book
With hand beneath my chin,
When doors and windows, open wide,
Let June's sweet fragrance in?

"The master cons a musty page
As solemn as can be,
And well I know he sometimes casts
A sidelong glance at me.

"He seems so very old and stern,—
So far away from joy,—
I would that I might ask him if
He ever were a boy."

Thus mused a lonely little lad
Of times agone, and oh,
To-day the lands are just as glad
As in the long ago.

As sweet the song and bloom — the smile
As fair that nature yields;
Come, let us leave our books awhile
And ramble down the fields!

THE DAISY SONG.

By Herbert Dane.

STROLLING upon a summer day, I met the little folk at play,
Intent upon their joyous games and merry lilting mazes, oh!
They danced upon a meadow green, as fine as silk, as soft as sheen,
And, in the whiles they sang between, they plucked the starry daisies, oh!

"One I love, and two I love, and three I love, I say."
Kisses one, and kisses two, and kisses all the day;
Father's love, and mother's love, wherever they may roam,
Childhood's happy, careless hours, the dear delights of home.

"Four I love with all my heart, and five I cast away,"
If he be not all I ask, then I will bid him nay;
"Six he loves, and she loves, seven; eight they love as one."
(Is n't that a dainty wooing 'neath a summer sun?)

"Nine he comes, and ten he tarries." Childish lips are dumb;
Would n't it be dreadful if the lover did n't come!
"'Lev'n he courts, and twelve he marries!" Now the doubt is past;
All around the daisy-heart, and so love wins at last.

Still, ere I left, they sang again the old undying gay refrain,
And laughter-loving voices rang the glad earth's tuneful praises, oh!
So may they come to youth's estate, with hearts as fresh and joy as great,
And meet at last the flow'ry fate appointed by the daisies, oh!

QUEER STEEDS.

By C. F. Holder.

"Whoa, chick! Whoa, bird!" somebody was saying.

A stroller along a road in southern California heard the words, and wondered at such unusual terms for horses. The road led out of a little village into the country, and was lined with golden poppies, while here and there brown-backed violets peeped through the green grain that, dropped from some hay-wagon, was now springing up all along the wayside.

The stroller was observing the flowers intently, so did not look around until "Whoa, chick! Gently, bird!" came right over his shoulder, so near that he sprang to one side, turned quickly, and in much astonishment stood facing the queerest team ever seen by anybody anywhere. Standing so close to him that one of the steeds reached over to peck at a flower in his hat, were two fuzzy, grotesque birds of gigantic size, in fact the largest birds in the world,—ostriches,—harnessed side by side to a curious sulky-like vehicle that had three wheels like a tricycle. On the seat, holding the reins, sat a young man with a pleasant smile on his face, which broadened into a laugh as he saw the evident surprise of the startled observer.

"They 're a little kittenish and skittish yet," he said, as one of the birds leaned over and pecked violently at the flower in the stranger's hat. "They can't kick, but they will eat anything in sight. Whoa, chick! Whoa, bird!"—as the birds made a joint effort to reach the bearer of the flowers, who now, laughing, backed out of reach of the strange team.

"Don't be afraid," said the driver, touching the bird-horses with his whip as they made another convulsive effort, lunging heavily toward the poppies. "They can't bite you; see, they 're muzzled." And then the man with the flowers noticed the clever way in which the birds were harnessed. Around their necks was a strap, while another strap held their beaks together so they could not bite.

"We have to muzzle them," continued the communicative driver. "They 'll eat anything—from nails to oranges. Last week one bird swallowed a pipe—and lighted, at that; just snatched it out of a man's hand. But that is n't their steady diet; no. They live on alfalfa-grass and vegetables and ground shells and pebbles."

The birds were harnessed not unlike horses. Heavy leather collars fitted the lower part of their necks, forming breastplates that were attached to the end of the wagon-shaft and to each other; leading backward were traces that passed beneath the wings. The reins were not attached to their heads, but to their backs.

"They 're just broken in," said the driver, "but they travel pretty well"; and he touched the birds with the short whip and spoke to them. They looked around with their great black eyes, and then, as though what he wanted had suddenly occurred to them, started, gradually settling into a very moderate trot, turning easily and coming back up the road again.

"You see they are harnessed in to stay," the ostrich-driver said as he stopped his team. "There are only two things they can do: stand in harness or go ahead. As a rule, they prefer to go. There 's only one trouble—I can't get any great speed out of them."

At the South Pasadena ostrich-farm, where one hundred birds of all sizes can be seen, from chicks to full-grown specimens, a boy rides one of the large birds bareback. At first the feathery steed protested, but gradually it became used to it, so that the young rider goes along with all the ease imaginable, and the picture on page 724 shows him quite master of his mount.

"Curious thing, that neck," continued the driver, leaving his seat and unmuzzling one of the birds. "Watch it."

Taking from his pocket an orange, he held it out. The bird eagerly seized and swallowed it, and the orange could be seen as a large lump passing all the way down the long neck —which was an extraordinary spectacle.

A few minutes later the driver touched his strange team, and away they went to the stable, or corral, in the neighboring farm.

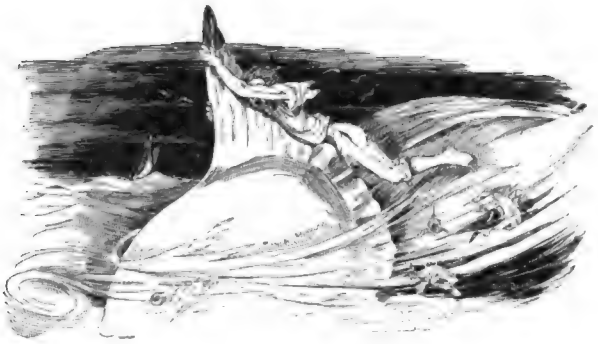
Several years ago a gentleman hit upon the notion of taming fishes to draw him about a lake upon his country place. The water was stocked with large German carp that eagerly followed their owner around the edge; but they were rather too delicate to harness, although if enough had been attached they would probably have moved the boat gradually. A number of fishes were thought of, and finally the sturgeon was selected. Soon after two large fellows five or six feet long were secured and safely placed in the large pond, that was fed from the Hudson River.

At first the new-comers created a terrible commotion. The water became muddy and was in a constant turmoil. Some lazy goldfishes that had always lived a quiet life in that pond were greatly terrified.

The sturgeons coursed about the sides of the lake, and it was several days before they became contented and swam leisurely around. After they had been in confinement for three weeks and were thoroughly at home, the training was begun. A sort of harness was made of canvas to fit over their rough heads,

"TWO FUZZY, GROTESQUE BIRDS HARNESSED TO A SULKY-LIKE VEHICLE THAT HAD THREE WHEELS LIKE A TRICYCLE."

with two traces leading behind. The bridle was a similar loop of canvas that fitted over the head, and to it the reins were attached.



A SAILOR RIDING UPON THE GREAT SUNFISH.

A boat was floated over a sleeping fish, then a man leaned carefully over and dropped the loops directly in front of the fish and over its head. The sturgeon started forward and so made sure its capture, though there was a fierce struggle before it submitted to wear the harness.

When finally under control, it was secured with a harness that resembled a shawl-strap, made of two bands of canvas fastened together, one encircling the fish in front of the pectoral fins, the other two feet behind it. Rising from the connecting-bands was a loop into which was fastened the single trace, to which, again, was attached the rope of a light boat. For a rein a loop was fitted around the very long nose of the sturgeon.

It was only after a long struggle that the harness was placed upon the sea-horse, and then it started off so rapidly that the old gardener, who was acting as hostler, was fairly hauled into the muddy water, and away went the sturgeon, rushing around the lake in mad terror, finally turning back down, as if dead. But this was only a trick, as it soon revived, and was again secured. The traces were then fastened to a light raft, and, to the delight of the experimenter, off the fish started, carrying the raft about the pond at a very lively rate of speed.

This practice was kept up for a number of days, until the sturgeon was so thoroughly tamed that it moved slowly along without attempting to run away. Its mate was now taken in hand, and after a similar schooling was completely subdued, and then fastened to the other. A light boat in imitation of a swan now replaced the raft, and in it the owner, who was a portly old gentleman, one day took his seat and the reins, and was soon speeding around the pond after two steeds that were, certainly, the strangest that ever were trained.

For some time the sturgeons were used in this way, finally dying, I believe, from some poison that destroyed all the inhabitants of the fish-pond.

ST. NICHOLAS readers have been told of the great shark that I once kept in a tide-water aquarium on the Florida reef.* Another shark, not quite so large, was used by myself and some young companions in a singular way. The first shark was a so-called "man-eater," an enormous creature so far as bulk was concerned, and one that had towed the fishermen's boat a long distance before it was overcome. The second was the kind called a "nurse," dark brown in color, large and prone to lie on the bottom of the sea as if asleep.

With no little difficulty we caught the nurse, towed it to the aquarium, which was an inclosed moat half a mile long, fifty feet wide, and from six to eight feet deep. It required a dozen or more men to haul the fish, which was eleven feet in length, over the little tide-gate. Just before it was released a rope bridle was passed over it—a loop that fitted over the head and was tightened just behind the fins, so that it remained in place, a perfect saddle-girth. To this a rope about ten feet long was attached, and in turn made fast to a float. All this was prepared in advance, and it did not require much time to attach it, though the plunges of the shark knocked several men from their feet. Finally all was ready, and the shark was rolled over into the moat, where it went dashing away, the telltale float following at the surface.

For some time we had been engaged in building a boat which was to be the carriage of this steed. The masons had given us the frame of a great brick arch upon which they were working. This resembled a scow with square ends. It was a perfect skiff, except that the

* ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1889, page 927.

planks were an inch apart; but we filled these crevices and calked it with oakum. The day before the shark was caught, the boat was launched and tested, and it was found that it would hold three boys, two on a lower seat and one on the box-seat of the coach. The "shark ride" was looked forward to with the greatest interest.

Finally the day arrived, and very early, while the great tropical sun was creeping up through the vermilion clouds, we made our way around the wall and to our marine carriage. Being the originator of the scheme, the privilege of the box-seat was awarded to me. Literally, this seat was a box—a discarded cracker-box. My two companions sat upon a board in the stern to balance the skiff. We were soon in place, and sitting on the box, I carefully paddled the little craft out from the tide-gate, and began the search for our steed. I paddled down one side of the great wall, keeping perfectly quiet, as every quick movement threatened us with a capsize.

Presently we saw the float lying motionless on the water near the wall. The shark was undoubtedly asleep, little suspecting the rude awakening that was in store for him. I now handed the paddle to one of the boys behind me, and took in hand our painter. The latter is the rope fastened to the boat, and it was now my business to secure this to the float and to arouse the shark.

One of my companions paddled gently, and the flat-bottomed boat slowly drifted on. Leaning forward, I picked up the float, and quickly ran the painter through a hole that had been left in the float for the purpose, and fastened it with a bowline knot in a very seamanlike manner. When this was done, I hauled in the slack and gently pulled the rein, while one of the boys "clucked" at the shark, and the other said "Gedap!" No response. Then I gave another jerk at the line, and the shark woke up.

I have often read of boys who awake at sunrise and bound out of bed with a single leap, and have always thought that such sudden awakening could be true only in books. But that was exactly how this shark woke. It fairly leaped out of a sound sleep, and jerked the skiff ahead so violently that the box-seat upset and I fell backward upon my companions. This upset was certainly not a dignified beginning, and I heard a roar of laughter from some fun-loving lookers-on.

The shark, now feeling the rope, dashed along at a rapid pace, making it extremely difficult for us to retain our places; but my companions aided me. Carefully raising me, they righted the box. I secured the painter and held the single rein in triumph. It was a signal success. We had harnessed the shark, and were moving at a rate that was wildly exciting. The speed was so great that the boat was pulled almost bow under, and a wave of foam preceded us. The boys held on tightly, but occasionally raised one hand and waved their hats and cheered when a head appeared at a port-hole of the fort.

In the excitement of our start we had failed to notice that we were headed for the tide-gate, and that a turn must soon be made. And here let me say, for the benefit of any ST. NICHOLAS readers who may desire to drive a shark in harness, that they must never fasten the rein or trace or line to the boat if it is a small one. Tie it to an oar or to some float that can be cast off if occasion requires. Neglect of this rule was the cause of our downfall. The shark rapidly drew near the tide-fence where it must turn, and, at the rate of speed we were traveling, to turn without an accident was impossible. We saw this fact all at once, and then some one cried, "Cast off the rope!"

This was easier to say than to do, and I pulled until my arms ached, but could not gain any slack from the shark; then I passed the rope astern, and our six arms pulled with all their strength.

How this might have resulted is a question; but at that moment our "fiery" and certainly "untamed" steed sighted the dam, and turned like a jack-rabbit, whirling so suddenly that I seemed to fly off into the air with the box-seat. My companions, who had been holding to the rail with grim determination, fared a little better, and almost survived the turn. But as the shark started ahead on the return journey, it jerked the craft so violently that it seemed to shoot into the air, and as I was swimming with the

box-seat, I saw the bare legs of the other two boys for one fleeting moment in the air, and then they were swallowed up, the kindly waves shutting out the derisive laughter of the observers. We soon swam to the tide-gate, and climbed upon the sea-wall. Then we ran along to see the shark towing our coach. It now skimmed along the surface this way and that, but without upsetting, illustrating that, despite our accident, shark-driving might be a success if the matter was properly managed.

"A BOY RIDES ONE OF THE BIRDS BAREBACK."

Years ago, when Barnum, the great showman, was in his prime, he kept a white whale in a large tank. This animal became so docile that it readily submitted to the harnessing process. From the harness traces extended backward, and were fastened to a boat. Children—two or three at a time—sat in this boat, and were towed about the tank behind this strange steed. The whale would occasionally come to the surface to blow, raising its small eyes out of water and gazing at the boat and its occupants in probable amazement; but it never attempted to "run away" or leap out of water, as whales sometimes do, being really one of the most docile of all the strange steeds about which it has been my good fortune to know.

Not a few of the old whalers can relate marvelous and true stories of rides taken entirely against their will, large whales often towing their boats for many miles at frightful speed. On one occasion a whale was struck in the North Pacific, and immediately dived—"sounding," the whalers call it—directly to the bottom. The line whizzed out so rapidly that it smoked from the rubbing; but suddenly it stopped running, and there was a threatening silence. "She 's coming up!" cried one of the men. The oarsman shouted, "Stern all!" But it was too late. The maddened whale came up like a shot, and sent the boat, crew, and oars flying twelve or fifteen feet into the air. In coming down one of the men fell upon the whale's back as it started away, rushing along at the surface of the water. The harpoon was still sticking in the animal, and, seizing it, the man held on for several moments, and was carried along bareback; but the big waves created by this method of traveling were too heavy, so he was soon washed off, and was picked up by another boat from the ship, the crew of which had been astonished spectators of the strange performance.

In certain South American rivers and their tributaries is found an enormous fish called the *Studis*. It often exceeds twelve feet in length, and is one of the heaviest fishes known, even the scales being seemingly carved bone. Though large and powerful, it is extremely sluggish and fond of lying in shoal water, and on this account can be hunted by the natives, who shoot it with the bow and arrow, or spear it with an iron-tipped bamboo rod.

Once a native in the bow of a boat raised his spear and struck it violently into the head of one of these great fishes. The fish, probably asleep, feeling the spear, dashed fairly out of water with a tremendous leap, producing a ludicrous result. The spearsman was lifted clear of the boat. Before he was aware what had happened, he found himself astride the monster's back and flying away through the water. The fish could not dive, as the water was too shoal, so it rushed away, followed by a cloud of flying foam that almost buried the rider. The man convulsively clung to his spear, leaning back to avoid the waves, and presenting a laughable spectacle to his comrades. The race, however, was short. The fish made for deep water, and dived, forcing its rider to relinquish his hold so as not to be carried under, and to swim toward the following boat.

The porpoise could easily be trained to tow a boat, and probably a number of the larger marine fishes would yield to patient treatment. Swans have been harnessed to boats; and the great albatross has been known to save the lives of persons falling overboard at sea; the swimmer happening to grasp its dangling webbed feet has been supported on top of the water till rescue came.

An adventurous planter in Florida some years ago attempted the education of an alligator. This proved, however, impossible.

When the alligator had reached the length of twelve or fifteen feet, the idea of training him occurred to the owner, and was immediately tried. Long ago the alligator had been a household pet, but had outgrown this condition, and lived near the boat-house among the reeds and rushes, occasionally crawling up toward the house for food.

For some distance offshore there extended a shallow flat, and getting into a flat-bottomed boat one day, the planter, with a colored boy carrying several fish, shoved off, followed by the harmless reptile. A rude harness had been made, and was easily slipped over its head. Then, instead of giving the fish to the alligator, the colored boy struck the waiting animal over the back with the oar. For a moment the reptile seemed paralyzed with astonishment; then, suddenly feeling the extent of the wrong, it rushed off in a floundering manner. The darky was clinging to the reins and shouting with glee, while the planter picked himself up from the bottom of the boat, where he had been thrown at the first start of the strange "horse."

Contrary to their wishes, the alligator did not move out toward the open flat, but, turning quickly toward shore, it rushed in, and, with a few strong lashes of its tail, landed on a mud bank, the skiff grounding with a shock that again threw the planter over. Jerking the reins from the driver, the alligator scrambled over the bank, leaving the voyagers hard and fast. Thereafter the alligator was allowed to remain quiet in its muddy home.

Among land animals, the deer is harnessed in some countries, while the reindeer, yak, Cape buffalo, and camel are of great use to the people of the countries in which they live.

BABY STUART.*

By Jane Marsh Parker.

If Baby Stuart, whose picture is so well known to most of you, could tell his own story as he looks down from many a school-room wall, perhaps this is what he would say:

"My father was King Charles I. of England. He was beheaded when I was sixteen years old. That was a long time ago — more than two hundred and fifty years. One hundred years before that my great-grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, was beheaded. So you see that to be a prince of the blood, as I was, was not the happiest thing in the world. After my father had been put to death, Oliver Cromwell, who had no royal blood in his veins, was made ruler of England; but it was not long before England decided to have a king again— to call back the Stuarts; and so my eldest brother was crowned Charles II. As Duke of York and Albany, and the next heir to the throne, I was as important a personage as could be seen at court; and I held high positions in the army. This picture was painted when I was about two years old, by a famous Dutch artist named Vandyke, whom my father, the king, kept busy painting his portraits and those of my mother, the queen, and of my brothers and sisters as well. It is one of a group known as the 'Children of Charles I.' That is my

* See note, page 766.

brother, Prince Charlie, with his hand on the dog's head. My sister the Princess Mary stands between us. She was afterward married to the Prince of Orange of Holland, and it was their son, William III., that married my daughter Mary — they are the 'William and Mary' that 'together came on,' after my reign in the rhyme you recite about the kings and queens of England. After William and Mary, Anne, my youngest daughter, succeeded to the throne — 'Good Queen Anne,' as she was called.

FROM THE PAINTING BY VANDYKE. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

"LITTLE BABY STUART."

"I reigned — well, only some three years. I was past fifty when I ascended the throne, and, as perhaps you know, the most of my subjects did not like me overmuch, and I was glad to escape from London with my life, and run away to France, where my uncle, Louis XIII., was king. He gave me a palace to live in for the rest of my days. In history I am called James II., the last Roman Catholic King of England.

"When I was in the prime of life, my royal brother, the king, gave me, as a reward for some hard fighting I had done for him against Holland, a great domain, millions of acres, over the sea in that strange New World neither of us had ever seen nor cared to visit. The king gave me two tracts, or patents, as they were called; and one of them included 'all the land from the west side of the Connecticut River to the east side of the Delaware,' — a grant of what in truth belonged to the Dutch, who had a settlement at the mouth of the Hudson River called New Amsterdam, and farther up the Hudson a thriving trading-post, Fort Orange. New Amsterdam we decided (the king and I) should be called New York, in honor of my Royal Highness, and Fort Orange we two renamed Albany. I was Duke of York and Albany, you know, and in those days it was by some thought that kings had the right to take anything they wanted, and do with it as they pleased. So you see, that your Baby Stuart has two great monuments in your Empire State — the cities of New York and Albany. These names, York and Albany, are pretty well sprinkled over the United States, each a memorial of your Baby Stuart.

"And one thing more should interest particularly the children descended from the soldiers of that Revolution of which you are all so proud. I had a great deal to do with the starting of what became, in less than a hundred years, your War of the Revolution. I was the first colonial proprietor that provoked an open revolt against England. In that part of my domain known as 'the places upon the Dela-

ware,' a Scandinavian called Long Fin stirred up the people against my tyranny, as he called it — my unjust, cruel laws; and there was a considerable uprising. But it was soon put down; Long Fin was whipped, branded with the letter R, and sold into slavery — the beginning, you see, of '76, which had another ending.

"Had things been different from what they were some two hundred and fifty years ago, my son, James Francis Edward Stuart, would have had a place in the list of England's kings, and would not now be known as the 'Pretender'; and my grandson, Charles Edward Stuart, would not be called the 'Young Pretender,' but Charles III. of England. But after my flight and the calling of William of Orange to the throne, another line of royal descent from my grandfather, James I., was fixed upon and accepted by the Parliament of England; and that is why King Edward VII. is king, though not a direct descendant of your Baby Stuart.

"Thanks to Anthony Vandyke, I have an enduring throne in the hearts of a multitude of children the world over — am crowned with their love. They look up from their books, and find help in my sweet baby face to be good, and strong, and pure. I am never the proud, stern Duke of York to them, nor the runaway James II., but always Prince Jamie, 'who tossed his ball so high, so high,' in the gardens of Hampton Court, and who used to go sailing in the king's barge up and down the Thames, and who loved his royal father dearly, even if many of the people of England did not."

Yes, I think this is about what our Baby Stuart would say. Let us remember, when we look at our favorite print, that if James Stuart was not the best of kings, he was ever a loving father, and that separation from his children in his exile was the bitterest sorrow of his broken heart.

BOY LOST! — IN THE PAGES OF ST. NICHOLAS.

The Gorgeous Giraffe

By Carolyn Wells.

At a city hotel, an enormous giraffe
Arrived from the East;
And this curious beast
Wore a long, linen duster, and carried a staff.
His wit and his chaff
Made every one laugh,
This epigrammatic, grammatic giraffe!

He saw all the sights with exuberant glee!
He gazed and he stared,
And then he declared:
"I 'll spend a few days by the shore of the sea;
'T is delightful to me
Quite idle to be
By the roaring, uproarious, roarious sea!"

But when on his way he cried suddenly:
"Stop!
My collars are soiled;
Indeed, they 're quite spoiled.
And although I am neither a dandy nor fop,
I think I will pop
Into this little shop,
This neat, little habery-dashery shop!"

Then he spoke to the shopman somewhat on
this wise:
"Your stock I admire,
And I think I require
A dozen new collars and twelve pretty ties,
Not all of a size;
And I 'm sure I would prize
Some rather diversified, versified ties!"

With the shopkeeper's aid he selected a lot
Of collars that rolled,
Or bent in a fold,
Some low and some high. And the ties
that he got
Were scarf, string, and knot,
With a stripe or a spot,
A most satisfactory, factory lot.

He carefully fastened them all round his neck;
In the mirror he spied
His reflection with pride,
For giraffes love most dearly their throats to bedeck;
He cared not a speck
For the size of his check,
If he clothed his remarkable, markable neck.

Said the shopman: "Dear sir, if I may be so bold,
By the shore of the sea,
Where so soon you will be,
The weather is frequently freezingly cold;
And many, I 'm told,
Down there you behold
With their necks in these comforting comforters rolled."

This suggestion delighted the worthy giraffe.
Of the comforters brought
A dozen he bought,
And tied them all on. Then he picked up his staff—
And I 'm sure you will laugh
At this queer photograph
Of the aristocratic, tocratic giraffe.

WORDS AND THEIR HISTORY.

By R. W. McAlpine.

In the lives of words, as in the lives of men, time brings about many changes. Words change in form, in stature, and in color; they lose the traits of their ancestors; and yet sometimes and somehow they retain just enough of the original to hint at their beginning, and to suggest to the curious gleaner in the field of thought that though there may be a wide gap between the past and the present of a word, the gap may by patient effort be so narrowed as to be bridged over, and the differences between the word that *is* and the word that *was* fully accounted for.

Now that we have taken breath, let 's close up some of the gaps that I spoke of just now. *Peculiar* is a good word to start with.

What connection is there between this and a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle? *Pecus* is the Latin for herd or flock. *Peculium* meant the property owned by a son or a slave with the consent of the father or master. It was also the name given to property held by the wife as her own. The bulk of this property was herds of cattle. In time the word was applied to any property belonging especially to one person. It was *peculiar* to himself, and to deprive him dishonestly of this *peculiar* property or any part of it to-day is to *peculate*.

Pecus hands down to us another word which records an interesting bit of history. *Pecunia* was in primitive times the wealth of a man in cattle. As civilization advanced men required other things to render life livable, and *pecunia* became the word for all kinds of property. When money became the medium of exchange, *pecuniary* came to have reference to money and money value only. The following, from Carlyle's queer book "Sartor Resartus," is a quaint word-picture of the growth of the little infant word *pecunia* out of its swaddling-clothes into its roundabout jacket and swallowtail coat:

> A simple custom it was in the old-world Grazier—sick of lugging his slow ox about the country till he got it bartered for corn or oil—to take a piece of leather, and thereon scratch or stamp the mere Figure of an Ox (or *Pecus*), put it in his pocket, and call it *Pecunia*, Money. Yet hereby did Barter grow Sale, the leather Money is now Golden or Paper, and all miracles have been out-miracled; for there are Rothschilds and English National Debts; and whoso hath Sixpence is Sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men; commands Cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, Kings to mount guard over him—to the length of sixpence.

That the ownership of herds and flocks did not cease to be of importance to the Romans after they began to colonize in foreign lands is proved by the Norman French *catal* (cattle), whence the English *chattels*, a word representing our movable property. This brings to mind the fact that as *peculate* is from *pecus*, a herd of tame animals, so *spoil*, which we sometimes call plunder or booty, is from *spolium*, the skin stripped from the back of a wild animal. Before the Romans, as well as other peoples, had weavers and tailors, they would deprive the bear and the wolf of their hides, convert them into coats and breeches, and carry them off as *spoils* of the chase. After a while anything taken from an enemy by force was called *spoil*.

The words of our language that owe their origin to the names of animals are very numerous; but glance at this short list, and add to it at your leisure: *chivalry* (French, *cheval*, horse); *equestrian* (Latin, *equus*, horse); *cynic*, *cynosure* (Greek, *kuon*, dog); *fiddle* (Latin, *vitulus*, calf); *capricious*, *capricorn*, *caper* (Latin, *caper*, goat); *dandelion*, *jackanapes*, *shepherd*, *coxcomb*, *hare-lip*, *cowlick*, *sheepish*, *aquiline*.

While it is easy to connect the equestrian with horse, the shepherd with sheep, and the cynic with an ill-natured dog, it is somewhat of a strain to establish a relationship between *veal* and *fiddle*; but *vitulus* is Latin for *veal*,

and in Middle Latin *vitula* is the word that gave the Italians the *viola*, or *violin*, and to us both *violin* and *fiddle*. Diez, the lexicographer, derives *vitula* from *vitulari*, to sacrifice a calf, then to be joyous or merry. So we have *veal*, *vellum*, and *fiddle*,—three words seemingly as unrelated as *cabbage* and *bicycle*,—all from the one source. The conjectural etymologist derives *fiddle* from the Latin *fides*, *fidiculus*, which is simply ridiculous, for the fiddle was not known to the Romans. The *fidicula* was a stringed instrument, to be sure, but it had no bow.

Here are three words that seem to have strayed to us by devious ways. They are not related; and yet, for a reason which will be plain to you, I class them together. They are *canopy*, *canvas*, and *bunting*. A canopy is what you may call a cloth roof. In modern Greek it is *konopeion*, a net or curtain. *Konops* is not a net but a gnat, a disagreeable little pest that is at home all along the shores of the Mediterranean. The original canopy was a net to keep the gnats from annoying those who slept. *Canvas* is the Italian *cannevo*. *canapa*, hemp. In French *canevas* is our canvas, a coarse cloth, something that might be described by Dr. Samuel Johnson's definition of *network*—"a thing decussated and reticulated, with equal interstices between the intersections"—that is, with openings between the threads. So much for the noun. When we *canvass* a matter, we subject it to a sifting, like meal through canvas, as it were; and the verb *sift* is used in like manner to indicate a thorough examination by shaking and cleansing. In some parts of England —Somerset, for instance—*to bunt* is to sift, to bolt meal; and *bunting* is the coarse bolting-cloth used for sifting flour in the mill. In our country *bunting* is known as the material of which our flags are made, and the word also means the flags themselves.

Many of our common words are but forms of proper names. The *tram* road bears as its title the second syllable of *Outram*, the name of the man who invented and introduced it; the *monkey*-wrench is said to perpetuate the name of its inventor, Charles Moncky, a German, who sold his patent for two thousand dollars, with which he bought himself a house.

Boycott, originally a proper name, came into common use about 1875 to signify a method of injuring the business or social prospects of a person. The word and the custom of shunning a boycotted victim arose in Ireland; but boycotting soon became so general that it was recognized in all so-called enlightened countries. The agent of a large landed estate in Connemara was a Captain Boycott, who was so unpopular with the tenants that they begged for his removal. As Lord Earne, the landowner, refused to remove him, the tenants sought redress by refusing to work for the agent or to allow others to do so. Tradesmen would not deal with him, his own servants deserted him, and many of his friends gave him the cold shoulder. Finding that he was in danger of starvation, a number of Ulster men came to his relief, harvested his crops while under the protection of armed troops, and enabled him, for a time, at least, to escape absolute ruin. Many men have been boycotted since Captain Boycott's unhappy experience introduced the new word, and *boycott*, the world over, is recognized as a term for which there is no exact synonym.

A *macadamized* road is one that is paved with broken stone hardened into a solid mass by the weight of heavy wagons. Late in the last century John Loudon Macadam, a surveyor, of County Down, Ireland, proposed that the highways should be built according to a method he had invented; and after having been much ridiculed by his fellow-countrymen, who had very little faith in new things, he satisfied the road-builders that his invention was a good one. The government gave him ten thousand pounds as a reward, and offered him a title of nobility. The money he accepted, but he modestly declined the title, and went on building roads. It was not long before all the great highways in Great Britain were macadamized; and to-day the inventor's name is a household word everywhere.

The trousers men wear we once called *pantaloons*. The word, now too commonly corrupted into *pants*,* is derived from St. Panta-

* Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes thus cleverly condemns the objectionable word and a fit companion:

"*Pants*—a word in certain documents
Intended not for gentlemen, but *gents*."

leone, the patron saint of the Venetians, very many of whom received Pantaleone as their Christian name; and it was in time given to long trousers coming to the ankle.

The common hackney-coach of Paris is called the *fiacre*. This comes from the fact that when it was introduced it was kept waiting for passengers in front of a hotel which bore the name and the image of the Scottish saint Fiacre. The *hansom*, which is one of the most unhandsome vehicles on wheels, bears the name of its inventor.

Tawdry, meaning a coarse imitation of what is delicate and artistic, is but a rough form of St. Audrey (Etheldreda, or Æthelthryth), whose name was given to an English fair where cheap laces, jewelry, and other tinsel splendors were peddled out to boorish buyers.

Dunce is a word whose pedigree opens to us an interesting page in the intellectual history of Europe. The great teachers of the various forms of theology were once known as schoolmen, and to them we owe the introduction of many words we find useful to-day, as *real*, *entity*, *nonentity*, *equivocation*, *virtual*. One of these schoolmen—the greatest teacher of them all—was Duns Scotus, familiarly called Duns. When an adherent of his school would strengthen his argument he would seek aid from Duns, while those of the new way of thinking would ridicule him by calling him a *Dunsman* or a *Duns*. Although the great teacher was so much a master as to have gained the title of "Subtle Doctor," his name, so often used in contempt, became a nickname of scorn, and at last a *Duns* was looked upon as a fool, and the word *dunce* has come down to us to signify one too stupid to learn.

Our books of maps are known by the name *Atlas*. Atlas was a demigod of the ancients who upheld the world on his broad shoulders. In the first edition of Mercator's great work on geography Atlas is thus represented on the title-page; and while we do not copy the picture, or any longer believe in what it depicts, we cling to the strong man's name, and use it in and out of school every day, although one half of us have n't a hint as to why we apply it as we do.

Bureau is a word that plays many parts. *Burrus* is the Latin for a coarse cloth of a bright red color. In the old French it became *buire*, brown, and *bureau* was the name of the cloth. This cloth, a sort of drugget, was used to cover a table or desk,—to carpet it, as Cotgrave has it,—and in course of time the desk or table itself was called *bureau*. We next find the word applied to the place where the desk or table was used, then to a department of public business requiring a number of clerks using pen and pencil. Then it came to mean the body of officials under a chief in that department, following the use of *board*, which was first a plank, then a table made of planks, then a body of officials who sat at that board to transact business. *Bureau* also means a chest of drawers for use in the dressing-room. The word *burro*, a Spanish-American term applied to a stout, stocky horse of great endurance and much self-will, is undoubtedly from the root that gives us *bureau*. The *burro* was of the dark-brown color whose name descended from the Latin *burrus* that gave us *bureau*, and was named for his color, as the *donkey* got his from the color known as *dun*, which was the prevailing tint of the earlier members of the donkey family. The syllable *key* in this word is simply a diminutive. *Dun* was perhaps the little animal's name, and when affection or ridicule prompted the addition of a syllable, *donkey* (often pronounced *dun*-key) stood forth simply as little Dun.

The Italian word *bizocco*, now used in the sense of rustic, rude, unpolished, clownish, has arisen in the same way. *Bizo*, primarily a coarse brown cloth, was used to signify gray. In Dutch *t' granauw* means the populace, because of the common gray clothing worn by the workingmen. During our Civil War the word *grayback* was applied by Union soldiers to the Confederate soldiers.

Clever is a low-born word that has worked its way up into good society, though meaning one thing in English dialects, another in America, and still another in classic English. Sir Thomas Browne noted it two centuries ago as "provincial," and Ray as "dialectic," while Barlow in his dictionary (1772) warns us that it should never be found in books, and Johnson protests against it as a low word scarcely ever

used but in burlesque or conversation. It is an interesting suggestion that *clever* is a corruption of *deliver* in the sense of nimble or active. It is certainly noticeable that one word comes forward exactly as the other disappears.

When we speak of *signing* a letter, a note, a deed, or any other document, we recall the days of the past when even kings and lords were ignorant of books, and knew nothing of King Cadmus his alphabet. Writing was then an art looked upon by the lofty as too low for them; and the knowledge of it was largely confined to those who made their living by it. When it was necessary for a great man to subscribe to a writing, his name was written by a clerk, and he himself made over it the "sign" of the cross. This was his mark, just as it is now with certain few of the "sovereigns" of our own land.

A *legend*, nowadays, is a tale that is not presented as true, although historic in form. In the olden time it was quite otherwise. Legends were the annual commemorations of the faith and patience of the martyrs—stories worthy to be read (Latin *lego*, I read).

Penny is a word easily traced to its source, and as easily understood, except when it is used to designate the size of nails. We say sixpenny, tenpenny, twelvepenny nails; yet the penny has nothing at all to do with the nails, except to help buy them. From time immemorial nails have been made to weigh so many pounds to the thousand. When a thousand nails weigh six pounds, they are sixpenny nails, when ten pounds, tenpenny, etc. Originally the call was for the 6-pound, 10-pound, or 12-pound variety; but then, as now, the average Englishman called pound *pun*, and nails were to him sixpun, tenpun, twelvepun. The abbreviation *pun* in some way was translated to mean *penny*, and so it will stand till nails are used no more.

A word that has troubled many etymologists is *tumbler*, a drinking-glass. The word is today a misnomer, because all our tumblers have something to stand on, whereas when the silver or gold tumbler was in evidence upon the festive board, it was a drinking-vessel with a pointed or convex base, and could not be set down "right side up" without upsetting. In other words, it tumbled; and if liquor were left in it, it would spill. The name was also applied to small silver bowls that would regain an upright position however they might be placed. In Swedish *tumlare* is a round drinking-cup. In Anglo-Saxon *tumbar* is to romp, to dance, to tumble. The latter word gives us our *tomboy*.

The word *dude* began to mingle in the speech of the people of this country about the year 1873, but did not make its appearance in print until 1876, when it boldly met the public gaze in the February number of "Putnam's Magazine." The origin of the word has been a question ever since it asserted itself in every-day speech, and its claim to represent a human nonentity in raiment befitting either fool or fashion-plate has never yet received the stamp of authority. The word is undoubtedly from the Scotch *duddies* (clothes), which crossed into England to become *duds* or *dudes;* and the first dude was what Shakspere calls "a clothes-wearing man." In Queen Anne's time he was known as a macaroni, one of the curiosities whom Addison described as "those circumforaneous wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish which it loves best. In Holland they are termed pickled herrings, in France jean potages, in Italian macaronies, and in Great Britain jack puddings." In a play by Terence, the Latin dramatist, occur these lines:

Ita visus est
Dudum quia varia veste exornatus fuit,

which has thus been put in English:

He seemed a *dude*, because he was arrayed in a jacket of many colors.

This bears out the claim that *dude* is from the Scotch word *duddies*, clothes; and reminds me that the paragraph referred to above as having appeared in "Putnam's Magazine," February, 1876, is in these words:

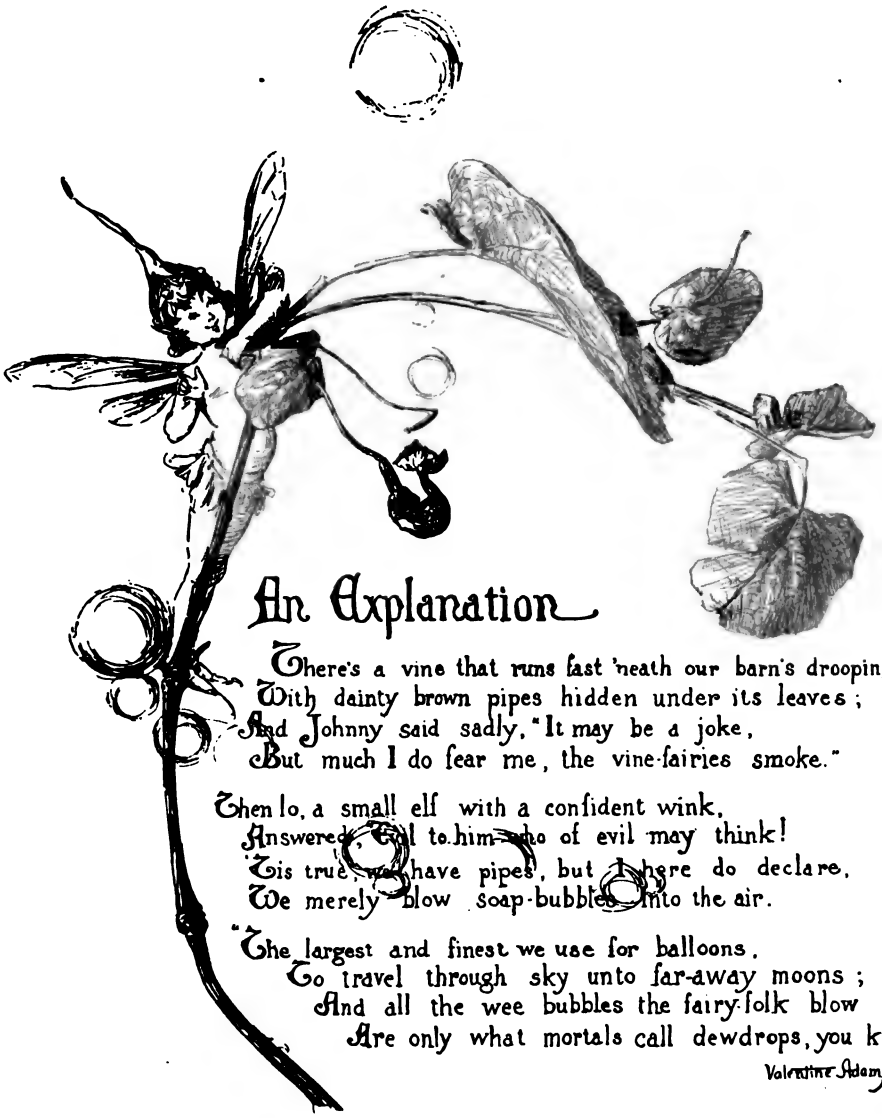
Think of her? I think she is dressed like a *dud;* can't say how she 'd look in the costume of the present century.

So *dude* was once of the common gender; or, rather, there was a *dud* as well as a *dude;* whereas in our day the dude is of one kind only, and whether in social converse or in com-

position is not seldom represented by the neuter pronoun *it*.

What has been hereinbefore set forth in regard to the changes that certain words of our language have undergone in their progress from birth to date may tempt some of my readers to lengthen the list, and make explorations in the world of words for themselves. To aid those who may feel inclined to yield to the temptation, I suggest the following as good to begin with:

quaker	lyceum	knave	post
luxury	stimulant	squatter	bid
knight	alderman	esquire	engine
senator	candidate	carpenter	marshal
boodle	tip (to fee)	maverick	livery
chowder	slave	check	quarter



BOOKS AND READING.

THE PRIZE QUESTIONS.

THE competitors found the questions in the February number a little less difficult than those in January, and there were more answers sent. The lists ranking highest were so nearly alike in excellence that only the most careful comparison enabled a fair judgment to be rendered, and, after all, the first two are so even that it has been decided to award two prizes (a year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS to each).

The winners of the prizes are:

MARGUERITE ROGERS, Cambridge, Mass.
E. FRANKLIN MURPHY, Aquasco, Md.

Each list had its own excellences, and the balance seemed poised between them.

Here follow the questions and the answers, the answer to each being selected from one of the winning-lists, and signed "R." or "M." accordingly:

1. Give a reason why the cat is not mentioned in the Bible.

The Israelites, no doubt, knew the *felis maniculata*, the original of our domestic cat, as it was widely distributed through Africa, Arabia, Syria, and Palestine; but we need not wonder that no reference is made in the Bible to the *domestic* cat. The Egyptians themselves had probably tamed the wildcat to only a certain extent. Cats, or rather wildcats, are mentioned in the Epistle of Jeremy (the Apocryphal Book of Baruch vi. 22). Wildcats are recognized by the text of Isaiah (xiii. 22 and xxxiv. 14), although the rendering "wildcats" is not adopted by modern translators. All we can be sure of is that the writers of the descriptions referred to had in view some definite wild animals—wolves, hyenas, jackals, martens, and wildcats; but it is not easy to distribute them among the various Hebrew terms therefor.

Another reason has been suggested. Among the Egyptians the cat was sacred to Isis, or the moon. Temples were raised and sacrifices offered in its honor, and its body embalmed at death. This might have been so abhorred by the Hebrews that they refrained from even mentioning it.

This, however, does not appear probable to me, because the Israelites mentioned other things which were, without doubt, as abhorrent to them as the cat may have been. (R.)

2. What books mentioned in the Bible have been lost?

The Book of the Wars of the Lord. Num. xxi. 14.
The Book of Jasher. Josh. x. 13; 2 Sam. i. 18.
The Book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Israel.
The Book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Judah.
The Book of Nathan the Prophet. 1 Chron. xxix. 29.
The Book of Gad the Seer. 1 Chron. xxix. 29.
The Book of the Acts of Solomon. 1 Kings xi. 41.
The Prophecy of Ahijah the Shilonite, and Iddo the Seer. 2 Chron. ix. 29.
The Prophecy of Jonah, distinct from the book that bears his name. 2 Kings xiv. 25.
The Book of Shemaiah the Prophet. 2 Chron. xii. 15.
The Book of Iddo the Seer concerning the Genealogies. 2 Chron. xii. 15.
The Commentary of Iddo the Prophet. 2 Chron. xiii. 22.
The Book of Jehu, the Son of Hanani. 2 Chron. xx. 34.
The Acts of Uzziah, by Isaiah, the Son of Amoz. 2 Chron. xxvi. 22.
The Lamentations of Jeremiah for Josiah. 2 Chron. xxxv. 25.
The Vision of Isaiah the Prophet. 2 Chron. xxxii. 32.
The Chronicle of King David. 1 Chron. xxvii. 24.
The Acts of Samuel the Seer. 1 Chron. xxix. 29.
The Commentary of the Kings. 2 Chron. xxiv. 27.
Acts of Hosai. 2 Chron. xxxiii. 19.
An Epistle of St. Paul's to the Corinthians is supposed to be lost. (M.)

3. Who was "Old Grimes," and who wrote a song about him?

"Old Grimes" is the title of one of George Crabbe's (1754–1832), the English poet's, tales in verse. Well known is Albert Gorton Greene's (1802–68), the American author's, mock-heroic ballad "Old Grimes," which begins:

"Old Grimes is dead, that good old man;
We ne'er shall see him more.
He used to wear a long black coat
All buttoned down before." (M.)

4. Give the seven wise sayings of the seven wise men of Greece.

"Most men are bad." Bias (B.C. 550).
"Consider the end." Chilo (B.C. 590).
"Avoid extremes." Cleobulos (B.C. 580).
"Nothing is impossible to industry." Periander (B.C. 665–585).
"Know thy opportunity." Pittacos (B.C. 652–569).
"Know thyself." Solon (B.C. 638–558).
"Suretyship is the forerunner of ruin." Thales (B.C. 636–546).

NOTE. Plato says that Myson should take the place of Periander. (R.)

5. What is "Tom Tiddler's Ground"?

"Tiddler" is said to be a contraction of "the idler" or "t' idler." There is an English school-boy game called "Tom Tiddler's Ground." One boy represents Tom, and stands on a small heap of stones or gravel, etc.; other boys rush on to the heap, crying: "Here I am on Tom Tiddler's ground," and Tom tries to keep them off.

"Tom Tiddler's Ground" referred to in question number five is described in Dickens's story of the same name. It was a nook in a rustic by-road, buildings and grounds laid in almost complete waste by the owner, Mr. Mopes the hermit, a sluggard who was abominably dirty, and wore nothing but a filthy blanket fastened with a skewer. Rumor assigned various causes for his actions, which had given him more renown than he could have won for himself as an "ordinary Christian or decent Hottentot."

Out of curiosity people came from far and near to see the place and its owner.

He pretended that he did not want visitors, who, he said, were trespassers, and he made a show of trying to get rid of them, just as the boys do in their game of Tom Tiddler.

As a matter of fact, he attained the very end he was after, and truly a very low one.

The story, which Dickens left incompleted, closes with a conversation between a traveler and a tinker, who had met on "Tom Tiddler's Ground." The last lines are, "And the moral with which the tinker dismissed the subject was that he said in his trade that metal that rotted for want of use had better be left to rot, and could n't rot too soon, considering how much true metal rotted from over-use and hard service."

The original Mr. Mopes is said to have been a man named Lucas, who lived at Redcoats Green, near Stevenage in Hertfordshire, England, and whom Dickens visited. (R.)

6. Who first said, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his ——"? Fill the blank and give the author.

"To the memory of the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." From the eulogy on Washington delivered by General Henry Lee, December 26, 1799.

"To the memory of the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens." From the Resolutions presented to the House of Representatives on the death of Washington in December, 1799. (R.)

7. What is the "Pons Asinorum"?

"Asses' Bridge" is a humorous name of the fifth proposition in the first Book of Euclid's Geometry, so named from the difficulty its demonstration causes beginners, as it is a theorem which dunces rarely get for the first time without stumbling. In Germany, as well as in the United States, asses' bridge (in German Eselsbruecke) sometimes denotes a key or translation of a Latin or Greek author. (M.)

8. What was meant by the "Wedding of the Adriatic"?

The ceremony of the "Wedding of the Adriatic" was instituted in 1174 by Pope Alexander III., who gave the Doge, the chief magistrate of the republic of Venice, a gold ring taken from his own finger in token of the victory won by the Venetian fleet over Emperor Barbarossa of Germany, with whom the Pope was at war. The Pope enjoined upon the Doge to throw a similar ring into the Adriatic Sea every year on Ascension Day, in commemoration of the event. This ceremony became a stable institution, and was annually carried out with great pomp and solemnity, being at the same time considered to be symbolical of the supremacy at sea, which the Venetians, not without good reason, claimed at the time. (M.)

9. What is the objection to "circumstances," "I am in hopes," "Admiral Van Tromp"?

The word "circumstances" is sometimes incorrectly used instead of "events" or "occurrences."

"I am in hopes" is an incorrect way of expressing "I hope"; "hopes" being a noun, the object of the preposition "in," when it should be used as a verb, as in the correct sentence "I hope." One cannot be "in hopes."

"Admiral Van Tromp" is incorrect, as the "Van" is used erroneously, the correct appellation being "Admiral Tromp." (R.)

10. How did Sergeant Jasper earn a commission, and why did he refuse it?

On June 28, 1776, at the battle of Fort Moultrie, Admiral Parker, of the British fleet, attacked the fort. The attack began about 10 A.M. The British lost 205 men killed and wounded, and one man-of-war. The Americans lost 11 men killed, 26 wounded. It was during this engagement that Sergeant Jasper performed the daring feat of bravery that makes his name dear to every American boy. At the commencement of the action the flagstaff was cut away by a ball from the British ship, and the crescent flag of South Carolina fell outside upon the beach. Jasper leaped the parapet, walked the length of the fort, picked up the flag, fastened it upon a strong staff, and, in the midst of the iron hail pouring upon the fortress, and in the sight of the whole fleet, fixed the flag firmly upon the bastion. Cheers greeted him as he ascended the parapet and leaped unhurt within the fort. On the day after the battle, Governor Rutledge rewarded Jasper for his valor by presenting him with his own handsome sword, and thanked him in the name of his country. He offered him a lieutenant's commission, but Jasper, who could neither read nor write, modestly refused it, saying, "I am not fit to keep officers' company. I am but a sergeant." (M.)

Several items promised in this department are crowded out by the prize answers, and must be postponed until July. This month there is only space to say that the lists sent in by the following competitors were so nearly correct that they are entitled to mention upon the

ROLL OF HONOR.

Rebecca L. Reynolds
Eva Beasley
Mary Lee Castleman
Ethel S. Kingman
Winthrop Perrin Haynes.

GOODY TWO SHOES. Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. publish a facsimile of the edition of 1766, with an introduction and discussion of the authorship. It is by Mr. Charles Welsh, who has made a careful study of the subject, and speaks with authority.

THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

By John Bennett.

(*Author of "Master Skylark."*)

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XXI.

THE GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND.

Van Sweringen, with head held high and a face like a thunder-cloud, strode wrathfully out at the office door, Barnaby going before him, and Kregier following after.

Barnaby neither knew nor cared what might be their destination; one place was as good as another, so far as he was concerned. But just as they came down the steps of the porch there arose a sudden shouting, and looking up, they saw a party of horsemen galloping down the roadway through the town.

Two of them were riding ahead, shouting and plying whip and spur. Side by side, turning from the road, leaving the dust awhirl behind them, they came thumping down the slope.

"Hurrah!" cried the foremost. "I 've beaten ye this time, Will; the dozen of clary 's mine!"

Leaping down from his horse as he spoke, he came running lightly over the grass.

He was a young man, handsome, agile, and slender, but well knit and squarely built, tall and dark, with olive skin and a ruddy cheek like a gipsy's. His eyes were keen and sparkling; he had a straight, long nose, a firm mouth, and an under lip as bright of color and smooth of texture as a bit of cherry-skin. Like his Majesty the King, he wore no beard, but both lip and chin were smooth-shaven. His hair was cut short across his brows, but at the back was thick and long, curling upon his shoulders, and gathered together with a bow of cherry-colored ribbon. His forehead was high, with heavy brows as straight as if drawn with a ruler; but, despite this touch of severity, his face was merry, frank, and kind. He wore a pair of heavy riding-boots, and his riding-coat was of rough dark stuff; but the lace at his wrists and throat was rich and delicate.

He was laughing gaily; but seeing strangers, he at once assumed dignity, and with a gracious, quiet manner, came up to the little porch just as Van Sweringen was coming down. "Hullo!" he cried, with another sudden change, "what in the world? Bless my heart, 't is Gerrit Van Swerrington! Where in the name of all that is blessed have you come tumbling from, man?"

Gerrit Van Sweringen's clouded countenance brightened as he clasped the new-comer's extended hand.

"From the same old place, your Excellency: New Amstel," he replied.

"*Semper fidelis*," laughed the other. "But don't call me 'your Excellency.' Plague take your propriety! I beg of ye, be free. I am only the fellow ye shot ducks with in the marshes by Fort Altona."

As he spoke the rest came galloping up with a thumping of unshod hoofs and a deafening clamor of yelping hounds.

"Pardon this infernal row!" said the young man, laughing. "They have broken our midsummer revel to bits, and a murrain on the scoundrels! Where did ye say the rascals hive?" he asked of a stoutish gray man, upon whose weather-beaten cheeks the unshaven beard stood like crisp white stubble.

"About St. Inigoes inlet," replied the stout man, hotly; "and they ha' taken three of my best steers!" As he spoke he sprang down from his stout roan cob and hurried up to the steps. "I wish that you would be after them with a sharp stick, Master Calvert!"

"And, Charlie," cried another of the party, running up, a pretty lad, flushed with haste, and riding in his shirt-sleeves, "they 've took

my swine, and robbed my corn-bins; confound the vagabonds! A black-avised rogue with a hooky nose like a Madagascar parrot is head and front of their array, and a long-legged, red-headed son of Saul, as big as a sycamore-tree, who knocked my overseer head over heels like any empty meal-sack. Look to 'em, Charlie; look to 'em. I say it is a shame!"

"I have writ to Sheriff Rozer," replied the young man on the steps, "and advised with him to lose no time in breaking up this crew."

"They hang about James Jolly's place, beyond Kitt Martin's Point," struck in another of the riders, dismounting.

"That shall cost Master James Jolly a thousand pound of good Jarboes tobacco."

"But that will not bring back my swine," cried the shirt-sleeved lad, with trembling lip; "and they were the sweetest swine!"

"They ha' slain our stock most felon-like," said another, indignantly. "They ha' run off two whole droves of hogs belonging to Giles Brent, and half of Moses Stagwell's sheep. Gadzounds! it is a shame. There 's some one here connives with them; I 'll take my oath upon it."

"The truth for you there, Parker," said the stout man, wrathfully. "There 's some one here connives with the rogues, or my name is not Thomas Cornwalleys. I 'd love to give the whole clam-jamphrey lot an overhauling. I trow 't is the same identical crew that plundered my place afore. 'T would please my soul to see 'em swinging on Execution Dock!"

The gentleman in the crimson coat had risen from the desk at sound of the clamor outside, and coming swiftly across the floor, was looking out at the window. At Thomas Cornwalleys's wrathful speech the color went from his hollow cheek as if it had been a lantern and some one with a sudden puff had blown the candle out.

"I will see to it, Colonel," said the young man on the steps. "'T is an outrage and a scandal. They ha' put a shame upon our coasts by their impudent piracies. But I 'll put a stop to their thievery, or I 'll know the reason why; and if any one here has had a hand in it, I 'll dog him out of his hole, and post him for a thieving rogue from Maryland to Maine. By the bones of the Red O'Donnell, I will! — I don't care who he is!"

Colonel Thomas Cornwalleys mounted his roan and went pelting away at a stout hand-gallop. "See to 'em, Master Calvert; see to 'em with a sharp stick!" he cried, as he gathered his reins and turned into the road.

"I give ye my word I will see to it instantly," rejoined Master Calvert; then he turned to the lad in his shirt-sleeves: "Ye will stop with us, will ye not, Cecil, for dinner?"

"Sure, I will, an ye 'll cover me with a coat," replied the young fellow, with a pleasant laugh. "There 's strangers; and ah, but your board will groan! Ye set a lovely table, Charlie."

"Strangers?" cried the governor. "Bless me, I forgot! Mynheer Van Swerrington, I pray ye will pardon an absent mind!" he said, and turned with flushed cheek. "These picaroons drive me distracted. I had quite forgot that ye were here."

Van Sweringen laughed. "I am not so great but that I can be forgotten."

"Nay, nor so small as the thorn in my heel that I should long to forget ye. Let me make my cousin Master Langford acquainted with ye. Mynheer Van Swerrington, Cecil, the sheriff of New Amstel. Ye 've heard me speak of him often. Your luggage is up, Van Swerrington? Not up? Well, I 'll see to that. Here, Tranto," he called to a footman who was standing by the door, "send Pedro and Ishmael down to the wharf and fetch up the gentleman's baggage. Tell 'em to put it in the wing room with the flowered window-curtains; and tell Peggy Rowan to see to it that the bed-linen is changed. Upon my word, Van Swerrington, it is good for sore eyes to see ye!"

"I thank you," replied Van Sweringen. "I am happy, Master Calvert, that the poor eyes are yours, if there needs be poor eyes and I am to do them good. But the name, ye know, is Van Sweringen."

"'Van Sweringen'? Ay, to be sure; that 's so. But I cannot remember names. They 're like the catechism: I know it, but can't recollect it just when I want it the most. Ye should hear my cousin Philip; he knows it from 'Who

made ye?' to the 'three great things.' But when did ye come down to St. Mary's? And will ye be here until I can have a party? Sure, I 'd like ye to meet our gentry. There 's not a finer lot in the land. They 're just your sort, Van Sweringen; upon my soul, they are! Why can ye not just throw over the Dutch and settle with us down here?"

Van Sweringen flushed. "Hut, tut!" said he, "let 's have no more of that, Master Calvert; we wasted enough time on pros and cons the last time we met. A dog must kennel with his kind."

"But, man alive, they 're not your kind," the young governor rejoined. "Foxhounds don't kennel with turnspits, and you 're no scurvy trader. Come down and cast your lot with us; we want more gentry here. Come down and bring your family; I 'll set ye up in land."

As he spoke he turned toward Barnaby, who had gone among the horses, and was making free with all of them as though he had been a hostler. "Is that your son, Van Swerrington? He has a fair, sweet face; he must look like his mother"; and he nodded to the boy.

"'IS THIS THE LAD THOU WAST SPEAKING OF, CARO?' SHE ASKED."

"Nay," replied Van Sweringen, his eyes grown a little grave. "I have but one child—the girl ye vowed was named for your Aunt Dolly."

"Well, there 's no drawback to a girl," said

the governor, heartily. "It does a man's heart good to see them. Who is the boy, then? Your nephew?"

"Nay; neither kith nor kin. He is but a runaway apprentice whom I have come to return."

The governor looked at Barnaby. "A runaway apprentice?"

"Yes," said Van Sweringen. "The cabin-boy of a coaster. He ran away from his master's vessel about the 1st of April, while she lay in the North River beyond New Amsterdam."

The governor stared at Barnaby. "Well, upon my word of honor," he said, in accents of surprise, "that 's an odd quality for a cabin-boy. I thought he was your son. Why, he has quite the look of a gentleman!"

"That is true," rejoined Van Sweringen, "and if the boy is to be believed, his father *was* a gentleman, a gentleman and a soldier, by the name of Lee—Henry Lee."

"That 's a decent name," said the governor, staring at Barnaby, "a very decent name; and that 's a very odd quality for a cabin-boy." Then he knitted his brow with a puzzled frown. "Lee?" he said, "Henry Lee? It seems to me as if—" Then he stopped. "Oh, pshaw!" he cried impatiently, "I never can remember a name, or where it belongs when I do; but it seems to me I have cause for remembering that same name, Henry Lee! A runaway apprentice, ye say? And the cabin-boy of a coasting-trader? A gentleman's son? Come, I 'll look into this: it strikes me that it looks like a mare's nest. But now let 's be off to dinner; I am hungry as a bear!"

And they all went up to the governor's house.

Chapter XXII.

"I do not like cousin Philip."

The dinner-hour was over and gone; it was late in the afternoon. Barnaby was sitting on the governor's porch, leaning back against a post, with his head among the rose-vines.

The country-side, with its orchards and fields, small thatched cottages, roses and marjoram, looked like the vale of Quarrendon. He heaved a dreary sigh at the thought. What would become of him? The English had refused to receive him, now that he had been brought back, and the Dutch had but used him to play out their game, as if he were a pawn on a chess-board.

Out of the parlor behind him floated the notes of a viola d'amore; and now and then a heavier string strummed a deeper harmony. A man was singing a song. Then followed a laugh and the voice of Charles Calvert saying: "Why, sure, Van Swerrington, had ye never heard it before? 'T is a sweet thing for a barytone; is it not, dear heart?"

"Ay," replied a woman's voice. "But I like thine own songs better."

"Now, there," said the governor, laughing, "that is the woman of it: she knows that I made them for her sake, and she likes them best of all."

With his arm around his wife's slim waist, Master Charles Calvert came out on the porch.

"Art tired, dearest?" she asked, and put her slender hand up to his dark cheek.

"Ay," said Calvert, "very tired. I have been much annoyed all day."

She then perceived Barnaby sitting there, and lowered her tone a little. "Is this the lad thou wast speaking of, Caro?"

"Yes," said the governor.

"Why should ye not have kept him, Caro? He is a very pretty boy."

"Philip would not have it. The boy must needs go back to the Dutch."

Barnaby felt rather choky: the country was so much like England; and the governor's frank, brave, boyish smile had made Barnaby remember his father's face.

"Why dost thou let Cousin Philip so override thee, Caro?" asked the governor's wife, with a little touch of impatience in her voice.

"Philip does not override me much," he answered, with a grave smile.

"He hath his own way of it, Caro, whenever there is a question."

"We are a deal indebted to Cousin Philip, dear heart. Thou knowest our family owes him much in things that are past amending."

"But that is no reason why a rogue should have his way forever. I neither like nor trust him, though he be of your family. The man

hath grown too suddenly rich: his property doth equal thine. They told me in Virginia that he had bought him a title, and would set himself up for a baron as soon as he had the chance."

The governor frowned a little. "They say a great deal in Virginia, dear heart; and thou shouldst not give credence to all that thou hearest. Thou dost not do Cousin Philip justice."

"Caro, I do not like Cousin Philip. I have never liked him, nor trusted him, though I have no reason for it. A woman, as thou knowest, likes without reason, and dislikes without apparent cause; and I do not like Philip Calvert; nor is it from what I have heard men say."

"Dear heart," said Governor Calvert, gravely, "whatever be his faults, and I do not deny that he has them, nor are they all gentleman-like, my cousin is still a Calvert, and there is honor in the name. Do Philip justice, and throw aside prejudice; thou canst at least believe him an honest man."

"Caro," answered his wife, tenderly, "thou dost believe all men like thyself; thou art far too honest to know a rogue an thou mettest him face to face in the road. If he put a pistol to thine head, thou wouldst pity him for demented; did he take thy money from thee, thou wouldst think thou hadst owed it to him. Thou art no fool. Nay, nay. Yet I sometimes think thee foolish to blind thy good judgment for charity's sake. And, Caro, I pitied that slim, pretty boy; he hath such a fine, sweet face; and why thou shouldst not keep him is more than I can see."

"Philip will not have it, and will not pay the costs. And it is too small a matter on which to begin a family quarrel. So far as the boy's appearance goes, there *is* something odd about it. And as for the lad himself, there 's a touch of mystery. He claimeth to be a gentleman's son, Van Sweringen telleth me, and says that his father's name was Lee, a captain with the King, that he had an estate, and was gently reared, was taught to read, to ride, and to fence; Van Swerrington hath tried him, and saith the lad doth indeed fence well, in both French and Italian fashion. Yet here he was, cabin-boy aboard a dirty trading-coaster, and had been such for four years past. I am going to look into the matter: a cabin-boy's berth on a trading-coaster is no place for a gentleman's son."

Beyond the house of the governor stood a little chapel built of brick. Ivy climbed about its roof, and the door was wreathed with rose-vines. Beyond the chapel a brook ran down to the inlet through a glen shaded by holly-trees, elms, and sycamores. In the mouth of the glen stood the colony mill. Its deeply rumbling hum arose through the quiet of the departing day like the buzz of a giant beehive. The cows were lowing in the pastures, and the plaintive sheep bleated at the gates of the fold; somewhere down the road a boy went whistling merrily. It was all so much like England that it made poor Barnaby's heart ache. A tear ran quietly down his cheek.

"Art troubled, lad?" asked the governor's wife, spying his woeful countenance.

"Nay, my lady," said Barnaby; "I be only a-thinking."

They turned and went into the house. "Caro," she said, "'t is a handsome boy. He hath a lovely face, and the quiver of his under lip would touch the hardest heart. I am sure there are underhand doings here: I beg thee look into it, Caro!"

"I shall certainly see to the case to-morrow," said the governor, earnestly. "It is unmeet that a gentleman's son should be left in such sad plight."

"I shall see to this case to-morrow," said the governor of Maryland; and no doubt he meant to do so. But as they sat at supper that night, Mynheer Van Sweringen, knowing naught of the governor's plans regarding Barnaby Lee, and caring, perhaps, for nobody's plans or intentions save his own, led the aimless conversation with such inimitable wit and such admirable discretion that, before the governor was aware how far the ambassador's tongue had led him, he was involved in a hot discussion of the boundary-line dispute between Maryland and New Netherland, without in the least suspecting the ambassador's design; and, furthermore, by his own proposal was engaged to debate the question before the Maryland Council, which was to meet upon the morrow.

Deeply chagrined, for the instant, that he should have been so led, as well as busy with preparation for his argument in the case, the governor of Maryland quite forgot the cabin-boy.

"A HUSH FELL UPON THE TABLE. THE GOVERNOR'S SMILE DIED OUT, AND HIS LAUGHING FACE GREW GRAVE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"That ye prefer New Netherland is no compliment to us," he said to the Dutch envoy, laughingly, adding, when he had recovered his composure: "I had esteemed myself much more your kind than General Peter Stuyvesant. He is a headstrong man, Mynheer Van Swerrington, both passionate and violent. Sure, he knocked out Captain Temperance Stevens's two front teeth with a cudgel. Nay, now, don't frown; that was no great fault: it was but evidence of his surprisingly good judgment as well as of his exceedingly bad temper. But he *is* a dour and bitter man, Mynheer Van Swerrington, and hath worn my patience all to galloons on this boundary-line dispute. He is no more to be moved by an argument than if he were the Alps."

"That is just what he saith of your Excellency," replied Van Sweringen, smiling.

"Ay, man; but, faith, his side is wrong, and mine is right," said the governor, a little sharply.

"Nay, but I 'm not so sure of that," responded the envoy, quietly. "'T is a very debatable question." A little flush went up his cheek, but his air was calmness itself.

"But, mynheer," said the governor, testily, "'t is as plain as the nose on your face. No offense to the nose; 't is a very good nose! But our grant extends northward to forty degrees, to just where New England's claim leaves off."

"Indeed? Is that so?" said Van Sweringen, and his eyes began to glow. "Then, pray, your Excellency, if New England's claim endeth at forty degrees, and yours beginneth straightway, where does New Netherland come in on your map?" For New Netherland lay between the two like the core betwixt the halves of an apple.

"The saints preserve me if I know," said Master Charles Calvert, dryly. "I must leave that for ye to find out for yourselves."

"And that, your Excellency," replied Van Sweringen, steadily, "is just what I have come hither to do." He leaned back in his chair as he spoke, and carelessly toyed with his wine-glass.

A hush fell upon the table. The governor's smile died out, and his laughing face grew grave. "God rest us," he said wearily, "are we never to be at peace? I am tired of war and of quarrels. Need men ever to be at swords' points? Nay; put it off till to-morrow, and let us sup in peace! Put it off till to-morrow, and we will debate it in the Council. Let us just be good friends for to-night! Here, Burke, fill the gentleman's glass; fill them up all around the table. We will be good friends to-night, though enemies to-morrow!"

The last remark was half in jest; alas for human jesting, how often the jest proves earnest!

"To-morrow," we say, "we shall do thus and so." But the old hag, Fortune, throws the dice, and by a simple twist of her fickle finger alters the destiny of the world.

"To-morrow," said Master Charles Calvert, "we shall argue this boundary question. Sure, the very thought of a boundary line is enough to give one bad dreams!"

The whole table laughed at the face he pulled, for it was an exceedingly wry one. Which was not the first time that men have laughed in the gathering shadows of coming events.

To-morrow and to-morrow! I will do this thing to-morrow! Oh, for the good intentions that go down with the setting sun! The guests dispersed about their business with calm, placid minds, nor dreamed how strange the world would seem before the morrow evening.

(To be continued.)

A GOOSE GAME.

By Forrest Crissey.

"Ha, ha!" said General Yellowbill
To Colonels Honk and White.
"Here 's fun! We 'll storm the Corn Crib Hill
And give a jolly fright
To that red-coated city miss
Who 's come to visit Little Sis.

"Let every gander shake his tail
And flap his wings in air,

While after us in state will trail
  The lady geese so fair.
We 'll give the timid little misses
A fusillade of savage hisses!"

"Oh, dear! What dreadful things are these?
  I 'm sure they mean to bite!"
Screamed tiny Bess. "And, cousin, please,
  Please hug me very tight!
I want my papa right away!
I want to go somewhere and play!"

"I 'm not afraid," said Little Sis,
  "Because they know my name,
And say it every time they hiss;
  It 's just a goosies' game!"
"Then ask them, please," said Bess, "to play
Their game with us some other day."

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY

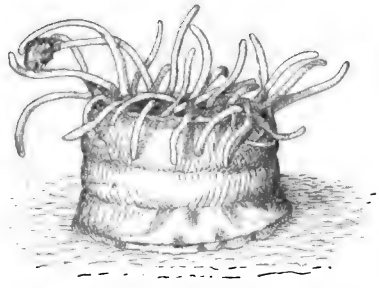
EDWARD F. BIGELOW

JUNE, "THE MONTH OF ROSES."

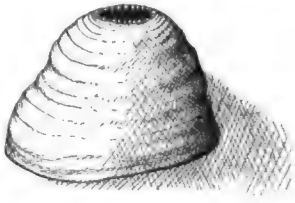
Here are the roses, here and everywhere; they will almost leap into your arms. Fill your basket, your hat, your upturned gown, and still there will be enough to strew the ground with fragrance. — WRIGHT.

TEACHING THE LITTLE SEA-ANEMONE.

TEACHING a sea-anemone! One might as well speak of teaching a dandelion! Nevertheless it can be done, as you shall see. The sea-anemone, which is really a gigantic first-cousin of the coral polyp, may be found almost anywhere on a rocky sea-shore in the pools left by the receding tide. But you must hunt for him very carefully under the seaweed, all the while taking pains not to disturb him; for it is only when the little fellow feels at ease in his mind that he pushes out the long, pretty pink or yellow tentacles like the white rays of a daisy. Now these tentacles are the polyp's fingers with which he feeds himself. If you place a bit of food, such as meat or fish, on one of them, the anemone does not draw himself together in alarm; instead of that, he rolls his tentacles over the meat, and carries this inward to his mouth. If you think you will fool the little animal, and so try to feed him with pieces of shell, wood, blotting-paper, or anything that is not food, you will find that he is wiser than you thought; for he will refuse these at once. Thus he shows that he has at least some sense of taste or smell to guide him in his choice of food. Suppose, now, instead of giving the polyp meat to eat, you feed him with bits of blotting-paper soaked in meat-juice. He evidently thinks he is still eating meat, and swallows the morsel as guilelessly as you please. Now a man who has been experimenting with sea-anemones found out that if he continued feeding the polyp, first with meat and then with blotting-paper, the little creature would, for a time, seize and swallow both with equal avidity. After half a dozen trials or so, however, the anemone began to recognize the difference, and took in the blotting-paper somewhat less rapidly than the meat. He continued to take the paper more and more hesitatingly, until, after twenty trials or so, he took the meat as before, but refused to touch the paper at all. This same investigator took pains to offer the food always to the same set of tentacles, so that every time the anemone had



A SEA-ANEMONE. (Seizing a small object.)



THE SEA-ANEMONE. (As it looks when contracted.)

used those of the right side of the body, let us say. Then, after the polyp had learned to know meat from blotting-paper, the experimenter began to feed the polyp on the other side. To his surprise, he found that the tentacles on the left side knew nothing whatever of the difference between meat and blotting-paper. In short, the experimenter had to start all over again, and teach the tentacles on the left side with just as much difficulty as if the animal had never known any such thing as blotting-paper.

But the next day the silly polyp had forgotten everything, and took blotting-paper and meat-juice with equal readiness. Having learned his lesson on the second day, he had completely forgotten it on the third. So, you see, that even the sea-anemone is not ruled absolutely by a blind, unchanging instinct, but has some sort of a dim mind with which he is able to learn something new—only he cannot remember his lesson overnight!

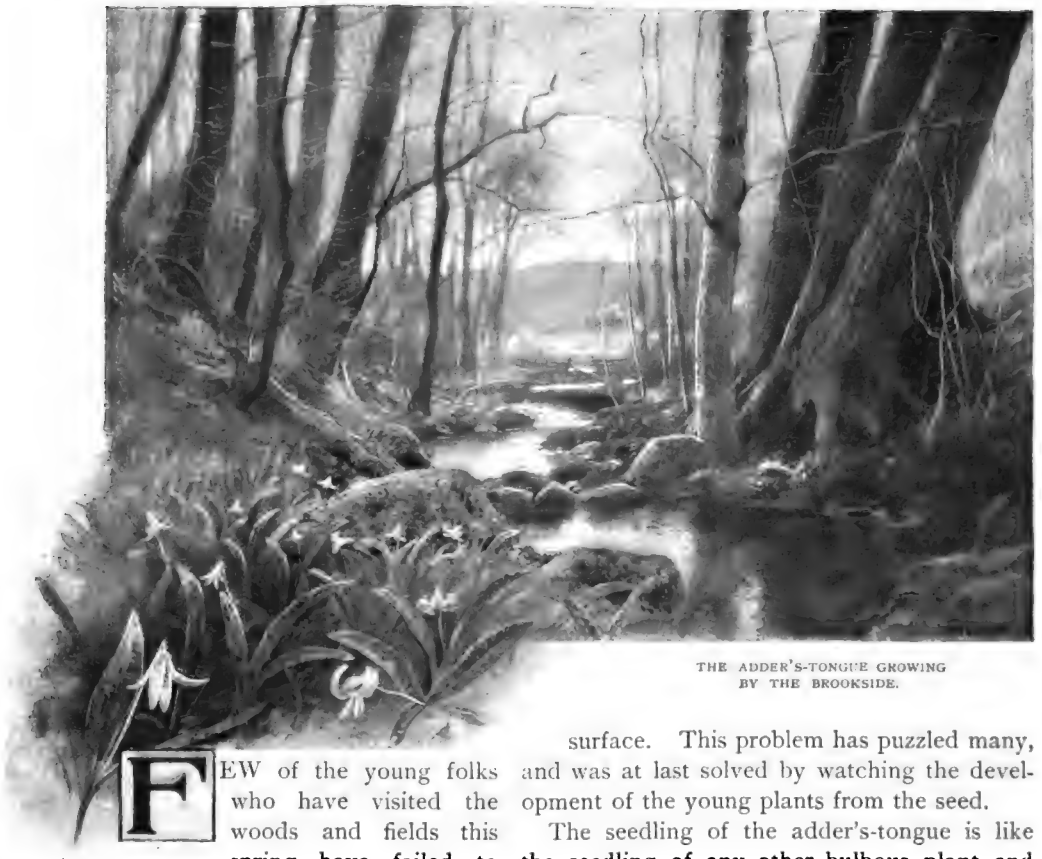
EDWIN TENNY BREWSTER.

THE EARTH-STAR, OR THE FAIR-WEATHER TRAVELER.

EARTH-STARS are members of the plant kingdom, and are closely related to the puff-balls with which all country boys and girls and all frequenters of the woods are familiar: they ripen their spores or puff-ball seed in round brown balls as the puff-balls do, but are unique in their wonderful manner of scattering their spores. For this purpose the plant develops a tough outer coat to the ball, which on a damp day, when the spores are ripe, swells up, splits, and rolls back from the summit to the base to form a star about the ball. The round ball at the center of the star then opens at its summit and waits quietly for fair weather favorable for traveling. The first day after these preparations the earth-star breaks its connections with the part of the plant which is in the ground and which up to this time has fed and nourished it and held it firmly in the ground, curls up the rays of the star over the puff-ball, and lets the wind roll it over the fields and wherever it will, while it puffs out the spores and scatters them far and wide. Some observers have stated that when the dews of evening fall the plant unrolls the star-points until they again lie flat upon the ground and firmly anchor the ball where it may rest until another fair day comes round in which, in company with the wind, it may resume its travels. The earth-stars are not common, but still one on the alert may expect to find them on damp wood roads, and will be well rewarded if he takes one home to watch the rays of the star curl and uncurl when subjected at first to dry and then to moist air.

NINA L. MARSHALL.

THE EARTH-STAR, OR THE "FAIR-WEATHER TRAVELER." (*Geaster.*)



THE ADDER'S-TONGUE GROWING BY THE BROOKSIDE.

FEW of the young folks who have visited the woods and fields this spring have failed to notice the pretty lily-like flowers of the adder's-tongue or dog's-tooth violet. It loves to inhabit sunny nooks in moist woods and thickets, and opens its yellow bells soon after the hepatica, arbutus, and other earliest flowers have appeared.

Although the leaves and flowers are well known, there is a peculiarity of the parts underground that usually escapes notice. If one attempts to pull up the plant, he gets only a long, slender white stem broken off at the bottom, a fact which tells very plainly that there is something more below. In fact, it is impossible to pull up a blooming adder's-tongue entire. A shovel or strong trowel is necessary to get all the roots. When the entire plant is secured, we find that the slender stem springs from a small bulb.

The question is, how does this bulb get so deep in the earth?—since, of course, we would infer that, like most bulbs, it began life at the surface. This problem has puzzled many, and was at last solved by watching the development of the young plants from the seed.

The seedling of the adder's-tongue is like the seedling of any other bulbous plant, and during the first season forms a bulb like a small onion, near the surface of the soil. It seems a law among the adder's-tongues that no bulb shall produce flowers until it has penetrated six inches or more into the earth. The young bulbs, therefore, bend all their energies toward accomplishing this end. The second spring each sends up a leaf into the air, and, later, puts out one or more slender runners, that wander about in the soil, ever seeking to get deeper. By midsummer the season's journey is ended, and each runner forms a new bulb at its tip, and stops to rest. The original bulb is now all used up, but has produced two or three larger ones to carry on the work the next season. When spring again comes, these bulbs repeat the proceeding of the first season, and by the end of summer some of them may be nearly deep enough to form flower-buds. The runners are quite erratic, however, appearing as if not exactly sure of their way. They often

grow toward the surface, and end the year no deeper in the earth than when they began. When finally they get deep enough to flower, they commonly do not produce runners, but save all their energies for flowering.

Although we now know how the bulbs get so deeply in the earth, we are still unable to say why they do so. It is probably not to escape either heat or cold, since the young ones are able to live at the surface. Doubtless it is for some good reason, if we but could find out what it is.

WILLARD N. CLUTE.

THE RUNNERS AND BULBS.

You will find more about this interesting mystery of the bulbs in the chapter "Among the Wild Flowers," in "Riverby," by John Burroughs. He refers to it as "the earliest of the lilies, and one of the most pleasing." Note what he says about the inappropriateness of its common names, with good suggestions of "fawn-lily" or "trout-lily." Why do both names apply much better to the flower than its present common names?

THE LIGHT OF THE FIREFLY.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know about the fireflies. I have seen them in Central Park, and would like to know what makes the light shine, and what the light is. Your constant reader,

HARRY HIRSCH.

What a pleasure it is to watch the brilliant, intermittent sparkling of the fireflies over the lawn and in the shrubbery! On some warm evenings in summer the vanishing and reappearing of these innumerable little lights is very beautiful.

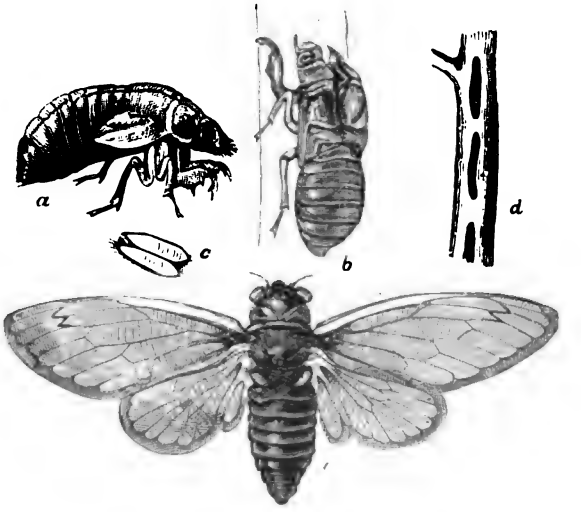
These so-called "fireflies" are not flies at all, but beetles that have soft-shelled flexible wing-covers, instead of those that are hard and shell- or metal-like, as is usually the case in the beetle family.

There are several kinds of the "lightning-beetles" in different parts of the country. In our common firefly, the two end joints at the rear of the body are of a sulphur-yellow color. From these the strange, bright, phosphorescent light is given out. It is produced by the action of the nervous system, at the will of the insect, upon a peculiar formation of microscopic cells at this part of the body.

A famous firefly of Brazil is called the *cucuju*. In some tropical countries there is a large firefly called the Pyrophorus, that gives a steady light, not flashing like our firefly, and is brought alive to the United States and sold as an ornament.

THE JOYOUS CICADA AND ITS ENEMY.

EVERY one knows the cicada (or harvest-fly), often improperly called "locust," that continues its shrill music from the middle of June till autumn. This music, or "noise," as some would call it, is somewhat similar to the sound produced by whirling a cardboard attached to a string. The best-known members of the



CHANGES IN THE LIFE OF A SEVENTEEN-YEAR CICADA.
a, pupa; *b*, cast pupa-shell; *c*, imago; *d*, punctured twig; *e*, two eggs. (*a*, *b*, and *c* natural size; *d* and *e* enlarged.)

Cicada family are the periodical cicada or seventeen-year locust, as it is called, and the dog-day harvest-fly or lyreman. The first spends many years in the ground, and the other

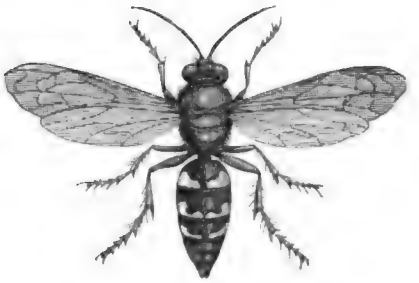
THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR CICADA. (Under ground, feeding on a root.)

only about two years. Both suck the juices from roots while they live in the ground.

The music is so monotonous and so associated with the heat of summer that it even makes one drowsy. It is produced by a curious apparatus in a form that we may well call a pair of drums. This may be seen just back of the hind leg on the under side of the body. By the aid of a lens you can see the folds in the parchment-like heads of these drums. Strong muscles are attached to these heads, and throw them into vibration, which, with a complex arrangement of cavities and sounding-boards, produces a noise that is surprisingly large when we consider the size of the insect, and especially the small size of the musical drums.

It will be of interest to every young observer to examine this apparatus.

Perhaps the greatest enemy of the cicada is



THE LARGE SAND-WASP, OR "CICADA-KILLER." (Natural size.)

the large sand-wasp known as the "cicada-killer." Many a cicada song is suddenly silenced because the singer is pounced upon by this fierce, large, and handsome wasp and carried away to be buried in a den in the ground. Sometimes the wasp is not able to carry the cicada, and during the struggle in mid-air both tumble to the ground and may be caught in a net.

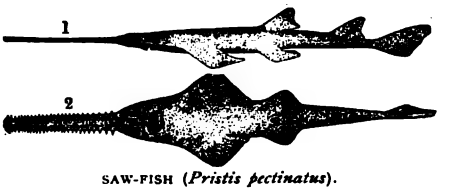
The wasp stings the cicada so as to paralyze it, and then drags it down a hole in dry soil into a cell, and deposits on it a long white egg. The little wasp that hatches from the egg feeds on the cicada in the same manner that the young of the burying-beetle feed on a buried snake or bird, as explained in the August number.

FROM YOUNGER OBSERVERS.

CAPTURING A SAW-FISH.

ST. ANDREW'S BAY, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As we were coming from town in our launch, we ran over a huge saw-fish, which was



SAW-FISH (*Pristis pectinatus*).
1, side view; 2, under view.

lying on the sea-grass bottom, in somewhat shallow water, swinging its tail slowly to and fro. We turned around and went back to see if we could capture it.

THE "SAW."

After a few minutes of lassoing we managed to get a line safely fastened around its saw; then we towed it home, but it was slow work, as a large saw-fish holding to the bottom with all of the spread of its large fan-like fins, and its tail working like a propeller's wheel, made heavy towing. A multitude of remoras, or sucking-fish, were clinging to the saw-fish when we found it, and continued to do so until it died.

At high tide we pulled it on the beach, so that when the tide went out we could examine it and get its saw. It measured thirteen feet in length, and was a little over three feet in width at the widest point. Its saw was thirty-two inches in length, and there were twenty-one spiny sharp teeth on each side; but though these are called its teeth they are not properly so, for they are not in its mouth. The latter is an oblong opening on the under side of its head, about beneath the blow-holes, which are on top of its head, back of the eyes.

Its jaws or lips (for they are one) are covered with a pebbly cartilage, which would indicate that it crushes the fish which it kills with its saw.

PHILIP B. WEST (age 12).

A remora, or sucking-fish, has on the top of its head a large flat "sucker" composed of

A REMORA.

several oblique plates. By this the fish attaches itself to various objects, as a larger fish, a ship's bottom, etc.

EXPERIENCES WITH THE OVEN-BIRD.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The oven-bird is the bird which says "teacher." When frightened, the male bird flies about, jerking and wagging its tail; so the names "wood wagtail" and "golden-crowned wagtail" are given it. The name "golden-crowned accentor" is given it because the bird says "teacher" several times, each time putting more accent on the word than the time before.

DOROTHY A. BALDWIN.

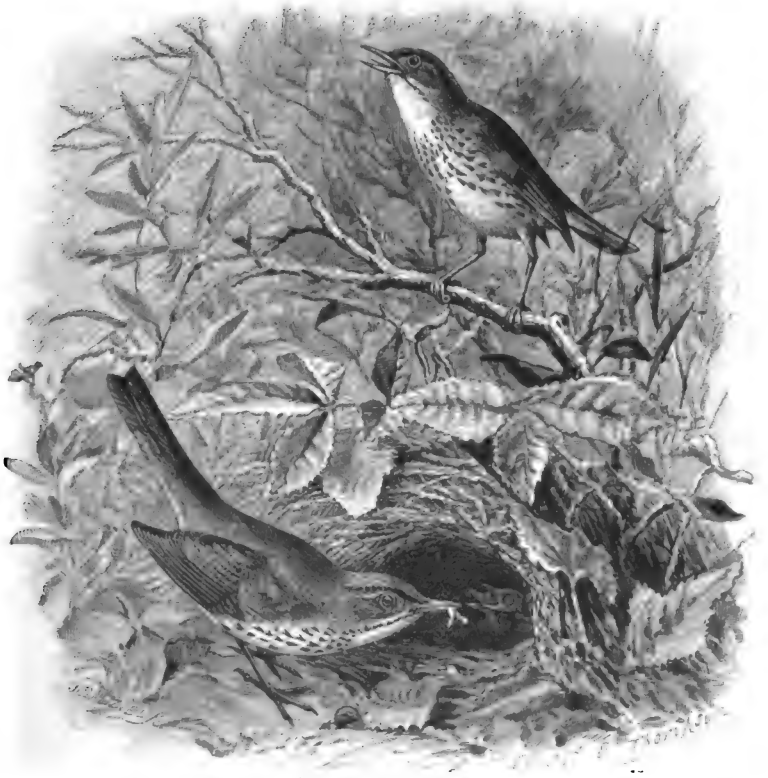
NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you my experience with the oven-bird. I was walking by a brook when I heard a bird-call. I stopped, and the call was repeated. This time I heard distinctly, "Teacher, teacher, *teacher*, TEACHER, TEACHER." I scanned all the bushes with my opera-glass, but with no success. The next day I went back to the same place; in a little while I heard the call again. I stood still. Suddenly a little bird about the size of a song-sparrow ran almost in front of me. It had an olive-green back, and an orange stripe in the middle of its head. His breast was white spotted with brown. I followed him, and soon saw him run into a little opening. I walked quietly up, and two birds ran out and disappeared among the ferns. My little friend's home was skilfully built of leaves and grass. It was the shape of a ball lying in a little hollow with a side open like an oven. It is from his nest that the oven-bird gets his name.

ANNIE DORMAN (age 13).

The oven-bird is a walker and does not hop. Mr. Burroughs says: "It is by far the prettiest pedestrian of the woods." Neltjie Blanchan says: "You may have the good fortune to see this little bird of the woods strutting in and out of the shrubbery with a certain mock dignity, like a child wearing its father's boots." It does seem almost ridiculous in its dignified walking.

The oven-bird is usually very shy, but will come near to an intruder in the vicinity of the nest. At other times it manifests great friendliness rather than shyness. Last May, one hundred and fifty young folks in Westerly, Rhode Island, accompanied me on an early morning outing. At 4:15 A.M. we stood chatting under a clump of trees while an oven-bird



OVEN-BIRDS AND THEIR NEST.

rendered its crescendo chant for several minutes on a branch not ten feet above the heads of the merry young folks. "Did the young folks keep still?" No; it seemed to me a contest between the bird and its admirers below to see which could manifest the most joy.

A PET PORCUPINE.

AMESBURY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa, in company with two other men and a boy, went into the Nova Scotia woods in the autumn for a vacation trip. When he went away he promised to bring me some kind of a pet for my eighth birthday, and a porcupine is what he brought. He seemed like an ugly-looking pet with so many sharp quills sticking out all over his back, and I wondered how papa ever caught him. He said when he was away out in the woods seven miles from the nearest house, he saw him 'way up on the limb of a birch-tree, getting a breakfast of birch leaves. The first thing papa did was to cut three forked sticks. Each one of the men took one of these sticks, and the boy took a hatchet and climbed the tree. When all was ready, the boy cut off the limb of the tree, and down came the porcupine. Papa and the two men caught him with the forked sticks.

A PORCUPINE.

Then they took a bag they had with them, got him into that, tied a string to each end of the bag, put a pole through, and papa and the boy carried him through the swamps and woods seven miles to the nearest house. There they hired a boy to take them in a team ten miles into Bridgetown. When they got there, papa took a box and put some wire over the top. "Bluenose," for that is what we call the porcupine, was then fixed to bring home. He lost a good many quills on the way home, for 'most all the people wanted one as a souvenir.

At first I was n't very well pleased with my birthday present, but papa has fixed a neat little bedroom down underground for him to sleep in when it is cold. He told me to feed him and take care of him and I would soon learn to like him. Every morning Bluenose is up watching for me to come and feed him. He makes a little whining, crying noise that seems to say: "Do get me some breakfast." I give him birch-leaves, apples, and sweet corn. I do not know what I shall do when the birch-leaves are all gone, for he seems to like those very much. Perhaps they make him think of his old home in Nova Scotia. When I give him an apple he sits up on his hind legs, takes it in one of his paws, and eats it, just as I have seen monkeys eat. He does n't drink any water. Dogs don't seem to like him, but a great many have been up to his cage to see him; some stand and bark at him; others look and run away. Even if he is n't handsome, he is a gentle, kind old fellow, and I would feel very bad now to lose him.

HELEN G. FULLER.

Burroughs states (in "Riverby"), regarding the porcupine: "He is as stupid and indifferent as the skunk; his broad, blunt nose points a witless head. They are great gnawers and will gnaw your house down if you do not look out. Of a summer evening they will walk coolly into your open door if not prevented."

Read also the chapter entitled "A Nightly Prowler," in "Familiar Life in Field and Forest," by F. Schuyler Mathews.

THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD.

FLUSHING, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The red-winged blackbird likes best the thick reed marshes, where it will be seen in great flocks. It is a very social bird, arriving here in early spring and going about in flocks.

The nest is made of soft substances, fibers, and straw. The eggs, three to five in number, are white, curiously spotted, and wreathed with brown and dull purple. Large flocks of these birds will be found in the marshes, where they are contented to sit all day long on a swinging reed, singing to their mates who sit on or near the nest hidden in some bush or a bunch of reeds.

It is true that some farmers complain that the blackbird eats their corn and oats; they also dislike its noisy chatterings; but I think that having spent the spring in eating insects, the bird feels himself entitled to a share of the profits. Emerson says about the blackbird:

> "The blackbirds make the maples ring
> With social cheer and jubilee;
> The redwing flutes his '*O-ka-lee!*'"

LUDLOW GRISCOM (age 10).

The musical call has been also interpreted, *gur-ga-lee*, *h'-wa-ker-ee*, *con-quer-ee*. Chapman writes: "The redwing's liquid *kong-quĕr-rēē* is pleasantly suggestive of marshy places, but it is his early spring music for which we should chiefly value him."

Another writer states that they have "the sound of water running through their sweet measures."

But don't let us so much admire the music and the black uniform with red epaulets of the male that we forget the mother bird, who is usually low in the bushes, nearer the nest.

THE MALE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD AND HIS DIFFERENTLY ATTIRED MATE NEAR THEIR NEST IN THE MARSH.

Her dress is mainly of streaked dark brown. Dr. Abbott picturesquely refers to these birds as "the playthings of the wind." One may well follow his example when he tells us: "I brighten my own life whenever the cheery chorus of blackbirds is echoed in my heart, and would that others would quickly learn this simple secret of obtaining happiness."

"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY GUSTAVUS E. R. MICHELSON, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

WHEN SCHOOL IS DONE.

He slams the door, bounds up the stair,
And shouts aloud in joy,
Brings in a blast of wintry air,
This jolly little boy.

"I 'll *never* find that other skate;
There, now I 've lost my strap!
Dear me, it must be very late.
Where *did* I put that cap?

"I have them now; good-by, mama.
Now for some jolly play!"
And with a wild and glad hurrah,
The whirlwind speeds away.

Rejoice, you blithesome little man,
And have the best of fun.
Enjoy your boyhood while you can,
When each day's school is done.

For in the sterner school of life,
However high we soar
Above this toilsome earthly strife,
Our school is never o'er.

Though pleasures make our hearts feel glad,
Not till the race is run
Can we say with the little lad,
"This day of school is done!"

CHARLOTTE FARRINGTON BABCOCK (AGE 16).
Winner of gold and silver badges.)

No League competition has been so popular as the present or resulted in more beautiful work. The subject given for the young artists, "A Heading for June," has brought out, we believe, the best work ever shown in these pages, while "A Happy Day" and "When School is Done" must have inspired the young prose- and verse-writers to unusual efforts. Of stories alone there were more than four hundred, and the Roll of Honor this month is crowded with names of contributors whose work was so good that it has taken a long, long time to decide what we must leave out because of the lack of room.

There are still a few who ask if one contribution a month means one of each kind. *It does not.* It means *one only*, for if we allowed one of each kind the number received would be so many we could not examine them, and the quality would not be so good. There are a great many months, and one contribution a month, if thoughtfully and carefully prepared, is quite enough to undertake. Others ask if they are obliged to contribute *every* month. No, certainly not. League members should enter only such competitions as really appeal to them, and should only contribute when they mean to do careful, earnest work, without haste and without merely the thought of doing something that might by some chance win a prize. It is not the prize that counts. A gold or a silver badge is merely a tribute we pay to worthy effort. It is the effort itself, whether it wins a prize or not, that always pays, both at the time, and through all the future years.

Never be discouraged because your progress is slow. Slow growth is often the best, and industry and perseverance, even with very little natural talent, sometimes accomplish wonders. Many successful authors and artists have shown little promise.

"MY HOME." BY CONRAD LAMBERT, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 18.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

Verse. Gold badges, Alma Jean Wing (age 16), 610 First Ave. S., St. Cloud, Minn., and Grace B. Coolidge (age 12), 422 Quincy Ave., Scranton, Pa.

Silver Badges, C. Brewer Goodsell (age 14), 3433 Chicago Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., Hilda Beatrice Morris (age 13), 611 Spring St., Michigan City, Ind., and Marion P. Murdock (age 10), Cold Spring, Putnam Co., N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, Irene Frederica Rau (age 14), 826 College Ave., Beloit, Wis., and A. M. Levine (age 14), 749 E. 9th St., New York City.

Silver badges, Carlota Bercera (age 14), 669 Pacific St., Brooklyn, New York, Helen Stevens (age 13), Lynnfield, Massachusetts, and Jean Harris (age 9), Ozark Chapter, St. Nicholas League, Rolla, Missouri.

"MY HOME." BY ALEX ERSKINE, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

"MY HOME." BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

Drawing. Cash prize, Fred MaDan (age 16), 86th St. and 7th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gold badges, Gus. E. R. Michelson (age 16), 301 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington, Mass., Romaine Hoit (age 16), 16 Sayward St., Dorchester, Mass., and Marjorie T. Hood (age 13), 565 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, Charles N. Cruttenden (age 16), Northfield, Mass., Edith Sherwood (age 12), 2135 7th Ave., New York City, and John Wright (age 9), 620 Forest Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

Photography. Gold badges, Conrad Lambert (age 15), Chalet Jolie-vue, Vevey, Switzerland, and Elizabeth Williams (age 11), care of C. P. Williams, Stonington, Conn.

Silver badges, Bessie Jones (age 15), 59 Cherry St., Elizabeth, N. J., Alex Erskine (age 12), 330 Northeast Ave., Oak Park, Ill., and Kendall Bushnell (age 8), Arlington, Mass.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Screech-Owl," by Reynold A. Spaeth (age 14), 7300 Boyer St., Philadelphia, Pa. No 2d and 3d awards.

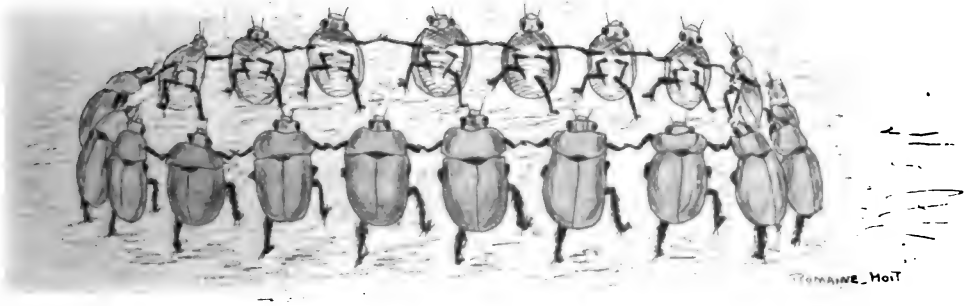
Puzzle-making. Gold badges, Frederick McGregor (age 15), 2390 First Ave., N. Y. City, Roger Chase, Jr. (age 13), 102 North Tacoma Ave., Tacoma, Wash.

Silver Badges, Thomas W. Saltmarsh (age 12), 14 West Belmont St., Pensacola, Fla., Paul R. Caruthers (age 11), Delmont, Pa.

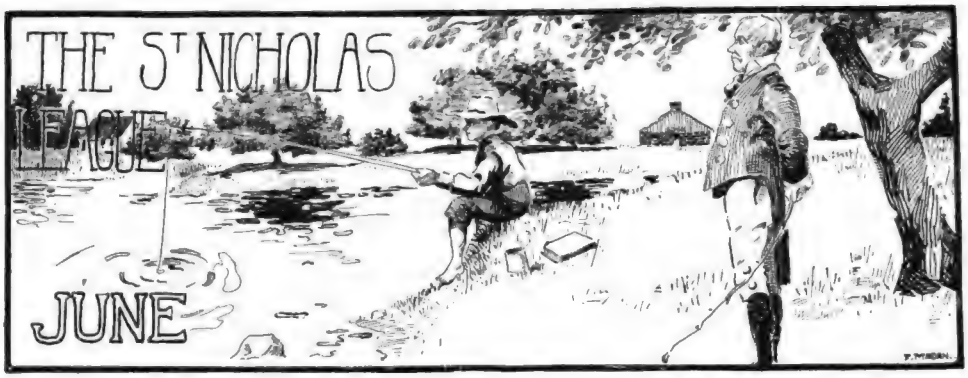
Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, B. E. Priestley (age 14), Tewksbury, Eng., and Helan Ames (age 14), 16 Schussler Road, Worcester, Mass.

Silver badges, Edyth F. Vermeulen (age 14), Box 73, Bound Brook, N. J., and Helen O. Harris (age 12), 270 Maple St., Springfield, Mass.

Prize awards are usually sent about two weeks after their announcement in the magazine.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY ROMAINE HOIT, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY FRED MA DAN, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

WHEN SCHOOL IS DONE.

BY ALMA JEAN WING (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

OH, I want fresh air, and I long for the country,
And the rare, sweet breath of the wild June rose,
The narrow lane that leads up from the pasture,
And the rain-swollen brook when the storm-wind blows.

I want to go to the deep, creeping ocean;
Its great voice is breaking and calling for me.
It beats on the sands, and I hear it but faintly,
The glad summons, or dirge, of the terrible sea.

Oh, I want to go West to the snow-crowned mountains,
And live a wild life on a Montana plain,
To hunt out a panther, or, better, a grizzly,
And race with the cattle again and again.

I want to have pleasure when school-days are over.
To be nature's scholar is rarest delight;
She beckons and calls—alas, *I* cannot answer.
The fairest day ends in a darkening night!

The flowers in the country may wither in waiting,
The ocean may call till its great voice is hoarse,
The lion may roam undisturbed in the mountains,
For I shall stay home, and go nowhere, of course,
When school is done!

A HAPPY DAY.

(A True Story.) BY IRENE FREDERICA RAU (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

IT was a very happy day for two people, but a very sad one for a little girl I know, when Frances and Charles were married.

It was a beautiful day in June. The roses were in all their glory, and the birds sang their sweetest, as they always do in June. It was a house wedding, and a very pretty one, too. At one end of the room in the bay-window was a canopy of white carnations and ferns, under which the bride and groom were to stand.

The heroine of this story was a little girl who was a cousin of the bride, and after she arrived had been asked to stand on the landing to direct the guests where to place their wraps. The little girl obediently did as she was asked. The staircase was out of sight of the room in which the ceremony was to be performed, so the little girl still stood on the landing directing late guests, when suddenly there became silence. Lillian was bashful, and had been told that some one would call her when the ceremony was to be performed; so she did not move from her post until she heard voices saying, "Yes," "Yes." Then she silently crept downstairs, and tiptoed to the drawing-room. People all had their backs to her, and she heard some one praying, so she did n't exactly know what was going on.

"MY HOME." BY BESSIE JONES, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

At last the minister ceased praying, the people began talking to one another, and little Lillian walked into the room and up to her aunt.

"When is Cousin Fwancis goin' to be mawied?" she ventured.

"Why, Lillian! She is now."

"Nobody came and got me," she sobbed. Then she went to the bride. "Cousin Fwances, I wanted to see you mawied, and nobody called me."

"Cousin Fwances" bent over her little cousin and kissed her. "You poor darling! I am so sorry. Shall we have the ceremony performed again, darling, so you can see it?"

"No. But I did so want to see it."

"Well, anyway, Lillian," said Frances, "you kissed the bride first."

Then another cousin, Philip, took little Lillian aside with a pretty young woman.

"Lillian," he said, "we are going to tell you a secret that we have n't told another soul. This is going to be your cousin Elizabeth some day."

All that Lillian said was, "I 'm ever so glad."

When the second wedding came, Lillian had a front seat in the church, and saw it all.

BY CHARLES N. CRUTTENDEN, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

A HAPPY DAY.

BY A. M. LEVINE (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

CHAPTER 46 were going to have an outing. This announcement brought delight to all the members, and, needless to say, we were impatiently waiting for the day on which we were to set out.

That day soon arrived, and, to our delight, it was a very beautiful day—clear and bright, but not too hot. After some delay, and with the well wishes of our parents and friends, we boarded a car at about nine o'clock. Nothing unusual happened except that we greatly startled the passengers when we all shouted:

"Cracker-jack, cracker-jack, zis boom bas,
'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! St. Nicholas;
Hu-lala-bee, cris, cringle, crix,
St. Nicholas League No. Forty-six."

We rode for about an hour, and then got off at Dunwoodie, a quiet, lonely place about six miles from Yonkers. We walked over to the "Van Cortlandt Golf Links," and watched some players. We then retired a little distance and had an exciting game of baseball.

By this time we were a little fatigued, so we sat down under the cooling shade of a maple-tree and rested, at the same time eating our lunch. Being observant of our physical training laws, we rested after our lunch, and then set out for a long journey. We soon began to perspire, and after a little while our clothes were wet with the perspiration.

Imagine, then, our delight when one of us espied a brook. It took but a minute to undress and plunge into the cool, clear stream. How refreshing and restful the water felt! And what sport we had frisking about and dashing spray at each other! This enjoyment was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of an old woman, whip in hand, running toward us. It took but a minute to splash to the opposite bank, pick up our clothes, and dash away.

When a safe distance intervened between the whip and ourselves, we stopped to dress. We then continued our journey. Occasionally we stopped to shake down some apples—then green—or to gather some berries. The sun was low in the heavens when we arrived at Hastings, a little town on the Hudson.

Here, after having some refreshments in a pie-store, we boarded the cars for home. At a special meeting called by the president then and there, we voted that day as having been one of our happiest.

WHEN SCHOOL IS DONE.

BY HILDA BEATRICE MORRIS (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

WHEN school is done, the old school-books,
All finger-marked and torn,
Are thrown down in a careless heap.
They really look forlorn!
Their little owner comes and goes,
Too busy with her play
To give the books a single thought
Throughout the livelong day.

"MY HOME." BY KENDALL BUSHNELL, AGE 8. (SILVER BADGE.)

She reads her new ST. NICHOLAS;
She reads her story-book;
She plays with all her pretty toys,
But don't give *them* a look.

These books have served her faithfully
For one whole year or more,
But still they lie unnoticed now
Upon the nursery floor.

Now, don't you think, dear little one,
You might at least be kind
To those old books that taught you
And improved your growing mind?

"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY REINHOLD PALENSKI, AGE 16. (WINNER OF SILVER, GOLD, AND CASH PRIZES.)

THE HAPPIEST DAY I EVER KNEW.

BY JEAN HARRIS (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ONCE papa and mama decided to go on a fishing-trip and take me. Papa invited a few other friends to go too. We got on the train and rode to Arlington. We went to Arlington because we were going to the Gasconade River. Then we got in a hack and rode and

"DEER." SENT BY HILDA F. MALCOMB. (NOT COMPETING.)

rode and rode. And I got tired of riding. At last we came to the river, and mama let me take off my shoes and stockings and go barefoot. I went and sat on the bank, and looked at the water. We had our dinner, and then went on down the river. We came to a gravel bar and stopped on it. It was right where the Little Piney flows into the Gasconade. We crossed and went on the other shore, and I waded across and I stood in the middle of the river, and the little fishes came and touched my feet and played tag. I went over on the other side and stayed with mama, and a storm came up. Once my aunt fell in the water, and I hollered, "Oh, oh! don't let aunty drown!"

They never give me coffee when I am at home except when I am sick. They gave me coffee when I was down there, and in a tin cup, too. A young man that was with us took some pictures of the camp. In one I went to take a drink, and the picture was me with a cup to my mouth. As we went down the river toward Arlington, papa said that there was a large cave in the bluff. So we went up to it. It was a large cave with water dripping from the top. It was a sort of a room, and there was a lot of caves in the room, one of which led into Stalactites Room. We did not have to go to it. We went to Arlington, and when I left the river I wanted to stay.

That was the happiest day I ever knew.

SCHOOL IS DONE.

BY C. BREWER GOODSELL (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

COME, boys, let 's give a loud hurrah;
Three cheers for happy June!
A merry time we 're bound to have.
Let 's sing a joyful tune.

Come, Billy, put your books away,
And slate and pencil—run!
We 're through with work, and now for play;
For school
Is
Done.

The sun is bright; the day is warm;
The brook is cool and nice.
Come, hurry up, and you and I
Will be there in a trice.

Come, Billy, put your books upstairs;
We want to have some fun.

"SCREECH-OWL." BY REYNOLD A. SPAETH, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

A swim will drown out all our cares,
When school
Is
Done.

Ah, yes, my boys, have out your play
Ere you 're as old as I.
I well remember how I played!
And still I hear the cry:

"Come, Billy, hide away those books,
And join us in the fun.
Just see how happy each one looks,
For school
Is
Done."

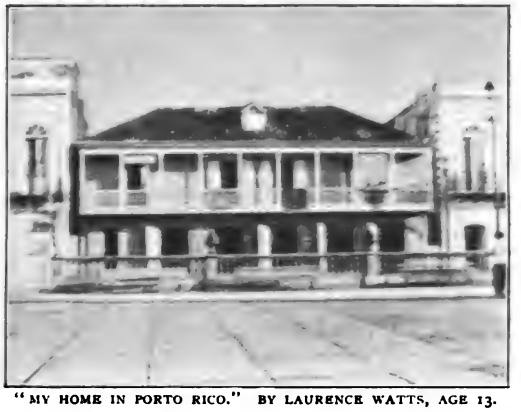
A HAPPY DAY.

BY HELEN STEVENS (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

DOT and Dotty, two dear little twins, always were smiling, and, consequently, they had two dear little dimples, one in each of their chins. Their long golden curls were the pride of their mother. Now, the two were apt to be roguish (in fact, they were n't often sober), and they were never trusted to go out of the yard around their pretty home. The twins' greatest grief was having to stay in the small yard.

"VILLA CRAWFORD," SORRENTO, ITALY. BY H. MARION CRAWFORD, AGE 13.



"MY HOME IN PORTO RICO." BY LAURENCE WATTS, AGE 13.

Their father had once taken them to a tiny island, standing in all its green glory in the middle of the small pond that was so near their home. When the twins had first landed on the little green, leafy island, their cries of delight made their father think of a plan. While the twins were being tucked in bed that night he thought it out, and he and his wife Margaret decided upon the fine plan. The next morning the twins got up and found their pink print dresses and mama beside them to help put them on. When they went down to breakfast they saw papa smiling, and could n't help wondering what it meant, when they spied the large hamper on the table. Mama explained, and after breakfast the twins hurried to dress their dear dollies "Babby" and "Betty."

"We are going to a picnic, a real picnic, and stay on that dear green island!" they exclaimed, giving their dolls a hug.

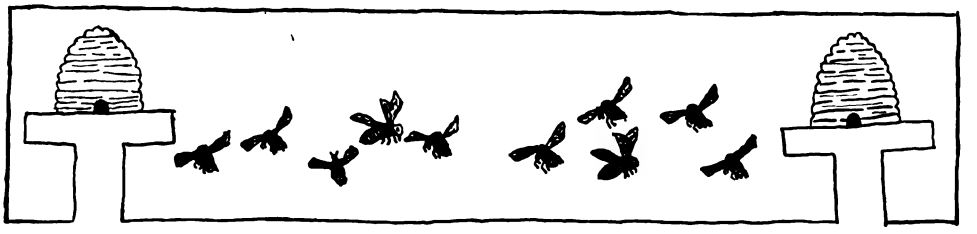
Then they clambered into the dory at the wharf, and sat beside the big hamper, holding the dollies tightly.

What a fine trip it was over to the little green island! After they landed papa read a book while the twins made a house of brush for the dollies. At noon they ate a lovely lunch, and went home at about four o'clock.

"Oh, it was beautiful!" sighed the twins. When they went to bed, they said: "Dear mama, do you think we will ever go again?"

"Perhaps so," said mama, and she took the candle and went downstairs, and the twins sang their dollies to sleep, and fell asleep themselves to dream of a happy day.

BY MARJORIE T. HOOD, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY JOHN WRIGHT, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

WHEN SCHOOL IS DONE.

BY GRACE B. COOLIDGE (AGE 12).

Illustrated by the Author.

(*Gold Badge.*)

WHEN the bell has ceased
to clamor
From the school-house on
the hill,
And the school-room is deserted,
And all is strangely still,

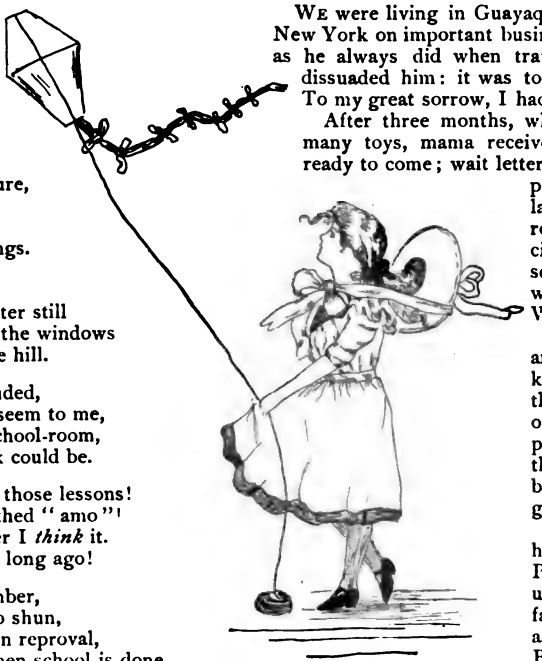
Then I turn myself to pleasure,
And think of other things
Than arithmetic and figures
And history-books and kings.

To me the air seems calmer,
And the birds' songs sweeter still
Than they sounded through the windows
Of the school-house on the hill.

The sky is never clouded,
Though it used to seem to me,
As I sat within the school-room,
It was dark as dark could be.

How I used to dread those lessons!
Latin verbs—I loathed "amo"!
Now I laugh whene'er I *think* it.
That seems, oh, so long ago!

I remember, I remember,
The tasks I used to shun,
And the master's stern reproval,
And my fright—when school is done.



BY GRACE B. COOLIDGE. (SEE POEM.)

WHEN SCHOOL IS DONE.

BY MARJORIE DYRENFORTH (AGE 13).

LAST summer, when my school was done,
We took a trip to Maine.
How peaceful, after city life,
The fisher-cottage plain!

We lived a mile from Portland,
At an island called "East End,"
An island where the hamlets
And pines and sea all blend.

And on the island's rocky side,
Amid its many nooks,
I loved to lie and doze and read
My interesting books.

Maine's pine woods are delightful;
The sailing and the sun
All tend to make it restful,
When winter's school is done.

A HAPPY DAY.

BY CARLOTA BECERRA (AGE 14).

Illustrated by the Author.

(*Silver Badge.*)

WE were living in Guayaquil. Papa had to come to New York on important business, intending to take me, as he always did when traveling. American friends dissuaded him: it was too cold for a tropical child. To my great sorrow, I had to stay, and became sick.

After three months, when I expected papa with many toys, mama received this cablegram: "Get ready to come; wait letter." My pale cheeks turned pink. The letter came at last. Papa said that the new revolution had made him decide to bring us North, and sent enough money. Papa was to meet us at Panama. We started.

Early, the morning we arrived at Panama, some one knocked at our cabin. We thought it was papa. Mama opened. To our great surprise, it was a clerk from the hotel, who came for our baggage. Many friends greeted us.

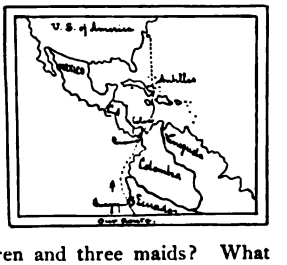
Every one knew what had happened to the "City of Para," but would not tell us. A young man, whose father was a chum of papa, asked, "Are you Señora de Becerra?"

"Yes, sir."

"The ship in which your husband was coming was wrecked four hundred miles off Cape Hatteras. Nobody knows what has become of her, but we expect news any moment."

What a misfortune! Mama did not know what to do.

Next day we learned that the steamer was many days overdue, and had been seen making signal of distress. Another ship had gone to help her, and now she was safe in Newport News. We thought they were deceiving us.



Ten dreadful days passed. Should we return or stay? What could mama do there, alone and with six children and three maids? What would become of us? Where was papa? I was getting worse every day, and all was tears and affliction.

"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY EDITH SHERWOOD, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

When things could not be more dreary, we received a telegram from Colon. Papa was to arrive on the five-o'clock train! He was alive, and coming to meet us! Oh, what joy! Now all was light and rejoicing.

We went to meet him.

It was, indeed, a happy day for me when he took me in his arms. I had been very ill during papa's absence, but his presence cured me like a miracle.

The following day we started for this country, and arrived on April 13, 1895.

BY BESSIE BARNES, AGE 17.

A HAPPY DAY.

BY RICHARDSON PRATT (AGE 6).

In the summer-time we go down to the country. There is a sea-shore near where we live. Sometimes we go in bathing. The children's birthdays come so near together that last summer we had them all in one, and we called that the children's clam-bake.

There were long tables and long benches, and there were cushions on the benches. The tables were in the middle of the room. There were clams to eat, and they were cooked in a big pot. The men would heat stones and drop them in the big pot, and they would spread seaweed over the top; then they would spread sail-cloth over the top of all. After we had dinner we played games. The games were a potato-race, and then a play that we called a cock-fight. We would take a stick under our knees, and hold it with our hands, and then try to tip each other over with our toes, and it was very tipply work. It made everybody laugh. Another game was to have eggs at one end of the room and just as many children at the other end with spoons in their hands. Then they would run to where the eggs were and try to pick them up in their spoons without touching them, and then run back without dropping them. There were prizes for the ones who beat. After a while we went home, and some of them had to go by cars to the city.

A HAPPY DAY.

BY LEOTAH VINCE (AGE 9).

One day my little sister and I were out in the fields picking flowers. We had our dolls with us. We played that she was a queen. I made wreaths and put them on our dolls and on Bessie, my little sister. I would dance the cake-walk before her. She thought it great fun. We picked some buttercups, daisies, violets, primroses, and a great many other flowers. We picked a bouquet for mama, and then I told her we must go home. She did n't like to go home. I told her we would come again some other day.

WHEN SCHOOL IS DONE.

BY ELAINE WOLF (AGE 11).

Hark! I hear the laughing voices
Of the happy girls and boys;
Oh, how much each one rejoices!
My, what screaming and what noise!

Why does all this din take place here?
Don't you know that school is done?
That the children have vacation
And they 're joyous, every one?

They can hardly hear each other,
Each one speaks so very loud,
Talking of the good times coming.
There 's all sunshine, not a cloud.

And this merry childish chatter
One can hear through all the day.
When the bright sun's face sinks downward
Home they go without delay.

WHEN SCHOOL IS DONE.

BY MARION P. MURDOCK (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Out of the school-house,
And down the walk,
The children go running,
With laughter and talk;
For school-time is over,
And for months they 'll be free;
So they are as happy and blithe as the bee.

On each little arm
Is a basket or slate;
Now no more bewailings
For "being so late";
Then off through the meadows
So quickly they run
Under the blaze of the afternoon sun.

BY MARION P. MURDOCK. (SEE POEM.)

"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY GRIFFITH W. LINDSEY, AGE 14.

WHEN SCHOOL IS DONE.

BY HENRY REGINALD CAREY (AGE 9).

WHEN school is done, that 's the time for me
To fish and row and be at sea,
And to the engine we will go,
And we will hear it puff and blow.

And when we get to the other station,
Then that is the place of our destination;
And we will get out and see the sights,
And how it has changed with long days and nights.

Ah! when we have got to our dear old home,
We 'll look at our things and the waves and the foam,
And we will begin our summer play
In flowers, in sunshine, in meadows, and hay.

AN (UN)HAPPY DAY.

BY WINIFRED DEAN (AGE 13).

"MARY!" came a voice up the stairway.

"What do you want, mama?" asked Mary.

"Get up, now, and come down and set the table for me."

"All right," Mary answered sleepily.

But she lingered in bed longer than she ought, so mama had to set the table. Mrs. Woods did not scold her when she came downstairs. She hoped she would not do it again. Mary was late in eating her breakfast, so she was late in washing the dishes. While she was doing this, her special friend, Sylvia Lee, stopped at the house and said she was going skating, and would like to have Mary go with her. But Mary could n't go, because she had not got her morning work done.

When it was nearly time for dinner, Mrs. Wood sent Mary for a pitcher of milk. I don't know how it happened, but when she was coming back with it, her hand slipped, and the result was a broken pitcher, and the milk was running in a stream over the floor. Now, this was a happy day for kitty, and she drank until she was full. Mary began to cry, and Mrs. Woods ran to see what was the matter. She was very sorry about the pitcher, but she said almost cheerfully, "Don't cry any more, Mary, for there 's no use crying over spilt milk."

So Mary dried her tears, and ate her dinner. But she was so unhappy that she did not feel like eating a bit. She did not tell her mother she was sorry for not getting up and setting the table for her, but she was,

And that night, when she went to bed,
She slowly blew out the light,
And she said, "After this I will try
To be good and always do right."

MY FIRST BASS.

BY ALEX POUND (AGE 11).

To begin with, I was n't fishing for bass. My father, myself, and another man were in the boat. Father was having especially good luck, and I was watching him when he asked me where my bobber was, and suddenly I saw it about two feet below the surface, and then the fight began.

My reel sang, and it was all I could do to hold on to my rod. In a very few minutes he had all but about ten feet of my line out when I began to reel in, and just as father was about to land him he broke away again. All this time we did not know what sort of fish it was; but suddenly he jumped, and the boatman said, "Pickerel!" After he jumped he managed to tangle himself up in some weeds, and I thought sure I had lost him; but I had n't, and father soon landed him after a long fight. He weighed about three and a half pounds, and was the only black bass caught there that summer with rod and line.

WHEN SCHOOL IS DONE.

BY MARGUERITE M. HILLERY (AGE 14).

(*Winner of a silver badge in* 1900.)

"WHEN school is done" are magic words;
An "open sesame," 't would seem;
Words that can lead us to a land
Where flowers bloom and dewdrops gleam;
Where sunshine falls and seems to say,
"I 'm here to drive all cares away."

Where underfoot the moss is thick,
And overhead the leaves are green;
Where butterflies like wingèd souls
Add beauty to the fairy scene.
Perhaps a brook will babble by
Like moonlight mirrored from the sky.

And high above us, like a dome,
The azure sky spreads far away,
Made of blue marble flecked with white
And lighted by the light of day;
While for a background tall and grand
A stately mountain oft will stand.

WHEN SCHOOL IS OVER.

BY LINDA G. MCALLISTER (AGE 11).

WHEN school is over and school is done
We have a fine time, every one.
But I 'm glad there 's *some* school;
If there was n't, you see,
There would not be any vacation for me.

CHAPTERS.

If we were offering prizes for the largest chapters it would be carried off so far, we believe, by No. 222, of Trenton, New Jersey. No. 222, or the "Home Cheer Club," reports a total of 425 members in March. This chapter holds its meetings in the opera-house, and has established an anti-cigarette league. Who can beat this record? Don't you think 222 deserves a banner?

No. 82 reports thirty members, and an increase of subscriptions. Also a change of officers at their biennial election. Everett Burgy, President, Ruth Dewey, Vice-president.

No. 158 reports good progress. This chapter meets at the members' houses.

No. 180 hopes to do better soon, and has been christened by its members "The Helping Hand." A good, suggestive name.

No. 190 reports a nice time every two weeks. Every one has something on the programme. Dues of ten cents every six months.

No. 192 reports of a misprint in the name of their secretary. It is properly Dorothy Baldwin, Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

No. 197 reports excellent progress.

No. 199 calls for six more badges. Eighteen members now in all.

No. 203 reports fine progress and great increase of membership. This chapter will have picnics this month, in the woods, and will have a rented hall for meetings.

No. 209 has chosen a name, the "Tecumseh Chapter," in honor of the great chief Tecumseh, who was born at Durbin, Ohio, which is about five miles from Springfield, the headquarters of No. 209.

No. 214 is a musical chapter, and spends a good part of its meetings in singing. Later this chapter will give a musicale.

No. 220, of Plainfield, N. J., is prospering and calls for eight new badges. No. 220 is known as the "Washington Rock Chapter," because near Plainfield there is a large rock from which Washington watched the British when they were in possession of New Brunswick.

No. 228 calls for new badges and reports pleasant times at its meetings.

No. 232 has most enjoyable meetings and is prosperous. This chapter has a rule that each member is compelled to take outdoor exercise at each meeting.

No. 236 reports meetings every Friday afternoon and fine times. "Everybody that lives near" belongs to No. 236.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 246. Helen Crandell, President; Jennie Mott, Secretary; five members. Address, Hempstead, Long Island, New York.

No. 247. Isabel Templeton, President; Ruth Blackwell, Secretary; nine members. Address, 9 Baldwin Street, Montpelier, Vermont.

No. 248. Mabel Heller, President; Aimee Draper, Secretary; seven members. Address, 727 Lake Street, Forest Hill, Newark, New Jersey.

No. 249. "Stars and Stripes." Lester Sichel, President; Thomas Dillon, Secretary; four members. Address, 501 East One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, New York City.

No. 250. "Scrammies." Robert Lemmon, President; John Ulbrich, Secretary; six members. Address, 62 Knickerbocker Road, Englewood, New Jersey. "We will try to make Chapter 250 one of the best."

No. 251. Lillian Hall, President; Mamie Brown, Secretary; four members. Address, P. O. Box 97, Cataumet, Massachusetts.

No. 252. Charles Hoffman, President; Caryl Spiller, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 1817 West Main Street, Louisville, Ky.

No. 253. "Selma." Keys Graham, President; Keys Colley, Secretary; six members. Address, Haddenville, Pennsylvania.

No. 254. The "Twentieth Century." Alice Stratton, President; Helen Hicks, Secretary; nine members. Address, 305 North Thirty-fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No. 255. Bessie Weaver, President; Eva Eldredge, Secretary; ten members. Address, 963 Twenty-fifth Street, Ogden, Utah.

No. 256. "Brownie Club." Beatrice Belknap, President; Alida Wright, Secretary; ten members. Address, 401 9th North Sherman Street, Bay City, Michigan.

No. 257 Leonora Smith, Secretary; four members. Address, 48 Camp Street, Newark, New Jersey.

No. 258. Dorothy Williams, President; Emma Horn, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, Catasauqua, Pennsylvania.

No. 259. "Literary Club." John Walker, President; Fannie Murrell, Secretary; seven members. Address, 14 Law Building, Lynchburg, Virginia.

No. 260. "Hamilton Chapter." Herold Mills, President; William Zinsser, Secretary; six members. Address, 265 Central Park West, New York City. No. 260 will meet once a week.

No. 261. "Charter Oak Chapter." Arthur Newton, President; Robert Halliday, Secretary; twenty-six members. Address, New Park Avenue School, Hartford, Connecticut.

No. 262. "Ozark Chapter." Louise Underwood, President; Mary Shaw, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Grant House, Rolla, Missouri.

No. 263. "Maple City Chapter." Ethel Lee, President; Eva Wilson, Secretary; five members. Address, Honesdale, Pennsylvania. "For our colors we have red and white, and our cry is the following:

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, see! Hip, hip, hurrah for the M. C. C.!
St. Nicholas League our pledge we give: we 'll live to learn and learn to live.'"

No. 264. "The Paragraphs." Gertrude Fisher, President; Marion Smith, Secretary; seven members. Address, 41 East Seventieth Street, New York City.

No. 265. Maude Hamilton, President; Dorothy Doolittle, Secretary; nine members. Address, 285 Colony Street, Meriden, Connecticut.

No. 266. Dora Hill, President; Lillian Dunbain, Secretary; eight members. Address, Church Home, Angora, West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. No. 266 will change officers every four weeks.

No. 267. Virginia Thompson, President; Ernestine Tally, Secretary; twenty-four members. Address, Union City, Tennessee.

No. 268. Jos. Brown, President; James Chadwick, Secretary; seven members. Address, Cataumet, Massachusetts.

No. 269. "Best Yet." H. S. Wheeler, President; Frank Faulkner, Secretary; four members. Address, P. O. Box 337, Rockland, Maine.

No. 270. John Ravlin, President; Frank Day, Secretary; six members. Address, La Porte, Iowa.

No. 271. "Belvedere." Paul Cobb, President; Natalie Cobb, Secretary; thirteen members. Address, 600 Equitable Building, Louisville, Kentucky.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

BY DORIS FRANCKLYN. (SEE LETTER.)

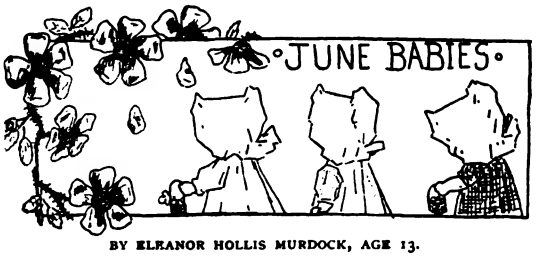
Doris Francklyn, a silver-prize winner, formerly of Brooklyn, writes now from a little inland South American settlement, Playa Rica, Ecuador, and sends a picture of the canoe in which she had to travel five days after leaving the coast to reach her destination. Among other interesting things she says:

"Unlike the traveling the people are improving steadily. Three years ago they were so ignorant and superstitious that I was actually taken for a saint when I went into one of their little churches on Good Friday. Now that the white man is penetrating these great forests, and bringing their treasures of ivory-nuts, cocoa, and rubber to the coast, the people are learning to be civilized. They are very gentle, and easily influenced by kindness. Any present, however trifling, is gratefully received, and never forgotten. We are sure to have it returned in the shape of two or three eggs tied up in a red handkerchief. I hope to go home soon, and I am going to try again for the League Gold Badge."

Ruth F. Kendall, of Brookline, Massachusetts, suggests that we have a competition for the young writers of music. This would be an excellent idea if we had the room, but alas! we have not — at least, not yet. Perhaps among the pleasant things of "by-and-by" we shall have this, too.

A great many League members have written to say that we should have an agreement to stop wearing bird wings, cutting dogs' ears and tails, and otherwise maltreating dumb creatures. As we have said before, the kindly treatment of animals and birds is one of the first aims of the League, and the League badge means a pledge that no true member will violate. No further agreement seems necessary.

BY MILDRED WHEAT, AGE 14.



BY ELEANOR HOLLIS MURDOCK, AGE 13.

We regret to say that the drawing of sugar-making, on page 475 in March, was copied from a calendar picture. Perhaps the little artist did not understand about copying a picture when this was sent, but all understand it now, and we shall be sorry indeed if this ever occurs again. Pictures, as well as poems and stories, must be either from life or from imagination, and not from anything that any one else has done.

Isadore Douglas writes to call attention to the error in a March contribution which quoted "When beechen buds begin to swell" as a line from Longfellow, when it should have been accredited to Bryant. Errors of this kind are so apt to occur that young authors should be very careful indeed in making quotations.

A LITTLE WHISTLER.

One day my brother was sitting on papa's knee and was trying to whistle. Papa said, "What are you doing, Bob?"

Bob said, "I am trying to whistle, papa. Would n't it whistle a dog?" Papa laughed and said, "I am afraid not." Bob looked very sad and said, "Would n't it whistle a *little* dog?"

ELEANOR PHILLIPS.

Other appreciative and interesting letters, many of which would be printed if we had room, have been received from Eleanor McCormick, Monica P. Turner (prettily decorated), Winifred Dean, Ellen Dunwoody, Eleanor Hollis Murdock, Earl B. Putnam, Mabel Murray, Florence S. Guggenhime, Mason B. Staning, Jr., Leotah and

BY JACQUELINE ELLWANGER, AGE 10.

Eltah Vince, Lois Hawley Richardson, Eleanor Marvin, Orlie Reynolds, Jr., Charles E. Walbridge, Jr., Bernice A. Chapman, Rachel Nauman (with picture), Gertrude Brown, Harriet E. Cushman, Adelia Bender, Bessie Miller, Fanny C. Albee, Monica Samuels, Lee Strathy, Willie D. C. Chandler, Kenneth Wood, Helen Richards, Carolyn Mildred Carter, Julia Wright McCormick, John W. Cory, Jr., Marjorie Conner, Bertah B. Janney, Frederic C. Smith, Sara A. Cheesman, Frances M. Richardson, Helen B. Maxey, John Simpkins, Melton R. Owen, Gertrude Kaufmann, Helen K. Stockton, Genevieve Cipperly, Arlene Holmes, Clarkson Penn Miller, Katherine A. Shriver, Herbert Smith, Charles W. Hoffman, Emilie Benson, Eleanor Colby, Henry C. Tindall, John D. Brant, Jr., Leslie F. Snow, Claire Kruesi, Helen Souther, and Alice Stratton.

BY HELEN KING STOCKTON, AGE 14.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

This month League members may well be proud to find their names on this list. Every member whose name appears below contributed work well worthy of publication, some of it so good that it was almost impossible to decide on the prize awards.

VERSE.

Martha G. Haskell
Helen Bartlett Maxey
George S. Marks
Dorothy Bull
Helen Chapin Moody
Eva Levy
Emily McIntyre
Helen H. Nichols
Madeleine T. Brewer
Alice Mullin
Louis B. Ward
Dorothy Bruce
Teresa Cohen
Henry Dale, Jr.
Rena Kellner
Dorothy Wallis
Marjory Stoneman
Paul W. Cobb
Katherine Mortenson
Clarissa Pierson
Margaret Jefferys Hobart
Margaret Stevens
Valeda A. Johnson
Alice Moore
Ethel Mills Gordon
Frank Way Garey
Margaret Atwater
Edith Wesley
Eleanor Clifton
Katherine Van Dyck
Marjory Anne Harrison
Elizabeth Heroy
Edwina C. Talbot
Florence Fisher
Inez Fuller
Dorothy Calman
Caroline Clinton Everett
Arthur Newton
Isabel Underwood
Paul C. Ravlin
Alice T. Huyler
Albert Chase
Elizabeth Munsell
Mary B. Jennings
Nellie Stevens
Maria Webber
Levi P. Smith
Jennie Murdock
William J. Reid
Leonhard Felix Fuld
William R. Benet
Theoda Cockroft
Carolyn Putnam
Grace Buchanan
Eleanor Hollis Murdock
Katherine Duer Bibb
Fred A. Coates
Lucius A. Bigelow
Freda Muriel Harrison
Doris Long
Edith G. Daggett

PROSE.

Bessie S. Dean
Ina Dryden
Margaret S. Budd
Suzette Ryerson
Queenabelle Smith
Maurice H. Wilkinson
Irene L. Miles
Dorothy Heroy
Helene Edla Dykeman
Margaret G. Hart
Elsie Gorham Smith
Paul H. Pausnitz
M. Effie Lee
Henderson Howk
Ruth A. Trimble
Claudie Brahm
Mary M. McCabe
Margaret D. Latta
Mabel Daniels
Marguerite Beatrice Child
Wallace Lane
Harriet Bradley
E. Ridgely Simpson
Julia Kurtz
Nelley Keyser
Carl Olsen
Charlotte Clay
Katheryn Hoyt
Grace R. Douglas
Lucy E. Cook
Esther Louise Chatfield
Marion Goodwin Eaton
Emma Bugbee
Barbara P. Benjamin
Violet Packenham
Helen M. Batson
Edward Arthur O'Hara
Hannah Marcy
Helen D. Fish
George Dowd
Catherine Lee Carter
Laura Pollock
Maysie C. Regan
Constance Restarick
David MacGregor Cheney
Stanley Webster
S. K. Smith
Laura Benet
Lollie Savage
Elvira R. Binda
Peirce C. Johnson
Theodora Shaw
Edith Schanche
Rachel McGavock
Josephine Wood Schaffer
Mary Elizabeth Archer
Harry M. I. Wood
Alma Nilsen
Robert R. Garland
Adah P. Knight
Helen Lathrop
Pauline Coppee Duncan
Margarethe Frankel
Lilian E. Wells
Pierson Allen
Delia Farley Dana
Ellen Day
Merril Silverstein
Dorothy P. Bower
Beatrice A. Vilas
Catherine Harriet Fisher
Margaret Cate
Harry Todd
Ethel R. Freeman
Dorothy Mills
Ernest Gloor, Jr.
Harold E. Marden
Catherine D. Brown
Helen Damrosch
Eva Woodson
John Apgar, Jr.
Edith Lambert
Louise Marshall Haynes

DRAWINGS.

Meade Bolton
Margaret Corwin
Marion H. Russell
Harry Demmler
Carlisle Pontius
Helen Seaman
Melton R. Owen
Virginia Lyman
Fred Stearnes
Alan Osgood
Elizabeth Norton
Edmund Parker Chase
Harold Camp
Wilson Turner Ballard
Katherine Thompson
Frank W. Flanner
Barbara Coit
Lloyd Wright
Genevieve Bosson
Gertrude E. Mills

John Hogan
Thomas Porter Miller
Anna Divine
Marcia S. Humphrey
Katherine M. Kinsey
Laura Alleine Langford
Monica P. Turner
Helene E. Jacoby
Anna C. Woodman
Helen Chandlee
Elsie Macdonald
Rachel A. Russell
Laura Chanler
Enid Maye Schreiber
Vere B. Kupfer
Katherine Allison
Atossa Nilsen
Lydia K. Hopkins
Fanny W. Carter
Dorothy Sherman
Henry Gourdin Young
John Carson
Ruth Felt
Rachel Ayer
Ruth Osgood
Helen A. Fleck
Pauline Croll
Alice Louise Heath
Rhoda E. Gunnison
James Patterson
Fred D. Patterson
Norman H. Shepard
Sanford Tousey
Edward H. Croll
Charles John Biddle
Aileen Gundelfinger
Sara Marshall
Earle Dilworth Mason
Lettie Maxwell
John Parrott
Marcus H. Dall
Laurence J. Young
C. Alfred Klinker
Mark Sheridan
Julia R. Foster
Muriel Murray
Lawrence H. Riggs
Phœbe Hunter
Frederick Gest
Susan J. Sweetser
Juliette McC. Shields
Henry A. Colgate
William A. Norwood
Ethel N. Holloway
Ruth B. Hand
W. Gilbert Sherman
Robert H. McKoy, Jr.
Helen A. Trapier
Clara L. Cheesman
W. F. De Muth
Helen Price
Alice Howland
Ruth Hazen Heath
Eleanor Clement
Ewing Thurston Webb
Ellen W. Peckham
Helen Van Dyck
Hilda Warren
Eugene F. Bradford
Warde Wilkins
W. Platt Hubbard
Margaret E. Conklin
Laura Snodgrass
Florence Helen Wood
Josephine Carter
Jessie Hofstetter
Julia Brown
Robert R. Barton
Mabel Miller Johns
Abner Kirby
Helen de Veer
James McKell, Jr.
Louise Fletcher
Yvonne Jeguier
Marie Van Liew
Bessie Greene
Clark Deball
H. L. Howard
Percy D. Jamieson

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Adele J. Connelly
Gertrude Schirmer
Laura I. Brown
Nana Swain
Helen M. Conant
Ellen Dunwoody
Walter E. Roberts
Harvey Girvin
Catherine Jones
Wendell R. Morgan
Muriel Seeley
Morris Pratt
Margaret C. Rankin
W. H. Patterson
Tom Dalrymple Strathern
Marjorie D. Pierce
Ethel Osgood
Henry S. Kirchberger
Arthur H. Pracher
H. Sargent Appleton
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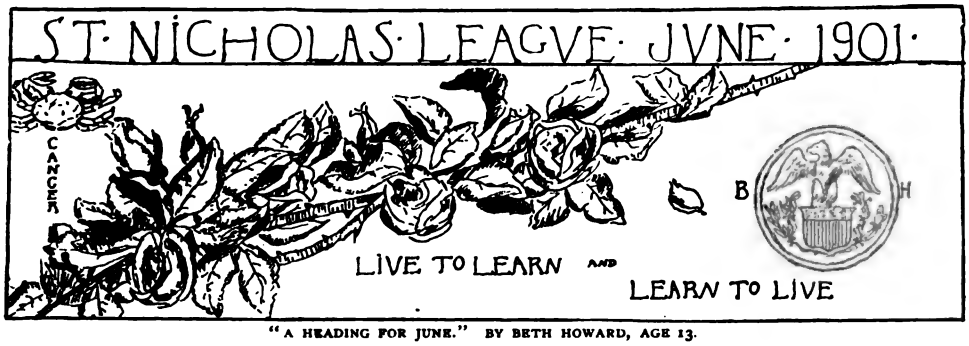
Florence Walton
Henry G. Adler
Chester N. Crosby
Carol Trowbridge
Henry Ormsby Phillips
Harrison R. Hathaway
Elizabeth Connor
Ray W. Irvin
Chapin Brown
George A. Einstein
Robert Weithecht
Julia Williamson
Harry A. Kent
Montague Flagg
Martha Gruening

PUZZLES.

Marie H. Whitman
Samuel D. Otis
Jack D. Bromfield
Frances M. Richardson
Garrison Pirie
Martin S. Ely
Edith Zane Pyles
Winifred Kaltenbach
Walter Gray Summers
Herbert Schroeder
Dudley Willcox
Josephine L. Whitney
Paul Rowland
Franklin C. Talmage
Helen Glenn
Elizabeth Babcock
Harold B. Hering
Helen W. Haines
Katharine H. Wead
James Neill
Marie Wilmer
Albert Beecher Crawford
Theresa Geraldine White



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY BETH HOWARD, AGE 13.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 21.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

Competition No. 21 will close June 15 (20th for European contributors). The award will be announced and contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for September.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject to contain the word "harvest" or "harvesters."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and must relate in some manner to the kind treatment of animals and birds.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Summer Day."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A Heading for September." May be landscape or interior, with or without figures, suitable for League department or any portion of it, such as "Roll of Honor," "Chapters," etc.

PUZZLE. The answer to contain some word relating to school.

BY WILLIAM HANLEY DELL, AGE 7.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES FOR ALL COMPETITIONS.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month.

Address all communications:
THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square,
New York City.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their manuscript until after the last-named date

EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE story of "Baby Stuart," told so charmingly by Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker in this number of the magazine, is printed not only for its own worth, but to correct two articles in former issues of ST. NICHOLAS. One was in the magazine for March, 1880, on page 376, the other in that for March, 1888, on page 396 (and *not*, as a misprint under the portrait makes it, on page 436). Those articles stated the picture to be a portrait of a *daughter* of Charles I., and by many this was long thought to be true; but after careful investigation it seems settled that the portrait is of the little prince who became James II., as Mrs. Parker tells us in her story.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little army girl, and I have traveled about a good deal. My father is a major in the Sixteenth Infantry, and is in Manila.

We were stationed at Santa Fe, New Mexico, for about three years, and then we went to Fort Reno, Oklahoma, and stayed there for two years and a half. I took the ST. NICHOLAS all the time I was there. I stopped taking you for two years. I am very sorry I did, and now I am going to take you as long as I possibly can.

The stories I like best that you have published are: "Miss Nina Barrow," "Elena's Captive," "The Colburn Prize," and "Denise and Ned Toodles." I learned "Ballad of the Little Page" to recite in school.

Papa was in the battle of Santiago. It was in July, 1898, and he came home in August, 1899. My brother also is in the army, and he writes very interesting letters. We hear from him about three months after we have written, because it takes a month and a half for him to get our letters. My brother is a lieutenant in the Eleventh Cavalry, and it has done a good deal of hard fighting.

Hoping you will like my letter, I remain,
Your faithful little reader,
ADRIENNE HIRKMAN.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received nice letters from many people who saw mine in your magazine.

I am sure your readers would like to hear this time about Cairo. It is funny that although so many Europeans live in Cairo, it looks far more an Eastern town than Alexandria. If you chance to be there in February, which is *the* month of Egypt, it is very interesting, as the streets are crowded with tourists.

The bazaars of Cairo are something unique. The bazaars are what you would call stores. They are in the native part of the town. The shops are very low-roofed and dark, with no windows. The shopmen at their doorways do not let you pass, but call after you, urging you to buy of their goods. They always tell you that theirs are the very best and cheapest. You have to bargain like anything for the slightest trifle, as they always ask two or three times too much for it. They run after you all over the bazaar, teasing you to buy, and at the end you get things for less than half the price they asked at first. They offer you all sorts of antiques, which they assure you are quite real, just dug up at such and such a place. You can be sure, however, that they are fresh from the manufactory at Luxor. I heard that a lady once bought a jar she actually saw dug up. When she got home she accidentally let it fall. It broke to pieces, and a copy of a Manchester newspaper rolled out. In one part of the bazaar they make all the beautiful Eastern brass-work, and you can see the Arabs crouching at their work. In another they work in gold and silver, and there the noise of the hammering is deafening; and so on. The streets are so very narrow that you cannot go with a carriage, and hardly on a donkey. Over the shops there are native houses with lattices on the windows, through which the women look out, as they are not allowed to show their faces. There are some beautiful Arabic gateways.

The Pyramids and Sphinx are an hour's drive out of Cairo, at Gizeh, on the other side of the Nile. A beautiful road leads up to them, which was made for the Empress Eugénie when she came to see the Suez Canal.

On the way is Gizeh Museum, which has the finest collection of Egyptian antiquities in the world. You meet long caravans of camels loaded with green stuff, led by stately Bedouins, donkey-boys running after their donkeys and poking at them with their sticks to go faster, etc. The road up to a certain point is quite near the river. The boats which go on the Nile are called dahabiyehs. Some Arab villages can be seen in the distance with their mud houses. Women going to get water, looking so graceful and erect with their black robes and veils, carrying jars on their heads. Here a group of children leading the buffaloes to water, sitting nearly on the animals' tails. On either side of the road women selling sugar-canes. They are always eating sugar-cane, and that makes their teeth so white. Long carts drawn by one wretched-looking horse come jolting along. These carts consist of a simple plank on wheels, and the Arabs look so funny with their legs dangling over the side, women, babies, fowls, pots, all crammed together.

When you are at the Pyramids it is worst of all. All sorts of natives surround and pull you right and left. They all shout at you at once. Some want to help you up or to guide you in the tombs, while others offer to run up and down the Pyramid against time for "bakshish," or money. You get bewildered. They push each other like anything, all trying to get to you at once.

A pyramid looks as if it ended in a point, but in reality there is a platform at the top. The steps are very steep, and that makes it extremely hard to climb. You may not climb alone; three Arabs help you up, one on either side, and the third pushing behind. If anything happens to you they are responsible. When I went I only climbed a few steps up to the entrance of the tomb. How imposing they look! From the top you can see the distant Nile, and nothing but sand the other way. The Sphinx has the face and bust of a woman. It looks quite small next to the Pyramids. When I got to it I was amazed at its height. Some Arabs who climbed to the top, for bakshish, looked like little specks. Mohammed Ali took the stones of a small Pyramid to build the citadel with.

Sincerely yours, JENNY CASULLI.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

WILD-FLOWER ACROSTIC. Initials, Mayflower. 1. Marsh marigold. 2. Anemone. 3. Yarrow. 4. Forget-me-not. 5. Lady-slipper. 6. Ox-eyed daisy. 7. Wake-robin. 8. Evening primrose. 9. Rosemary.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Philadelphia. 1. Ph-rase. 2. Il-legal. 3. Ad-dress. 4. El-bow. 5. Ph-are. 6. Ia-go.

CHARADE. In-choir. In-quire.

HISTORICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Initials, Mayday. Cross-words: 1. Merrimac. 2. Antietam. 3. Yorktown. 4. Donelson. 5. Arnold. 6. Yankee Doodle.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Matanzas, Santiago. Cross-words: 1. Mausolus. 2. Nautical. 3. National. 4. Natation. 5. Feminine. 6. Realizes. 7. Agrarian. 8. Odorless.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "It is not always May."

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Bank. 2. Area. 3. Neat. 4. Kate.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Buttercups. Cross-words: 1. Crabbed. 2. Annuity. 3. Pontiac. 4. Fiction. 5. Raleigh. 6. Eternal. 7. Catcher. 8. Augusta. 9. Cropper. 10. Elastic.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Jade. 2. Aden. 3. Dead. 4. Ends. II. 1. Dare. 2. Asia. 3. Riot. 4. Eats. III. 1. Jane. 2. Aver. 3. Nero. 4. Eros. IV. 1. Same. 2. Abel. 3. Meal. 4. Ella. V. 1. Sand. 2. Aloe. 3. None. 4. Deed. VI. 1. Sire. 2. Idea. 3. Rear. 4. Earl. VII. 1. Aged. 2. Game. 3. Emma. 4. Dean.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Memorial Day; finals, Blue and Gray. Cross-words: 1. Mab. 2. Earl. 3. Menu. 4. Olive. 5. Ramona. 6. Indian. 7. Accepted. 8. Living. 9. Door. 10. Africa. 11. Yearly.

A FLAG PUZZLE. From 1 to 10, Decoration; 4 to 24, observed; 1 to 17, day in May. From 11 to 18, Ahab; 12 to 19, yeas; 13 to 20, idle; 14 to 21, near; 15 to 22, Merv; 16 to 23, ache; 17 to 24, yard.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Mabel, George, and Henri — Frances Macdonald — Helen O. Harris — James Brewer Crane — Frances M. Richardson — Grace C. Norton — M. McG. — Louise Mygrant — "Naum-ke-ag Quartette" — Musgrove Hyde — Henry C. Berrian — Marguerite Sturdy — Edmund S. Jamieson — Edyth F. Vermeulen — Helen Ames — R. E. Priestlay — Allil and Adi — Eleanor R. McClees — Bertha S. Michaels — Pauline Angell — Lawrence A. Rankin — Edith Lewis Lauer.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Gertrude Schwarz, 2 — A. P. Clarke, 3 — Ethel L. Pugh, 3 — J. Balsam, 2 — Grace McCarty, 2 — Theo. Counselman, 2 — Helen J. Wells, 2 — Jack D. Bromfield, 4 — Pauline Mueller, 4 — Eugenia Elliott, 2 — Jessie, Ethel, and Marjorie, 3 — Theresa G. White, 2 — Madeleine B. Schweig, 9 — Helen Richardson, 5 — Alice McCullough, 2 — Richard Elterich, 2 — Gertrude G. Cheever, 4 — John Shepard 3d, 10 — Bessie Clancey, 10 — No name, Cooperstown, 3 — Marian E. Ingalls, 2 — Bertha B. Janney, 10 — Ottilie Prochazka, 2 — Ruth Fletcher, 9 — Harry Thornton, 9 — No name, Portland, Mich., 7 — "Florodora," 10 — Arnold Post, 7 — Allen McGill, 6 — Priscilla Beall, 8 — M. Johnstone, 9 — J. M. Rogers, 7 — Harold Stephens, 8 — Agnes, Louise, Clare, and Roswell, 10 — Agnes R. Lane, 6 — Octave H. Bourdon, 4 — Helen S Cooper, 8 — James Shearer, 10 — Ernest Gregory, 9 — Charlie C. Atherton, 7 — Delia J. Plank, 6 — Joseph L. Ernst, 3 — Brother and Sister, 9 — Dorothy Powell, 9 — E. W. and A. H., 6 — Florence and Edna, 5 — Dorothy Monro, 4 — Katharine M. Clement, 8 — "Hiawatha and Wabeeka," 10 — Maud Borland, 4 — M., C., and P. Stark, 2 — Wm. C. McDermott, 10 — C. F. Selfridge, 2 — Winnie and Cyril Black, 3 — Adsie and Dotsy, 8 — C. McV. Tibbits, 2 — Louise Atkinson, 9 — Lowell Walcutt, 6 — Ethel Snow, 7 — Rosalie A. Sampson, 9 — Dorothy A. Baldwin, 10 — Helen Glenn, 6. (So many of our readers sent answers to only one puzzle that these cannot be acknowledged.)

PRIMAL AND DIAGONAL ACROSTIC.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell a season which begins in June, and the diagonals (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a great ruler.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A vagrant. 2. So tight as to be impermeable to air. 3. One who shows strangers the curiosities of a place. 4. A public slaughter-house for cattle. 5. Young frogs. 6. Masses of ice floating in the ocean. 7. A sacred drama, set to music. 8. One of the United States.

ROGER CHASE, JR.

A DIAGONAL ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending at the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of one of the thirteen original States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The surname of a President of the United States. 2. The capital of the State which my diagonal spells. 3. The scene of a famous surrender, also in the State spelled by my diagonals. 4. A gathering or assembly. 5. The surname borne by two Presidents. 6. The home of George Washington. 7. A large body of water which bounds one side of the State named by my diagonals. 8. A large river of the United States.

THOMAS W. SALTMARSH.

CURTAILINGS.

1. CURTAIL to acquire skill, and leave a character in Shakspere. 2. Curtail to catch with the hand, and leave strength in grasping. 3. Curtail vulgar, and leave behold. 4. Curtail a game at cards, and leave resentment awakened by a social slight. 5. Curtail commotion, and leave a fox. 6. Curtail a color, and leave part of the face.

The curtailed letters will spell the name of a famous philosopher.

LOUISA B. BARKER.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the eight fruits and vegetables here pictured have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a battle fought in 1846.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.).

EXAMPLE: Syncopate a feature, and leave an insect.

ANSWER, mo-u-th, moth.

1. Syncopate to deceive, and leave to converse.

2. Syncopate one of a class that made much trouble in China, and leave one of a nation that is much talked about.

3. Syncopate articles of clothing, and leave light beds.

4. Syncopate dwellings, and leave agricultural implements.

5. Syncopate one of the United States, and leave part of a horse.

6. Syncopate a giver, and leave an entrance.

7. Syncopate the unit of the English system of weights, and leave a foolish smile.

8. Syncopate one who bites, and leave a funeral carriage.

9. Syncopate an uproar, and leave part of the face.

10. Syncopate a game, and leave to abandon.

11. Syncopate certain trees, and leave a kind of dessert.

The syncopated letters will spell something that usually takes place in June.

FREDERICK McGREGOR.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A COIN. 2. Notion. 3. To soften. 4. Consumes.

II. 1. In India, a native nurse for children. 2. A mark of servitude. 3. Related. 4. Domestic fowls. EFFIE K. TALBOYS.

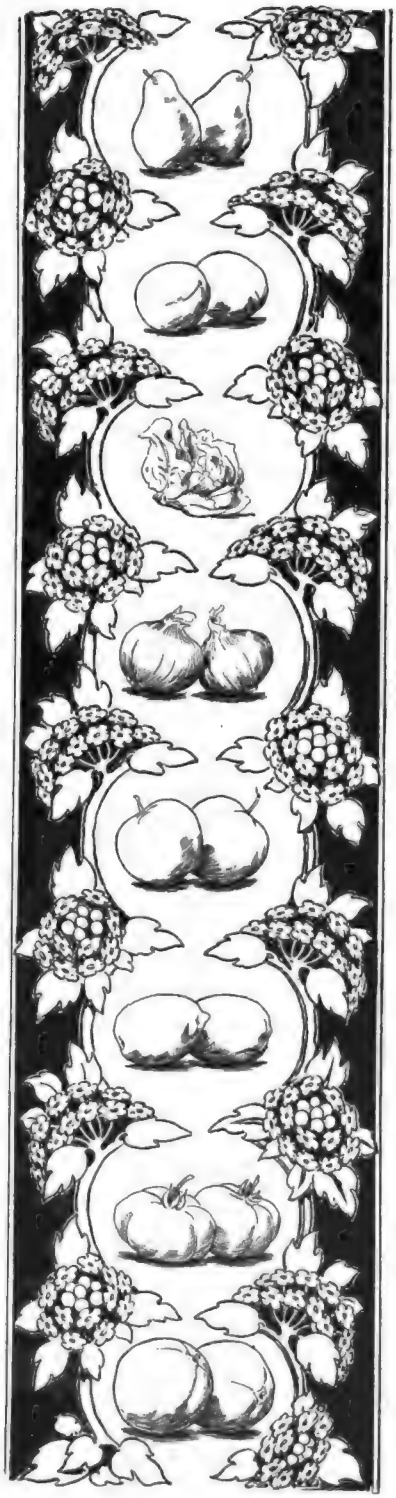
PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following names have been rightly guessed, the initials will spell three words relating to June.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A place where, in 991, the Danes defeated the English. 2. A name given to a famous ship which was the subject of a well-known poem. 3. The name of a State admitted to the Union in 1867. 4. The principal river in Great Britain. 5. The surname of two American generals, both born in South Carolina. 6. A famous Seminole chief. 7. The name of a State admitted to the Union in 1845. 8. A river which forms part of the boundary of the United States. 9. A place in Florida in which a battle was fought in February, 1864. 10. The name of a famous battle fought in 1862. 11. A famous American statesman and orator who was born in 1794. 12. An admiral in the United States navy.

PAUL R. CARUTHERS.



A RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"I HAVE no bed,"
The sly tramp said;
"May I 1-2-3 4-5-6 in your attic?'
He was evil-eyed,
And I quick replied,
"1-2-3-4-5-6!" with voice emphatic. ANNA M. PRATT.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-eight letters and form a quotation from Longfellow.

My 7-21-49-12 is frequent in early spring. My 10-35-6-18 is part of a plant. My 36-1-30-54-27 is a very useful animal. My 40-31-37-42 is a rush. My 53-39-13 is a common quadruped. My 5-8-19-23 is timber. My 15-25-34-26 is a bird which sings sweetly. My 9-56-45-20 is a decorative plant of the temperate zone. My 24-16-41-46 is a small animal which lives underground. My 28-51-55-22 is a young deer. My 38-4-50-43 is used for bait. My 47-44-17-58 is a measure of length. My 29-32-57-52 is a place for baking My 3-33-48-2 is part of a book. My 14-11-5 is part of a boat.

HELENE BOAS (League Member).

CHARADE.

FAIR Lucy, standing on the lawn,
Some thought of sorrow nursed;
And heedless of the lovely morn,
She softly breathed my *first*.

My *second*, on the hawthorn near,
Were trilling forth a tune;
And gentle Lucy deigned to hear
Their merry music soon.

Then forth upon the summer air
Her own clear accents roll,
In strains more witching, all declare,
Than ever sang my *whole*.

ELSIE CRAIG.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS

THE HOME OF THE PUMA.

SEE PAGE 592.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVIII. JULY, 1901. NO. 9.

THE "U. S. M."

BY ALICE MORGAN.

"LARRY, the stage-driver, has broken a leg, and Mr. Wright says I may run the stage for a month or two. I 'd like to do it, sir, if — if you 've no objection," begged Tom of his guardian, Judge Gifford.

The judge looked down at him with amusement.

"Do you hear that, doctor?" he said, walking to the other end of the piazza, where the old doctor sat with his feet on the railing and a New York newspaper in his hand.

Tom, who was always in dead earnest about everything he undertook, had been studying too hard or too much, and had grown thin and nervous; so, by the doctor's advice, and greatly against his own will, he had been compelled to leave school.

The doctor looked up absently.

"He 's been out of school three days," explained the judge, stepping aside and exposing the bashful boy, who had followed close at his heels, "and now he 's ready to run a stage."

"Only three trips a day," pleaded Tom, with the air of a culprit. "It starts from Mr. Wright's store at Van Buren Center, and goes down to the railway station. It connects with the 8:30 A.M. and the 2 and 5 P.M. trains for New York. It carries the mail."

"Um-m!" remarked the doctor, thoughtfully, looking intently out toward the orchard.

"It 's better than lounging, anyway," ventured Tom, and instantly retreated again behind the judge.

"Um-m-m! So it is, judge, so it is," said the doctor, lowering his feet, one at a time, and holding them in place with a hand on either knee. "It 'll keep the youngster out of doors, too; and that 's what he needs. He 's small for his age. Go ahead, young man; here 's my hand on it."

And Tom, emerging from his retirement, shook the chubby old hand with a glad "Thank you, sir," and a glance at his guardian that was three parts merry and one part triumphant.

That evening found him stretched upon the boards of the western porch with an open book before him, straining his eyes in the fading light.

The judge commented gravely.

"It 's only a book of postal laws and regulations," apologized Tom. "I got it of Wright. Of course he must answer for me as mail-carrier; but I thought I ought to know what the rights and duties of the office are." (Tom was taking some ideas from the Constitution of the United States.)

"That 's right, my boy, that 's right," exclaimed the judge, with a heartiness that brought a glad light into Tom's eyes, for he loved his guardian most devotedly. "Whether you are a private citizen or a public officer,

always keep yourself informed as to the duties the laws of your country require of you and the privileges they accord to you. But we want you now to let books alone as far as may be."

The stage was clumsy, with low, heavy running-gear and a tunnel-like top of canvas. Upon the wagon-box, hardly decipherable through disfigurement of weather and soil, appeared the name of the nimblest race-horse of the day—"Eclipse"; for every time the vehicle received a new coat of paint it was, with no idea of any joke, renamed for the race-horse once so famous. At the back, just above a pair of steps by which passengers climbed in or out, appeared the letters "U. S. M."

The driver's seat was high, and Tom felt lifted up in more senses than one when, on the morning of his entry into the mail service, Mr. Wright, storekeeper, postmaster, stage-driver, and mail-carrier all in one — though giving to others the duties of the last two offices—tossed up to him the mail-bag with its imposing combination of iron staples and lock and leathern pouch that, as the story runs, made an old sailor's jack-knife laugh.

As it fell rattling before him, he put a foot upon it, gathered up his reins, and started off, feeling himself a public official.

His route lay past Riggs's Corners, a tavern stand, thence to the station, a drive of two miles by the regular route or old road, or a much longer drive if, as was often the case, he had to go by the hill road.

On each of his trips he was obliged to connect with a train for his passengers' convenience as well as to deliver the mail-bag to a trainman. Then he must wait a half-hour for return trains, from which he received the mail and generally a few passengers.

Our hero had been stage-driver about a month when, upon his morning trip, he was signaled from the home of Farmer Cushman — a fine old house standing sixty feet from the road. The farmer had been kind to Tom. The lad had a grateful heart, and saw with pleasure that the passenger coming out from the greenery of trees and shrubs that almost hid the house was his old friend.

"Room up there for me, Tom?" he asked, indicating the driver's seat.

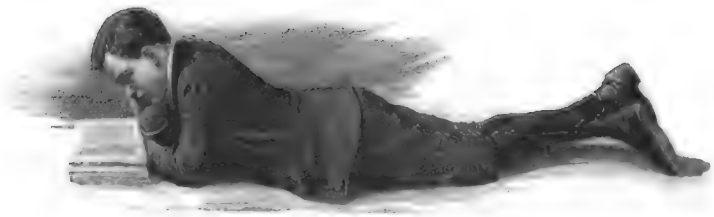
"Certainly, sir, certainly!" Tom blinked with satisfaction as he slipped to one side, making room.

A few rods before them was Riggs's Corners. Early as it was, the idlers of the place were lounging upon the long, narrow piazza. Mr. Cushman scanned the group narrowly.

"I suppose it 's too early for Bates to be around yet," he said. "He 's a fellow that 's been buying up horses about here. Have you seen him, Tom? He drives a bay and a flashy little buggy with yellow gear. He puts up at Riggs's. McMahon" (the constable) "hobnobs with him a good deal — is treated by him, I suppose, and of course thinks Bates is just right. I offered him my old gray yesterday for seventy-five dollars; but I regretted it afterward, and I really hope he won't take me up. The old fellow 's been too good a servant to be sold to strangers who may not treat him kindly."

Tom agreed with him,— somehow he and Mr. Cushman agreed on most subjects they talked about,— and the trip to the station was a pleasure to both.

In the afternoon Tom left Wright's, as usual, to connect with the two-o'clock train. As he approached the Cushman place his face lighted up with a very lively curiosity, for something answering the description of Bates's rig stood



"EVENING FOUND HIM STRETCHED UPON THE WESTERN PORCH, WITH AN OPEN BOOK BEFORE HIM."

at the gate, with Cushman's little black mare, "Dinah," tied behind.

On coming nearer he saw little Harmony Cushman at Dinah's head, and just within the gate Harmony's grandmother, a meek-faced old lady, mildly arguing with some one whom Tom took to be Bates himself.

Approaching the group, Tom drove more and more slowly, forgetting all politeness in his pity for the child when he saw that Harmony was crying and tugging at Dinah's tie-strap with all her little might.

The Eclipse came to a standstill.

"Papa *did n't* sell my Dinah, Tommy! Papa *did n't!*" cried the little girl, dropping the strap, running forward, and reaching up her hands to him in pitiful appeal.

Tom was beside her in a moment, and seizing his hand, she ran with him to her grandmother's side.

"It is unfortunate, Mr. Bates," the old lady was protesting, "that you should have come when there 's no one home but me. Even the hired men are not around. They would have known. Of course, I don't doubt your word, but I 'm afraid there 's some misunderstanding. Can't you leave the mare now, and come for her when my son is at home?"

"I would like to oblige you, ma'am, indeed I would," answered the man, very blandly, "but I have promised to deliver these horses to-morrow. You knew that your son had sold a horse, did n't you?"

"I did hear him say that he had offered one for seventy-five dollars cash, but I thought 't was old 'Prince,' the gray. I did n't suppose he 'd sell Dinah for any such amount of money or under any circumstances, for —"

"MR. WRIGHT TOSSED UP THE MAIL-BAG."

"Papa *did n't* sell Dinah." The child confronted the man unflinchingly. "I was there. Don't you wemembeh 't was Pwince? Dinah 's mine. Papa gave her to me a long time ago." In spite of her sobbing, her voice rang clearly every sound she attempted but the letter *r*.

"Nonsense!" said Bates, though smilingly. He attempted to stroke the little girl's hair, but she flew from him with a frantic gesture.

Tom felt that he could keep quiet no longer.

"Something is wrong, Mrs. Cushman," Tom said. "Mr. Cushman told me only this morning that he had given Mr. Bates the refusal of Prince. Anyway, he 'll be home on the last train to-night to speak for himself. That is n't long to wait."

That Bates paid no attention to him did not in the least trouble the boy; but McMahon, who had sauntered over from the hotel and had heard the latter part of the conversation, braced himself before him with feet apart, and began a sort of cross-questioning, emphasizing with an index-finger upon his open palm.

"Mr. Cushman told you that he had offered Prince, eh, young man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, what have *we* to do with Prince? Clearly nothing at all. The question is — *did* he tell you that he had *not* sold Dinah?"

"No; but if he *had* sold her —"

"Tut, tut! Keep to the facts! The law can't recognize 'ifs'; it 's facts we want. Young man, you go about your business. You 'll miss your train if you waste much more time here. Wright don't stand much foolin', you know."

Then to Mrs. Cushman he said impressively:

"Allow me, ma'am, to introduce to you my friend Mr. Bates, of New York. Mr. Bates is a gentleman, ma'am. I 'll stand for him. It 's simply absurd that his word should be called into question by that young prig. It 's late now, and further delay may put him to a great deal of trouble. You were to pay the money and take the horse, Mr. Bates?"

"That was the bargain," said Bates, with the calmness of one who 's sure he 's right and waits patiently for permission to go ahead.

McMahon was naturally headstrong; still he might not have acted with so much assurance had he not been imbibing freely at the tavern.

"'PAPA DID N'T SELL MY DINAH, TOMMY! PAPA DID N'T!' CRIED THE LITTLE GIRL."

"Well, Mr. McMahon," said yielding grandma, "if you say it 's all right, why—"

"Of course it 's all right, ma'am. Come in, Mr. Bates, and count out your money." And with the familiarity of an old neighbor, he led the way into the house, grandma following meekly, only stopping for an instant to pacify Harmony, who clutched her gown in speechless protest.

"Don't cry, deary," she said; "and you may ride to the station with Tommy, if he 'll let you."

But with a faint scream Harmony flew out and began again her helpless tug at the tie-strap. Tom looked at her a second, then crossed the road and let down the bars of a pasture lot; then with steady, nimble fingers he unhitched his near horse, and put him into the lot. He was at Harmony's side the next instant. With a low, comforting "Sh-sh!" he took the strap from her shaking fingers, untied it, flung it into the buggy box, and led Dinah into the vacant place. The rusty old harness was a loose fit, but it was made to answer with only the change of a buckle or two.

Meanwhile the haughty little beast showed a pair of disdainful eyes under the shabby blinders, and tossed her head and lifted her feet in a way that showed her to be quite out of patience with this new work. But Harmony, whose active little brain had quickly guessed Tom's purpose, ran to her head.

"You must be a good Dinah," she said, and at sound of her voice the affectionate creature lowered her head for a caress. The child drew her palms resolutely across her wet lashes, heaved one last sob, and took up with her whole soul her part as peacemaker. A-tiptoe she stroked and patted and coaxed and counseled.

"You went double twice before, Dinah. Don't you wemembeh? Papa dwove you with Pwince, and papa said you was a—a nintelligent cweature. You must be good to us, Dinah, and we 'll be good to you. Tommy likes nintelligent cweatures, don't you, Tom—"

She looked up and saw Tom upon his perch, ready to start. In an instant she was climbing up to him, clutching in her ascent the steps, wheel, anything her little hands could grapple.

Tom caught her just as Dinah leaped forward.

"Gwandma said I might go," she panted.

Her sunbonnet had fallen back upon her shoulders, her hair tumbled wildly about its rim, traces of tears and of soiled, restraining

fingers were upon her face; but as she snuggled up to him with a long, wavering breath of relief and trust, Tom felt her cause was his cause, heart and soul, for weal or woe.

He looked at his watch, and knew that if he made the train he must do it by the shorter route. He urged his team ahead. Dinah capered at first, and would not do her part; but Harmony, clinging to Tom's sleeve and bending eagerly forward, entreated her:

"Oh, be a good Dinah; be a *good* Dinah!"

And Dinah, quieted again by a voice she knew, subsided into a steady pace.

"'YOUNG MAN, YOU GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS,' SAID MR. McMAHON."

They had passed the Corners and had turned into the old road before Tom looked back. Two bewildered men were standing before the Cushman gate.

Some minutes passed before they fully understood the situation, and then McMahon exclaimed:

"The young idiot! He 's forgotten that the road 's blocked! He 'll have to come back to

the Corners!" and Mr. McMahon doubled himself together in triumphant glee.

But Tom had n't forgotten anything. He came up to the closed portion of the road. A chain was stretched across, hooked to a post upon each side. The foreman of a gang of laborers said surlily:

"No thoroughfare. You can't pass here."

The boy rose upon his feet, looked at the broken road, and saw that it was passable. Then he lifted the mail-bag into sight, saying quietly:

"I carry the United States mail, sir."

The man made no reply, but turned away and kicked sullenly into a clod of earth.

Tom sprang to the ground, unhooked the chain at one end, carried it to the other side, dropped it, and, regaining his seat at a bound, drove on. The road was rough in places, but not dangerous, and he passed safely over it, though to the inconvenience of several groups of workmen.

Ahead of him he saw the train already slowing at the station. It would not do to go close with the frisky Dinah, so drawing to the sidewalk a few rods away, he flung himself to the ground, put a dime and Dinah's bridle into the hands of a gaping idler, lifted Harmony to the ground for safety, snatched his mail-bag, and made a dash for the platform. He reached it just in time to hurl the bag aboard as the train was starting.

He must now wait a half-hour for the mail-train from New York; and from the platform he scanned the homeward road, the long hill road, for he knew that if Bates and the constable were to come after him they would come that way.

The road was clear, and he went back to look after Harmony. His team was quiet, the boy he had hired still holding the pair, and Dinah gravely eating clover from Harmony's hand. Saying to himself, "Busy hours go fast," he pulled a few fresh tufts from under a fence and fed them to the patient old creature at Dinah's side. Then he set himself the task of scraping the mud from the wheels of the stage; but he worked in nervous haste, as if, instead of killing time, he were trying to gain it. Then he turned his team about, heading them toward the hill road and home. Then he made a bargain with his hostler, giving him another dime to remain until the train arrived.

"It must be nearly due," he thought, and looked at his watch. Just ten minutes had sped!

Fretted by what he called his foolishness, he placed a foot firmly upon a hub and with nicest precision whittled a stick to a pin-point. He as carefully sharpened the other end, then threw it away and mounted the stage steps to view the road. No Bates in sight. Again he pulled out his watch.

"Is it 'most half an hour now?" whispered Harmony.

"Ten minutes more," he said, and, stooping, untied her bonnet and smoothed back her hair, talking soothingly to her meanwhile.

"When we get another mail-bag aboard and get started, I don't believe they 'll dare to take Dinah away from us. They won't unless they get us another horse, and no one here has one to lend."

"And will you keep Dinah and me and the United States mail with you ev'wy speck of time till papa comes?"

"I 'll try to"; and with a parting pat of encouragement he left her and went and stood upon the platform.

For perhaps the twentieth time he jerks out his watch. Time up and no train in sight!

He steps from the platform and puts his ear to the ground. The train is coming!

Upon the platform again, he tries to look round a corner a hundred rods away, where the track bends out of the thick woods.

But it *is* coming. It is almost in sight, announced by rumble and whistle and fleece of smoke sifting upward through the tree-tops. He runs his eye along the hill road. No vehicle in sight, but upon the summit a cloud of dust. It takes shape under his straining gaze; a scampering horse, a tumbling buggy, and the drivers—Tom cannot see them, but his instinct outleaps his senses.

But though his heart has stood still, the belated train has not. It is close at hand, and in his eagerness the boy stretches out his arms and wildly beckons it forward. It comes slowing and scraping alongside of the platform, and

"'THE UNITED STATES MAIL,' SHE CRIED; 'THE UNITED STATES MAIL!'"

he runs with it abreast of the car that holds the coveted bag. It is flung at his feet. He clutches it, and stands ready, waiting for the crowding passengers to come out upon the platform. Only a moment, then:

"All aboard!" he shouts, "all aboard for Van Buren!" and he bounds forward.

As he runs down the steps he glances up the road. Bates is not far away, but his horse is rearing and plunging, made frantic by the shrieking engine before and shouts and blows from behind. The boy heeds everything that may make delay, and as he comes up in the rear of the Eclipse he flings the door wide open, lest a would-be passenger waste precious time in fumbling with its old fastenings.

Little Harmony had taken in the long view of the hill road, too—taken it in while clinging to the rail of a fence: and as soon as Tom made his dash for the stage, she had scrambled to her place, and sat there mute, but following distressfully his every motion. As he tossed the bag at her feet, she, with gentle, reverent hands, adjusted the ungainly thing for ready grasping, for, having seen its value in one peril, she had faith in it as a passport through all.

Only three passengers appeared, active men,—Tom knew them all,—and he sprang to his seat, gathered up his reins, waved away his groom, and was off before they were fairly seated. But he went at a slow pace, seeming to fear any stoppage as little as if he drove the chariot of the sun.

"Stop, you thief!" yelled the fuming Bates: and "Stop, you thief!" echoed McMahon. The stage was brought to a standstill.

"You audacious rascal!" shouted Bates. He

flourished his whip, and in his frenzy he might have struck at Tom had not Harmony suddenly pushed in front, lifting into sight with both hands her best hope, her last refuge, the mail-bag. Her sunbonnet had fallen off again; her tossing hair was blown backward on the breeze; her great, wide-open eyes were tearless, and there was not a tremor in her piping voice.

"The United States mail," she cried; "the United States mail!"

The passengers had alighted, and stood gazing at her as if she had been from another world; but Bates was in too great a rage to be impressed by any mortal presence.

"Come down here, you young scamp," he shouted, "and I 'll teach you a lesson."

"No, thank you, sir," said Tom, gently restraining Harmony lest she should lose her balance. "Another time I might oblige you; but just now I happen to have the United States mail in charge, and —"

"What 's the trouble?" asked a passenger.

"The rascal has stolen my horse that I bought of Cushman!" Bates danced about and waved his arms.

"Papa did n't sell Dinah; papa *did n't*," insisted the little girl.

"Does any one here believe that Mr. Cushman sold *that* mare for seventy-five dollars?" asked Tom, stretching out his whip-hand over Dinah's back.

Some one blew a low, long "Whew-ew-ew!" that partly sobered McMahon and made Bates realize the danger of delay.

"Constable," he roared, "I can't stay here talking all the afternoon. Unhitch the little beast!" and he began to unharness her.

"Constable," said Tom, "get me another horse, then. You must see that I am not interfered with in my duties as Mr. Wright's agent. 'Wright does n't stand fooling, you know.'"

"What 's this? A breakdown?" asked some one who came pantingly up behind. "Lucky thing for me. I might have had to foot it all the way home. What was your hurry, Tom? I scrambled along about as spryly as an old man like me can be expected —"

"Oh, papa, papa, *did* you sell my Dinah?"

Mr. Cushman — for it was he, returned a train earlier than he had planned — caught his little girl as she sprang.

"Sell your Dinah? I guess not — I *guess* not! Not a hair or a shred of anything my linnet claims. Who says I sold your Dinah?"

But the tired little thing had buried her face on his neck and was crying.

Tom showed him Dinah, and told the story.

"The rascal!" he exclaimed. "I told him she was not for sale, and that, if she were, three hundred would n't buy her. Where is he?"

"There he is," said an impatient passenger, pointing to a buggy that was flying over the hill, "and now let 's follow his example."

In a trice the stage was rumbling forward.

At the Cushman gate stood grandma, with a placid face.

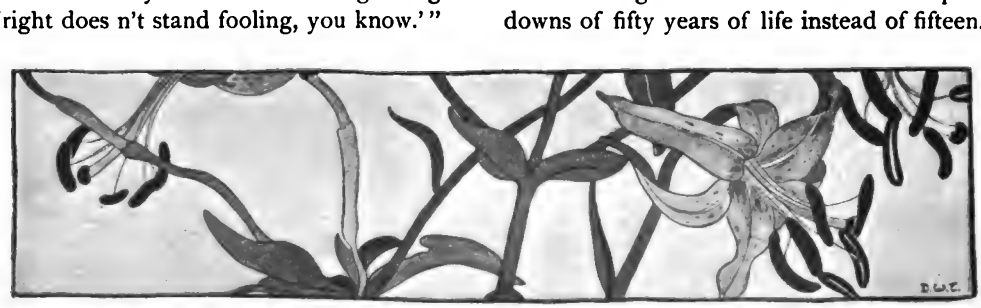
"I 'm so glad," she said, "that you were able to settle the matter without parting with Dinah."

"How 'settle' it, Mrs. Cushman?" asked Tom, eagerly.

"Why, Mr. Bates said they had made a new deal, and he 's taken Prince and gone."

"Well, he ought to be arrested, I suppose; but let him go. He has n't got any more than belongs to him now," said the easy-going, mild old man, his anger over; "but as for you, my boy, I 'll see that you 're paid for this day's work; I 'll make it all right for you."

"You made it all right for me years ago, Mr. Cushman," replied Tom, as gravely as if he were looking back over the various ups and downs of fifty years of life instead of fifteen.



A WOODLAND CONCERT BY THE OBERON MUSICAL CLUB.

TONS OF HONEY IN A GIGANTIC BEEHIVE.

By Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron.

One of the most wonderful spots in the world, in its way, is the famous "Devil's Punch Bowl," as the natives have named it, in Val-erde County, Texas, which borders on the Rio Grande. Its discoverers noticed, as they came within a couple of miles of it, what appeared to be a cloud of smoke constantly rising from a spot in the valley below them, and when they came nearer they heard a rushing sound as of a great waterfall. It proved to be nothing more or less than a gigantic beehive, a hole in the ground forty feet in diameter, from which were rising and into which were descending innumerable swarms of bees. This, then, was

the cause of the distant appearance of rising smoke, accompanied by the loud hum of countless insect wings.

Those who have ventured to visit this curious cave since its discovery, protecting themselves from the stings of the bees by mosquito-netting or otherwise, as they look down into the yawning cavity, observe, clinging to its sides, great festoons of honeycomb. Opening into the large cavity can be seen many smaller ones which it is reasonable to suppose contain additional stores of honey in their dark recesses, for bees love darkness. If a method could be devised to secure the contents of this great treasure-house of honey, several tons of the sweet product would be the probable outcome. But this cave, large and well filled as it is, contains but a small part of the honeyed treasures with which those valleys abound.

In that far southern latitude the winters are so mild that the bees can gather honey through the whole year. In the summer they obtain it from the endless variety of flowers which bloom in those fertile valleys, and in the winter from sweet cactus-pears, and berries of many sorts. The bees store the honey thus gathered in hollow trees and small clefts of rock, but chiefly in caves, some of which are easily accessible, while others can be reached only by means of ropes let down from heights above. The country is so rough that the hunter must leave his pack-pony or burro at a long distance, and must find his toilsome way on foot to the cave whence he hopes to obtain his honey. For this and other reasons, our bee-farmers will have little cause to fear competition from the wild honey of that wonderful region, at least for many years to come.

It might be supposed that these bees of the Rio Grande could cease from their toil and feast themselves and their grubs on the stores collected in former years. But a blind instinct prompts them to continue their labor as steadily as if they were entirely destitute.

How much in this respect they resemble men, who go on piling up wealth long after they have laid by enough to support themselves and their families in comfort! So, though no fable, our story ends with a moral.

A NAUGHTY LITTLE FAIRY.

BESSIE MAY AND HER PROCESSION.

By Anna Isabel Lyman.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Bessie May. She was very poor—so poor she had nothing to eat and no home at all. She and her mother lived around anywhere they could find shelter. At last things became so bad that they could stand it no longer, and Bessie May said to her mother, "I will go out to seek my fortune."

So she kissed her mother, and saying, "I will not come back until I have made it," she started out.

Soon she met a little dog. He was lame in one foot and was crying.

"Little dog," said she, "you look very sad. What is the matter?"

The little dog answered: "I have no home and no one to take care of me."

"You had better come along with me," said Bessie May. "I am going to seek my fortune. We can do it together. What can you do by way of helping?"

"I can walk fine on my hind legs," said the little dog, "and turn somersaults."

"That will do very nicely," said Bessie May.

So they walked along till they came to a snake lying in the road. The snake said, "Please don't step on me. I am very sad. I have no home, and I don't know how to get on."

"You may come along with us," said Bessie May. "We are going to seek our fortunes. What can you do to help?"

"I can't do much," replied the snake, "but I can take my tail in my mouth and stiffen my body so that I am just like a hoople."

"That will do," said Bessie May. So the snake followed on.

By this time they had reached the woods. Soon they saw an elephant leaning against a tree.

"Elephant," said Bessie May, "we are all going out to seek our fortunes. Don't you want to come along and help? What can you do?"

The elephant thought a little. "I have n't many tricks," said he, "but I am big and strong and could carry you on my back."

Bessie May was delighted, and scrambled up on his back. And so they started off again.

She said to the little dog and the snake, "You had better catch hold of his tail, so that we all can keep together."

They did as she said. As they went along they met a lot of other animals who wanted to join them. If they could do something, no matter how small, only something interesting, Bessie May would say, "Catch hold of the last animal's tail," and they would start on in a big, long procession.

All the animals who could do nothing, or were too lazy to try, were not allowed to join. They were sorry enough, I can tell you, for the procession appeared such fun—all hanging on to one another's tails, and Bessie May and the elephant in front.

The poor old snake had a hard time to keep up with them. But he hung on tight to the little dog's tail. By and by they came to a monkey sitting in a tree. He said, "My, my! where are you all going?"

They answered, "We are going to seek our fortune. If you can do anything to help, just catch hold of the last animal's tail."

"Well, I *should say* I could do something," returned the monkey, "for I used to live with an organ-grinder, and can dance most beautifully. Besides, I have a lovely red dress, with a hat to match."

Bessie May said, "Hurry up! Fetch the dress, and we 'll wait."

So they all sat down while the monkey scampered up a tree. In a moment he came back, putting on the little hat as he ran. Bessie took the dress so as to keep it nice. The monkey caught hold of the last animal's tail, and they all moved on.

Now, the last animal was a donkey. He

thought the monkey held on to his tail tighter than necessary, and grew mad and gave a kick. The monkey he pinched the donkey, and there began to be a fight.

Bessie May heard all the noise, and called the whole procession to stop. She stood up on the elephant's back, and said aloud, so that every one could hear:

"If there is to be any fighting and quarreling there is no use for us to go any further. We never can make our fortunes together unless we agree to be kind and nice to each other, and each tries to do his part to help each along."

The animals all promised to be good. The donkey apologized to the monkey for kicking him in the stomach, and the monkey he apologized to the donkey for pinching him. So they all started off again.

By and by they came to a village. What did they do but prance through the village street just like a circus parade. All the people came out to see, and all the little boys followed along after them. There was a great time, for every one shouted to one another that the circus had come to town. Bessie May stood up on the elephant's back and told the people that the next day they would give a performance.

When the next day arrived a crowd gathered in the field where Bessie May had decided to give the entertainment.

Hundreds of little boys sat on the fence and cheered. Crowds of people stood everywhere except in the middle of the field, where stood Bessie May with all the animals around her in a big ring.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said she, "the performance will begin."

With that, out from the ring, right into the middle of the field, stepped the monkey. Well, he gave a dance, I tell you! The people clapped and shouted. Then, when Bessie May called his name, out ran the little dog. He walked on his hind legs, carrying a pan on his head, and turned somersaults too cute for anything. And it was brave of him, for you remember he had a sore paw all the time. You see, he was bound he would do his part in making the entertainment a success.

And then out came the donkey and gave an exhibition of high kicking and loud-voice singing. The people were quite astonished.

All sorts of tricks were done by the different animals. I could n't begin to remember them all. But I must tell about the elephant, the horse, the snake, and the little white cat.

They came into the middle of the field together. The elephant stood still, and upon his back climbed the monkey, holding in his paw —what do you think? It looked just like a hoople. Why, it was the snake, sure enough, with the end of his tail in his mouth. The monkey held out at arm's length this snake hoople, when by came the horse, running at the top of his speed, with white puss-cat standing upon his back. When they came by the snake hoople, white puss-cat leaped right through it and on to the horse's back again. Around the ring they tore till they came to the snake hoople again,—held, you know, by the monkey on the elephant's back,—and through it the puss-cat leaped once more.

The people clapped with delight. They had never before seen a cat jump through a snake hoople. And they had never before seen a snake hoople, you may be sure.

After that there was a pause, and then Bessie May mounted the top of the elephant's back (you see, the elephant was very useful), and sang a little song. Then she said the hat would now be passed by the monkey, and she hoped the people who had enjoyed the performance would drop in as much money as they could. She explained how poor she was, and how she and all the animals had agreed to make their fortunes together.

The people were so pleased with her and the fine entertainment they all had given that they put in so much money the monkey had to ask the dog to help him carry around the hat.

After that the whole procession went with Bessie May back to her mother, who was delighted to see her little girl again.

With the fortune she had brought with her she built a lovely home for herself and her mother, with a beautiful garden all around, where Bessie could sit at her ease, and where the animals lived happy ever after.

HOLIDAYS.

By Rose Mills Powers.

IF Dorothy her wish would speak
She 'd have her birthday every week.
Just think! And when the year is through,
Her age would gain by *fifty-two!*

If Harriet could have her way
It would be always Christmas Day;
She wishes Santa Claus would come
And make her chimney-place his home.

July the Fourth is Johnny's choice—
The time when all the boys rejoice;
But if that day were always here,
We 'd soon be all burned up, I fear.

And merry old St. Valentine
Would be the choice of Angeline;
But ah! I know if that were so,
The postmen all on strike would go.

So don't you think perhaps it 's best
For holidays, as well, to rest,
And be on hand with joy and cheer
Just once in all the great long year?

A RESCUE IN NO-MAN'S-LAND.

The Mutiny

By William B. MacHarg.

Says Cap'n Joseph Peebles
Of the "Maharaja A.,"
"Come, holler all th' han'ses up;
I got a word to say!"
An' speakin' of these selfsame words
Pa'tickilar to me,
I hollers all th' han'ses up
To see what they would see.

Th' han'ses then come troopin' aft,
All whiskery roun' th' neck,
Where Cap'n Joseph Peebles
Is a-standin' on th' deck,
An' gathers all respec'ful-like
An' lendin' of a ear
To th' words of Cap'n Peebles
They 're expectin' now to hear.

Says Cap'n Joseph Peebles,
A-leanin' 'gainst th' mast:
"I see that mutiny 's arose,
Or is arisin' fast;
I hear you han'ses talkin'
In a mutin-e-ous way,
An' I calls you up pa'tickilar
That I may say my say."

Says Cap'n Joseph Peebles:
"Th' master here is me,
An' when my han'ses they gets up,
I knocks 'em down," says he.
"I ain't no lady-cap'n
In a gold-braid-trimmed blue coat.
I 'm Cap'n Joseph Peebles,
An' I 'm master on this boat.

"I don't want no sea-lawyers
Playin' off no sea-law lay.

Wherever I am standin'
That's th' Maharaja A.
If I am towin' by a rope,
Or hangin' in th' air,
Wherever I am, *that 's* th' boat,
An' I 'm th' master there."

Th' han'ses gathers into groups,
Discussin' what is said,
An' many a knotty fist is shook,
An' many a knobby head;
An' Cap'n Joseph Peebles
He turns and goes below;
An' th' clouds come up to nor'-nor'east,
An' th' wind begins to blow.

A storm comes, somethin' awful,
An' th' wind is risin' high,
An' th' clouds is tore to streamers,
Shootin' crossways 'cross th' sky;
An' th' waters rises round us
Tu-mul-tu-ous an' wide,
An' th' dinghy an' th' after-hatch
They both goes overside.

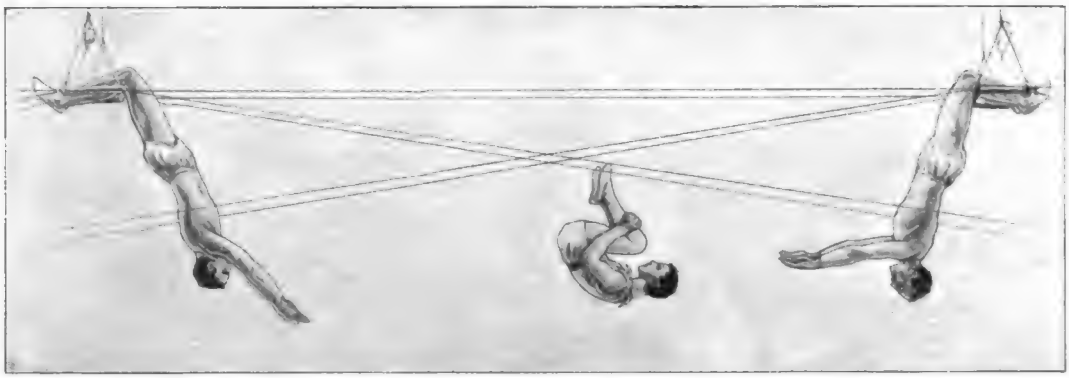
An' lookin' through th' sea-spray,
A sudden sight we catch
Of Cap'n Joseph Peebles
Sittin' on th' after-hatch.

He 's shoutin' for assistance,
An' he 's shoutin' for a rope,
An' now his face is white with fear,
An' now it 's glad with hope.

But to us waitin' han'ses
There comes th' thought of how
He 's give us words an' doin's
That you would n't give a cow;
How he 's hit us with a handspike,
An' give us moldy beans,
An' kicked an' stomped us with his boots,
An' blowed us up betweens.

An' says we han'ses, throwin' down
Th' ropes that we had grabbed:
"Ol' Cap'n Joe is catched at last;
Ol' Cap'n Joe is nabbed!
Ho! Cap'n Joseph Peebles,
Now listen what we say:
You says wherever *you* are
Is th' Maharaja A.

"*We 're* sailin' on a boat that ain't
Got any name no more.
That after-hatch there is *your* boat;
So pilot her ashore!"
An' sailin' in that no-name boat,
We come to Whitefish Bay;—
But Cap'n Joe ain't heard from yet,
Nor his Maharaja A.



CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING.

SEVENTH ARTICLE: THE AËRIAL ATHLETE.

THE CIRCUS AND ITS WORLD—A BOY ACROBAT—HOW PERFORMERS BEGIN—GREAT SKILL AND STRENGTH NECESSARY—FATE OF AN AMBITIOUS AMATEUR—DIFFERENCE MADE BY HEIGHT—HOW TO FALL—GRAVITATION APPARENTLY CONTRADICTED—TALKS WITH ACROBATS—VALUE OF THE TRAINING—JUDGING TENTHS OF A SECOND.

By Cleveland Moffett.

What strange things one sees traveling with a circus! Every night there is a mile of trains to be loaded, every morning a tented city to be built. Such hard work for everybody! Two performances a day besides the street procession. And what a busy time in the tents! Leapers getting ready, double-somersault men getting ready, clowns stuffing out false stomachs and chalking their faces, kings of the air buckling on their spangles. Ouf! How glad we all were when five o'clock came, and the concert was over, and the "big top" with its spreading amphitheater and its four great center poles stood silent and empty! That was the leisure hour, the one hour in a circus day when a man could catch his breath.

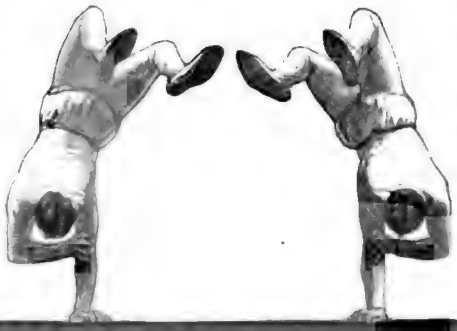
It was at this five-o'clock hour, one day, that I first saw little Nelson, the boy trapeze performer; and that picture remains among the pleasantest of my circus memories. This sturdy little fellow was one of the circus children, "born on the sawdust," brought up to regard lion-cages as the proper background for a nursery, and thinking of father and mother in connection with the flying bars and bareback feats. It was Nelson's ambition to follow in his father's steps and become a great artist on the trapeze. Indeed, at this time he felt himself already an artist, and at the hour of rest would walk forth into the middle ring all alone and with the greatest dignity go through his practice. He would not be treated as a child, and scorned any suggestion that he go out and play. Play? He had work to do. Look here! Do you know any *man* who can throw a prettier row of flip-flaps than this? And wait! Here 's a forward somersault! Is it well done or not? Did he come over with a good lift? Like his father, you think? Ah! I can still see his chest swell with pride.

Nelson was not a regular member of the show; he was a child, and merely came along with his parents, the circus being his only home; but occasionally, after much teasing or as a reward for good behavior, his father would lead the boy forth before a real audience. And how they would applaud as the trim little figure in black-and-yellow tights rose slowly to the

tent-top, feet together, body arched back, teeth set on the thong of the pulley line that his father held anxiously!

And how the women would catch their breath when Nelson, hanging by his knees in the long swing, would suddenly pretend to slip, seem to fall, and then catch the bar cleverly by his heels and sweep far out over the spread of faces, arms folded, head back, and a look that said plainly: "Don't you people see what an artist I am? Good business, is n't it?"

This boy possessed the two great requisites in a trapeze performer, absolute fearlessness and a longing to perform in the air—which longing made him willing to take endless pains in learning. It would seem that acrobats differ from divers, steeple-climbers, lion-tamers, and the rest in this, that from their early years they have been strongly drawn to the career before them, to leaping, turning in the air, and difficult tricks on the trapeze and horizontal bars. The acrobat must be born an acrobat, not so much because his feats might not be learned by an ordinary man with the requisite courage, but because the particular kind of courage needed to make an acrobat is not found in the ordinary man. In other words, to be an aërial leaper or an artist on the flying bars is quite as much a matter of heart as of agility and muscle. There are men who know how to do these things, but *can't*."



In illustration of this let me present three of my circus friends, Weitzel and Zorella and Danny Ryan, trapeze professionals whose daring and skill are justly celebrated. Zorella's real name, I may say, is Nagel, and so far from being a dashing foreigner, he is a quiet-spoken young man from Grand Rapids, Michigan, where he learned his first somersaults tumbling about on sawdust piles. And at sixteen he was the only boy in the region who could do the giant swing. Whereupon along came a circus with an acrobat who needed a "brother," and Nagel got the job. Two days later he began performing in the ring, and since then—that was ten years ago—he has n't missed a circus day.

The act that has given these three their fame includes a swing, a leap, and a catch, which seems simple enough until one learns the length and drop of that swing, and how the leapers turn in the air, and what momentum their bodies have as they shoot toward the man hanging for the catch from the last bar. It is Weitzel who catches the other two. He was "understander" in a "brother" act before he learned the trapeze; and the man who earns his living by holding two or three men on his head and shoulders while they do tricks of balancing is pretty sure to build up a strong body. And Weitzel needs all his strength when Danny springs from the pedestal over there at the tent-top fifty-two feet away, and, swinging through a half-circle thirty-six feet across, comes the last sixteen feet flying free, and turning twice as he comes. For all his brawny arms, Weitzel would be torn away by the clutch of that hurling mass, were not the strain eased by the stretch of fourteen thongs of rubber, seven on a side, that support his bar cords. And sometimes, as the leapers catch, the bar sags full four feet, and then, as they "snap off" down to the net, springs nine feet up, so that Weitzel's head has many a time bumped on the top support.

The catcher-man must hold himself ready for a dozen different leaps, must watch for the safety clutch where the four hands grip first at the elbows, then slide down the forearms to the wrists and hold there where the tight-bound handkerchiefs jam; he must know how to seize Zorella by the ankles when he shoots at him feet up after a backward double; he must know how to land Danny when he comes turning swiftly with eyes blindfolded and body bound in a sack.

All these feats are hard enough to do, yet still harder, one might say, is the mere starting to do them. There are scores of acrobats, well skilled in doubles and shoots and twisters, who would not for their lives go up on the pedestal whence Ryan and Zorella make their spring, and simply take the first long swing hanging from the trapeze. Nothing else, simply take the swing!

The fact is, there is an enormous difference between working on horizontal bars say ten feet above ground, and on the same bars thirty feet above ground, or between a trapeze act with leaps after a moderate swing, and the same act with leaps after a long swing. Often I have watched Ryan and Zorella in their poise on the pedestal, so high up that the wires holding the trapeze reach out to them almost horizontal; and even on the ground it has made me dizzy to see them lean forward for the bar which falls short of the pedestal, so that they can barely catch it with the left-hand fingers, while the right hand clings to the pedestal brace. They need the send of that initial spring to give them speed, but—

Well, there was a very powerful and active man in Columbus, Ohio, a kind of local athlete, who agreed, on a wager, to swing off from the pedestal as Danny and Zorella did. And one day a small company gathered at the practice hour to see him do it. He said it was easy enough. His friends chaffed him and vowed he "could n't do it in a hundred years." The big man climbed up the swinging ladder to the starting-place, and stood there looking down. When you stand on the pedestal the ground seems a long way below you, and there is little comfort in the net. The big man said nothing, but began to get pale. He had the trapeze-bar all right with one hand; the thing was, to let go with the other.

For ten minutes the big man stood there. He said he was n't in a hurry. His friends continued to joke him. One man urged him to come down. The professionals told him he 'd better not try it if he was afraid—at which the others laughed, and that settled it, for the big man *was* afraid; but he was stubborn, too, and, rising on his toes, he threw his right arm forward and swung free. He caught the bar safely with his right hand, swept down like a great pendulum, and at the lowest point of the swing was ripped away from the bar with the jerk of his two hundred pounds, and went skating along the length of the net on his face until he was a sorry-looking object with the scratch of the meshes. Not one athlete in twenty, they say, without special training, could hold that bar after such a drop, and not one in a hundred would try it unprepared. To hold a trapeze in a drop of ten or twelve feet would be fairly easy; to hold the trapeze in a drop of eighteen feet is quite another thing.

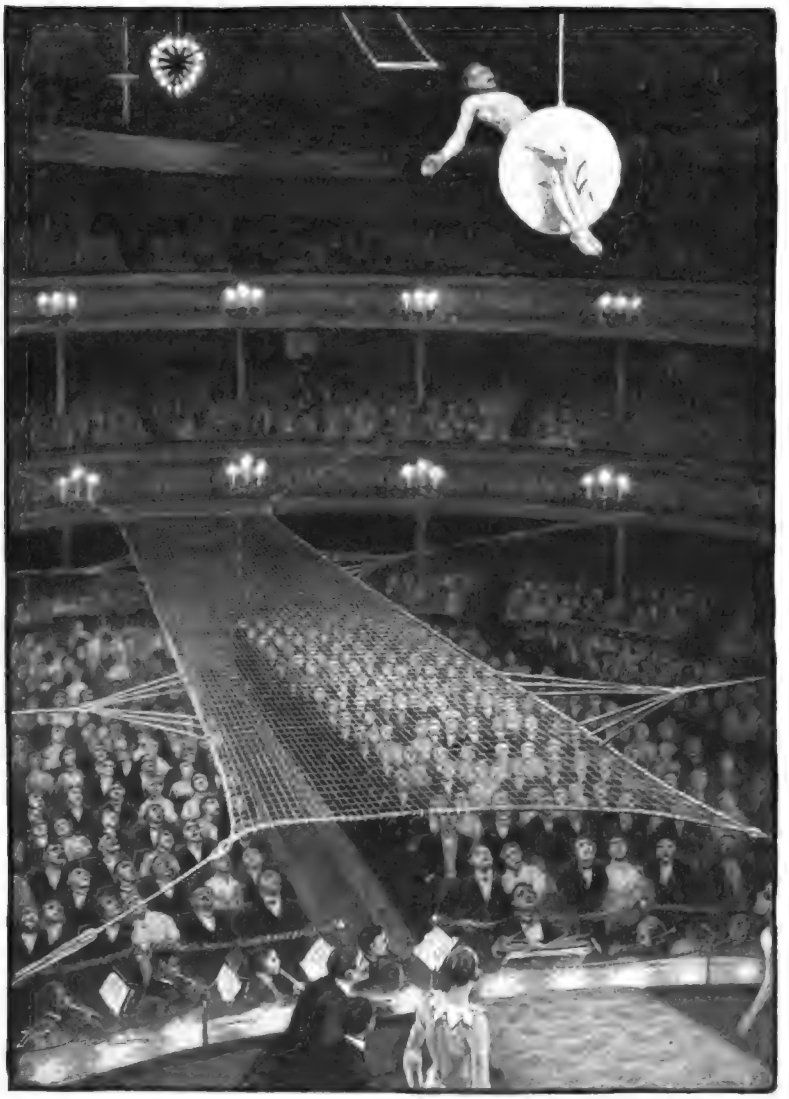
Zorella cited a case in point where a first-class acrobat was offered a much larger salary by a rival circus to become the partner of an expert on the high bars. "This man was crazy to accept," said Zorella, "and I was anxious to have him, for at that time I was with the rival circus, and he was a friend of mine. Well, everything was settled, and they did their act together on the low bars in great shape. Then they tried it on the high bars, and the new man stuck right at the go-off. Queerest thing you ever saw. He had to start on the end bar with a giant swing,—that gives 'em their send, you know,—then do a backward single to the middle bar, then a shoot on to the last bar, and from there drop with somersaults down to the net. All this was as easy for him on the low bars as turning your hand over, but when he got up high—well, he had n't the nerve to let go of the first bar after the giant swing. He kept going round and round, and just stuck there. Seemed as if his hands were nailed fast to that bar. We talked to him, and reasoned with him, and he tried over and over again, but it was no use. He could drop from the last bar, he could shoot from the middle bar,

but to save his life he could n't let go of the first bar. I don't know whether he was afraid, or what; but he could n't do it, and the end of it was, he had to give up the offer, although to miss the chance nearly broke his heart."

"AS THEY SHOOT TOWARD THE MAN HANGING FOR THE CATCH FROM THE LAST BAR."

And even acrobats accustomed to working at heights feel a lump in their throats in the early spring when they begin practising for a new season. The old tricks have always in a measure to be learned over again, and they work gradually from easy things to harder ones—a straight leap, then one somersault, then two. And foot by foot the pedestal is lifted until the body overcomes its shrinking. Even so I saw Zorella one day scratched and bruised from many failures in the trick where Weitzel catches him by the ankles. Here, after the long swing, he must shoot ahead feet first as if for a backward somersault, and then, changing suddenly, do a turn and a half forward, and dive

past Weitzel with body whirling so as to bring his legs over just right for the catch. And every time they missed he of course fell, and must let himself go down to the safety-net. And this is not always a harmless fall. He risked striking the net on his forehead, which is the most dangerous thing an acrobat can do. To save his neck he must squirm around, as a cat turns, and land on his back; which is not so easy to do in the fraction of a second, and when you may be dazed by an accidental glancing blow of the catcher-man's arm.



THROUGH A PAPER BALLOON, AT THE END OF A GREAT FEAT.

In talking with these men I was surprised to learn that a trapeze performer in perfect practice, say in mid-season, may suddenly, without knowing why, begin to hesitate or blunder in a certain trick that he has done without a slip for years. This happened to Danny Ryan in the fall of 1900, when he found himself growing more and more uncertain of his difficult pirouette leap, a feat invented by himself in 1896, and never done by another performer. Danny did it first when he used to play the clown with the acrobats who do graceful

somersaults over elephants and horses. With them Danny would come, made up as a fat man, and do a backward somersault and a full twister at the same time, the effect being a queer corkscrew turn that made the people laugh. They little suspected that this awkward-looking twist and turn was one of the most difficult feats in the air ever attempted, or that to become perfect in it had cost Ryan weeks of patient practice and many a hard knock before he mastered it.

And then one day, after doing it hundreds of times with absolute ease, he did it badly, then he did it worse, then he fell, and finally began to be afraid of it and left it out of the act. Acrobats shake their heads when you ask for an explanation of a thing like that. They don't know the explanation, but they dread the thing.

"When a man feels that way about a trick, he 's got to quit it for a while," said Ryan, "or he 'll get hurt. 'Most all the accidents happen where a performer forces himself against something inside him that says stop. Sometimes an acrobat has to give up his work entirely. Now, there 's Dunham,—you 've heard of him,—the greatest performer in the world on high bars. He can command any salary he wants. Graceful? Well, you ought to see him let go from his giant swing and do a back somersault over the middle bar and catch the third! And now they say he 's gone out of the business. He 's had a feeling—it 's something like fear, but it is n't fear—that he 's worked on high bars long enough."

Speaking of leaps over elephants brings to my mind an afternoon when I watched some somersault men practising in a suburb, a week before the show to which they belonged opened its season at the Madison Square Garden, New York. There had been all sorts of rehearsing that day out in the open air, and to my mind the rehearsing of a circus offers a keener and more human interest than the actual performance. The acrobats and riders in their everyday clothes are more like ordinary men and women, and their feats seem the more difficult for occasional slips and failures.

Here, for instance, are a mother and daughter, in shirt-waists, and watching the trick monkey ride a pony, when suddenly a whistle sounds, and off goes the mother to drive three plunging horses in a chariot-race, while the daughter hurries to her part in an equestrian quadrille. And now these children playing near the drilling elephants trot into the ring and do wonderful things on bicycles. And yonder sleepy-looking man is a lion-tamer; and those three are the famous Potters, aërial leapers; and this thick-set fellow in his shirt-sleeves is Andressi, the best jumper in the circus. He 's going to practise now; see, they are putting up the spring-board and the long downward run that leads to it. These other men are jumpers, too, but Andressi is the star; he draws the big salary.

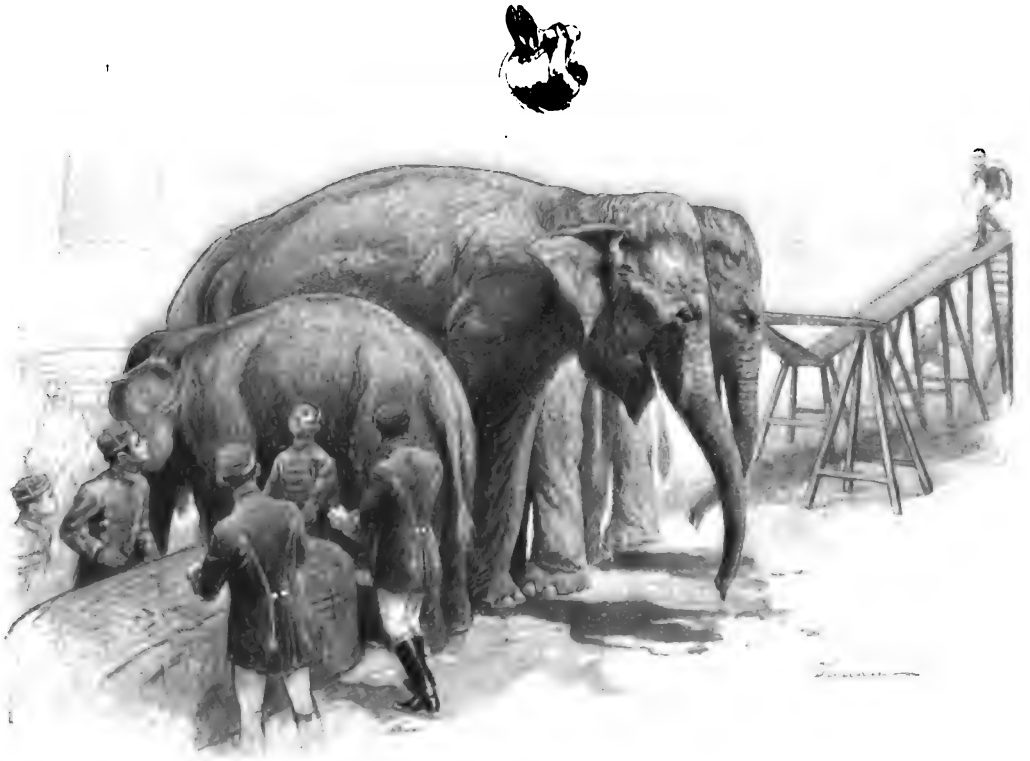
Now they start and spring off rather clumsily, one after another, in straight leaps to the mattress. They won't come into good form for some days yet. Here they come again, a little faster, and two of them try singles. Here comes Andressi. Ah! a double forward, and prettily taken. The crowd applauds. Now a tall man tries a double. Gradually the practice gets hotter until every man is doing his best. There will be stiff joints here in the morning, but never mind!

In a resting-spell I sat down by Andressi and talked with him about his work. It was hard, he said, leaping off a spring-board into empty air. Did n't know how it was, but he could always do better with something to leap over, say elephants or horses. He could judge the mattress easier; was n't so apt to miss it. What was his biggest leap? Well, four elephants and three camels was about his best, with a pyramid of men on top. He 'd cleared that twice a day for weeks some years ago, but he would n't do it now. No, sir; four elephants was enough for any man to leap over if he had a wife and child. That made a flight of thirty feet, anyhow, from the spring-board to the ground. Oh, yes, he turned two somersaults on the way—forward somersaults. It was n't possible for anybody to clear four elephants and turn backward somersaults.

He went on to tell how he had made acrobats of his wife and daughter, and in our talk he put forth the theory that any ordinary woman may become a good trapeze performer in a few months if she has the right instruction.

I asked Andressi (his real name is Andress) about a leap with three somersaults, and found him positive that such a feat will never become part of a regular circus programme. A man can turn the three somersaults all right, but he loses control of himself, and does n't know whether he is coming down right or wrong. In fact, he is sure to come down wrong if he does it often. Then he mentioned the one case where he himself had made a leap with three somersaults. It was down in Kentucky at the home of his boyhood. Years had passed since he had seen the town, and in that time he had risen from nothing to a blaze of circus glory. He had become the "Great Andressi" instead of little Willie Andress, and now he was to appear before the people who knew him.

It was perhaps the most exciting moment of his life, and as he came down the run toward the spring-board he nerved himself to so fine an effort that instead of doing two somersaults over the horses and elephants, as he intended, he did three, and, by a miracle of fortune, landed safely. That was his first and last triple; he was n't taking chances of a broken neck or a twisted spine, which had been the end of more than one ambitious leaper. No, sir; he would stick to doubles, where a man knows exactly what he 's doing.



"FOUR ELEPHANTS WAS ENOUGH FOR ANY MAN TO LEAP OVER."

In talking with acrobats, I came upon an interesting phenomenon that seems almost like a violation of the laws of gravitation. It appears that the movements of a performer on the bars or trapeze are affected in a marked degree by the slope of the ground underneath. In other words, although bars and trapeze may rest on supports that are perfectly level, yet the swing of an acrobat's body will be accelerated over a downward slope or retarded over an upward slope. So true is this that the trapeze performer in an "uphill swing" will often require all his strength to reach a given point, while in a "downhill swing" he will "hold back," lest he reach it too easily and

suffer a collision. Nevertheless, the swing in both cases is precisely the same, with rigging and bars fixed in precisely the same way, the only difference being that in the one case the ground slopes up, while in the other it slopes down.

On this point there have been endless arguments, and many persons have contended that acrobats must imagine all this, since the upward or downward slope of the ground under a trapeze can in no way affect the movement of that trapeze. I fancy the wisdom of such people is like that of the professors who proved some years ago that it is a physical impossibility for a ball-player to "pitch a curve." There is no doubt that trapeze performers are obliged to take serious account of the ground's slope in their daily work, to note carefully the amount of slope and the direction of slope, and to take their precautions accordingly. If they did not they would fail in their feats. Those are the facts to which all acrobats bear witness, let scientists explain them as they may.

"Suppose the ground slopes to one side or the other under your trapeze," I asked Ryan, one day. "How does that affect you?"

"It draws you down the slope, and makes your bar swing that way."

"What do you do about it?"

"Sometimes I pull the bar over a little in starting, so as to balance the pull of the hill; but that 's uncertain. It 's better to fix the rigging so that the bar is a little higher on the downhill side."

Ryan said that a straight-ahead downhill slope is the worst for a man, because he is apt to hold back too hard, being afraid of bumping into his partner, and so he does n't get send enough, and falls short of his mark.

"But all slopes are bad for us," he said, "and we try hard to get our things put up over level ground."

This is but one instance of the jealous care shown by acrobats for their bars and rigging.

These things belong not to the circus, but to the individual performers, who put every brace and knot to the severest test. For the high bars a particular kind of hickory is used with a core of steel inside. Every mesh of the net must resist a certain strain. The bars themselves must be neither too dry nor too moist. The light must come in a certain way, and a dozen other things. Many an accident has come through the failure of some little thing.

St. Belmo, the daring acrobat who leaps from a high pedestal to his trapeze through a heart of knives and fire, told me, one day, that his most serious accident came because some one was careless in fastening a snap-hook that held his trapeze, and when, on this occasion, he came through the blades and flames head first, and reached for the bar, the bar had swung away, and he plunged on smash down to the ground, and broke both legs.

"Did n't you look for the bar before you made the leap?" I questioned.

He shook his head. "I never see the bar for the dazzle of fire. I know where it must be, and leap for that place. If it is n't there, why—" He pointed down to his legs, and smiled ruefully.

This much is certain, that acrobats often suffer without serious injury falls that would put an end to ordinary men. Like bareback riders, they *know how to fall*, this art consisting chiefly in "tucking up" into a ball and hardening the muscles so that the shock is eased. Also they have by practice acquired the power of deciding instantly how to make the body protect itself in an emergency.

"Now," said Ryan, "I 'll give you a case where two of us did some quick thinking, and it helped a lot. We were with a circus in Australia, making a night run. It was somewhere in New South Wales, and every man was asleep in his bunk. First thing we knew, bang, rip, tear! a drowsy engineer had smashed into us and taken the rear truck of our sleeper clean off, and there were the floor timbers of our car bumping along over the ties. We had the last car.

"Our engineer never slowed up, and our floor was going into kindling-wood fast. It was as dark as pitch, and nobody said a word. Fred Reynolds and I—Reynolds was a clown acrobat—had lower berths right at the end next to the negro porter, and I don't say we escaped because we were acrobats, but—well, this is what we did. Fred gave one mighty leap, just like going over elephants, and cleared the whole

trail of wreckage that was pounding along behind the car, and landed safe on the track. It was a crazy thing to do, in my opinion, but it worked. I made a leap for the chandelier, and hung there until the train stopped."

In talking with one of the Potters I learned that in trapeze work everything depends on judging time. "We have to know when to do things by feeling the time they take," said he. "Say it 's a long double swing, where the men cross and change bars. Each man grabs or lets go at the second or part of a second when the watch inside him says it 's time to grab or let go. That 's the only watch he has, and it 's the only one he needs."

"And he dives by the sense of time?"

"That 's right."

"And does triple somersaults by the sense of time?"

"Certainly he does. He can't see. What could *you* see falling and whirling? A gymnast has no different eyes from any other man. He 's got to feel how long he must keep on turning. And it 's good-by gymnast if his feeling is a quarter of a second out of the way."

Here was something to think about. Precision of movement to tenths of a second, with no guidance but a man's own intuition of time, and a life depending on it!

"Can a man regulate the speed of his turning while he is in the air?"

"Certainly he can. That 's the first thing you learn. If you want to turn faster you tuck up your knees and bend your head so the chin almost touches your breast. If you want to turn slower you stretch out your legs and straighten up your head. The main thing is your head. Whichever way you point that your body will follow. In our act we do a long drop from the top of the tent, where you shoot straight down, head first, for fifty or sixty feet, and never move a muscle until you are two feet over the net; then you duck your head everlastingly quick, and land on your shoulders."

I asked Mr. Potter how long a drop would be possible for a gymnast. He thought a hundred feet might be done by a man of unusual nerve, but he pointed out that the peril increases enormously with every twenty feet you add, say to a drop of forty feet. When you have dropped sixty feet you are falling thirty-five miles an hour; when you have dropped eighty feet you are falling nearly sixty miles an hour; and so on. It seemed incredible that a man shooting down head first at such velocity would wait before turning until only two feet separated him from the net.

"It can't be," said I, "that in one of these straight drops a gymnast is guided only by his sense of time?"

Potter hesitated a moment. "You mean that he uses his eyes to know when to turn? I guess he does a little, although it is mostly sense of time."

"You would n't get a man to do it blindfolded?" I suggested.

"Not a straight drop, no; but a drop with somersaults, yes."

"What, two somersaults down to the net, blindfolded?"

"Yes, sir; that would be easy. I tell you, a man's eyes don't help him when he 's turning in the air. Why, Tom and I would throw that boy of mine, Royetta, across from one to the other, he turning doubles, just the same whether he was blindfolded or not. It would n't make any difference.

"I 'll tell you another thing," he continued, "that may surprise you. It 's possible for a fine gymnast to swing from a bar, say sixty feet above the net, turn a back somersault,—what we call a cast somersault,—then shoot straight down head first for thirty feet, and then tuck up and turn a forward somersault, landing on his shoulders. I could n't do it myself ever since I got hurt down in Mexico, but Tom Hanlon could. I mention this to show what control a man can get over his body in the air. He can make it turn one way, then go straight, and then turn the other way."

After a few expressions of wonder at this statement, I asked Mr. Potter if something might not go wrong with this wonderful automatic time-machine that a gymnast carries within himself. Of course there might, he said, and that is why there is such need of practice. Let a man neglect his trapeze for a couple of months and he would be almost like a beginner. And even the best gymnasts, he

admitted, men in the pink of training, are liable to sudden and unaccountable disturbances of mind or heart that make them for the moment unequal to their most familiar feats.

In spite of its manifest hazards, Potter insists that there is no healthier life than a gymnast leads. "We never are ill," he said; "we never take cold; we travel through all sorts of fever-stricken countries and never catch anything; and we always feel well. Look at that boy of mine! He 's seventeen years old, and he 's got a chest on him like a man. Thirty-eight inches is what it measures. Why, I can't find a boy's coat that 'll fit him."

He went on to point out some plain advantages, in addition to health, that ordinary citizens might derive from a moderate knowledge of trapeze work. In a fire, for instance, a man so trained would have little difficulty in saving himself and others by climbing and swinging. And firemen themselves would double their efficiency by regular practice on high bars.

Again, in case of a runaway, a man familiar with the trapeze knows how and when to spring for the bridle of a plunging horse. Or should he find himself almost under the wheels of a trolley car, he can leap for the top and swing up to safety on the platform. That is an easy trick. Thus in many emergencies the flying bars would prove their value.

"I 'll give you a case," said Potter, "where the training we get helped a good deal. It was a season when I was working with the Barnum outfit. We were showing in the East, and during the hippodrome races a little girl got away from her people somehow, and the first thing anybody knew, there she was under the guard-rail and out on the track, with three four-horse chariots not a hundred feet off and coming on a dead run. As the crowd saw the child they gave a great 'Uff!' in fear, and lots of women screamed. It was n't in human power to stop those horses, and it seemed as if the little tot must be killed.

"She was about half-way across the track when I started for her. Lots of men would have started just as I did, but very few would have gone at just the right angle to save her. Most men would have tried to run straight across, but I was sure the horses would trample me and the child, too, if I tried that. So I came toward her on a slant, running across and away from the horses, and I caught her little body as a gymnast knows how, did n't waste any time at it, and then—hoo!—we were over, with the hot breath of those horses on our necks.

"If it had n't been for the practice I 've had judging time and distance, we 'd both have been killed that trip."

I may say, in conclusion, that, despite its hazards, most acrobats take kindly to the life they lead, and are of one mind as to its fortifying health. There seems no doubt that circus performers are benefited by their open-air existence, by the constant exercise of their bodies, and by the regular and temperate habits that they have to maintain, for it is plain that no man who does not take the best possible care of himself can excel as an athlete.

(THE NEXT ARTICLE IN THIS SERIES WILL BE "THE WILD-BEAST TAMER.")

THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

By John Bennett.

(*Author of "Master Skylark."*)

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XXIII.

THE END OF THE EMBASSY.

"Ay, 't was a very good embassy," said Captain Martin Kregier, "until that firebrand envoy went off like a keg of powder. Sit; I 'll tell thee how it was.

"We had all marched up to the council-house in very nice array. I had put on my Spanish breastplate and burnished my old steel cap. The sun was out, and it was exceedingly hot. The cows stood in the shadows, and along the low hills I could see the wheat shimmer.

"The Maryland gentlemen were sitting upon the assembly-house porch, smoking, as we came up. Their wigs were off, and they were taking life easy. There was a footman going about with a flask, filling up their glasses. He had on a coat of fine blue camlet, with the Baltimore arms embroidered in silver on the sleeve. Augustine Heermans was there. He was a member of the Council, had a private deer park, and could talk six languages; but that did not make him proud. I knew him in New Amsterdam—a plain, honest fellow. He came down the steps to meet me, took me by the hand, went up with us to the porch, and introduced us all around.

"There was a heap of pretty captains and of majors,—aristocrats, the whole lot,—and all dressed handsomely in merry-colored plush coats and silver-buckled waistcoats. Those Maryland gentlemen think a deal of themselves, and hold their heads high; but they met us well, and saluted us with courtesy.

"Van Sweringen carried himself as fair as any. He had on a coat of crimson velvet and a sash of crimson silk, and his long hair was gathered back with a bow of crimson ribbon. I never saw him more gallant, more daring, or more gay.

"The Governor looked like a prince. His hair was tied with a silver ribbon; his coat was blue, and was edged with silver, and he wore two pair of silk stockings, the outer ones white and the inner ones red, rolled down upon the others. His shoes were black with scarlet laces, and he wore a gold locket on a chain around his neck.

"There was one fellow making a mighty spread in a suit of scarlet velvet. He was standing behind the Governor when we came up on the porch. As soon as I saw him I knew him, though I never had seen his face. He was the man I had seen in the government office, but he had his wig on now. He was kin to my young Lord Baltimore, they said, and was Vice-Chancellor of Maryland; but, upon my word, he reminded me of the moldy smell in a cellar. He had an underhung jaw like a cod-fish, and a look in his eye like a magpie that has stolen a marrow-bone out of a kitchen and can't find a place to hide it. He sneaked around with his shoulders drooped and his squinted eyes peering and peeping, until I longed to give him a buffet and see him measure his length on the floor. But he was the Governor's kinsman, so I waited to meet him anon.

"The Assembly convened with a ruffle of drums. I believe there was only one drummer; but the fellow beat as if his life depended on the racket, and the hounds that were lying asleep in the grass set up such a woeful howling thereat that we all marched into the council-hall as deaf as a musket-butt.

"The floor of the council-hall was brick, and the seats were oaken benches. At one side was a long oak table, where the Governor and the Vice-Chancellor sat with the Colonial Secretary. There was a small round table near

them for the clerk of the Assembly, and before them an open space of floor where the advocates made their pleas. Mynheer Van Sweringen sat to the left with Tierck Van Ruyn at a little desk, and Albert and I sat on a bench that was over by the window.

"The Assembly clerk opened the conference with a long string of Latin. I studied Latin at the school, and know it when I hear it. Then my young Lord Baltimore began the argument. I listened; but, prutt! for all I knew, it might as well have been Greek. Had they talked of siege or of escalade I might have understood them; when it comes to statecraft I know nothing. I felt I was nigh on to roasting; the sweat ran down my face; but Mynheer Van Sweringen looked as cool as a pocketful of snowballs. He was a match for any and all of them. Why, his tongue was as sharp as a dagger! He turned their arguments inside out as a man would turn his pocket.

"I thought the argument never would end. The afternoon ran on, and the hot air from the road crept in and out at the open window. The wind was in the southeast, what little wind there was, which was hardly enough to stir the grass. I could see the river shining.

"Now and then the Vice-Chancellor put in a word or two; but Van Sweringen doubled him up so quickly with some rapier-keen retort, that at last he only sat peering about and twisting his hands together, and looking as if he wished that he were ten thousand miles away.

"I wished myself that I had left my Spanish breastplate in the ship's cabin, for I was as hot as a bowl of soup. Then some of the Maryland gentlemen began to nid-nid-nod, and the doorkeeper was fast asleep.

"At last the Governor looked up from the papers spread before him, and 'Mynheer Van Swerrington,' said he, 'we shall have to leave the rest of this to be settled by our superiors. I have no authority to venture further.'

"'Very well,' replied Van Sweringen, and began to gather his papers. 'Then we are both to keep to our boundaries, and there will be no invasions?'

"'That is precisely the meaning I wish to convey,' said the Governor. 'There shall be no invasions—on our part. That much I can promise.'

"I saw Van Sweringen wet his lips. 'That is all I have sought,' he said. But I could see his dark eyes shine. They looked hot and dry; and, somehow, though he had won his point, there was a set look on his face as though they had worn his patience out with their fol-de-riddle-de-rols. His lips were compressed, and his brows were drawn, and there was a tense, brimstony air about him that would have made the wildest blade think thrice ere he ventured to cross him.

"The Governor leaned back in his chair, stretching out his feet before him, and 'Well, Mynheer Van Swerrington,' said he, with his boyish smile, 'you are a shrewd ambassador; upon my soul ye are. I would rather ye stood with us than against us any day.'

"Mynheer Van Sweringen bowed, and 'Merci, m'sieu'!' he said dryly.

"'Why not come down here and join us, and leave that pack of traders? Why, sure, I 've a sheriff's office, man, that 's fairly whooping for ye to fill it.'

"Mynheer Van Sweringen lifted his head with a little haughty jerk. 'Your Excellency forgets,' said he, 'that I was born a Dutchman.' 'Fine!' said I to myself. 'Ach, prutt! but that was a good reply. I should like to make replies like that!' Ah-h, he was a brainy fellow!

"The Governor looked up at him frankly. 'Now, true,' said he; 'that is so. And ye would not sell your birthright for all our English pottage? Well, I like ye the better for it; upon my soul I do!'

"And then they took another turn on diplomatic matters. I was not made for a diplomat. I just looked out at the window. I was very well satisfied indeed with the way things were going for us.

"Then, all at once, there came a hush. I felt my hair stand up. 'Your Excellency, these are very strange words,' I heard Van Sweringen saying. I turned to the room. I could just hear what he said, for his voice was strangely lowered. 'Your Excellency,' said he, 'these are strange words indeed! I do not know how to take them.'

"'Ye may take them as ye please, mynheer,' said Master Charles Calvert, simply; and, upon my soul, I think he meant but fair interpretation of whatever it was he had said.

"But Mynheer Van Sweringen's face turned white. I had seen it turn so before. 'Are you aware of their bearing?' said he to the Governor, drawing himself up slowly like a soldier on parade.

"'Quite aware,' said the Governor.

"'Then thou liest!' said Van Sweringen.

"I will say this much for the Governor: though his face went pale as death, 't was from concern, and not from fear. Then all at once he flushed blood-red.

"'Mynheer, unsay that!' he cried, and put out his hands in a boyish way. 'Oh, I beg of ye, unsay that!'

"'Wilt thou unsay what thou hast said?'

"'Nay, man; the thing is true.'

"'Then I have said what I have said; and there is no unsaying it,' said Van Sweringen. And with that on a sudden his face blazed crimson as if it had burst in flame. 'And this,' said he, 'that thou hast twice spoken dishonor to my lords!'

"There came a crack like a pistol-shot, and a quick cry in the room. 'Ods-nails!' I cried, and sprang to my feet, and ran to where Van Sweringen was standing. For, as Master Charles Calvert stood there like a school-boy at the form, his hands outstretched before him, seeking reconciliation, that hot-headed envoy, flaring up like a pan of pistol-powder, had struck him twice across the face with the ends of his doeskin gloves.

"I never knew what had angered him so. What with the flurry then, and all that followed after it, my head was in a whirl. It was enough for me, just then, to know that he had struck the Governor.

"I saw the lean Vice-Chancellor fall backward out of his chair, and the gentlemen come running up from the other parts of the hall. The Governor was standing with his hands outstretched. His face was white as a sheet; he looked dazed.

"'Mynheer, why did ye strike me?' he cried, dropping his outstretched hands at his side with a gesture of despair. 'I sought no quarrel with ye. I only meant to warn ye. I sought no quarrel with ye; why, I love ye well!'

"With that he lifted his hand and felt his cheek where the marks of the glove could still be seen. 'But this hath passed the bounds of love,' he cried out pathetically, 'and leaves nothing more but the murdering!'

"Van Sweringen made no reply to this speech; but I could see he was deeply moved; for, upon my soul, those two young fools loved each other. Van Sweringen's eyes grew soft, and the Governor's mouth puckered up as if it were full of trouble. The gentlemen had gathered close about the Vice-Chancellor, and were eying us pretty fiercely. I stared back at them, look for look, and 'Mynheer,' said I, softly touching Van Sweringen's elbow, 'yonder scarlet velvet rogue sits heavily on my conscience!' He laid his hand upon mine, and said in a very low voice, 'Be still.'

"Then the Governor looked around him with a rueful smile. 'What must be, must, I suppose,' he said, shrugging his shoulders. Then he went to a writing-desk under the window, took a sheet of paper from a pigeon-hole, and wrote his cartel with a long, white quill, while we stood there and watched.

"When he finished, he turned to one of the gentlemen, a Master Thomas Nottly, a fine, tall man in a dark-blue coat, and handing the cartel to him, 'Tom,' said he, 'will ye be so good as to second me in this matter?'

"'Why, sure,' said Master Nottly. 'It will be the sweetest pleasure.' And with that he came across the room and handed the paper to me, Mynheer Van Sweringen quietly bowing.

"Now, I am no hand at any English excepting the kind in the copy-book; so I said, 'Mynheer Van Sweringen, please read this out to me!'

"He took the challenge out of my hand, and read it softly aloud. We were to meet upon the morrow, at daybreak, at a place by a wall in the meadow, and the weapons were to be small swords, as is proper; for it surely is no gentleman's trick to blow holes in a man with a hand-gun.

"I thought that perhaps some of them might laugh because I could not read English, and so I kept my eye on them; but they all looked

grave enough. There was a man among them named Simeon Drew. I believe he was an advocate; at any rate, he was an odd conceit. 'What 's this?' said he. 'A duel? Why, here, this is a scandal! Put the rascals in the jail!'

"'Master Drew,' said the Governor, 'it is very evident that there are some things in courtesy which you do not understand.'

"'Understand?' said Master Drew. 'I understand enough, your Excellency. Men's skins are not made for buttonholes. 'T is cursed nonsense.'

"'Would ye please me, Master Drew?' asked the Governor.

"'I have ever done so,' said Drew.

"'Then say no more about buttonholes; we are not a pair of tailors. Where 's Cousin Philip?' he asked suddenly.

"'Here he is,' replied one of the gentlemen. 'Why, nay, bless my soul! He 's gone. Why, he was here only a moment since, standing at my elbow. How the dickens could he go? I had my hand on him.'

"But he was gone from the room, though no one had seen him go. 'He seems to be cultivating a knack for surprising disappearances,' said another one of the gentlemen, a Master Baker Brooke. ''T is the third time to-day I have wanted him and found him suddenly gone, vanished as utterly and completely as if he had been a ghost.'

"But just then the bell at the Governor's house began to ring for supper. The discussion ceased; we all fell into line, and marched up to the Governor's mansion. He would not hear to a word of our supping otherwhere. And I had such an appetite from sitting still so long that I clean forgot the Vice-Chancellor in thinking of what I should eat.

"As we passed the custom-office, our skipper came out at the door. 'Mynheer,' said he, 'we are ready to sail whenever ye come aboard.'

"'Very good,' replied Mynheer Van Sweringen. 'We will come aboard in the morning. Hast fresh filled the water-butts?'

"'Ja,' rejoined the skipper.

"'It is well,' said Van Sweringen, quietly. 'I hate my drinking foul.'

"I could but admire his placid bearing in the face of all that was before us."

Chapter XXIV.

IN THE SPRING-HOUSE.

Meanwhile Barnaby, knowing naught of what had come to pass in the Council, sat at the rear of the Governor's house, watching the serving-men fetch up the supper from the kitchen to the hall.

Above his head red and green parrakeets whirled to and fro among the sycamores, filling the air with their unmusical screams; about the doors of the kitchen spotted foxhounds wagged their tails and whined their hungry petitions at the servants' heels.

The housekeeper came to the hall door. "Hullo, there, you boy," she said; "have ye eaten your fill, that ye sit so quiet?"

"I have not eaten at all," said he.

"Then you 'd better be eating," she said. "Here, Molly! Ho, Molly! Molly, I say! Molly Hawley!"

A maid came out of the kitchen door and hurried through the square. She was a sturdy girl with coarse black hair and bright-red cheeks and lips, and walked with a free stride, her hands swinging.

"Molly," said the housekeeper, "take this lad to the milk-house and feed him. Don't leave a cavity."

"We 'm got no cavity, mum," replied Molly. "I 'll give him a bowl of bread and milk. Here, you boy, just come wi' me!" and she beckoned to Barnaby.

Barnaby rose and followed her across the square inclosed by the buildings, passing the servants' quarters, and pausing at the kitchen. Then, with a yellow bowl under her arm, and her apron caught up like a bag in her hand, the girl beckoned him still to follow, and leaving the quarters behind her, entered the mouth of the glen that ran down toward the river under the sycamores.

A brook ran sparkling down the glen, and at the top of the hollow stood the milk-house, with its mossy roof of dull red tiles and a door with a wooden latch. From under the sill of the milk-house door the brook emerged to the light of day, and out of the door came a breath of air as cool as the draft from a storage-house, but with no such odors on it. The maid went

in, and Barnaby followed. Part of the house was paved with irregular flat stones, but in the middle of the floor was a broad pool, from the bottom of which a spring gushed with never-ceasing little fountains of sand. In the pool were round earthenware crocks, covered with wooden lids scrubbed until they were silvery white. The crocks held milk just fresh from the milking. On a shelf by the wall were rolls of butter and jugs of buttermilk, and on a bench below stood a row of jars full of honey in the comb.

The maid did not speak. She made signs to him, kicked out a three-legged stool, gave him a honeycomb in a crock, a corn-cake from her apron, and filled her yellow bowl with milk, with fine dexterity. Then she set it on the floor by his side. "Eatum and drinkum!" she said, and with that made a pantomime, that he might understand.

"Is it all for me?" asked Barnaby, and looked up at her wonderingly.

She gave a little scream. "You 'm English?" she gasped.

"To be sure," said Barnaby.

"Well! and me all along a-thinking ye a young Dutch muckle-head! Bless my stars, and you wi' a face like that!" She stood and stared at him. "Bless my stars and garters, lad, but you 'm a pretty boy! Dear soul, those two blue eyes o' thine do be all England. I ha' not seen their like, lad, since I left old Weymouth-town, and that 's nigh seven year agone. God bless thy pretty face! Wilt thou not buss us, laddie, for old England's sake?"

And with that, before Barnaby was aware what the sturdy maid was about, she clapped a hand on each of his shoulders, and kissed him fair on his crumby mouth, and was away with a dribble of honey and corn-bread on her chin.

"Get out!" said Barnaby, much abashed, and waved the corn-bread at her.

But Molly stood and looked at him. All about her figure, as she stood before the spring-house door, there was a shining rim of light. "Dear soul!" she said, after a few moments, and her dark, bright eyes were shining softly. "I ha' not seen a face like thine for nigh on seven year! Wilt not buss us again?"

"Nay, nay; get out," said Barnaby, "and leave me eat in peace. I do not like this bussing."

She laughed softly. "Some folk does, and some folk don't. It all depends on how ye take it. A little, taken sensible, doth sweeten life no end. It is a gift o' nater, and most folk comes to it in time, sooner or later. Lad, take a word o' Molly Hawley: 't is better soon than late; one's heart grows old wi' waiting on 't." Then she clapped him on the shoulder. "Meanwhile, buss me or no," said she, "whatever ye wish, while ye be here, ye just ask Molly Hawley for it; bless thine heart, shalt have it, for that fair face o' thine. There was a lad in Weymouth-town who had a face like thine; but that was seven year agone," she said, looking out into the sunset glow, "and he hath forgotten me. Stick to thy honey-bowl, lad," said she, "and eat thy fill. When thou 'rt done, set crock on bench, and latch door behind thee tightly. There be a pack o' foxhounds here, the plague o' a body's life. Remember, lad, whate'er ye want, just ask Molly Hawley for it."

Then away went Molly Hawley, swinging up the hillside, humming softly over to herself a half-forgotten tune that she had heard her own dear lad sing in the fields by Weymouth.

It now was fallen evening, and the cold smell from the woods crept up the hollow among the trees. The mill at the foot of the hollow was still, and the only sound was the watch-like tinkling of the water dropping from the wheel into the run below. Barnaby gave himself to his eating with a sigh of content. The faint wind outside came up from the inlet with a thin, cool pattering of leaves, and the little fountains of white sand played in the bottom of the spring. There was a bitter perfume in the air from fennel crushed under foot in the path, and an odor like sweet, ripe apples stored away in a cool, dark room.

"'T is brier-rose," said Barnaby, and drew a long breath. How the English hills came back to him, the pale, cool star-light, the summer winds, and the breath of the brier-roses! He sat for a moment, thinking. Then suddenly he put the milk-bowl down, and sat up, listening. Some one, not very far away, had coughed. It was a sharp, nervous cough. After it came a sound of voices. He stepped to the door and looked out.

Two men with their heads together were coming up the hollow, talking earnestly in low tones. He could not recognize them, nor could he make out what they said. Coming to a little terrace just below the spring-house, they paused under a sycamore with a trunk like a castle-tower. One of the men was tall and spare, and held himself aloof, though speaking in a shrill, thin voice that shook with anger and nervous excitement. The other listened, lowering, with his chin upon his breast, as though constrained unwillingly to hear, and sulkily kicked about him in the grass. He, too, was gaunt and tall, but the build and hang of his frame was coarser than that of the other.

"THE HOT-HEADED VAN SWERINGEN HAD STRUCK THE GOVERNOR TWICE ACROSS THE FACE WITH HIS DOESKIN GLOVES."

"Don't lay all the blame on me," he growled. "You 'd 'a' done just the same as I did."

"You said he was dead."

"Well, I thought he was dead."

"But he 's not dead at all. Oh, dear!"

"Well, there 's no use of getting so wrought up. It 's most confounded woundy luck. That's all there is to say about it."

"Ye can't lay it all to the luck. Ye 've shown most condemnable judgment."

"Perhaps ye 'd like to take a try with somebody else's judgment. There 's the Governor. He 'd be blithe to furnish ye with one."

"Don't mention the Governor," cried the other.

"Well, then, don't cavil about my judgment."

"But I would n't 'a' had the knave turn up for forty thousand joe!"

"If you 'd 'a' paid me forty joe, he 'd never 'a' had the chance."

"I ha' paid ye four time forty joe. This is the upshot of it. The fat is in the fire," said the other, bitterly.

At that the first turned with an angry snarl. "Well, don't say I put it there. Had ye let me do as I wanted, you 'd 'a' been shut of him long ago. Why did n't ye leave me do for the rogue, snap out, for good and all?"

"No, no, no," cried the other, an incredible

number of times. "No, no, no, I tell ye; I have told you I won't have none of that."

"Well, you 're a precious, fine-haired fool," said the first, disgustedly. "That 's all I 've got to say to you."

He took a tinder-box out of his pocket, and striking a few sharp blows with a flint, ignited some tinder, and lighted his pipe.

As the first sharp, intermittent puffs sent up their glow across his face, Barnaby gave a little cry and sank upon the spring-house floor.

When, in after years, he thought of that face, it ever came back as he saw it there—its bushy brows, evil mouth, and nose hooked like a parrot's beak. At every puff it started out of the darkness, crafty, scowling, truculent, with the countless wrinkles about the eye which long, keen looking over the sea brings to the face of a mariner. Between the wrinkled, squinting lids, the shifting eyes peered sidewise at the man who stood beside him, with glances as wicked and baleful as a serpent's. Then the face faded away in the shadow again.

"I am lost!" gasped Barnaby; for the face was Captain John King's.

"Well," King repeated sulkily to the man who stood beside him, "you are a precious, fine-haired fool. That 's all I 've got to say to you."

"I don't care what you 've got to say," cried the other. "Ye 've got to fetch him out of here. What's that?" he said suddenly, whirling about and staring up at the spring-house door.

"What 's what?" growled King. Then, all at once, he, too, stared up at the spring-house. "Who 's there?" he called. There was no reply. The door of the spring-house faintly creaked. "I say, who 's there?" called John King, hoarsely, laying his hand on his pistol-butt. "If anybody is in that spring-house it will be better for him to come out of there before I come to fetch him out!" But there was not a sound. "Oh, pah! you 've got the fan-tods," said King to his companion. "There is nobody in the spring-house. What did ye think ye saw?"

"I—I—nothing," replied the other, with a tremble in his voice.

"Well, I should n't advise ye to see it again. It don't seem to be good for your nerves."

The other leaned against the tree and nervously loosed his neck-cloth. "I have not been a-sleeping well," said he, "and these hot days give me the quavers. You 've got to get him out of here," he continued, almost fiercely. "You 've got to fetch him out of here and carry him away, where I shall never see his face again, nor hear of him no more."

"Well, don't get high," said King, sullenly. "I 'm not disposed to stand it. I 've done my best; so that 's enough. I 'll fetch him out; you need n't fret; you 'll never see him again. I 'll take him so far away from here that he 'll not even see the rims of the sky that hangs over Maryland, nay, though he climb to the mountain-tops. Don't you fret; I 'll fetch him out. But here, we 'd better be moving. We 've no time to waste." And the two slipped out of the hollow.

The sky grew pale and apple-white beyond the overhanging branches; the stars came out by twos and threes. The brook ran on, and the wind grew damp, filled with a thousand odors from the river and the forest. There was no sound but the drip of the dew and the tinkling of water in the mill-race. Barnaby crept from behind the door, and looked around the glen. There was naught to be seen. Closing and latching the door, he ran at the top of his speed up the slope until he came to the Governor's house.

"Mynheer," he gasped, when he had come up to the room where Van Sweringen was, "John King is here!"

The envoy was sharpening his rapier with a swordsman's hone. He looked up with a quiet smile.

"Thou hast had a dream," said he.

"Nay, mynheer; it is no dream."

"Well, let the villain bide. We have no more to do with him. Hop into bed, for thou and I must be doing early, lad. Say a prayer for me, if thou prayest. By this time to-morrow night I may sleep in eternity."

Barnaby wiped the sweat from his face. "Which way are we going, mynheer?"

"Whichever way honor directeth us," said Van Sweringen, soberly. And with that he made himself ready for bed.

As Barnaby knelt by the crucifix that hung upon the wall, he heard two voices coming

through the darkness along the road beneath the window.

"Ye will not fail me?" said the first, shrill and anxious.

"Blight me green!" said the other. "You are always talking failure."

"Well, there 's no need of harping upon that now; it 's no matter what I am talking. Do you look out for yourself, I say. They tell me that the Dutchman stabs—that he is the fiend himself with the small sword."

"Oh, be hanged to him and his small sword! I 'll quench him, don't you fear. One, two, three! D' ye see these snuffers? It 's 'puff!' and his candle is out. At the path by the meadow road, ye said?"

"Ay, the path to the right. You 'll be sure to be there?"

"If I 'm not you may have me hanged."

"I 'll have nobody hanged. Upon my soul, will ye never cease prating of hangmen?"

"When you cease ever prating of failure I will."

"I have ceased; keep your part; be early."

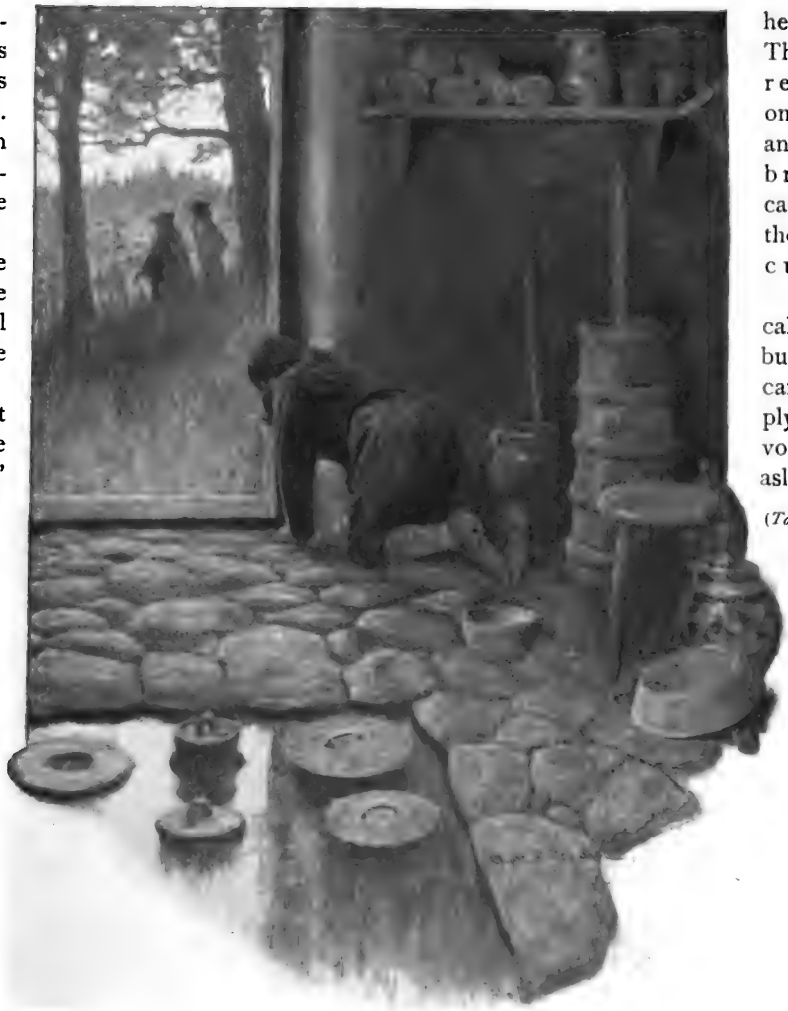
"Yea, verily; I 'll be up and out with the bird of St. Guy!"

With that the voices moved on.

Barnaby crept to the window. The stars were fading from sight in a mist; from the fields the wind came cold and damp; there were no lights anywhere. He could hear the faint sound of feet in the distance, and of muffled voices dying away. He turned to the curtained bed. "Mynheer Van Sweringen," he said softly. There was no response; only a long and regular breathing came through the damask curtains.

Again he called softly, but yet there came no reply. The envoy was fast asleep.

(*To be continued.*)



BARNABY IN THE SPRING-HOUSE.

THE ADVENTURERS.

RALPH and Harry and Dick, these three
Resolved to travel by land and sea,
And Indians fight, and tigers slay,
And come back home for Christmas Day!

Ralph made ready his jack-knife bright;
Harry his bow and Chinese kite;
Dick had only a sword of wood,
But he sharpened it up as best he could.

They planned their pockets they first would cram
With bread and butter, and lots of jam;
And meet in the barn at two, about—
And how do you think it all turned out?

Ralph was caught at the gooseberry jar;
Harry was sent on an errand far;
And Dick (the terrible warlike chap!)
Fell fast asleep in his mother's lap!

Edwin L. Sabin.

"GUESS WHICH HAND IT 'S IN AND YOU SHALL HAVE IT!"

"GENERAL GRANT."

By M. Fritz Austin.

The dog was born July 15, 1885, his parents on both sides being descended from famed ancestors. That they had taken prizes at dog shows, and were peaceful, loving, and kind, enhanced the value of the gift in our eyes.

The General grew by the inch, learned to "speak" if he wanted food or the door opened, and, funniest of all, to *climb trees*.

Our old house in the country was built years and years ago.

The old trees are like the rocks among which they grow, staid and strong, and have stood the gales of nearly a century, and have given blossoms and birdlings in the spring, fruit for the babies in the fall, shade and beauty at all times. Children and squirrels had climbed the stout limbs, but never a dog until Grant was a year old. Then we found him perched up in one of the trees, barking at a squirrel. This was a wonderful feat for a terrier weighing about forty-five pounds, for the lowest limbs were as high as a grown person could reach. He did his climbing quickly, and as often as the squirrels went after the apples, Grant went after the squirrels.

Everybody and everything on the place were friends of Grant; in his big heart there was love for the cow, the cats, and the chickens. Still, his most intimate friend and companion in games was "Ben Roe," the two-year-old colt. Grant invented games and taught them to Ben Roe, who, in his turn, was quick to learn, and of a retentive memory. Grant would take a barrel-hoop or a club in his mouth, and present Ben the opposite end; then they would start off at a gentle trot, Grant all the time saying, "*Grew-ow, grew-ow.*" Now, when they played what Grant called "grew" they would begin at a gentle trot; but when they raced, they ran side by side at a fearful rate, each panting and determined to win. This game was always brought to a close as soon as one of the family found that racing was the order of the day. We liked to see them play "grew," as we considered it an intellectual game, worthy of encouragement.

"GENERAL" AND "BEN ROE" PLAYING "GREW."

GLIMPSES OF CHILD LIFE IN JAPAN.

By Theodore Wores.

Kumataro was the name of a little Japanese boy who lived in Tokio, the capital of Japan, in the house adjoining mine. He was only three years of age, and I met him toddling along the narrow foot-path one morning as I started out for a walk.

"Master Bear," for that is the literal translation of his name, was dressed in a very pretty light-blue kimono, or wrapper, with a bright-red sash, or obi. He wore little straw sandals and short white stockings called *tabi*, which reached to the ankles. These stockings were like mittens: they had a division between the great toe and the others, through which the thong was passed that held the sandal to the foot.

MASTER KUMATARO EATING WITH CHOP-STICKS.

The top of his head was shaved, leaving a circle of hair extending around that made him look like one of those odd Japanese dolls we all have seen.

His little legs were hardly strong enough to hold him up, but, still, he toddled along with an air of dignity that was highly amusing. His dignity did not relax at my approach, and I could not help stopping and making a low bow, in true Japanese style. I remarked most respectfully, "Kekko no tenki de gozaimasu," which is the Japanese way of saying, "What a beautiful day this is!" I feared that my action might scare this little man, for I knew that a meeting with a white man would be regarded by many Japanese children much as suddenly confronting a Turk in a turban would be regarded by a timid American baby.

Japanese children, as a rule, are rather apt to be afraid of foreigners, but this is not to be wondered at, for I found it to be a very general belief that white men carried away little Japanese children if they caught them out alone after dark. I often noticed, as I walked through the streets of Tokio, that crying children suddenly became as quiet as mice on seeing me, and gazed at me with large, frightened eyes. I wondered at this, until one day I overheard a nurse say to a little child, "Be still; here comes a white man, and he will carry you away if you do not behave yourself!"

I was, therefore, rather surprised when, instead of becoming frightened, Kumataro stopped and gravely returned my salutation, ducking his little shaven head in the most approved Japanese fashion, and then resuming his lordly progress. I was, to say the least, somewhat taken aback at the coolness of this little man, especially when I observed that his mother, who stood in the doorway, had not failed to see the humor of it all, and could hardly keep from laughing. After this first meeting I became very friendly with the boy.

Around my house was a pretty Japanese garden which was separated from that of my

neighbors by a bamboo fence. Consequently I saw Kumataro almost daily. Japanese houses are very lightly put together. The *shoji*, or doors, which also serve as windows, consist of light lattice frames three feet wide and six feet high. These are covered with thin but tough paper to admit the light, and they slide in grooves along the sides of the room. A narrow veranda usually extends around the house, and is closed at night by wooden shutters that likewise slide in grooves along the edge of the veranda.

The long overhanging roof protects these paper windows and doors from the rain. Glass is rarely used for windows, and it was almost unknown in Japan until that country was thrown open to foreign nations about forty years ago. Many of the Japanese, especially the country people, are still so unaccustomed to glass windows that it has been found necessary, in many of the third-class compartments of railway carriages, to paste strips of paper across the windows in order to attract attention to the glass, for it has frequently happened that, in their ignorance, these people have stuck their heads through the window-panes.

There is but little privacy in Japanese houses, for the reason that everything that is said on the other side of the paper doors can be overheard, and as these are usually left open, one cannot help seeing much of the domestic life of one's neighbors.

Thus I often observed little Kumataro at his meals, which, according to the custom of his country, he ate with chop-sticks instead of knife, fork, and spoon. It is very difficult for a stranger to handle these two little sticks, but Kumataro, who had been taught how to hold them properly, managed them so easily that he was able to pick up any little morsel from his plate as easily as an American boy could with a fork.

Everything that is served at a Japanese dinner is cut into small pieces so that they may be picked up and eaten with the chop-sticks. A dinner consists of a number of courses, such as soup made of bean-curd, fish, and mushrooms, or seaweed, which are served in lacquer bowls. This is followed by fish boiled with lotus-roots, and raw fish cut into thin slices and eaten with a sauce called *soyu*; also salad and pickled vegetables and *soba*, and a sort of buckwheat vermicelli. The Japanese eat very little meat, and rice takes the place of bread. Soup is usually served at the end as well as at the beginning of a dinner.

Tables and chairs are not used in Japanese houses, and our little friend, in accordance with the general custom in Japan, sat on the floor, with his dinner spread out before him on lacquer trays.

Whenever I called at Kumataro's house I was invited to be seated on the floor. The floor of a Japanese room is covered with fine straw mats, called *tatame*, which are always kept scrupulously clean, for a Japanese never enters a house with his shoes on. These are always left outside of the door, and he walks about on the matting in his stockings. Whenever a Japanese sits on the floor he doubles his legs up under him, crosses his feet, and squats on his heels; and he can remain in this position for hours without becoming tired.

Kumataro had a brother named Matsujiro (literally "Pine-tree"). He was about five years of age, but passed for seven, for the Japanese have a curious method of computing age. No matter when a child is born, its age is always reckoned from the 1st of January. If, for instance, a boy is born in February, the first anniversary of his birth falls on the following 1st of January, and he is then said to be in his second year.

These two little youngsters, like most Japanese children, managed to have a very good time. They had many different ways of amusing themselves, and rarely quarreled with each other. When any disagreement arose they generally settled it pleasantly, as in the following instance. Master Bear and his brother scrambled, one day, for the possession of a ball that I had thrown over into their garden. The elder boy succeeded in grabbing it, but the younger was by no means disposed to give up his claim to it. Instead of becoming angry and fighting about it, they decided to settle the question of ownership by means of a game known as *ken*. This game is played as follows:

Two players, facing each other, throw out their right hands at the same time. As the

hand is thrown forward it assumes one of three positions. An open hand represents a sheet of paper. A closed hand represents a stone. The two first fingers extended, with the others closed, represents a pair of scissors.

The following are the points for the player to bear in mind in scoring the game:

A STREET SCENE, SHOWING DRESS OF JAPANESE BOYS.

1. Scissors can cut paper.
2. Scissors cannot cut stone.
3. Paper can be wrapped around the stone.

If player No. 1 extends his two fingers and No. 2 his open hand, No. 1 wins, for the reason that scissors cut paper. On the other hand, if No. 2 had presented his fist, he would have been the winner, for scissors cannot cut stone. Again, if No. 1 extends his open hand, and No. 2 his closed hand, the former wins, as the paper can be wrapped around the stone. In case both players make the same movement it does not count, and they try over again. This expedient is resorted to not only by children, but by grown people as well, who often settle trivial disputes in this peaceful manner.

The most popular, as well as the most familiar, of all children's games is known as *hyaku-nin-shu*, or "the poems of a hundred poets." It is a card game, and it is played as follows:

Two hundred cards, each printed with the first or last half of one of these well-known poems, are used.

The cards representing the last half of these short poems are spread out on the floor, while the others are held by the players. Some one who has been appointed reads the beginning of the poem as he draws them from a pack.

The skill lies in quickly uniting the first half that the player holds to the second half on the floor, and the one who first gets rid of all his cards wins the game. It will thus be seen that in order to play this game skilfully it is neces-

sary to be perfectly familiar with these hundred poems, and it is, therefore, as instructive as it is amusing.

Japan fairly swarms with children, and among the most amusing sights, to a stranger, are the numerous small boys and girls that are met with everywhere, carrying babies on their backs. Sometimes these little tots are not much larger than the babies themselves, but they cheerfully assume this burden, for among the lower classes it is considered to be the duty of brothers and sisters to take charge of the next youngest. This does not interfere as much as one would suppose with their childish pastimes, for I have often seen them playing and romping about while the baby, whose head wabbled about in all directions, was sound asleep.

As Kumataro's parents belonged to the wealthier class of Japanese, they employed a nurse, a simple country girl named Otake-san, whose sole duty was to care for and carry Kumataro about. Otake-san, or "Miss Bamboo," gave her entire time and attention to Master Bear, and good-naturedly submitted to his childish whims, and never scolded, though at times he ordered her about in a most lordly manner.

On one occasion she appeared with Matsujiro on her back, and was about to go out on an errand with him, when Kumataro insisted upon going along. As there was no putting him off, Otake-san placed Master Pine-tree on the ground, and after helping Kumataro upon his back, she picked up both boys and carried them off. Master Bear had a doll strapped upon his back, and this gave a most comical three-story appearance to Otake-san's burden.

The Japanese seem to consider the children in almost everything that they do. Wonderful and picturesque processions, known as *matsuri*, are frequent in the large cities, and great two-wheeled carts and floats are most gorgeously decorated and drawn through the streets by oxen. Models of these carts on a smaller scale, and drawn by crowds of happy children, usually form a part of these processions. Toy temples, built especially for children, are often seen alongside of the large ones.

Peddlers of all kinds who trade altogether with children are met with everywhere. One of the special favorites of this class is the *amea*, or candy man. He wanders about through the streets with two boxes slung on a pole which he carries on his shoulders. Every once in a while he puts down his burden and blows a tin horn, whereupon the children of that neighborhood come trooping up to him from all directions.

Kumataro and his brother rarely failed to get a few copper coins, worth about one tenth of a cent apiece, wherewith to buy candy.

The stock in trade of this popular tradesman usually consists of a quantity of soft molasses candy. A lump of this is fastened to the end of a thin bamboo tube, and then he proceeds to blow into it very much after the manner of a glass-blower, forming, at the same time, with his fingers, very clever representations of animals, masks, birds, fruits, and flowers —in fact, anything that his little patrons chance

MISS BAMBOO CARRIES MASTER BEAR AND MASTER PINE-TREE.

to order. I have often amused myself, at an outlay of ten cents, by treating a crowd of ten or twenty children that had gathered around one of these candy men. Nothing could be

funnier than the critical attitude that these little men sometimes assumed, for they were always ready to point out faults in these works of art, and to insist on having them corrected before paying for the wares.

Another favorite of the children is the pancake man. Like the candy man, he carries two boxes, the tops of which are covered with sheets of polished copper, underneath which are braziers filled with burning charcoal. The children gather about him, and for a small copper coin each one buys a cupful of soft dough.

They then proceed to make pancakes by pouring out a little of the dough on to the hot copper plates. The pancakes are made about as large as a silver dollar, and the process is continued until the supply of dough is exhausted.

Two holidays especially for children are observed by the Japanese during the year. One occurs on May 5, and is called "Boys' Day," and the other, on March 3, is known as "Girls' Day," or the "Feast of Dolls." On Boys' Day the streets present a very bright and festive appearance, as almost every house is decorated with a tall bamboo pole to which one or more large paper fish are attached. The number of fish hung from each pole corresponds to the number of boys in the family.*

These fish are very cleverly constructed, and are painted so as to present a very natural appearance. They are fastened to the pole by a cord passed through the jaws, and openings at the mouth and tail allow the wind to blow through, filling them out and causing them to plunge about in a most lifelike manner. These paper fish vary in length from three to twenty feet.

In many houses, on this occasion, miniature stands of arms, containing swords, spears, bows, banners, and suits of armor, are brought out of the *kura*, or storehouse, and placed on view. Some of these toy weapons are as carefully made as the real things, and are often very old, having served on Boys' Day in the same family for many generations. On Girls' Day almost every household has more or less of a collection of dolls on view. These dolls are carefully packed away, each in its own wooden case, during the year, and are only brought out on these special occasions, when it is the custom for little girls to pay visits to one another, exchange the compliments of the season, and admire one another's dolls. In addition to these dolls, all sorts of miniature household articles, consisting of dressing-cases, toilet-sets, furniture, and kitchen utensils, etc., made of silver and lacquer, are displayed. The principal dolls imitate the mikado and his empress in ancient court dress. Many of these collections of dolls are centuries old.

It will thus be seen that Japan has not without reason been called a "children's paradise." While my own observations have proved to me that Japanese children are about the happiest I know, I have also observed that they always display the greatest respect for their parents and elders, who are thus more than repaid for the unfailing love and attention they bestow upon the little ones of the "Sunrise Kingdom."

* See the poem and photograph in the May number of ST. NICHOLAS.

A CURIOUS CHANGE.

FROM the home of fans and lacquer
Comes the gorgeous fire-cracker—
That 's the land where queues from every head must hang.
It arrives in wrapper red,
With a queue upon its head;
But we Yankees use the queue to make a bang!
(At least, that 's the report.)

Christopher Valentine.

"HOLD ON, THERE! WE DON'T TAKE TRUNKS! YOU 'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE FREIGHT-ELEVATOR!"

TWO STUDENTS.

By Benjamin Webster.

A little boy sat on the shore of a pond
While a bullfrog sat in the pool;
And each one gazed on the other one
Like scholars in a school.

Then at last the little boy spoke and said:
"Why, Frog, do you gaze at me?
Pray swim or jump, that I may learn
Some Natural History!"

The frog he croaked out this reply:
"That 's what I 'm here for, too.
I 'm studying Boys, and their curious ways,
For I 've nothing else to do!"

Then the boy he turned and went away,
And the frog he sank below;
While circling ripples on the pool
Were all that was left of the show.

"ALONG THE LINE TO DOVER."

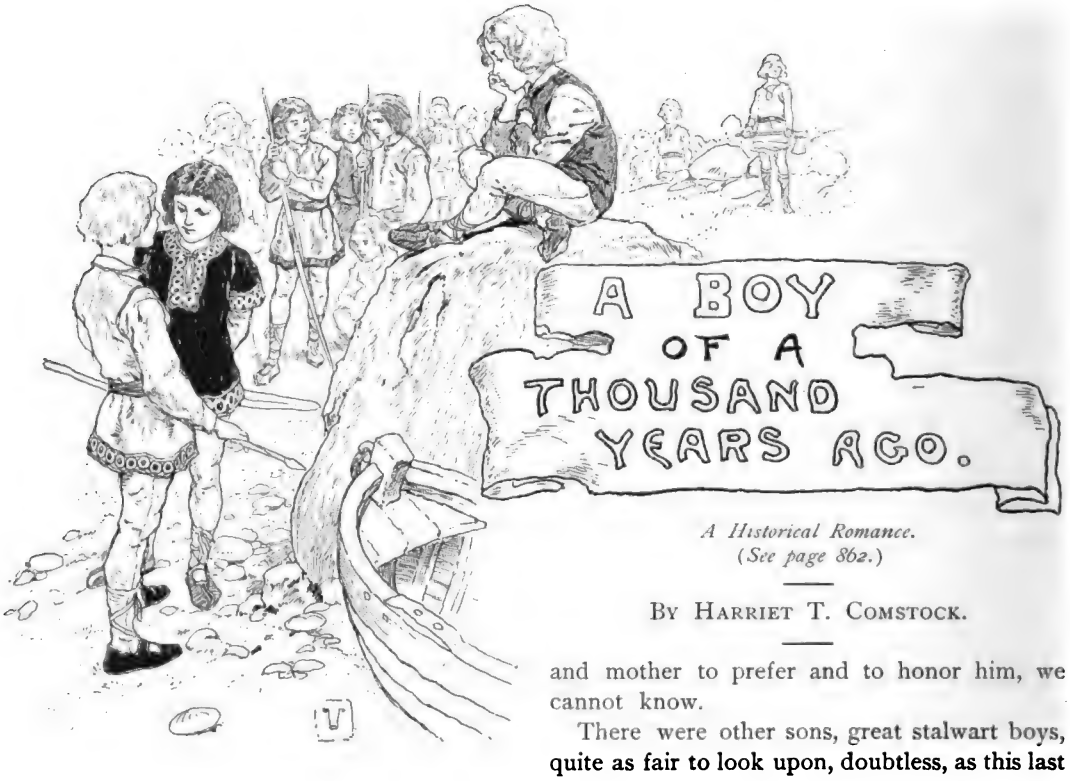
By Eric Parker.

In London town the soot and smoke
Set man and child a-sighing;
And though but yesterday 't was June,
The chestnut-leaves are flying.

And yet, beyond the dust of town
'T is shining summer weather;
The clean hills rise into the wind
That shakes the crimson heather.

The ships ride on the great green sea
That lies beyond the clover;
The poppies blaze about the corn
Along the line to Dover.

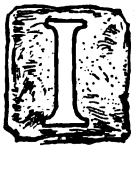
Come out, come out into the sun,
And other lodging find you;
And leave the lights of London town
A hundred miles behind you!



A Historical Romance.
(See page 862.)

By Harriet T. Comstock.

Chapter I.



In a great gloomy castle in England, more than a thousand years ago, there was born a little boy.

What there was about him especially to cause his father and mother to prefer and to honor him, we cannot know.

There were other sons, great stalwart boys, quite as fair to look upon, doubtless, as this last little brother; but from the first the father, who was the king, said: "After me, he shall reign." And the queen-mother, nestling him in her gentle arms, smiled through her tears, and wondered, half sorrowfully, why she loved that wee baby better than all the rest.

But so it was, and within those grim walls he

"ALFRED SEATED IN FRONT OF HIS FATHER ON THE GREAT BLACK CHARGER." (SEE PAGE 816.)

passed from unheeding babyhood to joyous childhood. He played and romped with his brothers. He was gentle and sweet-tempered, and was beloved of all in the royal palace.

But unwisely the story drifted down from the king's council-chamber to the kitchens and stables that the last little prince was unlike the others. He, the youngest and least, was to

rule in his father's stead. And the boy knew that more was expected of him than of his brothers, and the knowledge rested heavily on his curly head, making him serious and very thoughtful.

"'MOTHER, I ALMOST WISH THAT I WAS JUST A PLAIN LITTLE LAD.'"

He always had the best. The servants rushed to obey his baby commands, and even his sturdier brothers, with boyish keenness, knew that they must take what Alfred did not desire.

Yet all this special homage did not seem to harm the young prince. He appreciated his privileges, but in his heart he often longed to be as free to wander at will as his brothers were. He wished to enjoy life like a boy rather than like a little king.

He had one brother, Ethelbald by name, who felt most keenly the injustice of the family training, and in their play he often made poor Alfred pay a heavy penalty for his high rank.

"Let us play war!" he would shout in his loud voice. "We will be brave vikings sailing o'er the sea in our great swift ships. And thou," turning to Alfred, "shalt be the king!"

"But I, too, wish to sail in the little boat," pleaded the unwilling prince.

The others laughed heartily.

"Nay, nay!" roared Ethelbald. "Thou must sit upon this rock alone, and watch us sailing and sailing, and when thou dost see us landing on thy shores, thou must quake with fear, and run and hide!"

"Nay; I will fight thee!" half sobbed the child.

"Then fight; but we shall conquer thee, and

put thee in a fortress tower, and perhaps cut off thy head."

Poor Alfred saw but meager fun in being a king, when Ethelbald planned the play.

Sometimes at eventide, when he stood at his mother's knees, watching the shadows playing queer pranks on the dim walls, he would tell her about his doubts and sorrows.

"Mother," he would say, "is it such a happy thing to be a king? For Ethelbald says that he is freer than I, freer than any king. He can do just what he chooses, and when he is a man he is going to be a viking and sail the world over, while I must remain at home and do as my subjects will."

"Nay, sweetheart; thy brother speaks but idle words. He, too, will do his duty when honor calls. He would not be an enemy to his country. But thou, dear child, shouldst thou fulfil thy father's desire and reign after him, wilt forget thyself and thine own wishes; a true king always does. Thou wilt be glad to serve thy people, for they will love thee, little one, and a good king and a good people have but one will!"

"I will be a good king, like father. But it tires me to think of all that I must do. Sometimes I almost wish"—the little voice grew hushed—"*almost* wish that I was just a plain little lad, and that no one had ever thought of my being a king."

The mother drew him closer, and a tear fell upon his bonny curls.

"Dear, foolish child!" she murmured, "thou *art* but a little lad. Only to father and mother art thou a king. Come, let us take a sup of rich, warm milk, and say, 'God bless our father, King Ethelwulf, and long may he reign!'"

The dimpled hand took the silver mug from the queen's grasp, and the boyish voice laughingly echoed the merry toast. Then very drowsily he said: "Sing to me, mother."

To and fro in the deepening gloom swayed the queen, with the weary little prince within her arms. And as she sang she seemed to see the long path which lay before. She felt that much of the way he must travel alone. He must wage war and feel the bitter stings of a nation's discontent. He must learn to suffer and complain not, be weary and know no rest. For she was a queen, and she knew; and within her heart she wished he were indeed but a plain little lad, and that the cruel weight of a kingly crown might never rest upon his sunny curls.

Chapter II.

The great castle lay wrapped in a deeper gloom. A strange stillness hovered within the gray walls. The children crouched together in the deep window-seats, and spoke in solemn tones. Without, a nation mourned a well-beloved queen, while the children mourned a mother. Sturdy Ethelbald bowed his head to hide his tears. It would never do for a viking to be seen weeping! The other brothers sobbed openly.

But little Alfred, the weight of his responsibilities bearing heavily upon him, stole away to the great room where the queen lay sleeping.

It was *his* duty to comfort the king! He must forget his awful agony and loneliness. Kings thought first of others. *She* had told him that. And although he was but five years old, he remembered all that she had taught him.

He had not seen her since she had kissed him good night, the last of all, and had whispered: "Be a king, dear heart, whether thou dost wear the crown or not."

When morning came they had told him she was dead, and the light had suddenly faded from the day, and a great wave of loneliness engulfed him.

But now he remembered. There was work for him to do, and he knew where to go.

She lay upon her massive bed, smiling and beautiful as when last he saw her. Flowers were scattered over the snowy sheet, and a red rose rested in one dear hand. Kneeling by her side was King Ethelwulf, sorrowing as a man can only for the love of his life.

He had forgotten all else, and his deep sobs filled the chamber of death. A stray sunbeam had forced itself into the darkened room, and was playing over the flower-decked bed and the quiet mother. Alfred watched it. It flickered among the waves of hair spread out upon the pillow, it danced among the flowers, and for a second rested on the slim white hand;

then it even paused a moment to brighten the pale placid face, and finally passed on and lay upon the bowed head of the king.

"THEY WAGED THEIR MIMIC WARS WITH OLD-TIME SHOUTS OF LAUGHTER."

Alfred moved forward. His little feet awakened no echo in the sad room.

His eyes never left the sweet dead face, but his heart throbbed until it ached.

"Father!" he whispered, laying his tiny hand on Ethelwulf's shoulder.

The king started. It seemed as if she had awakened to comfort him—she who had never failed before. With tear-filled eyes he gazed upon his little son.

"Thou, Alfred! Thou art too young, child, to be here!"

"We are kings, thou knowest, father. We must think of others!"

The voice rang out in silvery tones, but there was a break in the brave words.

"She told me to remember that always. Come, let us kiss her, father, and go to the others!"

Ethelwulf groaned. Then, putting his arm around Alfred, they knelt and wept together.

The court mourned sincerely for the noble queen. In their rough, half-barbarous fashion, the commonest of the people sorrowed and sympathized as they never had before.

Their wild sports were neglected for many days, and they grew more gentle and kindly.

But all was over at last. The people went back to their duties and pleasures.

Ethelbald and his brother Ethelred waged their mimic wars with old-time shouts of laughter, and the older brother and sister, who fared afar from their father's court, returned to take up their separate lives. But the seat upon the rock was empty. No lonely little king sat enviously watching the victories on land and sea; he had weightier things to which he must attend. Within the somber castle he sat, or wandered with King Ethelwulf. Sometimes they rode abroad, Alfred seated in front of his father on the great black charger. And often they talked of *her*. Ethelwulf himself learned in those days, perhaps better than ever before, how to be a wise and good king. For the quiet mother had talked more freely to the child than to the father, and her words had been wise words.

"Thou art unlike us all," the king said one day, as they were riding together. "Thou art like her. Wert thou a lass, it would all be well, but unless thou dost harden in thy ways thou wilt be but a sorry king. Thou must be taught to ride and fence. Too long have I coddled thee for her sweet sake. Thy health shows the wrong I am doing thee. Thy heart, my son, mayst remain as hers, but thy brain and hand must grow sturdier, or alas for thy kingdom when thou takest the throne!"

"Have I displeased your Majesty?" The little prince turned tearfully. In those first lonely days the tears came far too easily in the little prince's eyes.

"Displeased? Nay, nay, my lad. Thou liest near my heart. But a good king must have wisdom as well as compassion. And a trusty sword in a strong hand is a thing not to be despised."

"AGAIN AND AGAIN HE WAVED HIS HAND TO HIS DEAR FATHER."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Then, after a pause:

"We grow too gloomy, thou and I. We will travel to Rome. We will take gifts to the Holy Father. Good deeds will we both do in her name, and through thee. Others shall see the future king, and learn to love him ere they learn to fear him."

Alfred heard, not half understanding his father's rambling words. He was pleased, but puzzled. With a child's love of change and adventure, the thought of travel was delightful. But why he should be taken and the brothers left, of that he could not see the justice.

Perhaps it was necessary for him to go away that he might be taught to fence and ride; he never seemed to be able to learn those things at home. The others always outdid him.

Well, it would be better than always playing king, and feeling lonely and unhappy!

Chapter III.

So the journey was planned, but not as King Ethelwulf had first contemplated. Alfred was to go alone.

Oh, but it was a splendid array which filed forth from the castle when at last all the arrangements were completed and the pilgrimage began!

There were nobles and soldiers of high rank to care for and give honor to the tiny traveler. They were laden with gifts of gold and silver and precious stones, and were ablaze in costumes new and dazzling.

The finest horses in the kingdom pranced proudly under their knightly burdens, and little Alfred, half afraid and half filled with pride, rode at the head on his little black stallion, garbed in the richest dress the makers could invent.

There were tears in his eyes as he rode away, and again and again he waved his hand to the brothers and the dear father who stood in a group watching the passing procession.

Ethelbald's heart was full of envy. He had always had his doubts about the happiness of being a king, but this was another matter. To lead such a company as that, to sit astride of such a horse, blazing in such a costume, was almost better than being a viking!

And Alfred was a mere baby, and *he*, Ethelbald, should be in that exalted place!

Oh, it was cruel injustice! and the boy's heart throbbed hotly.

He turned to his brother, and for the first time gave voice to all the bitter sense of unfairness which he long had felt:

"Hark ye!" he whispered. "When we are grown we will band together against this little lad. He is but a puling thing; for all the king's favor, I believe that he is less liked than we. Who would follow him, were we to call? Ay, we yet will rout him, and our father, too, if it is necessary!"

Ethelred gazed in affright from his brother's dark, wrathful face to their father's. Ethelwulf was standing apart, gazing sorrowfully after the glittering band which was winding its way down the valley. There were deep lines on the king's face — lines which had come recently; and he looked lonely, standing apart without his little companion.

Ethelbald's anger died away as he watched that austere face. Then a feeling of shame crept over him. He drew near his father, and laid a faltering touch upon his arm.

"Thou art sad?" the young prince murmured, looking downward as he spoke.

"Ay. My heart aches for yon little homesick lad."

Ethelbald bowed his head lower. This was a new thought.

"To-night strange hands will touch that tender body, and no loving voice will be near to soothe his frighted cry, should he imagine danger. I could not harden and bolden him here. For his good I have sent him afar, but my heart bleeds."

Then turning to the brothers, he said, speaking solemnly but with affection:

"We must guard his empire until he cometh to claim his own." A smile hovered over the king's face. "He is but a poor little weak prince, indeed. Dark clouds threaten. Who can read the future? Perhaps one, all of you, will reign instead of him. Be ready. Ye are strong in arm, but look to your hearts! In them lies the power to sway men and to make nations tremble."

The boys were humbled as they silently listened. Their hearts, indeed! And they had just been plotting against their king and father!

But they would be loyal now. They would indeed guard their beloved kingdom until the poor little wandering brother should return.

How strong and safe they felt standing there beside the king!

The shadows were lengthening, and had already hidden the splendid band of travelers.

They had gone with the day, and already little Alfred was among strangers in a dim and untried world.

How they pitied him!

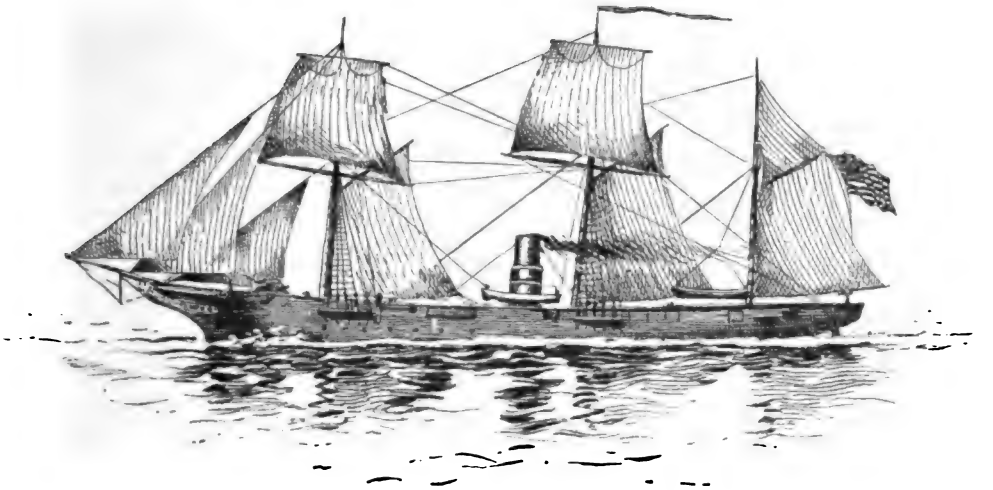
After all, they felt that it was better to be in the safe old shelter than to lead even that band of nobles away from the home scenes.

(*To be continued.*)

A CONUNDRUM.

By Frances Wilson.

"It is very queer," thought baby,
"But, as everybody knows,
The longer that my body gets
The shorter grow my clothes!"



THE OLD "KEARSARGE" AS SHE LOOKED WHEN SHE FOUGHT THE "ALABAMA."

THE "KEARSARGE'S" PENNANT AT MANILA BAY.

On the evening before the battle of Manila I sat at my desk in my state-room on the "Baltimore," sipping a cup of after-dinner coffee, and putting my personal affairs in such shape that if I fell a victim to battle they could be properly handled by others. While destroying a large accumulation of unimportant letters I came upon a fragment of red-and-white bunting inclosed in an envelope and labeled: "A piece of the pennant which flew from the masthead of the U. S. S. 'Kearsarge' when she fought her great duel with the Confederate cruiser 'Alabama.'"

It had been given to me as a token of regard by the daughter of Admiral Winslow, because I was engaged upon a biography of her father. As I gazed upon the bit of bunting, my soul stirred at the thought that it was once again going into battle, I remembered that sailors are inspired by a good omen, so I placed it in the inside pocket of the blouse which I expected to wear in action.

As the shroud of that long night lifted, and the gray, vaporous dawn of the tropics overspread Manila Bay, the quartermaster on the Baltimore's bridge cried out: "There they are!" and I thought again of my piece of victorious bunting, recalling how, thirty-four years before, a quartermaster on another American war-ship's bridge had exclaimed exultingly under that flag, "She 's coming!"

We sprang to our guns on the Baltimore's forecastle. A signal of three flags sped quickly to the yard-arm of the "Olympia" ahead of us, a signal which had not been displayed from an American war-ship for a third of a century:

"*Prepare for general action!*"

Instinctively we looked aloft, for from every masthead in that long column of war-ships burst the Stars and Stripes. Then our captain cried out from the bridge:

"Men, we must fight on empty stomachs, but we have full hearts. Let us see once more what can be done under those flags!"

Then I held my bit of bunting toward my gun's crew, and said:

"Here, men, is our mascot—a piece of the battle-pennant of the Kearsarge. Let it look once more upon brave deeds in battle!"

When we drew off for breakfast the tropic heat was becoming intense, so I exchanged my blue blouse for a white one. As we steamed in again to complete our victory, I noticed that my gun-captain was eying me in a troubled way, so I asked him what was the matter. Coming very close to me, he whispered: "Have you still got the Kearsarge flag, sir?"

"Why, no," I replied. "I left it in the pocket of my other blouse; but that 's all right; it 's still on board, you know."

The sailor shook his head dubiously. "I don't know, sir," he said. "I think you had better not let 'em know you have n't it."

I doubt if the knowledge of its absence would have been apparent under the circumstances. It certainly was not in the steady bearing of my gun-captain. But if ever again I take a crew into battle under the inspiration of a mascot, I shall take care to keep the talisman with me to the end.

John M. Ellicott, Lieutenant, U. S. N.

HOW SIR MARMADUKE MARS SAVED THE LIFE OF A LION.

By Carolyn Wells.

"AND CALMLY LOOKED AFTER HIS FARMS."

Sir Marmaduke Mars was audacious,
A brave grenadier,
A fierce fusileer,
A warrior bold and pugnacious,
A mettlesome, mad musketeer.

His friends and admirers who knew him
Told tales of his luck,
His valor and pluck;
How he chased a wild tiger and slew him,
And killed a belligerent buck.

He had fought with lieutenants and lieges;
And Sir Marmaduke Mars
Of the Haughty Hussars,
Because of his battles and sieges,
Was just about covered with scars.

Now for years Marmaduke had been quiet;
The fray lost its charms,
He laid down his arms,
He relinquished all combat and riot,
And calmly looked after his farms.

But one day, as he sat in his study,
He said to his wife,
"I tire of home life;
I long for an escapade bloody,
With danger and jeopardy rife."

Now, naught this good woman could ruffle,
And she said to her lord,
"I fear you *are* bored;
Go out, dear, and hunt up a scuffle;
I 'll fetch you your helmet and sword."

She brought him his shield and his truncheon,
His foes to defy;
Then she bade him good-by,
And gave him a neat little luncheon
Of sandwiches, pickles, and pie.

"THEN SHE BADE HIM GOOD-BY."

Sir Marmaduke sallied forth bravely,
And marched for a mile,
When a huge crocodile
Stepped up and saluted him gravely,
(Though I think that he stifled a smile).

Said the crocodile sadly, "A lion
Lies there in the shade
Of that tropical glade,
And I very much fear he 's a-dyin';
I beg and implore you for aid."

Sir Marmaduke, greatly excited,
Was fearless and brave.
He said, "Show me his cave;
Whatever is wrong shall be righted—
The life of that beast I will save!"

The crocodile, noisily weeping,
Concealed his delight
And conducted the knight
To the den where the lion lay sleeping—
A truly deplorable sight.

"SIR MARMADUKE SALLIED FORTH BRAVELY."

"You see, sir, my friend's situation,
So appallingly thin,
He 's just bone and skin;
He 's dying, dear sir, of starvation,
And *that* 's why we summoned you in!"

Sir Marmaduke quaked and he quivered;
Though hot-headed and bold,

"AND THAT 'S WHY WE SUMMONED YOU IN!"

He felt suddenly cold;
He shuddered, he shook, and he shivered,
Apprehensive of horrors untold.

"I fear that the prospect dismays you,"
The crocodile said;
"But your fame will be spread;
Your friends (if they hear it!) will praise you
When they know how this lion was fed."

Sir Marmaduke looked rather sickly,
But being a man
Accustomed to plan,
And accustomed to doing it quickly,
He gave a slight cough, and began:

"Of course I appreciate duly,
And I commiserate
Your very sad fate,
And I think it is fortunate truly
That I happened along ere too late.

"I am flattered to think you should choose me,
If on me it depends
To further your ends—
But, if you will kindly excuse me,
I 'll go and call in a few friends.

"The occasion seems really to ask it,
Although I must say
I regret the delay—
And oh, by the way, here 's a basket
Which I 'll leave in your charge, if I may."

As the crocodile snatched at the hamper
The lion's fierce eye
Was on pickles and pie.
Our hero set off on a scamper,
And his pace was decidedly spry.

When the crocodile presently finished
(He 'd eaten the best,
And the lion the rest),
With appetites scarcely diminished
They sat down to wait for their guest.

They patiently sat there and waited;
They waited until
The evening grew chill;
And as nothing contrary 's narrated,
They 're probably sitting there still.

ELIZABETH AND HER GRANDMOTHER.

By Elizabeth Morgan.

Elizabeth did not love her grandmother. She had even decided, after careful consideration, that she positively disliked the sound of her name. This is a strange thing to have to tell of a nice little girl, for Elizabeth was a nice little girl in spite of all conclusions to the contrary, and, indeed, was as much shocked at herself as any one else could be.

But I must explain to you how it happened. Elizabeth had never seen her grandmother. Her portrait, which hung on the sitting-room wall, was that of a beautiful woman with great soft eyes and shining hair. She was dressed in gray satin, and wore a kerchief of delicate lace over her white shoulders.

Aunt Clarissa had the dress still, folded away upstairs in a camphor-wood trunk, and had shown it to Elizabeth more than once, when she had been an unusually good girl.

So Elizabeth had every reason to believe that her grandmother's appearance had been all that could be desired, and from what she had been told of her character, it was evident that she had been in that respect also a paragon of excellence, uniting in her single person all the virtues possible to womankind. And that was where the trouble lay. Since her earliest infancy Elizabeth had had her grandmother held up to her for imitation, a shining, brilliant example of impossible perfection. Sometimes the little girl almost felt sorry for her, when she thought how miserable her life must have been.

For her grandmother was always industrious and neat. She never soiled or tore her clothes. She always knew her lessons. She was always polite and respectful to every one, never noisy or getting in people's way, or asking questions when they had no time to attend to her.

She always took the most uncomfortable seat, the smallest apple, and the shortest stick of candy. She had done everything that a person naturally would not want to do, and had had it all carefully handed down for the discomfiture of her unfortunate descendants. Elizabeth argued that it was not fair.

Of course if any one wanted to be so uncomfortably perfect themselves, that was their own business, but they had no right to insist that others should follow their example. Still, Elizabeth had faithfully tried, for with Aunt

Clarissa always at hand to point out her failures and remind her of her duty, it was not possible to forget or neglect it for long at a time.

Not that Aunt Clarissa was unkind, or even meant to be discouraging, but the more devotedly she loved her little niece, the more she wished her in all things to be as perfect as it was possible for human nature to be. With this end in view, there was no better example for her imitation than the beautiful grand mother for whom she was named.

She never dreamed how tired Elizabeth had grown of the endless tale of the ancestral virtues. She never guessed that the little girl was hesitating on the verge of revolt when she left her that summer afternoon in her little chair by the window with her work in her lap.

Miss Clarissa had to go to a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society. It was held at the minister's house, and there were some important subjects to be discussed. She was sorry to leave Elizabeth all by herself, but Jane Adams was in the kitchen, with orders to look out for the child, and Jane Adams was considered a dependable girl.

Elizabeth had her work to occupy her time —a napkin that she was to finish hemming. It was already half done, and if she was industrious she would have nearly an hour to play before her aunt came back at tea-time.

The napkin was shiny and stiff. Elizabeth knew how beautifully her grandmother would have hemmed it. From her place by the window she could see her Aunt Clarissa as she walked away, in her black silk dress and her bonnet trimmed with pansies. She had turned at the gate to wave her hand to Elizabeth and call to her to be a good girl.

Then she was gone; but other interesting people were passing all the time. First a man with a gun and two beautiful dogs. Elizabeth did not approve of him. She was afraid he was going to shoot some little brown quail that she had seen the day before when she went walking through the fields with Aunt Clarissa. When he was out of sight, two men went by with a cart piled full of great green melons, and after them came a boy on horseback. It was quite impossible to sew with so much going on in the street, though Elizabeth seemed to hear her Aunt Clarissa's voice saying: "Your grandmother always did her tasks first and played afterward."

Elizabeth jumped up, and putting her work down in her chair, went over to her grandmother's picture, and stood looking up at it in indignant remonstrance.

"Grandmother, did n't you ever do one little, *little* thing that was naughty?" she cried.

But her beautiful grandmother only looked down at her, stately and sweet, without replying.

"If you had done only *one* thing that was bad," Elizabeth went on, "I think perhaps I could have liked you—a little; but as it is, I don't like you at all. I wish you were not any relation to me!"

But still her grandmother looked at her as sweetly as ever, and made no reply, and hopelessly Elizabeth went back to her work.

"I 've done just three stitches since Aunt Clarissa went out of the gate," she said; "and grandmother would have had it all done and folded up and put away long ago! The moon will be shining before I finish." Then, as she sewed, she began to sing:

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea, over the sea!
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me, all that love me!"

"I love the Lady Moon," Elizabeth said, "but I do not love my grandmother." Then she started and rubbed her eyes. The room had grown quite dark. It was so late she must surely have dropped asleep over her work. There was a light behind the trees by the gate, where the moon was rising.

"I had better go look for Jane Adams," she thought; and then she caught a glimpse of the moon, and stopped. It was just beginning to show above the branches of the lilac-tree, and there seemed to be something unusual in its appearance.

It was a three-quarter moon, and as it rose higher, instead of the man whom she could usually see quite plainly, it was her grandmother's face that looked down at her, smiling and sweet, framed in its beautiful golden hair.

Little Elizabeth stared in surprise and dismay.

"Oh, grandmother," she cried, "were you so good that they put you up there, for every little girl all over the world to see you shining, and try to be like you?" Elizabeth began to cry: "Oh, it 's not fair! It 's not fair! We would all rather have the Lady Moon to look at!"

But her grandmother was gazing down at her sorrowfully and tenderly. All the soft, sleepy sounds of the summer night seemed to be blending together into the song Elizabeth had been singing about the Lady Moon:

All that love me, all that love me!

It echoed so sadly and reproachfully that Elizabeth hung her head ashamed; but she looked up again, quickly, in self-defense.

"If only you had been like other little girls, I would have loved you, grandmother," she said; and the echoing murmur that might have been the voice of the summer night answered softly:

"Like you, dear. Just like you!"

Elizabeth looked up eagerly.

"Grandmother, do you mean that?" she cried. "Oh, grandmother, did you ever get blots on your copy-book?"

"Yes, I did. Just like you!" said the voice.

Elizabeth caught her breath.

"Grandmother, did you ever forget and climb the lilac-tree by the gate to look at the little young robins in their nest, when you had on your *bestest* Sunday frock, that gets holes in it so easy?"

"Just like you! Just like you!" was the answer.

Elizabeth clasped her hands in ecstasy. Her grandmother was looking down at her so kindly that her beautiful smile seemed brighter than the moonlight. The next question came hopefully:

"Grandmother, did you ever forget to learn your Sunday-school lesson?"

"Yes, I did," said the voice.

"Grandmother,"—Elizabeth was determined to have a few points settled forever,—"grandmother, did n't you like cake and jam better than bread and milk?"

Her grandmother's smile was so bright then that Elizabeth felt it lighted all the room.

"Yes, I did. Just like you!" said the voice, and Elizabeth sprang to her feet.

"Aunt Clarissa says—" she was beginning; but something had happened all at once. Her grandmother was gone. It was just the Lady Moon that was shining in at the window; the rest of the room was dark. She heard her Aunt Clarissa's voice in the hall, speaking very severely:

"Jane Adams, what do you mean by letting that poor child wait all this time for her supper? She must be famished!" Then the door opened, and she hurried in, Jane following with the light.

"Elizabeth!" she cried. "Where are you, child? I had no idea of being so late. I thought they never would get through with their meeting."

She took off her bonnet trimmed with pansies, and Jane Adams curtsied, and said tea was ready.

"Ready! I should think tea had better be ready!" said Aunt Clarissa. Then she took Elizabeth by the hand, and they went into the dining-room.

There was broiled chicken, and hot toasted muffins, and raspberry jam, and little escalloped seed-cakes for tea; but Elizabeth was very silent while her aunt told her how little Ellen Williams, the minister's niece, had made a beautiful centerpiece for her aunt's tea-table, all embroidered with wild roses and forget-me-nots.

"You might like to learn to do something of the sort," Aunt Clarissa said. "Your grandmother used to embroider beautifully."

When tea was over, Aunt Clarissa arose and took Elizabeth by the hand again.

"Come in the sitting-room, child," she said. "It 's time you were in bed hours ago, but you can't go the instant you have swallowed your supper. Come and sit in my lap and tell me what you were doing while I was away."

Miss Clarissa seated herself in her rocking-chair, and Elizabeth curled herself up comfortably, with her head on her aunt's shoulder.

"Did you finish your hemming?" she asked.

"No," said Elizabeth; "it grew dark, and I was talking to grandmother."

Miss Clarissa gave a great start at this.

"What do you mean, child?"

"Yes, it was grandmother," Elizabeth repeated tranquilly. "I did not love her, and I told her so."

"Not love your grandmother!" And Aunt Clarissa nearly dropped Elizabeth from her lap in her horror at such a state of things.

"She was too good. No little girl could love her," Elizabeth explained.

"Too good!" gasped Aunt Clarissa.

"I thought she was too good," Elizabeth amended. "But, Aunt Clarissa, she told me that when she was little, she blotted her copy-books, tore her Sunday frock climbing lilac-bushes, forgot to learn her lessons, and liked cake and jam better than bread and milk. She said she was just such a little girl as I am."

"Elizabeth, you were dreaming," said her aunt; but she did not speak severely, as she was asking herself, "Is it possible I have been too strict with the poor child?"

"I did not love my grandmother before," Elizabeth went on, "but now I do, and I am going to try and do the good things she did because she did some other things I do. And then, Aunt Clarissa, perhaps I 'll be put up in the moon sometime, where I can sail round and round, and see what all the little girls in the world are doing."

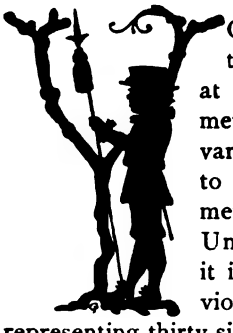
Aunt Clarissa did not answer. She was pondering many things to herself.

Elizabeth's eyes were nearly closed; she was very sleepy. Outside she could still hear the murmuring voices of the summer night—the sounds of crickets and grasshoppers and katydids—all singing drowsily together, and still repeating her grandmother's words:

"Like you, dear! Just like you!"

YOUNG FOLKS OF THE EMBASSIES AT WASHINGTON.

By Abby G. Baker.



YOU need hardly be told that the Diplomatic Corps at Washington is a body of men who are sent from the various nations of the world to represent their governments at the capital of the United States. At this time it is larger than at any previous period in our history, representing thirty-six different governments.

The relative rank of the diplomatic envoys was determined by a council of all of the great powers at Vienna in 1815. At that time an ambassador was declared a public minister of the highest rank, and as such represents the person of his sovereign or president; the minister plenipotentiary ranks next. In the third class is the minister resident. The chargé d'affaires, fourth class, represents an ambassador or minister during the absence of the ambassador or minister. Until 1893 our capital was known as a diplomatic mission of the "second class," since we sent abroad no ambassadors; but in that year we began to send ambassadors, and since that date it has been one of the first class.

The diplomatic envoys of the United States are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. In all monarchical governments the king makes the appointment, and there is no confirmation necessary. An envoy is expected to make himself acquainted with the politics of the country to which he is sent, to meet its leading statesmen, to keep in touch with all that is going on, and watch every opportunity to advance the interests of his own home land.

While the envoy is thus representing his country, the government that receives him guarantees his personal safety, and that of all

his suite, including his servants. Whether it is owned or rented, the embassy or legation property is considered as foreign territory, and its occupants are perfectly free to conform it to their home-land customs. It is exempt from taxation, and, while in active service, an envoy cannot be arrested for misdemeanor or crime.

Of course, if a plenipotentiary does anything which is offensive to the government of the country where he stays, he becomes what is termed a "*persona non grata*," or unwelcome agent, and the chief executive sends him his passports, which is a dismissal from his diplomatic mission. This is what happened just before the Spanish-American War. The Spanish minister at Washington wrote a letter in which he spoke offensively of President McKinley and the policy of this government. It was considered an insult to the American people. The press of the country was unanimous in condemning him, and in a very short time he was sent back to Spain.

The other side of the compact is just as carefully kept. This was shown last year during the Boxer troubles in China. Some ignorant and rowdyish persons, who did not understand the international law, and who were probably indignant at the Chinese as a race, in passing the Chinese legation at Washington, threw stones and broke some of the windows. Immediately the Department of State sent an apology to Minister Wu Ting-fang, who very wisely dismissed the incident as the act of an irresponsible mob. The government regarded it in the same light, but placed eight policemen to patrol the grounds, and to guard the legation night and day; and these guards remained on duty until the troubles in China had subsided. However, it is seldom that an incident like either of these happens.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

COUNTESS DE CASSINI, GRAND-NIECE OF THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR.

The matter of precedence is one of grave moment to the diplomats, as on it depends the influence of an envoy and also his social position. As long ago as at the treaty of Vienna it was decided that in the same rank the man who had held office longest, dating from the notification of the arrival of the envoy at the new post of duty, should enjoy precedence. In 1893 England made the suggestion to the United States that it should raise the rank of its capital from a second-class grade to an ambassadorial one. It required an act of Congress to make the change, but a bill to that effect was introduced and passed, whereupon England, France, and Italy sent credentials to their envoys at Washington, raising them from "ministers plenipotentiary" to "ambassadors extraordinary and plenipotentiary." The present British ambassador, Lord Pauncefote, received his papers first, and presented them to President Cleveland a few hours in advance of the others. On that account he was made dean of the corps, a position he has since held.

Lord Pauncefote has passed the age of retirement in the service,—sixty years,—and may be

retired at any time. If his retirement takes place, Herr von Holleben, the German ambassador, who stands next in the line of promotion, will become dean of the corps. An ambassador always ranks above any other diplomat. His position entitles him to personal audience with the chief executive whenever the affairs of his country may make it necessary. The dean of the corps is received first when the President gives a reception to the foreign representatives, and at the annual diplomatic dinners, at the White House, Lady Pauncefote has the place of honor next to the President, while Lord Pauncefote's place is beside Mrs. McKinley. In England the ambassadors rank next to the princes of the royal blood, and in this country they follow the Vice-President on all state occasions.

There are six embassies at Washington,—the English, German, French, Russian, Mexican, and Italian,—and they stand in the order named from the length of the service of their ambassadors. For this reason, if a new British ambassador comes, instead of taking Lord Pauncefote's place at the head of the corps, he will have to go to the foot of the ambassadors, and Herr von Holleben will take the coveted position, and every other ambassador will move up a degree. Precedence is a most serious matter, and no greater slight could be given a foreign envoy than to place him below the position to which his rank entitles him.

Ranking next the ambassadors are the ministers plenipotentiary. There are twenty-six European, Oriental, and South American governments represented by that grade of envoys at our national capital. Besides these there are four legations in the care of chargés d'affaires, making in all the thirty-six nations represented there. Seven of these, the British, German, French, Mexican, Austria-Hungarian, Japanese, and Korean governments, own their own mission property, while the remainder either lease or rent houses.

But the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will like to know about the young people who belong to these foreign homes. A large number of them there surely is when all are counted; and representing, as they do, so many different nationalities, they form a most interesting study. In the Austria-Hungarian minister's family are two daughters, a wee baby girl of a year, and a school-girl of fourteen.

On I Street is the home of the Russian envoy and his grand-niece, whom he lately adopted. The Countess de Cassini is the only young person connected with the Czar's American mission. She bears the imprint of her Russian birth in her tall, slender figure and shapely head and shoulders, although her pretty, piquant face suggests the French as well. She is scarcely nineteen, yet she speaks seven languages, and can converse in his native tongue with almost any envoy of the corps. She has accompanied her grand-uncle, the ambassador, who is one of Russia's most distinguished diplomats, on all of his missions since her babyhood. He was stationed at Peking during the Japanese-Chinese war, and negotiated the terms of peace. Although his grand-niece was so young at the time, yet she had so thoroughly acquired the Chinese language that she made the translations used in the treaty.

The Oriental families in their quaint native costumes naturally receive more attention than any other members of the corps. The Siamese and Japanese ministers each have several children, but they have left them in their native lands to be educated.

The Korean legation is in the care of a chargé d'affaires just now; but its last minister, Mr. Ye Pom Chin, had one son, a bright little lad of ten years. There is in Korea what seems to us a strange law, one that is very ancient, and is attended with all of the veneration which in that land is ascribed to age. It decrees that until a boy is ten years old he must keep his hair long and wear it in a prescribed fashion in two knots on top of his head. At that age his hair is clipped short and worn so the remainder of his life. The same law declares that when he becomes engaged—and a Korean boy is usually engaged at sixteen or eighteen—he must wear a certain kind of yellow straw hat; when he marries he dons a peculiar, wide-brimmed silk hat. When the Korean minister's son, We Ye Chin, came to Washington he was less than ten; but soon afterward, on the occasion of his birthday, his hair was duly clipped with much pomp and

PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINCE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

WE YE CHIN, SON OF THE KOREAN MINISTER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT, WASHINGTON, D.C.

WU CHOU CHOU, SON OF WU TING-FANG, THE CHINESE MINISTER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D.C.

SEÑORITA DONA BELEN ASPIROZ, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE MEXICAN AMBASSADOR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT, WASHINGTON, D.C.

MISS GUACHALLA, DAUGHTER OF THE BOLIVIAN MINISTER.

ceremony, and a happier child than he would have been hard to find. While he was in Washington he attended one of the city schools, and learned to speak our language fluently.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT, WASHINGTON, D.C

YOUNGER CHILDREN OF THE MINISTER FROM GUATEMALA.

The Chinese legation is one of the handsomest belonging to any of the foreign representatives. It is a mammoth white stone house at the intersection of Q Street and New Hampshire Avenue. It is furnished throughout in up-to-date American fashion, but every room has sufficient Chinese embroideries, bric-à-brac, and pictures to give a characteristic air, while what is termed the Oriental Room is especially Chinese. Its walls are finished in iridescent onyx, and the floor and ceiling are of black walnut. From the ceiling hangs a bizarre, many-branched, lantern-shaped chandelier, but it is fitted with electric bulbs instead of the candles that would be used in it if it were gracing a home in the far-away Flowery Kingdom in eastern Asia.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT, WASHINGTON, D.C.

MARIA-SOPHIA SANTO-THYRSO, DAUGHTER OF THE PORTUGUESE MINISTER.

At one side of the room is an odd piece of furniture made of heavy black walnut, which is a table with a seat on each side of it. This is a Chinese chair of state, a sort of ceremonial tea-table to which Minister Wu Ting-fang invites any great dignitary who comes to see him. Other native chairs are in the room for guests of less distinction. There are also many beautiful tapestries, fans, vases, and other such Chinese curios in this beautiful apartment.

Minister and Madame Wu Ting-fang have one son, Chou Chou by name, or Wu Chou Chou, as he writes it in Chinese style. When they came to the United States about three years ago Chou Chou could not speak a word of English, and his father placed him with a tutor. Chou Chou soon found that the boys who lived near the legation went to the public school, and he begged his father to allow him to do the same. Minister Wu is a very wise Oriental, and when he looked into the matter

PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

CHILDREN OF MINISTER CALDERON OF THE PERUVIAN LEGATION.

he concluded that the public school was best for his boy and sent him there. Chou Chou has made such good progress that he is now in the Western High School, and his teacher said a short time ago that the English of his exercises in the literature class was better than that of any papers handed in to her. While at school he dresses like the usual American boy, and tucks his long cue under his coat; but on all public occasions he wears his native costume—the stiff brocaded silk robe and trousers, his feet incased in the fancy double-soled sandals, and his cue braided down his back and tied with a silk fringe which almost touches his heels. Madame Wu does not speak English readily, and often at her receptions, which are held on Friday during the social seasons, her young son stands at her side and acts as her interpreter with an ease and grace which would be a credit to one far his senior in years.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT, WASHINGTON, D.C.

CHILDREN OF THE COSTA RICAN MINISTER.

The Portuguese minister and Viscountess de Santo-Thyrso have but two children—a dainty little three-year-old maiden whose face resembles the cameo pictures of her titled an-

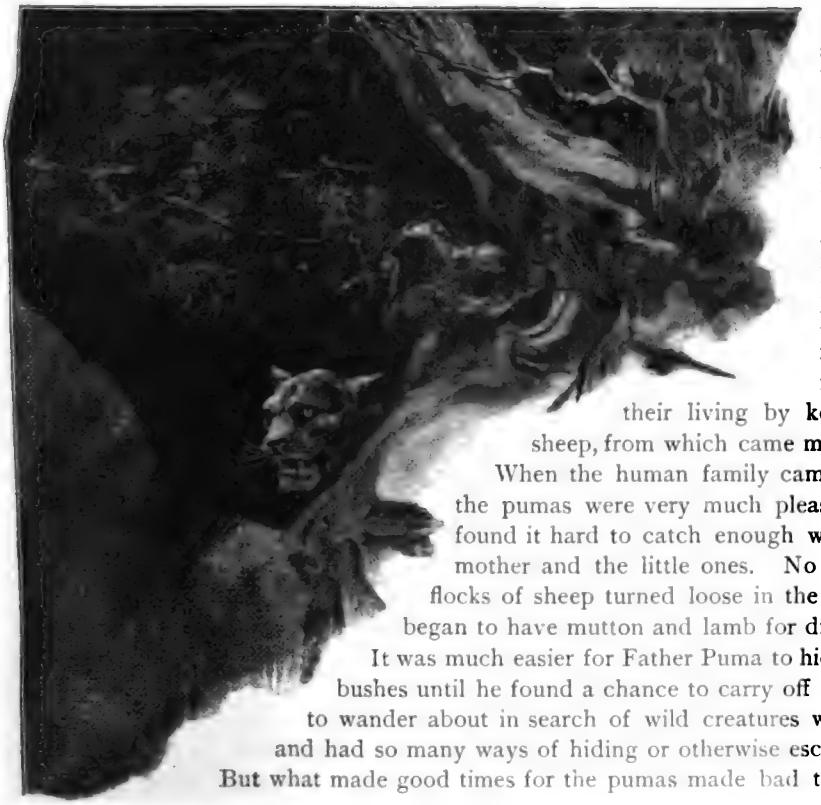
cestors, and a roly-poly baby-boy. The Haitian plenipotentiary has two fine-looking boys with swarthy complexion and crisp hair. The Brazilian minister has three charming little girls who bear a striking resemblance to their Portuguese cousins over the seas. The Chilean envoy has four children—a rollicking schoolboy and three younger sisters. Señor Don Joaquin Bernardo Calvo, the Costa Rican plenipotentiary, has a houseful of merry little folks, and Baby Matilde is as devoted to her kitten as any North American child could possibly be.

In the Guatemalan minister's family there are six sweet and engaging little people. The eldest son is in school near Philadelphia; the five younger children attend a Washington school.

The Peruvian minister, Señor de Calderon, has a houseful of young folks. He has been in Europe and England for some years, and has had his family with him, and as a consequence the children all speak French, Spanish, German, and English as easily as we do our native tongue. They all have the dark olive complexions and dark hair and eyes which are characteristic of their nationality, and they have the quick, intuitive intellect which seems the special gift of the Latin races. Señor Guachalla, the Bolivian plenipotentiary, has recently come to Washington. He has ten children, but he brought with him only two of them—a young daughter about fifteen years of age and her merry little six-year-old brother.

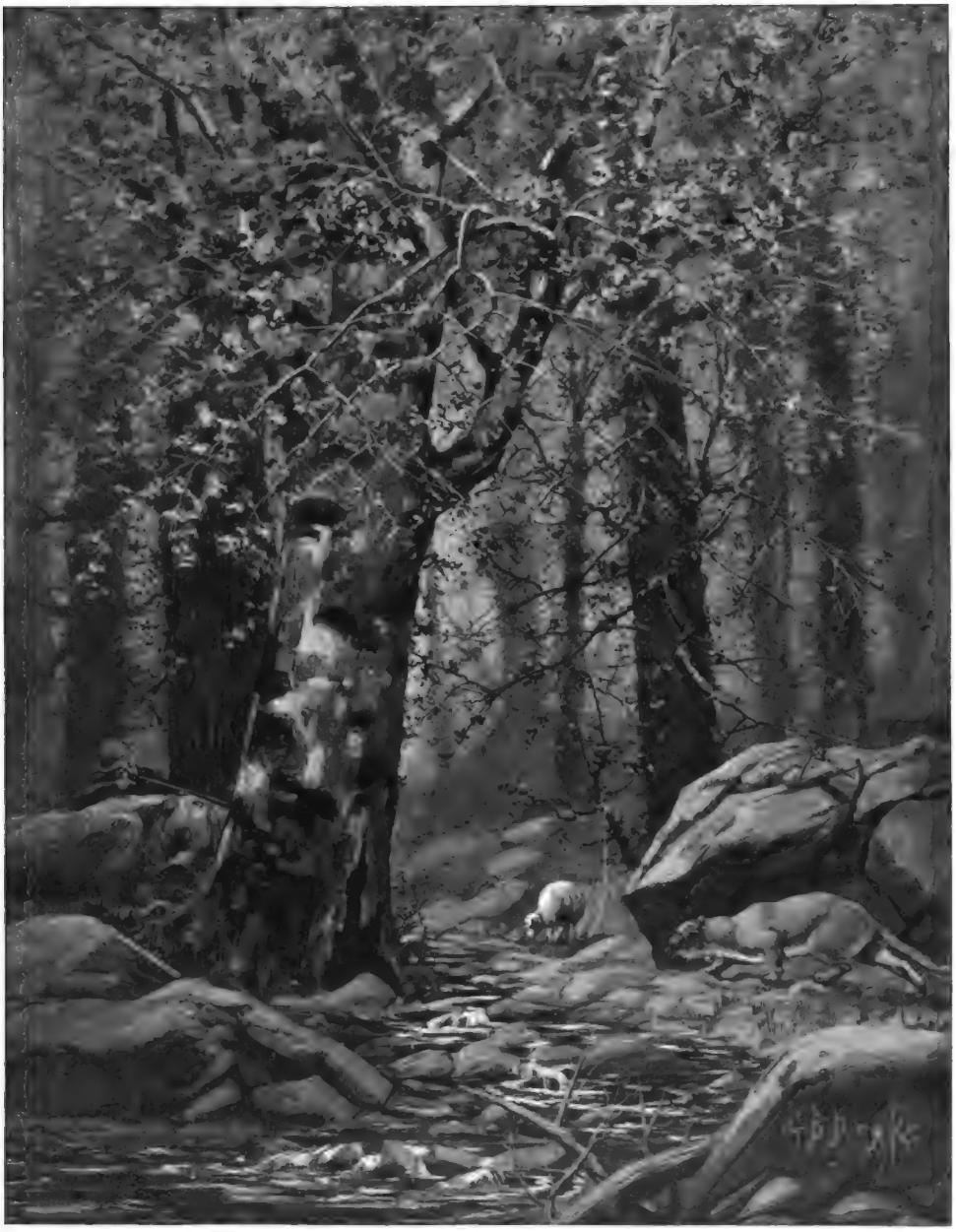
TROUBLESOME NEIGHBORS.

By Tudor Jenks.



In a cave upon the side of a rocky hill lived two pumas and their cubs. It made them a fine dwelling-place, for this hill looked out upon a great valley in which a family of another sort had built themselves a home. This second family was one of human beings, and made their living by keeping large flocks of sheep, from which came mutton chops and so on. When the human family came to live in the valley, the pumas were very much pleased, for the father had found it hard to catch enough wild animals to feed the mother and the little ones. No sooner were the great flocks of sheep turned loose in the valley than the pumas began to have mutton and lamb for dinner nearly every day. It was much easier for Father Puma to hide among the trees and bushes until he found a chance to carry off a sheep or a lamb than to wander about in search of wild creatures who were naturally shy and had so many ways of hiding or otherwise escaping.

But what made good times for the pumas made bad times for the ranchman



THE HUNTER AND THE OLD PUMA.

and his family. Every few days some of his flock would be missing; and soon it became plain that either the ranchman must go out of business, or the pumas must be made to give up the attacks upon the sheep.

So long as the men of the ranch were riding about armed with their rifles, and always on the watch, the sly pumas would not show themselves. But as a few of the sheep sometimes wandered away and had to be left out overnight, the pumas, by being watchful, often succeeded in catching a lonely sheep or a lamb when unprotected by ranchmen or dogs.

Many times the men tried to follow the tracks

of the pumas, so as to find their cave, but as the trail soon led them to the broken, stony soil or bare rock-ledges, they could follow it only to the foot of the rocky hill.

The hunting-dogs, too, failed. They would run along briskly enough until they came to a certain wall of rock, but there they always lost the scent. The men could not make out why the scent was lost here, but it was because the pumas at this place climbed up a certain dead pine-tree, and from one of its upper branches made a great leap to a ledge of rock far above. The dogs would come to this tree, and then run about at its foot, whining and looking for a trail that went no farther. At first the hunters supposed that the puma must be in the tree; and at last one brave fellow climbed to its lower branches until he could see to the top, and was sure that no puma was there.

Finally the ranchman decided that the only way to get rid of the puma was to set a bait for him. So one night he chose a good fat sheep from the flock, and leading it by a strong cord, tied it near a brook where tracks of the puma were plentiful.

Then, with his repeating-rifle, the man sat down behind an enormous boulder to await the arrival of his victim.

It was a long, weary time. Once or twice the hunter had to shake himself to keep awake. And, indeed, he was more than half asleep when, at about two o'clock in the morning, he was suddenly aroused by the sheep's bleat and the sound of some animal in the bushes.

Raising his head cautiously above the rock, the ranchman saw the large cat-like puma just crouching to spring upon the fat sheep. There was no time to take a careful aim, and the ranchman could not see the front sight of his rifle, but he hastily covered the crouching figure and fired.

His aim was true. Mrs. Puma was a widow.

There is no need of wasting any grief upon her or the little pumas; for, to tell the truth, they did not care at all. The only feeling they showed was disappointment when no breakfast was brought home early the next morning. After quarreling awhile among themselves, the cubs gave their mother so much trouble that she knocked two or three of them down,—not at all gently, either,—jumped over their sprawling bodies, and went to get her own breakfast.

Either because she was very hungry or very cross (maybe she was both), she was not at all sly and cautious. She trotted down the side of the hill, leaped from the ledge to the limb of the dead pine, and came out into the valley without stopping to see whether the men were there.

Now, the hunter had stayed by the brook for some time, skinning the dead puma; and on the way home he was lucky enough to see Mrs. Puma as she leaped from the rocks into the pine-tree. Though he lost sight of her almost at once, he now understood why the dogs could not follow the scent beyond the foot of the pine, and when he reached home he lost no time in calling the dogs, and starting with another of the men upon a new hunt.

Hearing a rifle-shot from the valley, he knew that one of the herdsmen had seen Mrs. Puma, and he started at once upon the old trail, hoping to get to the pine before she did.

It was a close and exciting race, but the puma reached the tree just as the men and dogs came in sight of it. Up the tree scrambled the frightened puma, but the hunters knew now where to look for her, and as she leaped from the branch, both men fired at the same instant. The puma and the bullets met in mid-air and fell to the ground together.

It was a long and hard climb to the top of the rocky ledge, but when the men and dogs at last were at the top, it was very easy to follow the plain trail to the cave. As the ground was rough, the dogs reached the cave before the men; and by the time the hunters could get there only one puma cub was left.

This was a youngster, so the ranchmen carried it home and gave it to their children.

At first the little fellow was cross and snappish, like his parents; but kindness tamed him, and before long he was as gentle as a house-cat, and happier than ever before.

That was the end of the puma family, and their neighbors were very glad when they were gone, for they were a nuisance.

Unless such families were done away with there would be little peace for the rest of us.

By Lynn Roby Meekins.

When Mr. and Mrs. Morrow moved to the city, the most troublesome things to manage were Miss Helen Morrow and her cat "Buzz"; but finally they reached the house, and were placed under strict orders never to leave it. All went well for some time, when one day Helen put on her bonnet, and she and Buzz began to play they were going somewhere. They visited various parts of the world in the different rooms, and finally reached the front hall. While they were standing there the door blew open, and they got a look at the street. All at once Helen's heart seemed to stand still, for Buzz walked right out on the step.

"Come back, Buzz," she cried; but Buzz just turned his head and walked on down.

"If you don't come back, you 'll get hurt!" But Buzz walked on, and Helen, not knowing what to do, and being afraid that Buzz would get hurt, followed him. Buzz began to trot a little, and Helen began to run, and so they went up the street until they turned the corner, and then they kept on until they turned another corner, and after that they kept on until Buzz stopped and allowed Helen to catch him.

"You 're a bad cat, and you must come right home," said Helen.

Buzz meowed again, and looked around at the strange sights, and Helen did the same,—that is, she looked around; of course she did n't meow,—and calling Buzz to follow, she started back. By this time she was very unhappy, because she knew it was not right for her to be out on the street without anybody but Buzz, who was not a "body" at all, but only a cat, so she hurried as fast as she could; but somehow it seemed a very long journey.

"It takes an awful time to get back," said Helen, and she and Buzz looked around again to find out just where they were. They did n't know the houses at all, but Helen felt sure that

"'COME BACK, BUZZ,' SHE CRIED."

if she turned the corner and kept right on they would soon be home. She said to herself and to Buzz that as they had come so far, they must certainly be nearly home, for if they walked so much how could they be anywhere else except almost home?

Well, they turned the corner, and there in front of them was a large, beautiful square with flowers and grass and baby-carriages, and a fountain playing in the middle of it.

Buzz acted badly again. He ran right away from Helen to where the green grass was. Helen felt like crying, she was so tired and so scared; but it did not last long, and she went after Buzz once more, and when she caught up with him they were under a tall tree that reminded her of the days when she used to live in the country. They got near the fountain and saw the goldfish, and Buzz wanted to get one of them, but he was afraid of the water; and somehow Helen forgot all about home, because there were so many new things for her to see.

Then after a while she sat down, and Buzz arched up his back and meowed just as he always had done when he wanted something to eat.

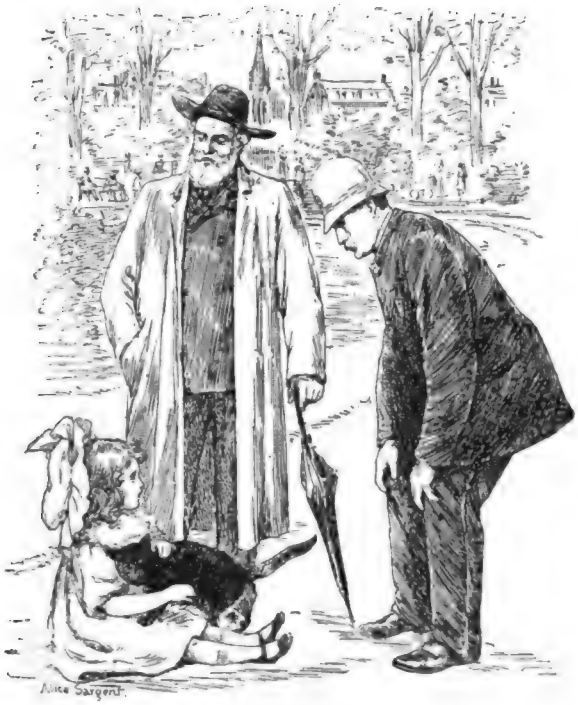
This made Helen think of dinner, and all at once she realized that she was lost, that she did not know where she was, and that all the people she saw were strangers, and that her father and mother were not anywhere near to lift her into her chair at the table, and after dinner to carry her upstairs and put her to bed.

She could not help it any longer; she cried and cried and cried, and Buzz purred and rubbed his head against her hand without making her feel a bit better. But when the tears came running down her cheeks as if they 'd never stop, she took Buzz in her arms and held him for fear that he would go away and leave her all alone.

Just then she felt that somebody was standing over her, and when she looked up she saw a big, tall man wearing a broad hat and a linen duster, and before she could think of anything to say to him he was talking to her.

"Little lady," he said, "that 's not the way to laugh."

The man looked kind, but she could not say a word, for the tears choked her so.



"JUST THEN A POLICEMAN CAME UP."

"What 's the matter? Are you lost?"

Helen swallowed down some lumps in her throat and answered: "N-n-o, sir. Buzz 's lost, a-a-and I don't know how to get him home."

"That 's bad. That 's very bad," said the old gentleman. "Now be a brave little lady, and tell me where you live, and maybe we 'll manage it."

"I 'm Helen Morrow," she said, "and I live in a brick house with stone steps, over — over" — and she began to cry again.

The old gentleman looked around and said kindly, "There seem to be two or three brick houses in this town."

Just then a policeman came up, and Helen's eyes got larger, and she was so scared that she forgot to cry, but she clung to Buzz all the harder.

"Officer," said the tall old gentleman, "this little lady is lost, or rather her cat is lost and she does n't know how to get it home."

"It 's against the law to bring cats into this square," said the officer.

This frightened Helen more than ever, because she thought that something unpleasant might happen to Buzz; but the tall old gentleman was taking her part.

"Oh, she did n't bring it, I guess. The cat ran away, and you came to take it back, did n't you, little lady?"

Helen could n't reply, but she bowed her head.

The policeman and the old gentleman talked

several minutes, and asked Helen many questions, and then the policeman said:

"We have cases like this almost every day. I 'll take her to the station, and by and by she 'll be called for. There 's no other way to get her back to her folks."

"Oh, yes, there is, unless I am greatly mistaken," said the old gentleman. "It would be a shame to take such a little child to a police station. Now, you city men don't know it, but a cat is worth more than a guide-book for finding a house. Little lady, is it time for your pussy to have his dinner?"

"Yes, sir," said Helen. "He 's crying for it now."

"Well, it stands to reason that you can't live far from here, and if pussy is crying for his dinner, pussy is going to find the place where he usually gets his dinner. Now I 'll carry you, little lady, and, officer, suppose you come along and act as an escort for the procession."

The policeman laughed out loud. "Well, if that does n't beat the Dutch!" he said. "I never heard of such an idea."

"That comes of living in the city all your life," said the old gentleman. "Come to see me in Kansas and you will learn a lot of things you can't find out by living here."

Buzz started as soon as Helen let him go, and trotted along ahead, followed by the procession. It was certainly very funny, and the policeman and the old gentleman laughed so much that Helen, nestling in the great big arms, forgot all about crying. They went from one street to another. Sometimes Buzz paused and looked back, but as soon as he got a good view of his surroundings he at once went on again.

"'WHY, UNCLE BEN! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?'"

At last they turned one more corner and saw Buzz lift his tail in the air and make a leap forward, and Helen's heart gave a bound, for she knew where they were. It was her papa's square, and right near was her house.

The policeman rang the bell, and when Mr. Morrow came to the door, he took Helen in his arms and hugged and hugged her as if he 'd never stop. But after a while he looked up and exclaimed in the greatest surprise: "Why, Uncle Ben! How did you get here?"

"I missed you at the station," said the tall old man, "and I thought I 'd walk to your house, but I became turned round and lost, and I found this little lady crying, and so we persuaded the cat to show us our way home, and this officer came along to see that nobody stole us. It 's dangerous for little children like us to be going round a great city without our papas and mamas, is n't it, officer?"

The policeman laughed, and Mr. Morrow and Uncle Ben thanked him, and when he went away they entered the house, and Uncle Ben would n't allow anybody to even scold Helen.

Buzz had the biggest dinner that night he ever had in his life. The next evening Helen was heard saying to him: "Pussy, why can't you be a little girl, 'cause if you were, Uncle Ben 'd give you a whole lot of things, but as you are only Buzz, he got this for you to wear around your little neck, so if you get lost, the policeman 'll know where you live; but you must n't run away any more."

And so saying she fixed a band around Buzz's neck. On it was a little plate with these words:

My name is Buzz
and I live at
471 Hollis Avenue.

BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

By Harlan H. Ballard.

The public library which it is my pleasant business to manage is open to boys and girls as soon as they reach the age of fifteen years. Really it is open to much younger folk, for by using the cards of their parents they may draw books which they are to read themselves. Ours is a circulating and reference library: i.e., there is one room, constantly open to all, in which are dictionaries, cyclopedias, atlases, and other books which are to be consulted there but not carried home; and there is another room filled with books which may be drawn at pleasure and taken away for two weeks at a time.

It is about this latter department that I wish now to say a few of the things that have suggested themselves to me, as I have watched the eager crowds of boys and girls come daily to the desk for their mental "rations."

On entering the large and beautiful building of blue stone which contains the library, you pass through a spacious hall, and enter a large airy room, well lighted, and furnished, besides the ordinary chairs, etc., with two very large tables of polished oak. On these tables lie several copies of our latest catalogue, and on one of them stands a card catalogue specially prepared for young readers.

It is from these catalogues that the boys and girls make their choice of books.

On beginning my work here several years ago, the first thing that struck me with regard to the methods of reading followed by the children was their almost invariable habit of reading along very narrow lines. Whenever books came in a series, the whole series must be read, and frequently re-read, before anything outside of it would be touched. Thus among the boys one of the most frequent inquiries was, "Are any of the 'Gunboat' series in?" If not, "Well, I guess I won't take any book to-day." With the girls the idea was the same, although the form of question was changed to: "Can you give me one of the 'Elsie' books?"

When books did not come in a series of connected stories, our young readers (and not a few of their elders too, for that matter) confined their literary diet to one favorite author at a time, reading in course all the books he had written, and frequently reading the same books over and over.

The favorites with the boys that year were Ellis, Castlemon, Alger, and Henty, closely followed by Oliver Optic and Mayne Reid.

The younger girls preferred Miss Alcott and "Pansy," and all fairy tales—though many of them insisted on having a "boy's book"; and the older ones made first choice of Mrs. Holmes, with E. P. Roe for a close second.

Perhaps I should not exaggerate if I were to say that every tenth book called for during that year was written by one of the two authors last named. Indeed, although we had several copies of each of the numerous stories written by them both, they wore out faster than we could renew them, and they were drawn so constantly that we had a special case for them, where they could be reached by a movement of the hand.

At first, I confess that I was greatly surprised and perplexed by this state of affairs. But it was not so much that young people should be fascinated by books of questionable excellence as that they should be so cramped in their range of reading as to confine themselves to any little group of authors, when the whole library was open to them, with its stores of better fiction, to say nothing of history, travel, biography, art, science, poetry, and general literature.

If they were invited to a great feast and bidden to help themselves, would they confine their attention to any single kind of food, and neglect all the other dainties?

A little reflection convinced me that this narrow habit of reading, like a cow grazing around a pole to which she was closely tethered, must be the result of ignorance and local youthful tradition. The boy or girl coming for the first time into a large library is bewildered. The catalogue, with its interminable rows of unmeaning titles, fairly makes his little head swim with perplexity and ache with distraction. Then the older friend who has introduced the new aspirant for these pleasures of the imagination comes to the rescue. "I 'll tell you a good book: get 'Ned in the Blockhouse,'" he whispers, if a boy; or "Try 'Lena Rivers,'" if a girl; and the mischief is begun. Either in the front or back of the book the shrewd publishers have printed a list of the "other books by the same author." The closing sentence will quite likely be an invitation to the youthful reader, whom the author enticingly calls his "dear young reader," to "follow the further exciting fortunes of our hero in the sequel to this volume," etc.; and the "dear young reader," being fairly interested in "our hero," and knowing nothing better to choose, returns his book and asks simply, "Please give me the next one of the series."

It is well for him if at this point some wiser friend come to his assistance and lead him pleasantly away to a different author, before the habit I have spoken of be firmly fixed. Boys, however, outgrow this habit more easily than girls. With girls it sometimes becomes riveted for life, and it is certainly sad to see women of mature life still returning to the library year after year, repeating with aging lips their single ancient pleading: "Any of Mrs. Holmes's in?"

A librarian can do a good deal in the way of guiding boys and girls to broader fields of reading and higher ranges of thought and expression. In the first place, he may scatter on the tables by the catalogues little manuals like Richardson's excellent "Choice of Books," or Porter's "Books and Reading," together with occasional reviews of the newer books clipped from the paper or magazine and pasted on an attractive card. He may issue bulletins of the newer books, and now and then add "special lists" of the best books on particular subjects.

Then, if he have tact enough, he may seize the opportunity that arises when the book called for is "not in" to hand the boy or girl a better one, asking whether he has ever read it or would like to try it. Cooper and Scott and Dickens will soon render weaker story-tellers insipid, and then the step from Scott to Macaulay is not so very difficult.

By another route we may pass from Mayne Reid and "Robinson Crusoe" quite easily to Hartwig, and Du Chaillu, and Stanley, and Dr. Livingstone; from Jules Verne to Thomas Huxley; from Miss Alcott to Mrs. Burnett and Mrs. Ewing and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

It is also easy to lead a boy, through Oliver Optic, by way of Henty and Coffin and Higginson, to the "Century War-Book," the "Life of Lincoln," to Hildreth and to Bancroft. The principle is to observe the child's bent of reading, and, while indulging it, guide it along an ascending and broadening plane until the best is reached.

I confess that during one year I practised a mild sort of semi-deception. One day a girl from one of our factories repeated the trite demand for one of Mrs. Holmes's stories. They were all out. Acting on a sudden impulse, I offered "Elsie Venner," remarking quietly, "All the books by *Mrs.* Holmes are out, but here is one by *Mr.* Holmes; and some people think that he writes as well as Mrs. Holmes"!

The book was accepted and read with satisfaction, and later I had my reward when the stereotyped request began to vary to this: "If there 's none of Mrs. Holmes's in, please give me one of the other Holmes's." I wrote to Dr. Holmes of the success of this little ruse, and told him that if he worked "real hard" he might "catch up with Mary yet." His appreciative reply is among my treasures.

I have devised and put in operation this year what I call for lack of a better word a system of *library rotation*. Certain portions of the books in several different departments, as, for example, fiction, history, travel, religion, literature, biography, and science, are removed from their regular positions in the stack-room, and set up on shelves and tables in the delivery room in front of the desk, where they remain for a certain time, say ten days. While there the public has absolutely free access to them, taking

them from the shelves for reading in the building, for consultation, or for the purpose of making selections from them for home-reading. When the time for which they were set out has elapsed, they are returned to their normal places in the stack, and the next consecutive portion of the books in each department is brought forward to serve its turn. In this way, the purpose is to rotate the entire library now and then before the eyes and through the hands of the public, who thus at least see and handle many valuable books, for which they never would call from merely seeing their titles in a catalogue.

This plan has been in operation now for nearly a year and is proving popular and successful.

It is noticeable that young people in particular select a higher class of reading when thus enabled to handle the books themselves. Not many young people would select from a catalogue "The Life and Letters of Charles Bulfinch," for example; but the book itself, with its handsome cover, its open type, its quaint and beautiful pictures challenges attention; and when it appears that Bulfinch was the designer of the most typical forms of early New England churches and school-houses, and of one of our own Pittsfield churches, the battle is won, and the book begins soon to show those marks of wear which are the valued evidences of usefulness.

Finally, much may be done by securing the coöperation of the teachers in our public schools. It happens here that our librarian is also a member of the school committee, and teachers are encouraged to send their pupils to the library to search for answers to all proper questions.

The relation between the public libraries and the public schools is very intimate. The teachers should keep the librarian constantly advised of the subjects they are working at, and the librarian should reserve books illustrating these subjects for the children, and also make up little special collections of such books, and send them for a month at a time to the schools where they are most needed.

But better than the aid of printed guides, or the casual advice of librarian or teacher, is the wise and loving counsel of father and mother. Happy are those children who have at home friends able and willing to guide them in their early years of reading into the green pastures and by the still waters of the best and sweetest literature suited to their opening intelligence.

In bringing this paper to a close, I must say that I think very little of "courses" of reading, unless they are made exceedingly flexible. It is not natural for children, when taking a walk, to march like soldiers on duty, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left; and while they must be kept headed in the right direction, they must be allowed to make all kinds of little side excursions, now in pursuit of a butterfly or a flower, and again from sheer love of transient waywardness and wandering.

So if a boy were to be guided to a knowledge of our national history, I should give him some simple text-book as a sort of compass by which to steer his course; but I should encourage him to stop frequently along the way—now to follow out more fully the life of Columbus; now to wander with Cooper among the enchanted land of Indian chiefs and frontier bravery; now to hear a song from Longfellow or Whittier that may throw a halo of romance about the stern brows of the Puritan fathers; now to roam with Fremont over the Western plains; now to read the sad but thrilling story of the life of Burr.

Let each prominent event in history be a stopping-place, from which the leisurely reader may make free excursions into all the surrounding country of fact, of fable, of poetry, and of romance: just as the unhurried traveler reckons his advance, not by the number of miles he has journeyed, nor by the number of cities he has passed, but rather by the fullness of research he has been able to make in every town he has visited and in every portion of the country he has thoughtfully traversed.

BOOKS AND READING

SPOILING BOOKS. If you have any volumes you wish to wear out, a good way to make their lives short is to leave them open face downward, so as to break them through along the back. Another effective way is to shut up something thick between the leaves. This latter plan will be sure to crack the glue which fastens the leaves at the back, and the early fate of the hated volume will be assured. If you wish to disfigure the book rather than destroy it, there are other methods of bringing this about. Reading while eating is likely to spot a cover quite thoroughly, and may also put a few crumbs between the leaves; but nothing will more quickly dispose of a book than to leave it outdoors overnight, even if there is nothing worse than a heavy fall of dew to aid in your design. And, by the way, keep these methods of ill-treating books for those that really deserve harsh treatment.

THE BORROWERS' RHYME. A FRIEND sends to this department four additional lines to be appended to those given in the January number. Here is his letter:

December 31, 1900.

EDITOR OF "BOOKS AND READING" DEPARTMENT.

DEAR SIR: In reading over the section entitled "Books and Reading," I find that the verses given under the head of "To Borrowers" are quite familiar to me. There are, however, four more lines, which, if my memory holds good, run as follows:

Stern power of Justice, lift thy hand,
In spite of Mercy's look;
Strike him who with presumptuous hand
Purloins this valued book.

Yours very truly,
R. CLIPSTON STURGIS, JR.

THE CHESHIRE CAT FURTHER remarks upon the "grinning Cheshire cat" were promised; but it will perhaps be enough to say that in addition to the information already given, some correspondents say that "Cheshire cat" was a nickname formerly given to Cheshire young women, who were supposed to be shrewish and spiteful, and that in full the phrase was: "To grin like a Cheshire cat eating cheese." Others say the Cheshire, or Chester, cat is a wild-cat that grins. The Twenty-second Regiment of the line in the English army is nicknamed the "Cheshire Cats." "Cheese cat" and "Chessy cat" are other forms of the expression. Are there not some ST. NICHOLAS readers in Cheshire, England, who can help to explain the puzzling phrase? Let them inquire of the "oldest inhabitant." Sometimes such phrases have a local explanation that make them clear. In medieval times a long timber set with *teeth* was known as a "cat." Perhaps the showing of the teeth in grinning may have suggested this contrivance. Who will tell us?

VERTICAL WRITING. THE authorities in charge of the New York public schools have, after some delay, decided to insist that all scholars shall learn to write a slanting hand. It is strange that no one has suggested a middle course. Why would it not do to allow each pupil to choose his own handwriting, only taking care that whatever hand was chosen should be written neatly and plainly? It makes little difference what sort of writing is used so long as each letter is fully and clearly made. Handwriting is so much a matter of character that it seems unnatural to expect all the boys and girls in a school to form their letters on the same models.

RECOMMENDING GOOD BOOKS. THE librarians tell us, as Mr. Ballard reminds us in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, that many girls and boys go on reading poor books because no one tells them that better books are to be had. When once they are taught to know the flavor of better literature, the poorer mind-food loses its attraction. Most of you know what good reading is, and you may have it in your power to aid some less fortunate young reader by helping him to a wider knowledge of what the best writers have done for us all.

LEAP-YEARS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. An English correspondent sends the following letter answering a question asked in this department for February:

LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND, February 3, 1901.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On page 360 of your February issue it is quoted that there will be twenty-four leap-years in the present century.

As a matter of fact, there will be twenty-five; probably the year 2000, which is a leap-year, is overlooked.

Every century has twenty-four leap-years at least, and every fourth century an additional one. This, of course, accounts for the twenty-fifth extra day mentioned at the end of your paragraph. The leap-years are inserted because the real length of the year is $365\frac{97}{400}$ days, approximately, not 365 days.

Your constant reader,

DAGMAR CURJEL (age 12 years).

TIME FOR READING. It is well to remember in getting together a library that it is also necessary to find time for reading the books you may collect. Of the volumes which you mean to consult for information, such as reference books, you may collect as many as are necessary to you; but volumes to be read through — each require a distinct period of time, and it will be useless to provide yourself with more than you are likely to read. The old proverb, "Enough is as good as a feast," applies to books as well as to food.

HERE is a letter from a correspondent who has visited a real "fairy village," such as was told about in the March "Books and Reading":

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your March issue I noticed a paragraph about "Real Fairies," and I thought I should like to tell you of a happy day I spent visiting a village of beehive dwellings built by these pygmies, that archæologists have discovered not far from where I stay.

Auchengaich Glen, where the huts are, is eight miles from Helensburgh; and one day we walked over and lunched there. It was a beautiful autumn day; the sky was blue, and every stone and bracken stood out in strong relief against the hill.

The road went as far as the mouth of the glen; but after that we had to climb over heathery ridges and leap from one moss-hag to another to avoid the treacherous peat-bogs, whose surfaces were covered with greenish slime, and at the edges the moss was turning from grayish green to vivid reds and pinks. The pygmy dwellings were about two miles up the glen, and from the mouth you could see the green grassy patch where they were situated. On the way we had to cross several tiny burns, looking so clear and cold, gurgling over the gray slate.

THE DRAWING BY TINA GRAY.

Soon we arrived at the dwellings. They were conical in shape, but the roofs fallen in, with openings at one side, with two great stones set up on end to serve as door-posts. The openings were large enough for a child of about six to crawl through between. One of the huts had still the lintel across the opening. Most of them would be about six feet in diameter. At first glance they appeared to be made of earth; but some of them had been excavated, and we could plainly see the built stone walls. After wandering about and exploring the little village, we sat down on the edge of one of the huts and ate our lunch of biscuits and apples. It seemed very far away and out of the world in that lonely glen, beside the dwellings of the "Little People." You almost expected to see little green-clad fairies peeping round their tiny doorways to see what adventurous mortal had dared to invade the solitude of their glen.

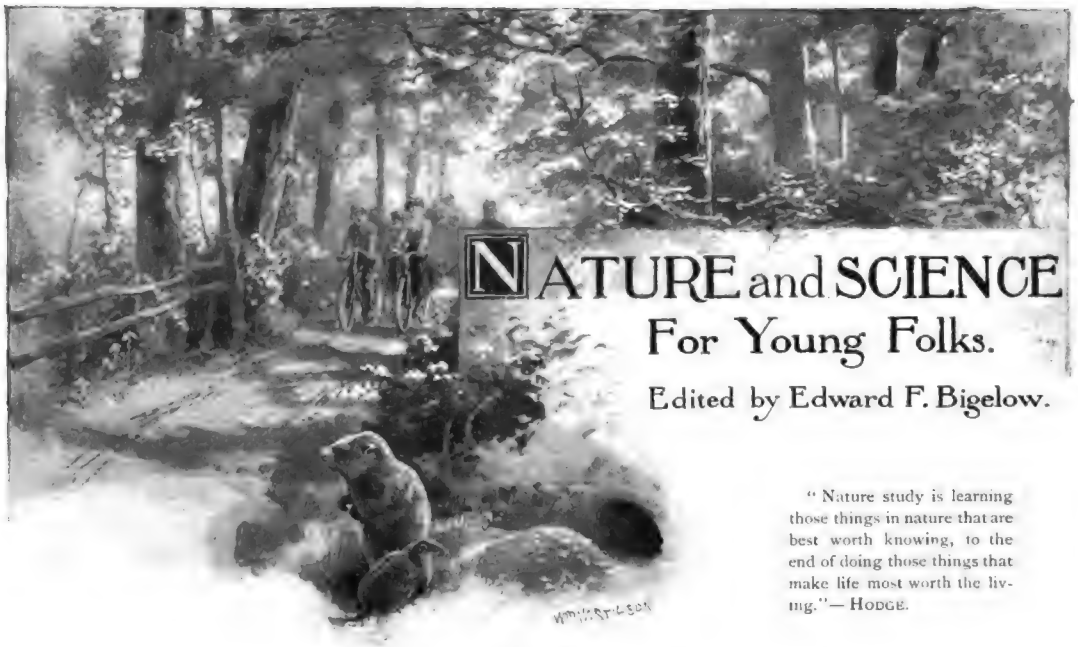
We were loath to leave the glen and its enchantments, but by the time we reached home we were very tired and ravenously hungry.

Yours very truly,

TINA GRAY (age 16).

HISTORICAL NOVELS. It is an excellent plan to read historical novels in pairs. Thus the period of Cromwell might well be read from the view of the Roundheads and from that of the Cavaliers.

KEEPING TRACK OF YOUR BOOKS. If you wish to keep a list of the books you own, it will be found an excellent plan to buy one of the small boxes of index cards that are advertised in so many magazines. This will be found much more convenient than a blank-book. By writing the name of each book on a separate card, you can jot down on the card any information concerning the book. Thus, when it is lent, write lightly in pencil the name and address of the borrower, and the date. If the book contains anything to which you may wish to refer, it is an easy matter to make a note of the page on the card. If the book is given away, lost, or sold, the card can be taken out of the box and filed elsewhere or destroyed. These index cards may be classified according to subjects, in alphabetical order, or in any way you please, whereas the blank-book system is not changeable. By the cards you may always know just where every book is. The time to begin the use of any system is when one is young, and before the library grows. Your librarian will be glad to tell you the best ways of using a card system.



NATURE and SCIENCE For Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

"Nature study is learning those things in nature that are best worth knowing, to the end of doing those things that make life most worth the living."— HODGE.

SURPRISING THE WOODCHUCKS BY THE ROADSIDE.

A MERRY JULY OUTING ON BICYCLES.

"SURPRISED?" Yes, all were, and I have n't yet decided which were most surprised—the young folks on their bicycles, as they came over the hill and around a curve, or the mother woodchuck and a half-grown little one near the mouth of the hole by the roadside.

The younger woodchuck was feeding on a clump of clover near the wagon-track of the road, and thus being the first to see the party coming over the hill, started first to escape, running by the mother woodchuck, who was so surprised that for a moment she seemed to have forgotten to discontinue her listening attitude, and then to rush home in the usual panic-stricken haste. But the delay was only for an instant, and then there was the brief and laughable waddling, followed by a glimpse of two hind legs and the flip of a tail as the astonished fat woodchuck tumbled, rather than ran, into the hole in the ground.

SONG-SPARROW, BLACK-EYED SUSAN, AND YARROW.

THE FLICKERS.

THE CASCADES, ROCKS, AND FERNS.

"I saw them first—counts me a mile!" exclaimed both Harold and Minnie, who were taking the lead of the party. Perhaps some of our young folks don't know what "counts a mile" means. It is the bicycle-naturalists' way of racing, and yet all riding leisurely together. A mile was to be reckoned not by the figures on the cyclometer, but by each thing of interest seen and noted in the "score-book" of the day.

"All right; you both take the woodchuck, and I 'll have that song-sparrow for my first record," claimed Ruby, who had been in the rear at the woodchuck "surprise party."

And, by the way, it is n't always the one that rides first or fastest that wins in this kind of racing.

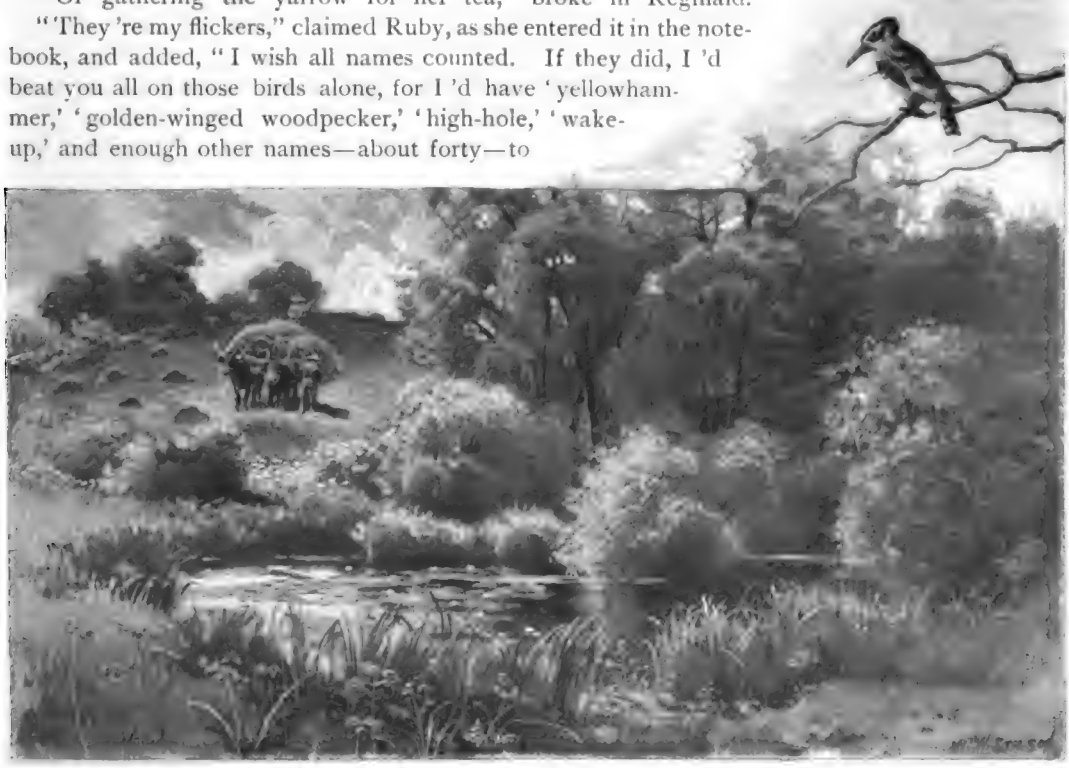
"See our old friend 'black-eyed Susan.' I 'll book her as a specimen," claimed Dorothy. But from Susan, in reply, like the famous jack-in-the-pulpit,

We heard not a word.

"Perhaps she is listening to your song-sparrow over the wall—"

"Or gathering the yarrow for her tea," broke in Reginald.

"They 're my flickers," claimed Ruby, as she entered it in the note-book, and added, "I wish all names counted. If they did, I 'd beat you all on those birds alone, for I 'd have 'yellowhammer,' 'golden-winged woodpecker,' 'high-hole,' 'wake-up,' and enough other names—about forty—to



THE FROG-POND AND PICTURESQUE SURROUNDINGS. THE KINGFISHER PEERING INTO THE WATER.

fill a whole page of my note-book, for this bird is, as we all know, overnamed."

And thus the young folks went on their way, finding always something of interest, for to the nature-lover it seems as if there is always to be found something of ever-increasing interest.

But they got a terrible scolding for seeing so many things. It was given them by the squirrel in the branch of the tree that stood near and over the falls and the beautiful ravine. "*Stop, stop! Get out! What business have you here? Go—go quick, quicker-r-r-r!*" He *almost* said it, fully acted it, and surely emphasized it by flourishes of his tail.

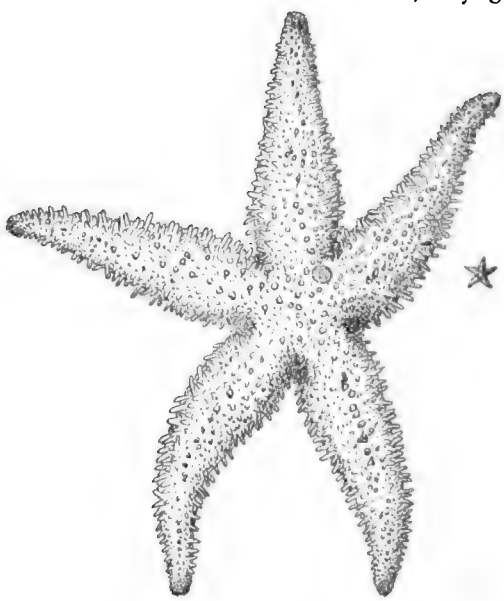
But all the scoldings of a half-dozen squirrels would n't have been sufficient to prevent the young folks from admiring and gathering a few specimens of the dainty maidenhair spleenwort that grew from the crevices of the rock overhanging the pool below the cascade. On top of the huge rock was a beautiful clump of the polypody, or rock-fern.

Near the road on the way home was a frog-pond in picturesque surroundings. It was fringed with various flags, sedges, and dotted with many pond-lilies and other aquatic plants. There was a beautiful background of alders, willows, and taller shrubs and trees. A belted kingfisher was peering down into the water as if his dinner depended on the keenness of his eyes. This bird prefers the small fish in streams and ponds, but also obtains food from the pools, and sometimes eats grasshoppers, crickets, and beetles.

Who beat in this race? You 'd like to know? Why, it is hard to say. Ruby certainly had the most entries in her score-book. But no one of all the party was disappointed, as is always the case in this kind of racing. The cyclometer surely is not the best measure of success in such an outing.

BABY STARFISHES.

How old is a starfish? Sometimes you find one no bigger than the head of a pin, and again one as large as a soup-plate. Did you ever wonder how many days or years old either one of them might be? Or whether the larger one might be the older brother or great-great-grandfather of the little one? Curiously enough, nobody has been able, till within a year or two, to answer these questions. But now, fortunately, we are wiser. You know that boys and girls eat their three meals a day, and grow fairly regularly, so that boys of the same age are of pretty much the same size. You certainly would never mistake a child of three for a man of thirty. With the starfish, however, it is entirely different; for the baby stars, which are all hatched late in the spring within a few weeks of one another, may go



TWO STARFISHES OF THE SAME AGE — SIX WEEKS. About three-fifths natural size (after Mead). The well-fed animal is nearly five thousand times larger, in mass and weight, than the other.

through the entire summer with virtually nothing to eat. All this time they remain perfectly healthy, but grow scarcely at all; and at the end of six months they are not so very much larger than a pinhead. If, on the other hand, the starfish happens to be born where he can find plenty of barnacles and small clams and mussels, he does little except eat, and grows astonishingly fast. Thus it may happen that, of two starfishes hatched the same day, the one which has been well fed may, at the end of half a year, be *very many times* as large as the other which has gone hungry. You will see how remarkable this is if you will remember that a grown man is only about five times as large as a child of two, even though he may

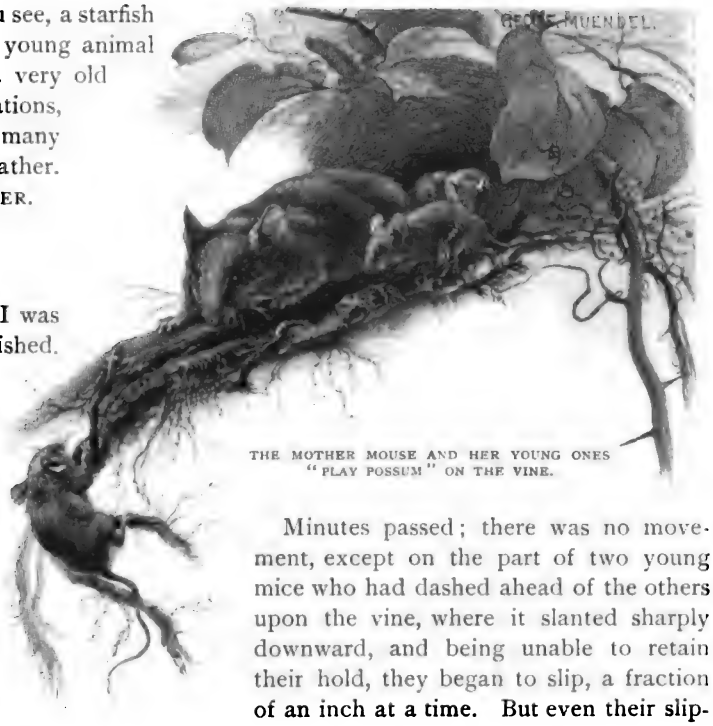
be twenty times as old. So, you see, a starfish of average size may be a very young animal which has been well fed, or a very old one which has lived on short rations, and the young star may be very many times larger than his own grandfather.

EDWIN TENNY BREWSTER.

PLAYING POSSUM.

"IS N'T it—" The remark I was mentally making was never finished. Standing in the depth of a wood, I had laid my finger-tips lightly on a dome-shaped nest that rested on a poison-ivy vine.

"Is n't it soft?" I was going to say. At that moment, out of the nest, and out upon the vine, shot a mother mouse and her five young ones.



THE MOTHER MOUSE AND HER YOUNG ONES "PLAY POSSUM" ON THE VINE.

There was then given me an example of the wonderful quickness with which instinct works. For, after the desperate dash from their endangered home, every one of those animals apparently realized that on a vine, with no chance of running away, its only hope was to "play possum." And so each lay as if dead. It was only by the frightened eye and heaving side that one knew of the agitation within.

Slowly I stepped back a few paces, crouched down, and began *my* play of possum. Only the day before a bird had kept me waiting twenty minutes until he moved. How long would the feigning mice keep me waiting?

"ONE AT LAST FELL TO THE GROUND. IT REMAINED WHERE IT FELL."

Minutes passed; there was no movement, except on the part of two young mice who had dashed ahead of the others upon the vine, where it slanted sharply downward, and being unable to retain their hold, they began to slip, a fraction of an inch at a time. But even their slipping was like that of inanimate things; there was no violent movement of the body to recover its position. One at last fell to the ground. It might have been an acorn or a piece of bark, so far as any sign of life was concerned. It remained where it fell.

Ten minutes passed; six seemingly dead mice in front of me. Absolute silence.

Fifteen minutes passed. A rustle, the flash of a cottontail, and again silence.

Twenty minutes passed. There was noticeable among the lower tree-branches on my left a curious undulating movement, which came toward me. There was a cautious whispering. It became an inquisitive whispering. The author of it, a red squirrel, appeared on the tree-trunk in full view. The whispering became a chattering. He ran up and down the tree; he jumped to the ground, and into a mass of dried leaves just behind my back, stirring things up so one would have thought a large man was raking. I remained motionless. The squirrel grew excited. He rushed around and upon a small stump at my right; he sat up, he drummed with his feet, he scolded.

Through all this excitement my eyes had not left the mice. I looked again at my watch. For half an hour those six mice had remained motionless. The sun was down. I was growing tired, and also felt that the poor mother mouse had been kept in suspense long enough. I decided to leave them.

An impulse seized me. Reaching forward with a stick, I lightly touched the mouse that had fallen from the vine. It was as though the shadow of a flying bird passed over the ground. The mouse was no longer to be seen.

I turned and waved my hand toward that chattering squirrel. For the moment I was the magician; there was no more sound, no squirrel, only again that undulating movement among the branches, this time receding.

I looked up; around me the curious quiet of a wood-interior at twilight. I walked slowly away.

"I wonder how much longer mother mouse will play possum?" I looked back, and straining my eyes through the gathering darkness, I saw that she had turned, and was cautiously moving toward the nest.

Her "playing possum" was at an end.

GEORGE F. MUENDEL.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS,"
Because we want to know.

CHATS WITH YOUNG OBSERVERS.

HALF-A-DOZEN MICROSCOPES FREE.

IF you have seen a large and complicated microscope, you may have regarded it with awe as a very mysterious instrument. But awe changes to love of the instrument when we learn that a microscope, large or small, is merely to aid us in seeing many very interesting things that cannot be seen in all their beauty without its aid.

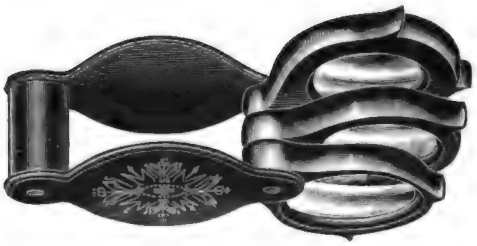


FIG. 1. THREE-LENS SIMPLE MICROSCOPE.

This is, perhaps, the more readily understood in the case of the simple microscope held in the hand, but is equally true of the larger compound instrument with its showy brass stand and the tube that contains the various combinations of lenses.

The use of the compound microscope has greatly increased within a few years.

One naturalist (Gosse), who not only appreciates its efficiency as a tool of science, but its value as a source of pleasure, aptly says of it:

"Like the work of some genie of Oriental fable, the brazen tube is the key that unlocks a world of wonder before invisible, which one who has once gazed upon it can never forget, and never cease to admire."

But this pleasure is not confined to the "brazen tube"—the large and expensive compound microscope. Even pocket microscopes are a great aid in our pleasure of seeing and knowing a very interesting near-by world of wonders hidden from even the best of unaided eyes.

"No one who possesses even a pocket microscope of the most limited powers can fail to find amusement and instruction, even though he were in the midst of Sahara itself." Every

nature lover who has used a pocket microscope to best advantage will heartily agree with the Rev. J. G. Wood in that statement.

The editor of this department desires that every boy and girl interested in nature and science may have some form of microscope—a good compound one for desk or table, if possible; at least a simple one for the pocket. Especially to call the attention of the young folks to the value of even small microscopes, he will give away six simple microscopes, three mounted on stands, as shown in Fig. 2, and three for the pocket, as shown in Fig. 1. There are only six to be thus disposed of, and *it is essential that they go where they will do the most good*—to the six young folks who will most appreciate and best use them. Tell me by letter what you can see with such a microscope, and how you would use it. The three mounted microscopes (Fig. 2) will be awarded to the three writers of the best three letters regarding the use of a simple microscope, and the three unmounted pocket microscopes to the three next in excellence. Now what do you wish really to *see?* (Not merely *look* at.) Where are you sure such a microscope will aid you?

FIG. 2. SIMPLE MICROSCOPE MOUNTED ON STAND.

You may obtain aid from others. In fact, it is especially desired in this contest that you seek advice from grown-up friends or other boys and girls that have used a microscope. The best letters may be written by young folks that have never owned or used a microscope, but have had a few "peeps into wonderland" through a microscope belonging to some friend.

Letters must reach me before August 1, as the microscopes will be mailed that day, reaching the six young microscopists in time for use in the last half of vacation, in the autumn, and many, many times thereafter.

The letters from some or all of these six young would-be microscopists, when published, will doubtless be of much aid to other young folks who have microscopes and desire to know how to use them to best advantage.

THE CRICKET AND ITS MUSIC.

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

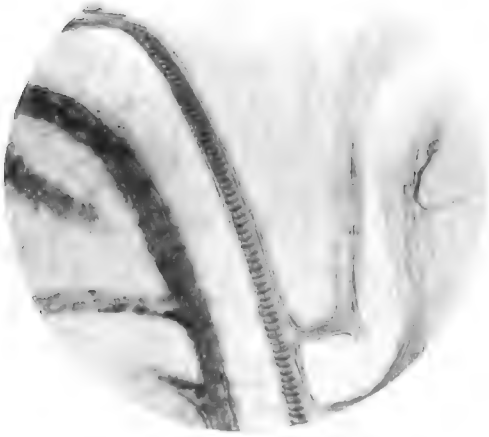
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you this true story about crickets. One summer, when I was at Block Island, I heard a little chirp behind my trunk; it turned out to be a cricket. It chirped all night, and it chirped all day, so sweetly that when it came time to go home I did not have the heart to leave it behind. I put it in a little basket, with a piece of flannel to feed on. Block Island is about a night's travel, by boat, from my home; but it arrived safely, although I was troubled, for I could not hear it chirp, the steamer made such a noise. I remember peeping in several times to see if it was alive. When I reached home I put it in the fireplace for good luck. Whether he is there himself, or has found a mate and left children to carry on the song, I do not know; but it is true that ever since a chirp has been heard on the dining-room hearth.

Your loving reader,

M. A. RYERSON.

The chirp of the cricket, associated with many pleasant evenings in the country, is produced by

the wings, which are very different from those of the katydids and grasshoppers in that they do not meet in a ridge above the body like a roof, but are bent sharply at the edge of the



MAGNIFIED VIEW OF A SMALL PART OF A CRICKET'S WING, SHOWING THE "FILE."
Can be seen with pocket microscope.

body like a box-cover. Look at the back of the cricket without a microscope, and you will see that the arrangement of ridges, curves, and convolutions forms a pretty shield-shaped design covering nearly the entire back.

During the last part of the summer, and in the autumn, it has been very interesting to watch those "fiddlers" calling their mates. By moving quietly in the direction of the sound, and stopping whenever the cricket stops chirping, but moving on again as he renews his song, we can see how he does it. This can be done in the night by the aid of a lantern, as the crickets do not seem to mind the lights.

In examining the wing-covers with a microscope, we find that there are ridges like a file. On another part there is a hard plate that may be called the scraper. The wing-covers move back and forth sidewise, so that the file and scraper rasp upon each other, making the musical vibration.

LARVA IN A PIECE OF WOOD.

CARBONDALE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I recently found in a shallow part of a lake a hollow piece of wood, about an inch and a half long, and two eighths of an inch in diameter, containing a grub about half of an inch long. Can you tell me what the name of this grub is? If so, please answer in "Because I Want to Know," and oblige,

Your reader, KENDALL MORSE.

This is evidently the larva of some insect, but the description will apply about equally well to at least three or four orders. I suspect that it is one of the larger caddis-flies, possibly the Neuronia which was described in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1900, and is not uncommon in New York and Pennsylvania. To identify accurately I must have the specimen, for there are some differences that cannot easily be observed, and are even more difficult of description.

FOUND A GIANT BUG.

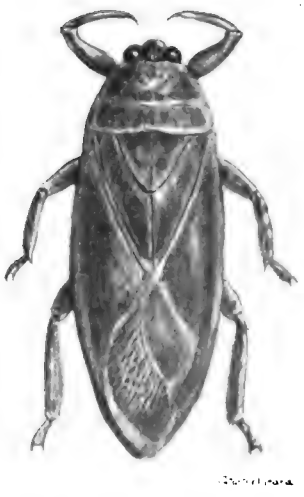
OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This bug I am sending you was found on the street of this city a few days ago. I have looked up back numbers of your Nature and Science department but have not seen anything like it described. I am interested to know its name, and hope you will be able to tell me.

Your devoted reader,

Age 12 years. CHARLES W. BUCKLEY.

In this case the word "bug" is correctly used. The specimen sent is literally a *bug* (a member of the *Hemiptera* family), a big bug—so big that we call it the giant water-bug. Because they are frequently attracted to lights, especially electric lights, into which they fly in journeys from pond to pond, being killed or badly injured, they are also called electric-light bugs. In some places, because seen only near the electric lights, or since the town was thus lighted, a few people have foolishly alleged that the existence of the bug depends on the light.



THE GIANT BUG.

Scientists call this huge blundering fellow *Belostoma Americana.*

A FLICKER IN A BUTTER-FIRKIN.

NEWTON CENTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last spring I put up in a chestnut-tree in our back yard a butter-firkin for the birds. It had a hole in one side of it, and rested on a platform which extended out in front of the hole.

Nothing came in last summer, but in the fall a gray squirrel made it his home. He made a nest of leaves inside, and began to get a store of chestnuts. We had a dog who chased him; so he moved away. This spring I noticed a bird fly into the firkin. I found out that he was a flicker, and every morning he came out on the platform and looked around. He is still there, for I saw him fly into his home this afternoon.

There is also an oriole's nest in the same tree, which I have indicated in my drawing.

Yours truly,
THURLOW S. WIDGER.

With this letter was an excellent sketch of the tree-top showing positions of the firkin and the oriole's nest among the branches. The accompanying illustration presents all the features shown in the sketch by the writer of the letter. The artist has added a few details, such as birds and leaves on the tree.

By the way, these interesting homes in a tree-top remind me of an excellent book, "Travels in a Tree-top," by Dr. C. C. Abbott. Get it from your local library.

Later in the spring Master Widger wrote of further events in the tree-top:

After the flicker had been living in the firkin a few weeks, the squirrel took it into his head that he would like to have his home back again. He began to work early one morning, and would strip off pieces of bark from the branches, roll them into a ball which he put into his mouth, and then go with it to line the firkin.

The flicker came home that night, and seeing some one had started to use his firkin, pulled the bark out with its bill, and threw it on the ground. This fight continued about a week; the squirrel building his nest in the daytime, and the flicker pulling it out at sunset. Finally the flicker gave it up, and a pair of squirrels moved into the firkin and now occupy it.

THE CHESTNUT TREE-TOP AND THE INTERESTING BIRD HOMES.

Our young correspondent tells us also of an oriole's nest in the same tree-top, and this is shown in the illustration. In sharp contrast to the flicker's loss of home is the great security of this nest, which is excellently protected from rain and the dangers that beset most of our birds. Woe to would-be robber bird that peers into the opening of the pocket-nest, which the owner defends with her dagger-like beak!

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

"WHEN SPRING COMES." BY C. P. JAMES, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

SUN and dust in the village street,
Song where brook and shadow meet,
Drowsy bee and butterfly,
Clovered fields, and that 's July.

Now and then we must review something of the plan and purpose of the League, so that all the new readers and all those who are willing to become new readers may learn about it, and just why they ought to join.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers throughout the world, and is the largest and most progressive club of young people ever formed. Its purpose is the wholesome encouragement of talent and ingenuity, patriotism, healthful recreation, and the kindly treatment of animals.

The badge of the St. Nicholas League and an instruction leaflet are sent free to any reader, or to any one desiring to become a reader of the magazine, upon receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope in which to return them. Cash prizes and gold and silver badges are awarded each month to those whose efforts show unusual merit, not as payment for the work itself, but as a recognition of worthy effort and a well-deserved encouragement to all who are perseveringly making good use of their talents, and will one day realize that in well and faithfully doing lies the still greater reward.

"WHEN SPRING COMES." BY ELIZABETH SPIES, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

The League will soon be two years old now, and in that brief time we have seen some of its members develop from talented boys and girls into young men and women whose work shall presently find a worthy place amid the achievements of the great world without. These are the League graduates. They have no diplomas beyond the badges and honors they have won, but they have had much which no other school of art and literature can give them. They have met in competition the most talented children in the world; they have had part in a great monthly exhibition of what these children are doing. Their work has been considered and passed upon exactly as it will be considered and passed upon by those to whom it may be offered for sale; they have been taught to prepare it properly, and when it was worthy they have seen it as worthily reproduced, and thus known something of the "taste of print," sometimes so long and so discouragingly delayed.

Concerning the present competition, there have been more good photographs and fewer good drawings than usual. Just why, it would be hard to say. It was believed that "Our Animal Friends" would be a favorite subject for the young artists, but we believe there were fewer really good animal drawings received than have come sometimes when another subject has been given. We will try to have something popular this time, something that will make every young artist try very hard indeed.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 19.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

VERSE. Gold badges, Anna Taylor (age 14), 83 S. Franklin St., Wilkes Barre, Pa., and Helen Bartlett Maxcy (age 16), 26 Berwick Park, Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, Claire Dulon (age 16), 2221 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Marcia L. Webber (age 16), Schuyler, Neb.

PROSE. Cash prize, Edmond W. Palmer (age 15), 4005 Powelton Ave., West Philadelphia, Pa.

Gold badge, Margaret Graham Blaine (age 11), Taunton, Mass. Silver badge, Dorothy Douglass (age 9), 37 Hodge Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

DRAWING. Gold badge, Charles N. Cruttenden (age 16), Northfield, Minn.

Silver badges, Marian Avery (age 13), 27 E. Gregory St., Pensacola, Fla., and Edmund Parker Chase (age 6), 2901 Grand Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Gold badges, C. P. James (age 12), 248 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill., and Elizabeth Spies (age 11), 119 S. Mountain Ave., Montclair, N. J.

Silver badges, Harold V. Smith (age 15), Box 71, Tilton, N. H., and Stanley Webster (age 15), 100 Elm St., Montclair, N. J.

WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY. First, "Wild Elk," by Irving Roberts (age 12), Ft. Collins, Col. Second, "Roebuck Preparing to Break Cover," by Charley Strozzi (age 17), Villino Strozzi, Via Valfonda, Florence,

Italy. Third, "California Sea-gulls," by Ralph Lyon (age 14), 91 Maple St., Englewood, N. J.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Cash prize, Bertha B. Janney (age 15), 189 Court St., Keene, N. H.

Gold badge, Claire van Daell (age 15), 2058 N. 63d St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badge, Edwin Partridge Lehman (age 12), Redlands, Cal.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, Sara Lawrence Kellogg (age 14), Ridley Park, Pa. Silver badge, E. S. Jamieson, Cleve House, Lawrenceville, N. J.

"WHEN SPRING COMES." BY HAROLD V. SMITH, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH AS SEEN BY A VISITOR FROM THE PLANET JUPITER.

BY ANNA TAYLOR (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

I ARRIVED in this world on the first of the year,
And learning the language I found very queer;
But after six months of my study had passed,
I thought I had learned all the customs at last.
However, one morning, when I was in bed,
I was filled with a feeling of fear and of dread.
I never had heard such noises before,
Save once when some Jupiter tribes waged a war.

After tremblingly dressing, I went to my friend,
And asked if the world was approaching its end.
My friend laughed and told me I really must know
That one hundred and twenty odd summers ago
The American people declared they were free
From England, their mother, who sent them some tea;
So, ringing a bell on the Fourth of July,
They let the world know they 'd have freedom or die.

And ever since then, when this day comes around,
The children buy anything making a sound—
Toy cannon and pistols, fire-crackers and guns,
With gentle torpedoes for quieter ones.
The evening approached, and my fears mounted higher,
For the sky was illumined with colors of fire;
And I longed for my planet 'way up in the sky,
Where people have no noisy Fourth of July.

THE CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE DAY.

BY HELEN BARTLETT MAXCY (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

HEARKEN, ye people! The day when we 'stablished our freedom is nearing.
Then was the birth of a nation; then her first cry to the world,
When in the face of oppression she flung her defiance unfearing,
When the first day of her glory saw Liberty's banner unfurled.

Small was our country, but brave; and the struggle was long ere 't was ended.
Mighty the hand at the helm that guided our stanch "ship of state";
Ours was the victory then, and slowly our nation extended;
Wise have her counselors been; world-wide is her power and great.

Hearken, ye people rejoicing! Of our country's fame are we speaking.
Give ye praise for her works since the glorious day of her birth.
Add to your praises the prayer that ever the best goal seeking,
All lands be at peace together—good will throughout all the earth.

THE LIBERTY BELL'S FIRST CELEBRATION.

BY MARCIA L. WEBBER (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE great iron bell with impatient sigh
Glanced from its post in the belfry high
At the eager, expectant crowd below,
And thought, "Were there ever men so slow!
Just a few words here, some writing there,
And my voice with joy would fill the air."
But no signal was given, no hand was raised,
And still on the throng the noon sun blazed.
The great iron bell with despairing sigh

"WHEN SPRING COMES." BY STANLEY WEBSTER, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE.)

Raised its head to the summer sky,
Muttering, "A failure, I declare!"
When "Ring, grandpa, ring!" came through the air;
And the wrinkled bellman raised his hand,
To send the tidings o'er the land,
While the sun in the heavens brighter grew
And o'er the earth its glory threw.
The great iron bell with exultant shout
Pealed the joyful message out:
"A nation's freedom is won to-day;
England's command has passed away!"
So wild was the bell that its iron back
For very joy was obliged
to crack!
"And thus," it sighed,
"as a celebration
I give my life, and God
bless the nation!"

A DAY IN JULY.

BY MARGARET GRAHAM BLAINE (AGE 11).

(*Gold Badge.*)

IN New England we celebrate the Fourth of July with a clam-bake, besides firecrackers and horns. This clam-bake on Fourth of July is the first bake of the season, and is generally for the benefit of some church. It may seem funny to you that the churches depend as much on the clam-bake to pay the minister's salary as they do on strawberry festivals and fairs. I will tell you about one I went to on the Fourth of July. The bake is held in a grove. When you are within a quarter of a mile of the bake you can smell the savory smell of the clams, and I can hardly wait to get there. The man who has charge of the bake selects some nice large stones and makes a bed of them in the shape of a circle. He heats them red-hot. (The strange thing about these stones is, you can never use the same stones twice.) He then makes a bed of seaweed and puts the clams on top. The bakes in August and September have corn and sweet potatoes; but I will tell you what we did have in July. They put a bag of onions in with the clams, and have dressing in pans, fish wrapped in cloths. They put a bed of seaweed on top, and cover it all over with a piece of canvas or sail-cloth. When the clams, onions, and "fixin's" are well steamed, the man cries out, "The bake is open!" Then men, women, and children all scramble for seats. The tables are long boards set upon horses; the seats are long benches. Small boys and waiters get pails of clams and dump them down on the tables, and each one helps himself and throws the shells on the ground. I forgot to say there were no table-cloths on the tables. Melted butter is passed in pitchers, fish and dressing in pans, and onions in pails. The price of the dinner ticket is fifty cents. You may think this is a very heathenish kind of a feast, but it is considered a great treat to be invited to a first-class clam-bake. I hope some time you all will be able to enjoy a good old-fashioned New England clam-bake.

"WHEN SPRING COMES." BY GERTRUDE WEINACHT, AGE 9. (WINNER OF GOLD BADGE IN APRIL.)

ONE JULY DAY.

BY DOROTHY DOUGLASS (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

IT was the Fourth of July in Olympus, and Zeus had sent Cupid down to earth to get some fire-crackers.

He said he was going to show the other gods that *he* knew some things that men used. He sent the page out on a cloud, and the page blew a silver whistle. At that instant gods came leaping from cloud to cloud in all directions.

"Gods of Olympus, know that the great Zeus hath decided to give an entertainment in 'Olympus Hall,'" shouted a page. "How many would like to come?"

"I," said Cupid, who had just returned from earth.

"I will," said Venus.

"I will come if I must," said Thor.

The Goddess of Discord only smiled to herself.

Next day all the gods met and took their seats. Zeus was sitting on his golden throne. The crackers were placed in the middle; the matches lay near them. The Goddess of Discord entered, and before any one could stop her, she had taken a match and lighted the tail of a cracker. Boom-m-m, boom-m-m!

Out they all rushed, and for half an hour the gods were having a hot time in Olympus.

ONE JULY DAY.

BY ROBA FORBES (AGE 11).

ONE bright morning, we children and the dog were out in a pasture not far from the house with my brother, who was getting specimens for his botany.

One of us noticed that the dog was sniffing at something, and saw that it was a nest built on the ground.

Yes, a nest, and in it were five little baby birds. The botany was forgotten.

We thought a long time before we decided that they were meadow-larks. Then I ran home for bread.

They were almost too small to eat, but one ate a little.

We thought they had no mother, but one day saw her flying from the nest. The second time we went we had to take "Dewey," the dog, with us to find the nest, but he would not hurt them for anything.

They got so that when we came their mouths would be wide open for something to eat and drink.

We had a shallow dish that we would put water in, and it was lots of fun to see them stick their feet in it.

"WILD ELK." BY IRVING ROBERTS, AGE 12.
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

We put the food in their mouths just as the mother would. Sometimes we would get so much in their mouths that it would make them nearly choke.

As they got older and stronger we would find them a foot or a foot and a half away from the nest, and sometimes would have to hunt to find them. But one morning one of them was gone and never found, so we suppose it was that same one that ate first had got strong enough to fly; and that night they had all taken flight, for the little nest was bare and lonesome.

But some time afterward we would see them perch upon the fences.

The beauty of this little story is that all of the children of the neighborhood knew about them and cared for them, but none were cruel enough to hurt them.

A FRENCH GIRL'S IMPRESSION OF THE CELEBRATION OF JULY FOURTH.

BY CLAIRE DULON (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

FIVE o'clock!
What a shock!
Horrors, it 's the Fourth!
In my fright I hide my head
And creep farther into bed.
Yells, explosions, shouts, and cries
Fill the air and rend the skies.
Oh, this dreadful celebration
Of the great American nation!

When I reach the garden fair
Desolation greets me there:
Punk sets fire to everything;
Boys around me shout and sing.
Now I 'm frightened and I run,
But they think that 's glorious fun.
Fiery missiles follow me,
And into the house I flee.
In the attic now I hide;
Mice about me proudly stride;
But, thank heavens, I am far
From the racket as of war
Caused by this dread celebration
Of the great American nation!

"ROEBUCK PREPARING TO BREAK COVER." BY CHARLEY STROZZI, AGE 17. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

A KEEN RETORT.

BY E. ADELAIDE HAHN (AGE 7).

"THE knife always *cuts* me,"
The bread-loaf sighed.
"But the bread is so *crusty*,"
The knife replied.

ONE DAY IN JULY.

BY DOROTHEA SIDNEY PAUL (AGE 11).

"OH, my, it 's so hot!" exclaimed Edna Kampfe, as she lay back in the hammock. "I am sure," she went on, "it was not this warm the day before the Declaration of Independence was signed."

Then Edna yawned and lay back in the hammock,

"CALIFORNIA SEA-GULLS." BY RALPH LYON, AGE 14.
(THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

while her history book fell to the ground. It was the third day of July, and she had been reading about the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Suddenly some one tapped her on the shoulder. She turned, and there before her stood a little old-fashioned man.

"Why, who are you?" asked the astonished little girl.

"I am John Hancock," he said. "I came to tell you that it *was* a *very* warm day on the 3d of July in '76."

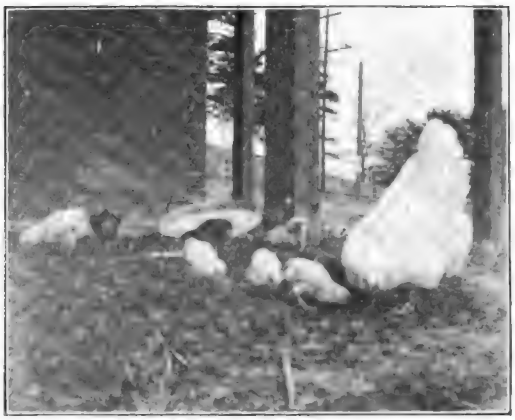
"Did you really sign the Declaration with great big letters?" asked Edna, somewhat doubtfully.

"Of course," answered Mr. Hancock. "I would n't have thought of signing my name in small letters that King George might not have noticed. I was not going to let him think I was one of those who was not for independence."

Here he stopped and seemed quite out of breath.

"You 're very nice, I think," ventured Edna, "but you don't come up to Washington."

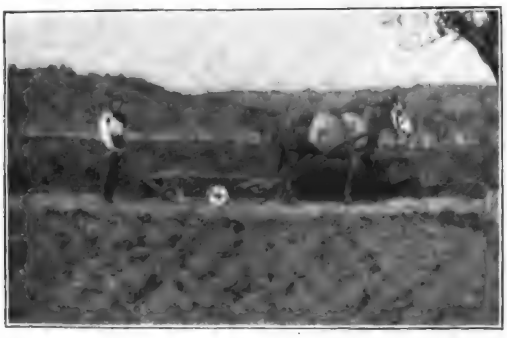
Mr. Hancock nodded, and said: "It is quite late; I must be going. I did not mean to



"WHEN SPRING COMES." BY ROLAND P. CARR, AGE 13.

stay as long as I did. I only came to assure you that it was very warm on the 3d of July in '76, shut up in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, with the eager crowd of people waiting outside. Don't you remember, in 'The Liberty Bell,' which you are going to recite at the picnic to-morrow, it says, 'And the sweat stood on their temples in the earnestness of speech'?" Then, with a tip of his hat and a pleasant "good afternoon," he was gone.

"Edna!" called a voice from the house, and she jumped up, to find she had been asleep. But it seemed so real that she said to her mother: "Why, I actually heard the gate click when he went out." But mama said that most likely it was Harold, who shut the gate when he came in from the store. And Edna still thinks of her talk with John Hancock one July day.



"WHEN SPRING COMES." BY JESSE W. LILIENTHAL, AGE 13.

A BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

BY HARRY F. MILLER (AGE 13).

LAST Friday I was ten years old;
It did n't stir the nation,
But mother said she 'd let me have
A birthday celebration.

So I invited all my friends—
They numbered not a few;
And lo! when Friday came I found
That all my friends came, too.

We had a regular tiptop time;
The day was like a dream;
And we had cake and oranges,
And, oh, the *best* ice-cream.

My friends all said they were so pleased
They 'd surely come again,
And said they hoped I 'd soon be 'leven,
So I could have them then.

I think that I would like to have
A birthday every day,
And every day could be Saturday,
So I could get to play.

But still, 't is best to study, too,
For when you are a man,
If you are smart, you can surely buy
Your ice-cream by the can!

ONE JULY DAY.

BY J. COTTER CONNELL (AGE 12).

ON one day in July, nearly one hundred and twenty-five years ago, a little boy was sitting on a chair near the door of the hall where Congress was in session. His grandfather, who was the bell-ringer of Independence Hall, had stationed him there so that if Congress agreed upon a declaration, his bell, which was in the tower of the hall, should be the first to proclaim the glad news.

After much suspense, the boy saw the members coming out. Going up to a tall man with a kindly face,—who, by the way, was Thomas Jefferson,—he said, "Please, sir, has the Congress agreed to a declaration?"

"They have, my child," said the gentleman, and passed on.

"Hurrah!" said the boy. "Ring, grandfather, ring! They 've agreed, they 've agreed!"

And then the great old bell proclaimed "liberty to all the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof."

HIS PATRIOTISM.

BY PAULINE CROLI. (AGE 15).

ON the Fourth of July
For my country I 'd die!
Hurrah!
But I 'm too young for that,
So I 'll just wave my hat
And hurrah!

ONE JULY DAY.

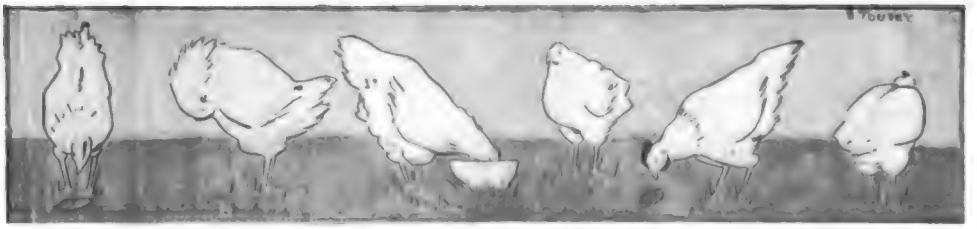
(A True Story.)

BY FERDINAND W. HAASIS. (AGE 12).

ON the 2d of July, 1898, my brother, two friends, and myself were at one of my friends' house, and we wanted something to do, when one of my friends said, "Let 's make a cannon for Fourth of July."

So we took a brass cannon we had, built a fire, and melted some lead in an old pot, filled the brass cannon, and tried to stick a stick in it to make the hole. But,

"WHEN SPRING COMES." BY KATHERINE GARDNER, AGE 15.



"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY SANFORD TOUSEY, AGE 17. (WINNER OF GOLD, SILVER, AND CASH PRIZES.)

alas! the lead was too hard, so we put the brass cannon in the fire to melt out the lead, and sat down to wait. While we were waiting we talked about fireworks. My brother was just talking about sky-rockets, when I heard a deafening roar, saw a cloud of smoke rise in front of me, and ran. When things had quieted down a little we found we were covered with lead. It is n't out of my clothes yet, and the boy that owned the cannon said that it had a little powder left in it. We have n't found that cannon to this day.

CELEBRATING HER SEVENTH BIRTHDAY.

BY INEZ FULLER (AGE 13).

"DING!" went the door-bell.
"Ah! who are they?"
"Congratulations for one
Who is seven to-day."
"Ding, ding!" it repeated.
"My, my! what fun!"
"Hello! Helen, my dear,
Who is 'seven times one'?"
And all day long
Congratulations were hearty,
For to-day was Helen's
First surprise-party.

ONE JULY DAY.

BY GUSTAVUS EDWARD BENTLEY (AGE 10).

ON the Fourth of July there was a great noise in the village. Every boy was firing off fire-crackers at a great rate. My cousins and I were having a fine time.

In the forenoon we had a good time firing off fire-crackers. At noon we went down to Uncle Charley's and had dinner. We had potatoes and bananas and ice-cream and cake (six kinds), and—well, almost everything.

In the afternoon there was more firing, and also a lunch, but at night was the best time.

Then we had almost every kind of night fireworks—sky-rockets and mines and Roman candles and colored lights and bombs and pin-wheels, and all sorts of such things.

Then we fired off the rest of our fire-crackers in one big explosion.

After this we all went to bed, everybody very much satisfied but mama, who stopped her ears with cotton, and the dog, who went under the bed because of the noise.

"MY ANIMAL FRIEND." BY CHARLES N. CRUTTENDEN, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

FOR ARBOR-DAY CELEBRATION.

BY FLOY DE GROVE BAKER (AGE 8).

(*Winner of Gold Badge in* 1900.)

O PEACH- and cherry-blossoms gay,
Awake! for it is Arbor Day.
Unfold your tiny buds, I say.
The sky is no more dark and gray,
But it is bright and clear and blue,
And you must grow the whole day through;
So unfold, oh, pretty blossoms, do,
And meet the coming May.

WHAT I SOUGHT ON ONE JULY DAY.

BY LUCIUS A. BIGELOW, JR. (AGE 9).

(*Winner of gold and silver badges.*)

IN springtime we see thousands of dandelions growing in the fields, but even in July they are to be found among the more brilliant flowers, and I always look for them. Because they are the first friends, they should never be forsaken. Here is a little dandelion-bud growing in the grass. We will watch and see what happens. Presently we will find it open with as many petals as we could count on our fingers over and over. They make the blossom as we see it; but the germ of life is beneath and carefully protected by these gay sisters who love the sun and breeze.

At night the petals close for rest and sleep. The dandelion dies, but it is going to live again. Once more it opens wide and shows a beautiful ball of seeds, fluffy and fragile. The wind takes them away through space. That journey is a grand experience, and must make the dandelion feel very free and hopeful. Soon a chosen seed is cuddled in the earth, and when spring comes again, the great thing happens—it wakens into a wonderful blossom of yellow cheerfulness just at the time we need it most.

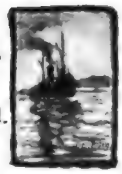
WHEN SCHOOL IS DONE.

BY ALBERTA P. LIVERNASH (AGE 9).

WHEN school is done
Comes all the fun;
We take up all our books,
And we 're merry and gay
Through the livelong day,
In our cozy little nooks.

TEEDLES.

THE FIRST CAT OUT FROM DAWSON.



BY J. ERNEST BECHDOLT.

"TEEDLES," whose picture accompanies this sketch, though only a little over four months old, enjoys the distinction of having made one of the longest and hardest journeys known.

Teedles was born in Dawson City, Northwest Territories, in the famous Klondike region, and was there during the mad-dog scare, when so many dogs went mad from the intense cold.

When Teedles's mistress decided to leave Dawson for civilization, Teedles decided to come too. The journey was made by stage up the Yukon, by railroad over White Pass, then by steamer to Seattle.

"TEEDLES."
BY J. ERNEST BECHDOLT.

Fearing that Teedles's ears, toes, and tail might freeze, for the mercury on the Yukon sometimes gets to —60°, his mistress made him the nice warm "parka," or, rather, sleeping-bag, which he wears in the picture.

When the start was made in the morning, Teedles would be placed in his parka, where he would promptly go to sleep, and remain so for the whole day.

When the road-house was reached at night, however, Teedles made up for lost time. The sleeping-room in a road-house is one large room, each bed being partitioned off by curtains. Teedles would spend the whole night in scurrying back and forth, sampling each bed, and behaving generally as if he had lost his senses.

The whole trip, by stage, railroad, and boat, was one grand ovation for Teedles. He was a general favorite all the way from Dawson to Seattle.

On arriving at Seattle, he immediately proceeded to a photograph-gallery, where the picture from which the accompanying sketch was drawn was taken.

It was the good fortune of the author to obtain one of these pictures, and thinking Teedles and his history might interest the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, sends it to them.

"PLYMOUTH ROCK."
BY DOROTHY HEROY, AGE 13.

SANDY.

BY ELEANOR WHIDDEN (AGE 15).

Illustrated by the Author.

To us he is a most important personage, our "Sandy," but to one not having the honor of his acquaintance he might appear to be simply an ordinary Scotch terrier. His enemies might even call him a mongrel. At all events, his pedigree is uncertain.

"SANDY."

When we first made his acquaintance he was not prepossessing, to say the least, being about six weeks old, very unhappy, and looking as if water were an unknown luxury in the vicinity of his former residence. In time, however, after repeated washings, his real color appeared, and his looks decidedly improved.

It was an easy matter to teach him tricks, for he was very bright, and soon learned to beg, be "dead dog," "speak," snap for a cracker placed on his nose, and push a doll-carriage with a kitten in it.

Even the best of us have our faults, and Sandy has his. He has a decided dislike for being alone, and whenever he is shut out of doors or in the cellar, he howls the most unearthly howl ever heard by mortal man. It begins with some low growls, gradually increasing in force, and rising to a long, dismal moan, which is changed to a series of barks, rising higher and higher till he reaches the limit of his vocal powers, when he begins at the beginning again. He knows that no one can stand it long, and he also knows that he is likely to be disciplined for his performance; so the minute any one appears he rolls over on his back and holds all his paws in the air, or else is apparently absorbed in the landscape.

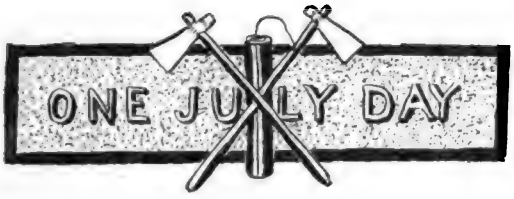
"GANYMEDE AND ALIENA WHEN SPRING COMES." BY LAURA ASTOR CHANLER, AGE 13. (ROME.)

One Christmas some friends of my father gave Sandy a Christmas-tree all for himself. It was a small one in a flower-pot, and was brought to the house on Christmas eve. On it were a military coat, or blanket, with army buttons in front, and a pocket with a watch and handkerchief in it, also a Rough Rider's hat, a sword, and a bugle. Sandy is very proud of his uniform, and is always ready to be dressed up.

Yes, we are all very fond of him, and, in spite of his faults, he is one of the best little dogs in the world. He may not be a "thing of beauty," but we all agree that he *is* a "joy forever"!

NOTICE.

League members who have lost their badges or leaflets may obtain new ones on application.



BY EDMOND W. PALMER (AGE 15).

(*Cash Prize.*)

THE War of 1812 had just been concluded, and the settlers on our Western frontier were still fearful lest the Indians should again become restless and attack their dwellings.

Only a short time before the Indians had attacked the frontier village of Sandersville; but the settlers, after a hard struggle, had beaten them off. The Brown family, who lived about two miles from Sandersville, and had no near neighbors, were naturally in fear of a fresh outbreak. When July came, however, and all was quiet, their fears began to subside.

The hot July sun beat down unmercifully on the heads of Mr. Brown and his two sons as they worked in the small clearing in front of their rude log cabin. Inside Mrs. Brown and her little daughter Amelia were scarcely less comfortable, and all were glad when evening at last came and they walked to the woods to enjoy the cool air beneath the trees.

Amelia, of course, went with them, and while the others sat beneath the trees, she wandered off through the wood, until, at last, when it was quite dark, she arrived at the edge of the wood and was but a mile from Sandersville. She was a small girl but seven years old, and had heard, of course, the many tales of how the Indians burned villages and massacred the people. All these tales had been traveling through her mind as she walked through the woods. Now, on looking toward Sandersville, she saw a red glare in the sky. She thought little of this, however, until, on the clear night air, she heard the crack of a pistol.

"The Indians!" she thought. "The Indians have attacked Sandersville." For a moment she stood still, unable to move; then she turned and sped through the woods in the direction of home. She stumbled and tripped continually in her haste. Never had the distance seemed so long before. At last, however, she reached the place where her father and mother sat.

"Oh, father," she panted, "the Indians have attacked Sandersville! I heard shots and saw the fire."

While she was thus speaking an alarmed expression crept over her father's face, which, however, changed to a smile as she finished.

"Tut, tut, child!" he exclaimed; "'t is the Fourth of July. They are celebrating the day in Sandersville."

Competitions close now on the 15th, except for foreign members. This change is because of the increased quantity of contributions received and the additional time required to examine them.

"MY ANIMAL FRIEND." BY MARIAN AVERY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

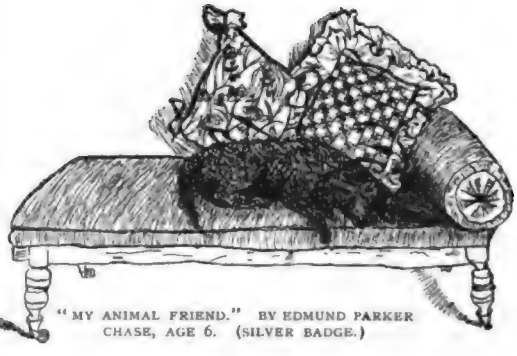
THE HISTORY OF WAP.

BY ALVA W. FRASER (AGE 12).

WAP is a brown-spotted, cottontail rabbit. He was caught near Cumberland, Wisconsin, last August, by some boys, and given to me the same day. He was very small, gray in color, with the exception of his paws, which were tan, had two little points sticking up where his ears should be, and no tail at all. I don't think he could have been over two weeks old, and he looked more like a rat than a bunny.

I first tried to feed him on bread and milk, but he would not touch it; then I put some grass and clover in a basket for a bed for him, and that afternoon, when mama and I were sewing, he ate a little of the clover.

The next day I took him out in the hall to show him to a little boy, and he got away from me, and fell over the stairway to the hall below. When I picked him up he stiffened out, and at first I thought him dead. I wrapped him up in cotton, and put him in a dark corner;

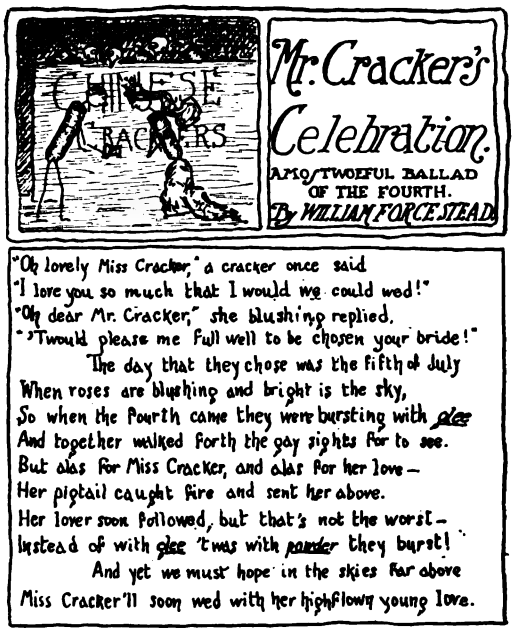


"MY ANIMAL FRIEND." BY EDMUND PARKER CHASE, AGE 6. (SILVER BADGE.)

and that evening, when I went to see how he was, I found him hopping about the room, and he had eaten all his clover. He played and hopped around the room all night, but in the daytime went to a dark corner and slept.

Wap's appetite improved very much after the first day, and he ate a great deal of clover and lettuce. He likes to eat sitting up on his hind legs; and when he was very young he could not keep his balance, so he used to prop himself against the wall so he would n't fall backward.

When we returned to town I brought him with me. At first he was very much frightened at the strange noises, but now he has grown accustomed to them, and has become quite tame. He still sleeps during the day, and comes out in the evening to feed and frolic around like a little kitten. He is very fond of soda-crackers, and will sit up with his fore paws crossed, and beg like a little dog. When I go to see him in the morning, he will sit up and beg, and if I don't give him a cracker he will come up closer and sit up again, and keep in that position till I feed him. He then puts his little paws in my hand, and sits there till he finishes the cracker. In the evening, after he has fed, he sits up and washes his face with his paws, like a cat, except that he uses both his paws at once. After he has cleaned himself he sprawls out on the floor



ILLUSTRATED POEM. BY W. F. STEAD, AGE 16.

with his hind legs stretched out and his head lying on his fore paws, like a dog.

I have become very much attached to him, and I hope that he will live, though I am told that it is very hard to raise a wild rabbit.

THE GREAT GALVESTON STORM.

(*A fine account by a little girl who was an eye-witness.*)

On September 8, 1900, at Galveston, Texas, occurred one of the most destructive storms in the world's history. The storm did not come without a warning, but the danger was not realized. Friday night, people went to see the grand sight which the raging sea presented. Saturday morning it had grown in fury, and the waters of the Gulf pushed inland. The morning of the storm there were high north winds, and about eight o'clock it began to rain heavily. Still men went to their business and about their work, not dreaming of danger. As the hours went on the water grew higher and higher, the wind changed from the north to the northeast, and the water came in from the bay, filling the streets. After noon the wind increased and the water grew deeper and deeper, till about three o'clock it covered the whole city. Then people began to realize that it was something unusual, and those who lived in cottages began to desert their homes and go to two-story houses as the water began to rise higher and higher. As night came on, the storm grew worse and worse, and by eight o'clock it was raging. Houses came floating by, and uprooted trees and telegraph poles, and pieces of slate came flying through the air, killing many people. Babies cried, and people's faces were white with fright; every minute they thought would be their last. Horses and cows were swimming to save their lives, only to go down in the water and be drowned. Men, women, and children and whole families had to cling to floating roofs and rafts all night, and then be found far away from Galveston. The houses rocked like ships at sea, and the people all clung together; but above all the noise you could hear the roaring of the wind and the dash of the sea. Toward midnight the wind died away and the water fell, and about one o'clock the storm was over. The next morning the sun rose brightly on a terrible sight. There were bodies of people and animals everywhere, and wreckage piled so high that only the tops of the houses left could be seen. The history of the storm can never be told; it was too terrible! And only the kindness and sympathy of the world could make us see the good of it.

DOROTHY RUSSELL (AGE 8) OF 3425 BROADWAY, GALVESTON, TEXAS.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

Now is the season for League members to take up nature study in the woods and fields. Those who go to the shore or mountains will find much that will recall our League motto, and the editor of the Nature and Science department is always glad to receive their letters and inquiries about the many discoveries made by sharp eyes.

We are always glad of suggestions, even though they are not always practicable. Selina Tebault says:

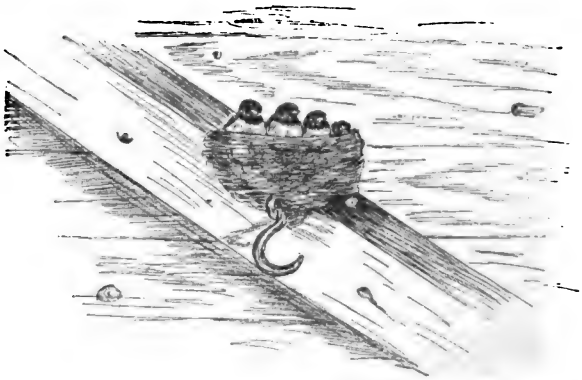
May I suggest a way for you to spend the long summer days? Don't you think it would be nice for us to write long, exciting stories?

Our young friend's suggestion would be a very good one, only there would be no possible way of using the stories in the League pages, which are as full now as they can possibly be, and could be filled twice over with good things. Still, there is no objection to writing the stories, and reading them at chapter meetings. It would be excellent practice.

By some error in proof-reading, the drawing credited to Mary Helen Stile in May League should have been credited to Mary Helen Stevens. Little errors will creep into even the best regulated Leagues.

269 Field Ave.,
DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read Alice Mendelson's generous offer to send post-cards to any League members in April ST. NICHOLAS, and would be delighted to have some. But as Miss Mendelson neglected to put her address I could not write to her, so I hope you will publish this letter in order that she may know my address. I hope a good long letter will come with the cards as well as the

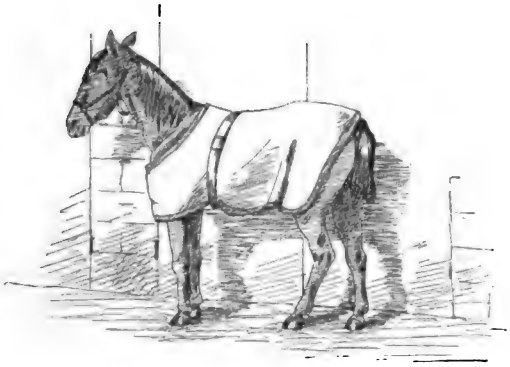


"BARN SWALLOWS." FROM LIFE. BY ROMAINE HOIT, AGE 16.

writer's address. I will send a money order to pay for the cards and postage. I would be delighted to send cards from Detroit to any League members who desire them. I have written to ST. NICHOLAS several times before this, but my letters have never been published. Please publish this one if only to gratify

Your loving reader,
PAULA L. HENZE.

League members have asked for Miss Mendelson's address. We hope she will oblige by sending it in full.



"MY ANIMAL FRIEND." BY YVONNE JEGUIER, AGE 16.

How many English or American girls can write Dutch as well as this Dutch girl writes English?

2ND CONSTANTIJN HUYGENSSTRAAT 40,
AMSTERDAM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Dutch girl. I am already seventeen, but I fear I write English with more difficulty and make more faults than your girls of nine. I am very much interested in your St. Nicholas League and should like to become member of it.

I have got you one year and the half and I like you immensely.

I am very sorry that I don't know more of your langage than I do, for I cannot possibly guess your riddles, and what you tell about beasts and plants, is very hard to understand, but there the pictures help me on a great deal.

Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS. I hope you will make me member of your League, and that I may do the drawing competitions. I am very fond of drawing.

Good-bye. I remain yours faithfully

LEONTINE VALETON.

DINARD, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you some verses which I made up about you. They quite express my feelings toward you; for, to my mind, you 're the best magazine going, the League being the chief attraction.

I am an American girl living abroad, and I 've passed my fourteenth birthday.

HURRAH FOR ST. NICHOLAS!

ST. NICHOLAS is lovely,
ST. NICHOLAS is fine!
It is so very, *very* nice,
I 'm proud to call it mine.

Its stories are quite beautiful;
Its poems just as good;
All children like it very much,
As I should think they would.

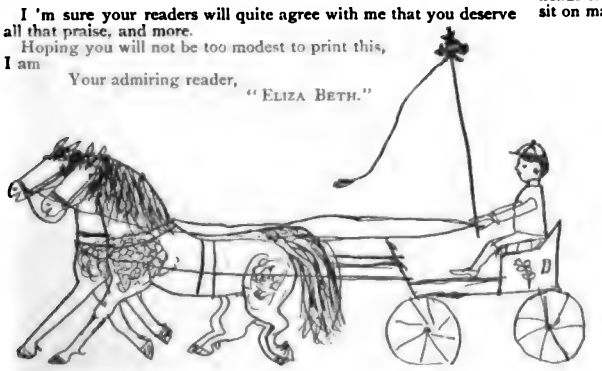
Forever live ST. NICHOLAS,
The finest magazine!
And may it ever be so nice
As it has always been.

I 'm sure your readers will quite agree with me that you deserve all that praise, and more.

Hoping you will not be too modest to print this, I am

Your admiring reader,

"ELIZA BETH."



"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY GILBERT L. MERRITT, AGE 7.

Marguerite Batsford complains that she sees so many good things published in the League that she has been afraid to try. "But it was silly of me," she says, "and if you will put me down as a member I will truly try to do something." That is the way we like to hear ST. NICHOLAS readers talk. No one knows what can be done until there has been a good, hard, persevering effort. In fact, the best things seldom come in any other way. The little poem inclosed with Marguerite's letter is very promising.

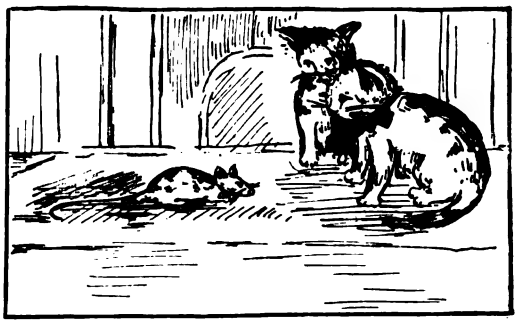
A VISIT TO JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On the 1st of September I took a very large steamer and went to Japan, an island east of Asia. We landed there all safe, but the place looked so curious to us. The girls and boys have yellow skin, round faces, bright black eyes, and pearly teeth, and they have very red cheeks.

You can hardly tell the boys from the girls, for they dress nearly alike. If you look closely you will see that the boys' heads are shaved almost bare, while the girls' are twisted in nearly all sorts of shapes. They have very large sleeves that are used as pockets, and contain dolls, tops, small kites, and many other things. They have wooden shoes tied on with string; these shoes are not worn in the house, but are slipped off at the door.

The fathers and mothers of Japan do a great deal to make the children happy. You should be there on the day that is set apart for the "feasts of the dolls."

Each girl has a set of dolls. Perhaps her mother used some of them years ago, but they are very pretty. Some of them look like the nobles and ladies of high rank. Each doll has a full outfit for housekeeping. They have tiny wooden pillows, soft mats, and tea-sets. Then, there is a "play-day" for the boys. On this day each boy plays with a set of dolls dressed like soldiers. Here are armies of dolls, with flags, guns, swords, cannon, and pretty uniforms. At this time the boys hear many stories about the great warriors of their land. The streets are lined with shops, where toys are sold.



"OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY EDITH E. PETERS, AGE 17.

Then you see a man on the street corner shaping animals out of rice paste. The boys and girls crowd around and call out the names as soon as they guess what he is making. They know the monkey, wolf, bear, and many other animals that are found in Japan, but they do not know the sheep. The girls when they wish to play have to carry the babies on their backs. I then went to see one of the houses. It was made of bamboo, and had very large eaves. They have paper windows, paper doors, paper fans, lanterns, hats, cups, cloaks, napkins, and many other things. They have a very queer bed; they have to crawl under a wadded quilt, and rest their heads on a wooden pillow. There are no chairs in this house; they sit on mats of wadded cloth or of straw. We stopped a few days to look at the workshops. We now were ready to start; we got on another very large steamer, and went home again. We all arrived safely, and were glad to get back again.

Your fondest reader,

EMMIE HARTUNG.

Other appreciative and entertaining letters have been received from Rachel Freeman, Marjorie Franklin, Yvonne Jeguier, Elsa Halstad, Frank D. Hague, Gwendolen Gray Perry, Margaret D. Gardner, Gladys Greene, Matilda Riddell, Lilian May Dunbavin, William Hazlitt Upson, Genevieve Taylor, Dorothy E. Haynes, Warren Chandler Eccles, Hilda H. Hiss, Olive Strong Wilson, Grace Abbot, John Orme, Margery Burnhans, Alan M. Osgood, Carmen Burt, Julia W. Williamson, Clara Stutz, Alberta Cowgill, Minnie Sweet, Zachary Belcher, Nina Starkweather, Marguerite Wilmer, Bessie Clancey, Katherine Bastedo, Vernal Revalk, Lula May Herman, Mary E. Archer, Gertrude Schirmer, Fred Stearnes, Ruth Stanwood, Beth Howard, Clementine A. Bieler, Janet and Marie Flanner, Margaret Lautz Daniell, Margaret Chamberlain, Edwin Bennit, Eldridge W. Jamieson, Elenore Clune, Renny Catton, and Helen R. Abbott.

ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found well worthy of honorable mention.

VERSE.

Marguerite M. Hillery
Emma L. Hawkridge
Helen Van Dyck
M. Letitia Stockett
Mabel B. Clark
Katherine T. Halsey
Wilmot S. Close
Mabel B. Ellis
Walter S. Underwood
Margery K. Johnson
Madeleine Fuller McDowell
Alice Winifred Hinds
Edith Guggenhime
Mary E. Oathout
Ruth Carlin
Fradelia Rice.
Elizabeth Camp
Helen Jelliffe
Marguerite B. Davies
Birdie Bruns
Dorothea Posegate

PROSE.

Katherine M. Schmucker
Mattie Camp
Charles Goldsmith
Bessie Greene
Marguerite Hope Ford
Emily Storer
Frances Van Boskirk
Henry Morgan Brooks
Alice S. Cole
Hilda Millet
Marguerite Beatrice Child
Marguerite Keeler
Marion Pond
Grace Jenkins
Mary Lakenan
William Mitchell
Lily Kinnear
Mary Grace King
Hadjie Dawson
Helen L. White
Clementine G. Hulburt
J. Herbert Gailey
E. C. Putnam
Marian E. Ingalls
Hazel Hyman
Robert B. Alling
Mary Eleanor Glenn
Carrie Newhall
Edna Seligman
John Nevin Pomeroy
Barbara Pandora Benjamin
Gertrude L. Gimbel
Bessie N. Ballagh
Alice M. Perkins
Carolyn Hooker
Grace Tetlow
Mary Elizabeth Gunnell
Mary Louise Logan
Anna Gylkyson
Marion Goodwin Eaton
Frances Renée Despard
Mildred Andrus
Louise McCutcheon
Rose C. Goode
Genevieve Taylor
Mary Shier
Kate Colquhoun
Florence E. Kelley
Bessie S. Dean
Walter Haller
Nellie Wing
Harlow F. Pease
Walter Stahr
Peter Nissem
Eva Wilson
Janet Ritchie
Sam D. Hooper
Warren W. Clark
Clark Pryor
Corene Bryant
Hilda B. Morris
Elizabeth Chapin
Alice Mae Gray
Emma Bugbee
Bessie Ballard
Isabel Ormistin
Denison H. Clift
Irwin G. Priest
Dorothy Hervy
Selma Matson

DRAWINGS.

Dorothy Lyman Warren
Edward H. Croll
Paul K. Mays
Pauline Vanderburgh
Mabel Miller Johns
Charlotte Peabody Dodge
Tina Gray
James Dike
Raydia Squires
Ethel Osgood
Harry L. Howard
Martha Washburn
Addie May Newhall
I. A. Nees
Carol Bradley
Dorothy Squires
Bessie Barnes
Howard Boden
Rachel A. Russell
F. C. Butler
Clara Ely
Eloise Gerry
Ethel McFarland
Douglass Ferry
Theodora Kimball
Sarah C. McDaritt
Bruce Kennedy
Louise E. Davidson
Philip Little
Edwin H. Weaver
Elsa M. Hatlestad
Kirtley B. Lewis
Mamie H. Wadman
Ruth Osgood
Edith Daggett
Nellie Sellers
Edith A. Roberts
Chesley K. Bonestell
Clara May Drake
Earle D. Mason
Mary Day Winn
Alida Fitzhugh Wright
Madeleine Edison
Muriel Murray
Fred D. Patterson
Harriette J. Chapman
Alan Osgood
Thomas C. Cole
Helena L. Camp
Charlotte V. Simonds
Gertrude Fisher
Addison F. Worthington
Warren H. Butler
Elizabeth L. Alling
Harry Demmler
Charlotte Pennington
Julia Auer
Elizabeth Plummer
Irene Mitchell
George Benjamin Shepherd
Mildred Gautier Rice
Ben Shove
William C. Engle
Paul W. Haasis
Sarah E. Stevens
Roger K. Lane
Elizabeth Schlosser
Genevieve Bosson
Ella Munsterburg
Violet Packenham
Marion O. Chapin
Elizabeth Otis
Stephanie Marx
S. Whitney Hale
Elizabeth Barrow
Mary H. Stevens
David B. Van Dyck
Beatrice Levi
Florence Auer
Gus Auer
Elizabeth W. Gregory
C. B. Grossman
Alice Howland
James McKell
J. Spencer Lucas
Harvey Robinson
C. W. Warren

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Ethel Ruth Anderson
William A. Keys, Jr.
George N. Shaeffer
Eleanor Hollis Murdock
Dunton Hamlin
Edward E. Denniston
W. P. Browne
Edward T. George
Nina Starkweather
Stanley Randall
E. Townsend, Jr.
Chester S. Wilson
Samuel M. Janney
Doris Francklyn
Charles E. Mason
R. I. Riggs
Alida Smith Pear
Arthur Barrett
Alfred R. Lowney
Julia H. Falkner
Horace K. Hutchens
Olga Doughty
Ralph Feuerborn
Ellen Dunwoody
Rebecca W. Hussey
Louise L. Kobbe
Albert A. Miller
Chester N. Crosby
Roger Sherman
Anna H. Moore
Edward B. Fox
Howard S. Wheeler
Frances Browne
Wendell R. Morgan
Mary Higginbottom
Edith Hughes
Belden R. Rau
Lee W. McHenry
Alexander Macomb
Frederick S. Brandenburg
H. Johnson
Grace C. Gilman
Adrian G. Devine
Harriet V. C. Ogden
Mary B. Jennings
Elizabeth M. Hussey
Marjorie Tulloch
Alice K. Bushnell
Theodore Pratt
Sarah Davis
Alice F. Einstein
Jay Milligan
Helen W. Besse
Christian Miller
Robert Y. Hayne
Cornelia Hoyt
Allan Woodcock
Dorothy G. Brooks
Herbert R. Stoltz
Frederick Brandenburg
Elizabeth Hervy
Dudley B. Valentine
Clarence Hathaway
James Gamble Righard
Louise D. Putnam
Paul Moore
William Slover

PUZZLES.

Charlotte Farrington Babcock
Roger E. Chase, Jr.
Harold Stephens
Charlie C. Atherton
Charles Jarvis Harriman
Dorothy C. Brinsmade
Warren Ordway
Marie H. Whitman
Shipley W. Ricker, Jr.
Allen McGill
Elford Eddy
Agnes C. Langdon
Harriet Marston
Raymond S. Curtice
Lila M. O'Neale
Fannie Eugenie Saville
Josephine H. Howes
Harry E. B. Weiner
Charlotte Stark
Oliver M. Sayler
Joe Beem
B. D. W. Bleecker
Zane Pyles
Reg. Cain-Bartels
Norman F. Kimball
Helene Boas
Marguerite Hallowell
Vashti Kaye
Katharine M. Clement
Alice M. Crane

CHAPTERS.

RACHEL RHOADES of Chapter 28 asks how often chapters should change officers, and if a chapter may try for a prize as a chapter. To the first question we would say that officers should be changed not oftener than once in three months. To the second, no; individuals only may win prizes.

No. 136 reports a change of officers, and that in future they will change once in six months.

No. 150 calls for three more badges.

No. 156 also reports a change, and that their chapter is a success.

No. 169 calls for new leaflets and badges.

Margaret Frances, Chapter 171, has resigned the secretaryship and is going to Europe for two years. Dorothy Worthington, 165 Rawling Ave., Troy, N. Y., takes her place.

The president of 182 has been to Cuba, and had many interesting things to tell the members on her return. She saw the "Maine," Morro Castle, and much besides.

No. 189 reports a new member. Also 212, now called the "Famous Four."

No. 234 calls for five new badges, and No. 240 for three, with the report of good progress.

No. 246 has two new members, and reports that they look from one magazine day to the next with a "great deal of pleasure."

"MY ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY C. ALFRED KLINKER. AGE 15. (WINNER OF GOLD BADGE IN JANUARY.)

No. 261 calls for a dozen new buttons, and reports rapid increase.

No. 281, recently organized, reports three new members, and sends a copy of its by-laws, which are both excellent and interesting. Sec. 7: "The club does not have to accept any resignations" is lucid and to the point.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 272. Tom McCall, President; Robert Mathis, Secretary; five members. Address, 30 Madison Park, Chicago, Ill.

No. 273. Robert Riggs, President; Lawrence Riggs, Secretary; three members. Address, 1 Second St., Oahe, S. D.

No. 274. "Royal Legion Chapter." Elizabeth Webster, President; Mary Oughton, Secretary; four members. Address, 5410 Jefferson Ave., Chicago, Ill.

No. 275. "I. O. K. A. S." Burling Prince, President; A. Donnelly, Secretary; three members. Address, 3323 N. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 276. "Five of Clubs." Frances Dawson, President; Dorothea Posegate, Secretary; five members. Address, 4418a Greer Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

No. 277. Robert Weitbrecht, President; James Beals, Secretary; seven members. Address, 655 Portland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

No. 278. "The Sequoia Club." Carrie Barr, President; J. Allen, Secretary; eight members. Address, Sanger, Cal.

No. 279. Ernest Gloor, President; John Apgar, Secretary, four members. Address, 116 W. Locust St., Scranton, Pa.

No. 280. "Friend." Mabel Jones, President; Adelia Bender, Secretary; five members. Address, Spencer, Ia.

No. 281. John Dempsey, President; Helen Sperry, Secretary; five members. Address, 855 Case Ave., Cleveland, O.

No. 282. "Quadruple Club." William Brown, President; Katharine Brown, Secretary; four members. Address, 86 Pelham Road, New Rochelle, N. Y.

No. 283. Dorothy Rich, President; five members. Address, 1015 4th St, Red Wing, Minn.

No. 284. "Stamp Chapter." Clara Davis, President; Daisy Dutton, Secretary; four members. Address, El Paso, Tex.

No. 285. Leo McGuire, President; Eugene Seymour, Secretary; five members. Address, 708 W. 13th St., Kansas City, Mo.

No. 286. Katharine Norcross, President; Mary Buchan, Secretary; five members. Address, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

No. 287. Gertrude Pennington, Secretary; five members. Address, 142 Gay St., Phœnixville, Pa.

No. 288. "Our Boys' De Light." W. H. White, President; Earle Putnam, Jr., Secretary; six members. Address, 1926 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY MARGARET DOBSON, AGE 12.

No. 289. "Little Women." Mabel Spencer, President; Marjorie Connor, Secretary; nine members. Address, 1116 W. 9th St., Des Moines, Ia.

No. 290. Carolyn Carter, Secretary; four members. Address, 2030 De Lancey Pl., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 291. "Hiawatha Club." Mabel Jones, President; Katharine Varick, Secretary; nine members. Address, Park Hill, Yonkers, N. Y.

No. 292. George Widdel, President; William Coffee, Secretary; six members. Address, 524 W. 161st St., New York City.

No. 293. Paul Szermer, President; William Kroenke, Secretary; ten members. Address, 453 E. 83d St., New York City.

No. 294. C. Wood, President; E. S. Patch, Secretary; five members. Address, Box 593, Wilmerding, Pa.

No. 295. "Black Cats." Louise Zimmerman, President; Marjorie Hagedon, Secretary; three members. Address, 320 Summer St., Buffalo, N. Y.

No. 296. Lowell Barcus, President; Ernest Wilkins, Secretary; eight members. Address, 323 Broadway, Logansport, Ia.

No. 297. Lulu Vandusen, President; Opal Babcock, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Morenci, Mich.

No. 298. Charles Goldsmith, President; seven members. Address, 889 Park Ave., New York City.

No. 299. Ruth Douglas, President; Marion Baldwin, Secretary; four members. Address, Westfield, N. Y. Meets every Friday. Programme: puzzles, poem, reading, drawing, etc.

No. 300. Otho Gaither, President; ten members. Address, 1702 13th St., East Oakland, Cal. Unanimous wish, the prosperity of the League.

No. 301. "King Philip." Mary Buffington, Secretary; seven members. Address, 175 High St., Taunton, Mass.

No. 302. "Jolly Eight." George Chandler, President; Edmund Brunner, Secretary; eight members. Address, 108 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, Pa. Would like to choose its own subjects in the contests. Motto: "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Cheer: "Rixero, rixerate, three cheers for the Jolly Eight!"

No. 303. "Young St. Nicholas." Allan Reizenstein, President; ten members. Address, 1340 Madison Ave., New York City.

No. 304. Henrietta Barwick, President; Lydia Howell, Secretary; five members Address, 582 Mott Ave., New York City.

No. 305. Amy Seitz, President; Lillie Sperling, Secretary; seven members. Address, 439 E. 92d St., New York City.

No. 306. "Milton Chapter." Percival White, President; Sidney Kimball, Secretary; eight members. Address, Brackett St., East Milton, Mass. Meets every Friday and exhibits contributions prepared for the next competition.

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 6.

A report of this competition with a list of prize-winners will be found on advertising page 9.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 22.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

Competition No. 22 will close July 15 (for foreign members July 20). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for October.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject to contain the word "life."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author, and must relate in some manner to self-denial or sacrifice.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Summer Sport."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A Study from Nature." May be landscape or interior, with or without figures.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words relating to autumn fruits.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

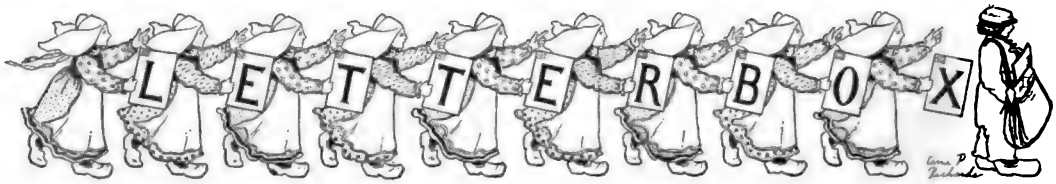
RULES FOR ALL COMPETITIONS.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month.

Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square,
New York City.

"JUST FRIENDS." BY POTTER LUCAS, AGE 7.



CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their manuscripts until after the last-named date.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

KING ALFRED THE GREAT died one thousand years ago, and England commemorates the event by a celebration this year. The king's boyhood is told in the serial "A Boy of a Thousand Years Ago," which begins in this number.

Though styled a "historical romance," our readers should know that the author has tried to tell the story in strict keeping with the facts of Alfred's life as accepted by the best historians. As to some of the events there is much doubt, and it is not possible to be sure of all the facts.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read the other day in a newspaper that American automobiles would have to be made narrower if they are to become popular in Holland. Otherwise if two of them should happen to meet they could not pass each other in the narrow Dutch roads!

There are other queer things about the Dutch law as to the "motor-vehicles," but the narrowness of the roads is what interested me.

Your friend, BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to hear from two little invalids who are staying at a sanatorium here. We both have curvature of the spine, but our treatment is different. Otway Stapler, who is almost eleven, lies down on a wheeled cart all the time and turns the wheels with his feet. I am suspended by my neck and arms in my apparatus. We spend the greater part of our time reading or writing. I read aloud to Otway a great deal, and the ST. NICHOLAS is not the least of our pleasures. The League is *so* nice, and I am trying to send in some contribution each month. I have n't had anything published so far, but my name is on the roll of honor quite a bit. Is n't that lovely?

In the Letter-box I read about another little invalid some time ago. I wish she could know how *very* much I enjoyed her letter.

I am sixteen and Otway is eleven, but we never feel any difference in our ages, and always feel lonesome when for some reason or other we are separated.

Is this letter getting too long? I would just love to write a few lines more about our paper. Three other girls besides us two belong to it. It is called "The Literary Quintette," and each week we take turns in writing up the different departments. We have current events, locals, original poem, continued story, short story, a well-known poem, jokes, and drama. It is great fun, only we have no type-writer or printing-press, and so I have to make two copies of the *whole paper* every week, and I nearly break my arm off with so much writing.

I wonder if this letter is too long or not good enough to be printed. May you always enjoy prosperity, the League especially.

Ever your friend, MARIE ORTMAYER.

EAST BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Several months ago I read in your magazine the little item asking about the Cromwell monument in Manchester, England. I happened to have an intimate friend in that city, and she wrote me, in answer to my questions, several things about the statue, which I thought might interest some of the readers of the Letter-box.

The monument stands right in the heart of the city, very near the Manchester Cathedral and the Oxford Road station. The pedestal is formed of blocks of granite, arranged like steps, and on it is a rough rock, upon which stands Cromwell's statue. He is represented as thirty years old or so, dressed in the costume of his times, with very large boots above his knees and turning over. His hair is long, and he is leaning upon the handle of his sword, in an excellent pose. On the rock is carved, "Oliver Cromwell, 1599–1659" (the dates of his birth and death). Below are the words "A gift from H. S. H. to the city of Manchester." The giver's whole name is Harriett Salisbury Haywood, and the statue was put up in 1875.

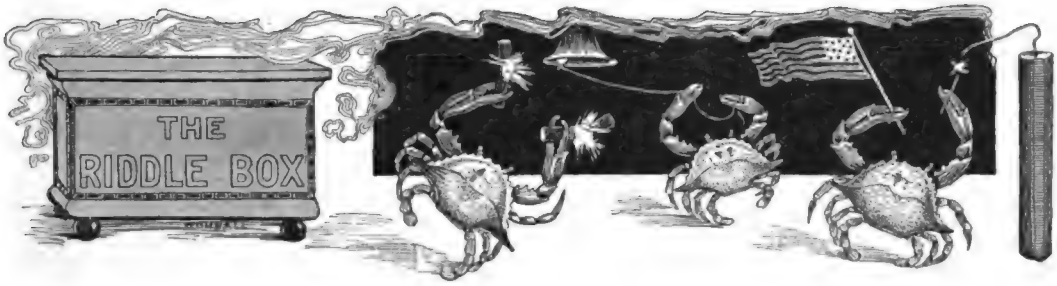
It seems that in London they will not have a statue to Cromwell, but Manchester has always been a center of radicalism. I hope this information will be satisfactory.

I do enjoy your magazine so very much. I 've taken it for five years, and my aunt took "Young Folks" and then ST. NICHOLAS for years and years, also. I admire "Barnaby Lee" very much indeed, as I did "Master Skylark." The descriptions are so graphic that one can see plainly in one's mind how everything must have looked in those times, and to my mind a vivid setting to a tale brings out the story even more interestingly, as a fine background brings out a picture more clearly.

I am, too, very much interested in the St. Nicholas League, especially in the drawing, as I am very fond of art of any kind, and hope to be an artist when I am grown up, though as yet I am but fifteen years old.

Very sincerely, EDITH FORBES KNOWLES.

We have received pleasant letters also from: *Eleanor Cushing, Mildred Kite, Dorothy Enger, Harriet Hitchcock, Fitz John Porter, Carlos Juanos, Francis Webster, Bessie Tillson, Hester Beaumont, Ethel R. Hodgson, Olive S., Ruth Washburn, Joseph L. Ernst, Catharine B. Sanford, Florence Van Valkenburg, Marion Van Valkenburg, Madeline Provost, Margaret Faison, Gertrude Vandegrift, Lilian Reinking, Josephine Le Master, Clara G. Cronk, Eno Hamm, Margery and Ruth, Ralph Blackledge, Evelyn G. Smith, Constance G. Jackson, Anna Dearth Vogt, H. S. Pedley, Nicolas Lobanoff-Rostowsky, Tula Latzse, Caroline D. Simpson, Esther Jackson, Dorothy Josselyn, Margery Jenks, Harold Gerber, Helen McNair, David Joslyn.*



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

PRIMAL AND DIAGONAL ACROSTIC. Primals, Vacation; diagonals, Victoria. Cross-words: 1. Vagabond. 2. Airtight. 3. Cicerone. 4. Abattoir. 5. Tadpoles. 6. Icebergs. 7. Oratorio. 8. Nebraska.

A DIAGONAL ACROSTIC. Diagonal, Virginia. Cross-words: 1. Van Buren. 2. Richmond. 3. Yorktown. 4. Congress. 5. Harrison. 6. Mt. Vernon. 7. Atlantic. 8. Columbia.

CURTAILINGS. Newton. 1. Learn. 2. Gripe. 3. Low. 4. Piquet. 5. Todo. 6. Brown.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Palo Alto. 1. Pears. 2. Apples. 3. Lettuce. 4. Onions. 5. Apricots. 6. Lemons. 7. Tomatoes. 8. Oranges.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Centrals, Examination. 1. Cheat, chat. 2. Boxer, Boer. 3. Coats, cots. 4. Homes, hoes. 5. Maine, mane. 6. Donor, door. 7. Grain, grin. 8. Biter, bier. 9. Noise, nose. 10. Quoit, quit. 11. Pines, pies.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Dime. 2. Idea. 3. Melt. 4. Eats. II. 1. Ayah. 2. Yoke. 3. Akin. 4. Hens.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Month of Roses. 1. Maldon. 2. Old Ironsides. 3. Nebraska. 4. Thames. 5. Hampton. 6. Osceola. 7. Florida. 8. Rio Grande. 9. Olustee. 10. Seven Pines. 11. Everett (Edward). 12. Sampson.

A RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Beg one, begone.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever the world more fair and sweet."

CHARADE. Sigh, wrens; sirens.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Joe Carlada — Elsa and John Dohse — Hildegarde G. — Richard R. Stanwood — Carl W. Boegehold — Dillards — Doris Webb — "Allil and Adi" — H. Keys Graham — "Naum-ke-ag Quartette" — Nessie and Freddie — Edith Lewis Lauer — Sara Lawrence Kellogg.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from C. H. Welsby, 1 — Gertrude G. Cheever, 4 — E. Sullivant, 1 — R. Bray, 1 — J. Balsam, 1 — H. Schroeder, 1 — C. L. Sidenberg, 1 — G. Chesley, 1 — M. Peck, 1 — F. M. Gifford, 2 — Alfred P. Clarke, 3 — N. A. Podmore, 1 — A. J. Cort, 1 — D. Hungerford, 1 — Ernest Pringle, 3 — H. E. B. Weiner, 1 — E. Husher, 1 — C. H. Slocum, 1 — Thomas Piollet, 3 — Gracie L. Craven, 5 — Charlie C. Atherton, 5 — Katharine Atwater, 3 — C. Bryant, 1 — Mabel B. Clark, 2 — Harry A. De Witt, 3 — L. Barton and A. Barrett, 5 — S. E. MacKnight, 1 — Edith Patrick, 4 — Willie Naeseth, 4 — Theodore W. Sill, 3 — Herbert R. Lafferty, 3 — Lawrence A. Rankin, 10 — Dorothy W. Hurry, 3 — Adsie and Dotsy, 9 — Edith Gardner, 9 — No name, Underhill, Vt., 10 — Louise Mygrant, 6 — Robert Chase, 2 — Martha Noll, 1 — Edyth F. Vermeulen, 5 — Mabel, Philip, and Charlotte Stark, 6 — Reg. C. Bartels, 3 — Arthur Dickson, 3 — Marian E. Ingalls, 9 — Alice M. Crane, 5 — Arva W. Riley, 3 — G. H. Lemon, 1 — M. Tibbits, 1 — Louise Mann, 2 — Henry C. Berrian, 10 — Ernest Gregory, 6 — Winnie Black, 4 — Lowell Walcutt, 9 — Betty and the "Bird," 8 — Helen Harris, 10 — Katharine M. Clement, 7 — Ernest Kelly, 4 — J. Merchant, 1 — P. A. Van Voorhis, 1 — Euphemia Miller, 4 — E. S. Jamieson, 10 — E. B. Dill, 1 — George T. Colman, 9 — I. Heath, 1 — Dorothy Winslow, 8 — Rachel Rhoades, 8 — Harold Conant Payson, 8 — Florence E. Burton, 2 — F. L. White, 1.

RHYMED ACROSTIC.

ONE word is concealed in each line.

1. 'T is said, if lutestrings bend and snap,
2. The sign announces some mishap.
3. Once, just for fun, I tempted fate,
4. To help me bear a tedious wait.
5. I missed the semi-annual show,
6. Which I deserved for being slow.
7. So, as I sat, my thoughts confessed
8. The satisfaction of a test.
9. "Haste, Jean," said I, "my lute please bring."
10. My quick assault racked every string.
11. A gentle echo thrilled the wires,
12. "Try U. S. Uffling's patent lyres."

A birthday proud the primals spell,
And whose the middle letters tell.

ANNA M. PRATT.

AN ALPHABETICAL PUZZLE.

EXAMPLE: Take a letter and to vend, and make to surpass. Answer, x-sell, excel.

1. Take a letter and to study, and make an image. 2. Take a letter and severe, and make to hold out. 3. Take a letter and to transmit, and make to move downward. 4. Take a letter and a small aperture, and make an incident. 5. Take a letter and a drinking-cup, and make a kind of nut. 6. Take a letter and tardy, and make exultant. 7. Take a letter and to negotiate, and make to beg. 8. Take a letter and the lower part of a column, and make to lower. 9. Take a letter and to leap, and make to run away. 10. Take a letter and to entreat, and make to follow. 11. Take a letter and to quiet, and make a continuation.

The eleven letters which help to form the foregoing words will, when read in connection, spell a word often heard in July.

BERTHA B. JANNEY
(Winner of Cash Prize).

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A period of time. 2. Rest. 3. Small serpents. 4. Repose.

CHARLIE C. ATHERTON
(League Member).

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Cinders. 2. To rob. 3. To rove. 4. A festive gathering. 5. A stratum. 6. A drain. 7. A common fruit. 8. A kind of spice. 9. To vex. 10. A bet. 11. A kind of gun. 12. A view. 13. Hue. 14. A Christmas decoration. 15. Abrupt. 16. A gem.

ESTELLE ELLISSON (League Member).

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

By starting at the right letter, and following a certain continuous path (using no letter more than once), spell seven objects associated with a national holiday.

EDWIN PARTRIDGE LEHMAN.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

```
1 . . . 11 . . .
. 2 . . . 12 . .
. . 3 . . . 13 .
. . . 4 . . . 14
. . 5 . . . 15 .
. 6 . . . 16 . .
7 . . . 17 . . .
. 8 . . . 18 . .
. . 9 . . . 19 .
. . . 10 . . . 20
```

Cross-words: 1. Restoration from sickness. 2. Want of the sense of hearing. 3. Plunderers. 4. Those who shoot. 5. The man at the helm. 6. Greed of gain. 7. Lacking tact. 8. Incapacitated. 9. Worried. 10. Horses of high mettle.

From 1 to 10, an event which took place in France in 1789; from 11 to 20, a place outside of Paris, famous for its historical association.

CLAIRE VAN DAELL.

DIAGONAL.

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonals, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell something seen after nightfall on the Fourth of July.

Cross-words: 1. Part of a gun. 2. The most celebrated of the paladins of Charlemagne. 3. A little bundle. 4. Swayed backward and forward. 5. Won. 6. A tropical bird.

HAROLD STEPHENS (League Member).

RHYMED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

CROSS-WORDS:

1. A Dutch landscape-painter, accounted first-rate.
2. A Celtic tribe conquered by Cæsar the Great.
3. A king of the Visigoths, foremost in fray.
4. A river that flows into Chesapeake Bay.
5. The name of a man in George Eliot's works.
6. A title of courteous respect among Turks.
7. A lake in New York which the tourist esteems.
8. A Bohemian composer of musical themes.
9. A town on Long Island, near its southern bound.
10. A town for its quarries of marble renowned.
11. A wonderful gun called by its maker's name.
12. One of the Muses of classical fame.
13. A monarch who marvels in Babylon wrought.
14. A bay south of Greece where a battle was fought.

The *initials* will spell a great author of note.
The *finals* the name of a book that he wrote.

CAROLYN WELLS.

DIAMOND.

1. In organ-grinder. 2. A fish. 3. A benefactor. 4. An animal. 5. In organ-grinder.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.

Example: Positive, to permit; comparative, a missive. Answer, let, letter.

1. Positive, an amount; comparative, a season. 2. Positive, to augment; comparative, a reptile. 3. Positive, to report; comparative, a bank official. 4. Positive, to place; comparative, a hunting-dog. 5. Positive, flesh food; comparative, a measure. 6. Positive, a rug; comparative, material. 7. Positive, a religious ceremony; comparative, a superior. 8. Positive, a place of traffic; comparative, one who sacrifices his life for the sake of principle. 9. Positive, a featherless biped; comparative, a fashion. 10. Positive, a transfer of values; comparative, an ocean traveler. 11. Positive, a reservoir; comparative, to tumble about. 12. Positive, one of the senses; comparative, a refinery. 13. Positive, a passage; comparative, a horse's head-gear. 14. Positive, to satisfy; comparative, to strain. 15. Positive, an outer skeleton; comparative, a place of refuge.

HERBERT I. PRIESTLEY.

CHARADE.

In days of many a valiant deed,
The weary rider would alight,
And rest and feed his foaming steed
And at my *first* stay through the night.

A narrow stream my *next* doth name,
Which through South Scotland takes its course;
Though short, it came renowned to fame
By legend's strong and magic force.

My *third*, however small it be,
When placed in graceful poet's hand,
Is calm and free as summer sea
And stirs and moves a mighty land.

My *fourth* an adjective applies
To tangled woodland, dark and dim,
Where no path lies before the eyes,
But all is shadow, black and grim.

My *whole* our brave forefathers bought
Who came from England far away;
For that they fought; that too they taught;
By that we live unto this day.

CHARLOTTE F. BABCOCK (League Member).

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

"'WE HAVE COME TO HELP YOU.'" (SEE "THE JUNIOR CUP — AFTERWARD," PAGE 904.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVIII. AUGUST, 1901. NO. 10.

CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING.

EIGHTH ARTICLE: THE WILD-BEAST TAMER.

THE SECRET OF A LION-TAMER'S POWER—SURGICAL OPERATION ON A SICK LION—WHEN "BRUTUS" ATTACKED A TAMER OUT OF CHIVALRY FOR "SPITFIRE"—BONAVITA'S FIGHT WITH SEVEN LIONS ON THE BRIDGE—BOSTOCK'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE TIGER "RAJAH"—WHAT HAPPENED WHEN "RAJAH" FELL OFF AN ELEPHANT'S BACK—EXCITING CAPTURE OF A LIONESS BY NIGHT.

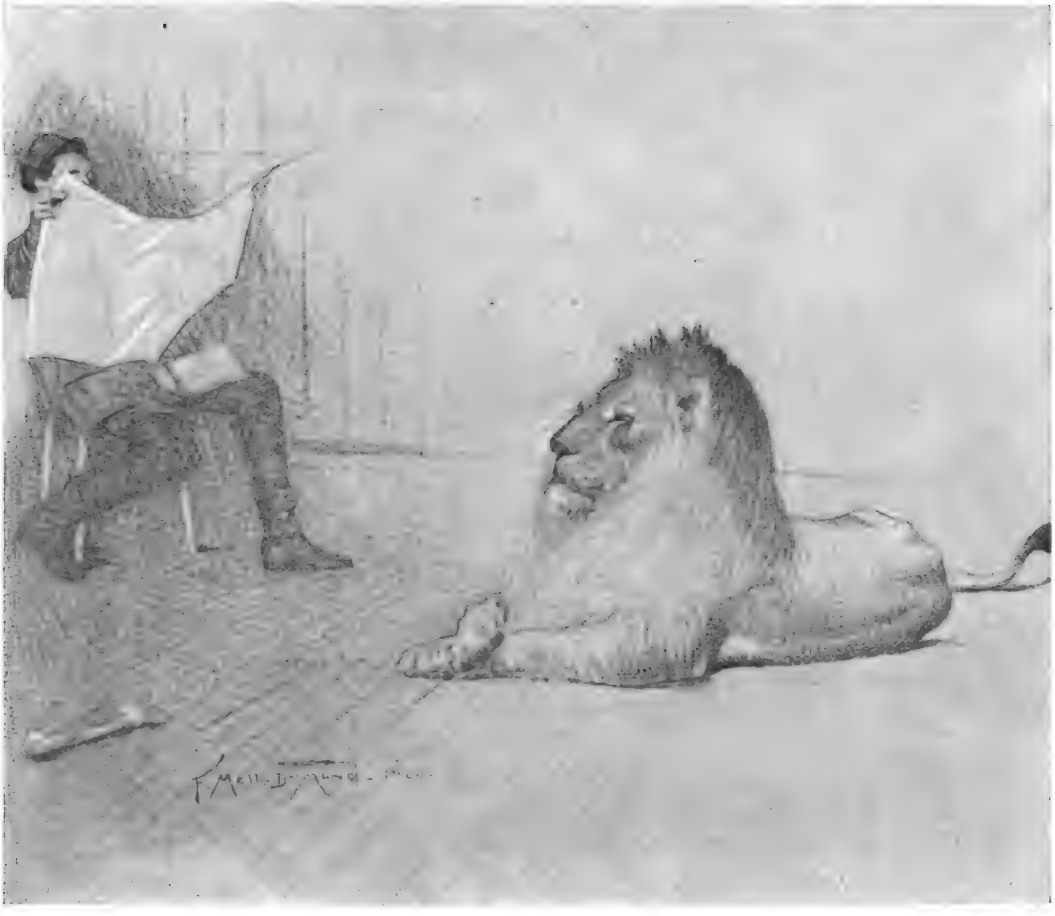
BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

THE wild-beast tamer as generally pictured is a mysterious person who stalks about sternly in high boots and possesses a remarkable power of the eye that makes lions and tigers quail at his look and shrink away. He rules by fear, and the crack of his whip is supposed to bring memories of torturing points and red-hot irons.

Such is the story-book lion-tamer, and I may as well say at once that outside of story-books he has small existence. There is scarcely any truth in this theory of hate for hate and conquest by fear. It is no more fear that makes a lion walk on a ball than it is fear that makes a horse pull a wagon. It is habit. The lion is perfectly *willing* to walk on the ball, and he has reached that mind, not by cruel treatment, but by force of his trainer's patience and kindness and superior intelligence.

Of course a wild-beast tamer should have a quick eye and a delicate sense of hearing, so that he may be warned of a sudden spring at him or a rush from behind; and it is important that he be a sober man, for alcohol breaks the nerve or gives a false courage worse than folly: but the quality on which he must chiefly rely and which alone can make him a *great* tamer—not a second-rate bungler—is a genuine fondness for his animals. This does not mean that the animals will necessarily be fond of the tamer; some will be fond of him, some will be indifferent to him, some will fear and hate him. Nor will the tamer's fondness protect him from fang and claw. We shall see that there is danger always, accident often, but without the fondness there would be greater danger and more frequent accident. A fondness for lions and tigers gives sympathy for them, sympathy gives understanding of them, and understanding gives mastery of them, or as much mastery as is possible. What but this fondness would

keep a tamer constantly with his animals, not only in the public show (the easiest part), but in the dens, in the treacherous runway, in the strange night hours, in the early morning



THE TAMER'S TRIUMPH. READING HIS NEWSPAPER IN THE LION'S CAGE.

romp, when no one is looking, when there is no reason for being with them except the tamer's own joy in it?

I do not purpose now to present in detail the methods of taming wild beasts; rather what happens after they are tamed: but I may say that a lion-tamer always begins by spending weeks or months in gaining a new animal's confidence.

Day after day he will stand for a long time outside the cage, merely looking at the lion, talking to him, impressing upon the beast a general familiarity with his voice and person. And each time, as he goes away, he is careful to toss in a piece of meat as a pleasant memento of his visit.

Later he ventures inside the bars, carrying some simple weapon — a whip, a rod, perhaps a broom, which is more formidable than might be supposed, through the jab of its sharp bristles. One tamer used a common chair with much success against unbroken lions. If the creature came at him, there were the four legs in his face; and soon the chair came to represent boundless power to that ignorant lion. He feared it and hated it, as was seen on one occasion when the tamer left it in the cage and the lion promptly tore it into splinters.

Days may pass before the lion will let his tamer do more than merely stay inside the cage

at a distance. Very well; the tamer stays there. He waits hour after hour, week after week, until a time comes when the lion will let him move nearer, will permit the touch of his hand, will come forward for a piece of meat, and at last treat him like a friend, so that finally he may sit there quite at ease, and even read his newspaper, as one man did.

Lastly begins the practice of tricks: the lion must spring to a pedestal and be fed; he must jump from one pedestal to another and be fed, must keep a certain pose and be fed. A bit of meat is always the final argument, and the tamer wins (if he wins at all, for sometimes he fails) by patience and kindness.

"There is no use getting angry with a lion," said a well known tamer to me, "and there is no use in carrying a revolver. If you shoot a lion or injure him with any weapon, it is your loss, for you must buy another lion, and the chances are that he will kill you anyway, if he starts to do it. The thing is to keep him from starting."

An instance of the affection felt for wild beasts by their tamers is offered in the case of Madame Bianca, the French tamer, who in the winter of 1900 was with the Bostock Wild Animal Show giving daily exhibitions in Baltimore, where her skill and daring with lions and tigers earned wide admiration. It will be remembered how fire descended suddenly on this menagerie one night and destroyed the animals amid fearful scenes. And in the morning Bianca stood among the ruins and looked upon

BEGINNING THE TRAINING.

the charred bodies of her pets. Had she lost her dearest friends, she could scarcely have shown deeper grief. She was in despair, and declared that she would never tame another group; she would leave the show business. And when the menagerie was stocked afresh with lions and tigers Bianca would not go near their cages. These were lions indeed, but not *her* lions, and she shook her head and mourned for "Bowzer," the handsomest lioness in captivity, and "Spitfire," and "Juliette," and the black-maned "Brutus." Nor could money tempt her. And the outcome was that this most successful woman lion-tamer in the world retired to private life—gave up her career simply because of her grief for these dead animals.

COMING TO CLOSE QUARTERS.

This recalls a story that Mr. Bostock told me, showing how Bianca's fondness for her lions persisted even in the face of fierce attack. It was in Kansas City, and for some days Spitfire had been working badly, so that on this particular afternoon Bianca had spent two hours in the big exhibition cage trying to get the lioness into good form. But Spitfire remained sullen and refused to do one perfectly easy thing, a jump over a pedestal.

"Ask Mr. Bostock to please come here," called Bianca finally, quite at her wits' end, with the performance hour approaching and hers the chief act. To go on with Spitfire in rebellion would never do, for the spirit of mischief spreads among lions and tigers as among

children. Spitfire *must* be forced to jump over that pedestal.

Mr. Bostock arrived presently, and at once entered the cage, carrying two whips, as is the custom. There is something in this man that impresses animals and tamers alike. It is not only that he is big and strong, and loves his animals, and does not fear them; that would scarcely account for his extraordinary prestige, which is his rather because he *knows* lions and tigers as can only a man who has literally spent his life with them. From father and grandfather he has inherited precious and unusual lore of the cages. He was born in a menagerie, he married the daughter of a menagerie owner, he sleeps always within a few feet of the dens, he eats with roars of lions in his ears. And his principle is, and always has been, that he will enter *any* cage at *any* time if a real need calls him—which has led to many a situation like that created by Spitfire's disobedience.

It should be borne in mind that there were many groups in the menagerie at this time, each with its regular tamer; and while Bostock, as owner and director, watched over all of them, it often happened that months would pass without his putting foot inside this or that particular cage. And in the present case he was practically a stranger to the four lions and the tiger now ranged around on their pedestals in a semicircle thirty feet in diameter, with big Brutus in the middle and the snarling Spitfire at one end.

"Well," said Mr. Bostock, explaining what happened, "I saw that Bianca had made a mistake in handling Spitfire from too great a distance. She had stood about seven feet away, so I stepped three feet closer and lifted one of my whips. There were just two things that Spitfire could do: she could spring at me and have trouble, or she could jump over the pedestal and have no trouble. She growled a little, looked at me, and then she jumped over that pedestal like a lady.

"The rest was easy. I put her through some other tricks, circled her around the cage a couple of times, and brought her back to her corner. Then, as she crouched there and snarled at me, I played a tattoo with my whip-handle on the floor just in front of her. It was just a sort of flourish to finish off with, and it was one thing too much; for in doing this I

THE LION DESTROYS THE CHAIR.

turned quite away from the rest of the group and made Brutus think that I meant to hurt the lioness. He said to himself: 'Hullo! Here 's a stranger in our cage taking a whip to Spitfire. I 'll just settle *him*.' And before I could move he sprang twenty feet off his pedestal, set his fangs in my thigh, and dragged me over to Bianca, as if to prove his gallantry. Then the Frenchwoman did a clever thing: she clasped her arms around his big neck, drew his head up, and fired her revolver close to his ear. Of course she fired only a blank cartridge, but it brought Brutus to obedience, for that was Bianca's regular signal in the act for

BIANCA RESCUES BOSTOCK FROM "BRUTUS."

the lions to take their pedestals; and the habit of his work was so strong in the old fellow that he dropped me and jumped back to his place.

"There was n't any more to it except that I lay five weeks in bed with my wounds. But this will show you how Bianca loved those lions: she would n't let me lift a hand to punish Brutus. Of course I called for irons as soon as I got up, and, wounded or not, I would have taught Mr. Brutus a few things before I left that cage if I could have had my way. But Bianca pleaded for him so hard—why, she actually cried—that I had n't the heart to go against her. She said it was partly my own fault for turning my back,—which was true,—and that Brutus was a good lion and had only tried to defend his mate, and a lot more, with tears and teasing, until I let him off, although I knew I could never enter Brutus's cage again after leaving it without showing myself master. That 's always the way with lions: if you once lose the upper hand you can never get it back."

In the course of a week at Buffalo, devoted to the study of Mr. Bostock and his menagerie, I observed many little instances of the tamer's affection for his animals. I could see it in the constant fondling of the big cats by Bostock himself, and by Bonavita, his chief tamer, and even by the cage grooms. And no matter how great the crush of Exposition business, there was always time for visiting a sick lioness out in the stable, who would never be better, poor thing, but should have all possible comforts for her last days. And late one afternoon I stood by while Bonavita led a powerful, yellow-maned lion into the arena cage and held him, as a mother might hold a suffering child, while the doctor, reaching cautiously through the bars, cut away a growth from the creature's left eye. It is true they used a local anesthetic; but even so, it hurt the lion, and Bonavita's position as he knelt and stroked the big head and spoke soothing words seemed to me as far as possible from secure. Yet it was plain that his only thought was to ease the lion's pain.

"I could n't have done that with all my lions," Bonavita said to me after the operation; "but this one is specially trained. You know he lets me put my head in his mouth."

Bonavita is a handsome, slender man, with dark hair and eyes, quite the type of a Spanish gentleman; and I liked him not only for his mastery of twenty-odd lions, but because he had a gentle manner and was modest about his work. According to Mr. Bostock, Bonavita has but two strong affections: one for his old mother, and one for his lions. Occasionally I could get him aside for a talk, and that was a thing worth doing.

"People ask me such foolish questions about wild beasts," he said one day. "For instance, they want to know which would win in a fight, a lion or a tiger. I tell them that is like asking which would win in a fight, an Irishman or a Scotchman. It all depends on the particular tiger you have and the particular lion. Animals are just as different as men: some are good, some bad; some you can trust and some you can't trust."

"Which is the most dangerous lion you have?" I inquired.

"Well," said he, "that 's one of those questions I don't know how to answer. If you ask which lion has been the most dangerous so far, I would say 'Denver,' because he tore my right arm one day so badly that they nearly had to cut it off. Still, I think 'Ingomar' is my most dangerous lion, although he has n't got his teeth in me yet; he 's tried, but missed me. It does n't matter, though, what I think, for it may be one of these lazy, innocent-looking lions that will really kill me. They seem tame as kittens, but you can't tell what 's underneath. Suppose I turn my back and one of them springs—why, it 's all off."

Another day he said: "A man gets more confidence every time he faces an angry lion and comes out all right. Finally he gets so sure of his power that he does strange things. I have seen a lion coming at me and have never moved, and the lion has stopped. I have had a lion strike at me and the blow has just grazed my head, and have stood still, with my whip lifted, and the lion has gone off afraid. One day in the ring a lion caught my left arm in his teeth as I passed between two pedestals. I did n't pull away, but stamped my foot and cried out, '"Baltimore," what do you mean?' The stamp of my foot was the lion's cue to get

off the pedestal, and Baltimore loosed his jaws and jumped down. His habit of routine was stronger than his desire to bite me."

Again, Bonavita explained that there is some strange virtue in carrying in the left hand a whip which is never used. The tamer strikes with his right-hand whip when it is necessary, but only lifts his left-hand whip and holds it as a menace over the lion. And it is likely, Bonavita thinks, that to strike with that reserve whip would be to dispel the lion's idea that it is some mysterious force that he dare not face.

"You see, lions are n't very intelligent," he said; "they don't understand what men are or what they want. That is our hardest work—to make a lion understand what we want. As soon as he knows that he is expected to sit on a pedestal he is willing enough to do it, especially if he gets some meat; but it often takes weeks before he comprehends what we are driving at. You can see what slow brains lions have, or tigers either, by watching them fight for a stick or a tin cup. They could n't get more excited over a piece of meat. One of the worst wounds I ever got came from going into a lion's den after an overcoat that he had dragged away from a foolish spectator who was poking it at him."

One day I got Bonavita to tell me about the time when the lion Denver attacked him. It was during a performance at Indianapolis, in the fall of 1900, and the trouble came at the end of the runway where the two circular passages from the cages open on the iron bridge that leads to the show-ring. Bonavita had just driven seven lions into this narrow space, and was waiting for the attendants to open the iron-barred door, when Denver sprang at him and set his teeth in his right arm. This stirred the other lions, and they all turned on Bonavita; but, fortunately, only two could reach him for the crush of bodies. Here was a tamer in sorest need, for the weight of the lions kept the iron doors from opening and barred out the rescuers. In the audience was wildest panic, and the building resounded with shouts and screams and the roars of angry lions. Women fainted; men rushed forward brandishing revolvers, but dared not shoot; and for a few moments it seemed as if the tamer was doomed.

But Bonavita's steady nerve saved him. As Denver opened his jaws to seize a more vital spot, the tamer drove his whip-handle far down into his red throat, and then, with a cudgel passed in to him, beat the brute back. The other lions followed, and this freed the iron door, which the grooms straightway opened, and in a moment the seven lions were leaping toward the ring as if nothing had happened. And last of the seven came Denver, driven by Bonavita, white-faced and suffering, but the master now, and greeted with cheers and roars of applause. No one realized how badly he was hurt, for his face gave no sign. He bowed to the audience, cracked his whip, and began the act as usual. As he went on he grew weaker, but stuck to it until he had put the lions through four of their tricks, and then he staggered out of the ring into the arms of the doctors, who found him torn with four ugly wounds which kept him for weeks in the hospital. That, I think, is an instance of the very finest lion-tamer spirit.

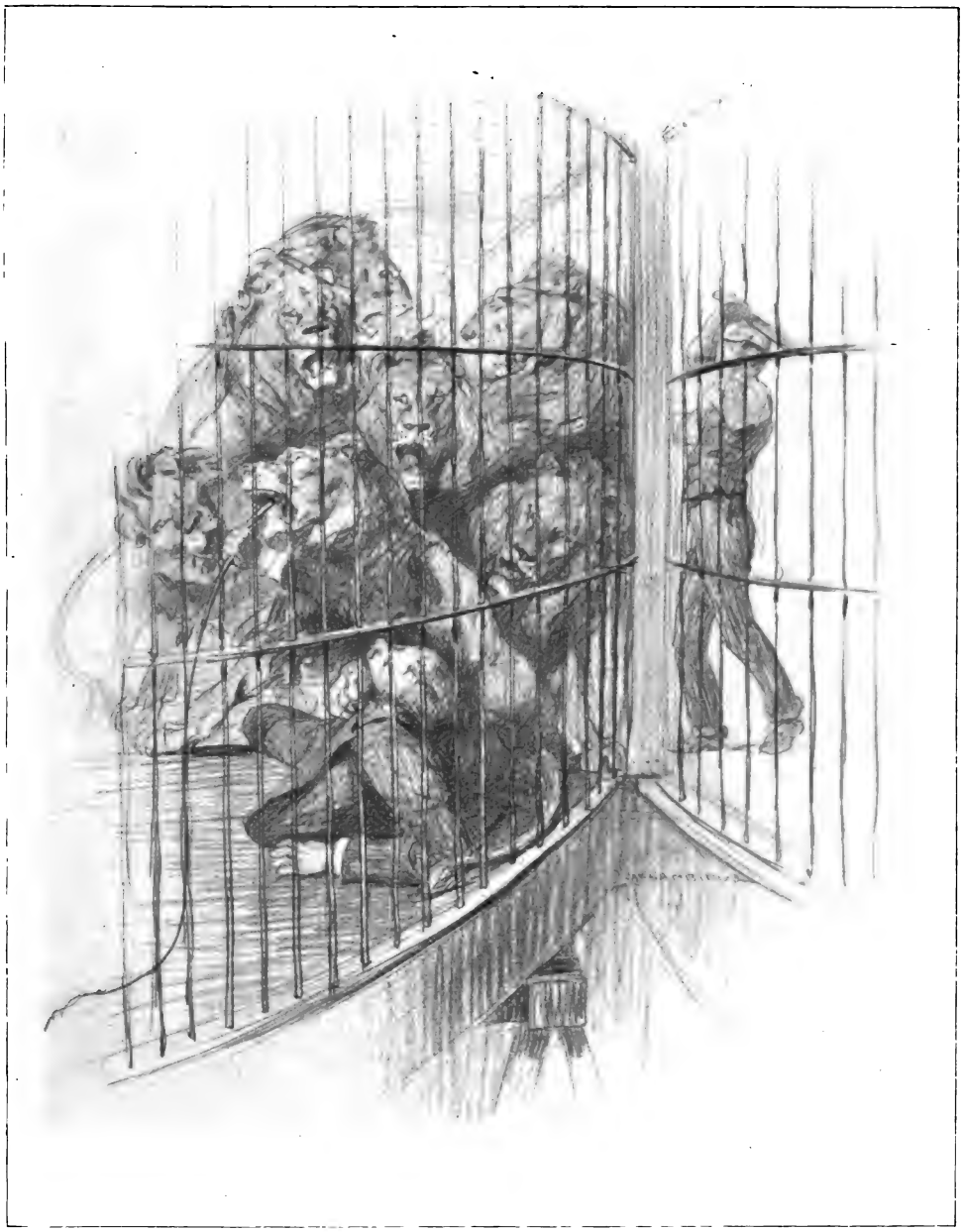
Whenever I made the round of cages with Mr. Bostock I was struck by the fierce behavior of a certain male lion with brown-and-yellow mane,—"Young Wallace" they called him,—who would set up a horrible snarling as soon as we came near, and rush at the bars as if to tear them down. And no matter how great the crowd, his wicked yellow eyes would always follow Bostock, and his deep, purring roar would continue and break into furious barks if the tamer approached the bars. Then his jaws would open and the red muzzle curl back from his tusks, and again and again he would strike the floor with blows that would crush a horse.

"Does n't love me, does he?" said Bostock, one day.

"What 's the matter with him?" I asked.

"Why, nothing; only he 's a wild lion—never been tamed, you know; and I took him in the ring one day. He has n't forgotten it—have you, old boy? Hah!" Bostock stamped his foot suddenly, and Young Wallace crouched back, snarling still, a picture of hatred and fear.

"Yes," went on Bostock, "he 's wild enough. You see, after the fire, I had to get animals from pretty much everywhere, and get 'em quick. Did some rapid cabling, I can tell you; and



BONAVITA'S FIGHT WITH SEVEN LIONS IN THE RUNWAY.

pretty soon there were lions and tigers and leopards and—oh, everything from sacred bulls down to snakes, chasing across the ocean, and more than half of them had been loose in the jungle six months ago. It was a case of hustle, and we took what they sent us. Then we had fun breaking 'em in. Ask Madame Morelli if we did n't. She 's in the hospital now from the claws of that fiend." He pointed to a sleepy-looking jaguar.

"Tell you how I came to take this wild lion into the ring. I had a press-agent who had been announcing out West what a wonder I was with wild beasts, and how I was n't afraid of anything on legs, and so on. That was all very well while I was in Baltimore; but when

I joined my other show after the fire, of course I had to live up to my reputation. And when they got up a traveling men's benefit out in Indianapolis and asked me to go on with Young Wallace, why, there was n't anything to do but to go on. It was n't quite so funny, though, as it seemed, for I might as well have taken in a lion fresh from the wilds of Africa." Mr. Bostock smiled at the memory.

"Well, I did the thing, and got through all right. Young Wallace has n't forgotten what happened to him. I got the best of him by a trick: had a little shelter cage placed inside the big arena cage, and at first I stood in the small one, and let the lion come at me. Oh, you 'd better believe he came! I thought sure he 'd jump clean over the thing and land on me; for there was no roof to my cage—only sides of wire netting. He did n't quite do it, though; and as soon as I saw he was getting sort of rattled I stepped out quick and went at him hard with whip and club. And I drove him all over the ring, and the people went crazy, for he was the maddest lion you ever saw.

"That was all right as far as it went, but the people wanted more. They got to be out-and-out bloodthirsty there in Indianapolis. Wanted me to go in the ring with 'Rajah,' that big tiger. See, over here! Come up, Rajah. Beauty, is n't he? Does n't pay any special attention to me, does he? Nearly killed me, just the same. Look!" He lifted his cap and showed wide strips of plaster on his head.

"Point about Rajah was that he 'd killed one of my keepers a couple of weeks before. Poor fellow got in his cage by mistake. And now these Indianapolis folks wanted to see me handle him. Between you and me, this keeper was n't the first man Rajah had killed, and I did n't care much for the job. As for my wife—well, you can imagine how she felt when she heard I was going in with Rajah.

"On the morning of the performance I decided to have a rehearsal, and called on a few picked men to help me. I knew by the way he had killed the keeper that Rajah would go at my head if he attacked me at all, so I rigged up a mask of iron wire, and wore this strapped over my head like a little barrel. Then I drove him into the arena and began, while the others looked on anxiously. It 's queer, sir, but that tiger went through his tricks as nicely as you please, back and forth, up on his pedestal and down again, everything just as he used to do in the old days before he went bad. Never balked, never turned on me; just as good as gold.

"Soon as I was satisfied I drove him across the bridge and down the runway toward his den. I came about a dozen feet behind him, carrying a long wooden shield, as we generally do in a narrow space. Rajah reached his cage all right, and went in. You see, he could n't go down the runway any farther, for the door opening outward barred the passage. Behind that door I had stationed a keeper, with orders to close it as soon as Rajah was inside; but Rajah went in so silently that the keeper did n't know it, the peep-holes in the door being too high for him to see very well. The result was that the cage door stood open for a few seconds after the tiger had gone in. It seems a little thing, but it nearly cost me my life; for when I came up Rajah's head was right back of the open door, and when I reached out my hand to close the door he sprang at me, and in a second had me down, with his teeth in my arm and his claws digging into my head through openings in the mask.

"Then you 'd better believe there was a fight in that runway! The keepers rushed in; Bonavita rushed in. They shot at him with revolvers, they jabbed him with irons, they pounded at him with clubs; and one of the blows that Rajah dodged knocked me senseless. Well, they got me out finally. I guess the mask saved my life. But I did n't take Rajah into the ring that evening, and Rajah won't be seen in the ring any more. He 's made trouble enough. Why, the things I could tell you about that tiger would fill a book."

Some of these things he did tell me, for I brought the talk back to Rajah whenever the chance offered. I well remember, for instance, the occasion when I heard how Rajah once got out of his cage and chased a quagga—one of those queer little animals that are half zebra and half mule. It was late at night, and we had entered the runway, Mr. Bostock and I, after the performance, for he wanted me to

realize the perils of this narrow boarded lane that circles all the dens and leads the lions to the ring. It is indeed a terrifying place—a low, dimly lighted passage, curving constantly, so that you see ahead scarcely twenty feet, and are always turning a slow corner, always peering ahead uneasily and listening! What is that? A soft tread? The glow of greenish eyeballs? Who can tell when a bolt may slip or a board give way? So many things have happened in these runways! Of course a lion has no business to be out of his den, but—but suppose he is? Suppose you meet him—now—there!

Well, it was here that I heard the story. Bonavita, it appears, was standing on the bridge one morning when there arose a fearful racket in the runway, and looking in he saw the quagga tearing along toward him. He concluded that some one had unfastened the door, and was just preparing to check the animal,

"RAJAH'S" ATTACK UPON BONAVITA IN THE RUNWAY.

when around the curve came Rajah in full pursuit. Bonavita stepped back, drew his revolver, and, as the tiger rushed past, fired a blank cartridge, thinking thus to divert him from the quagga. But Rajah paid not the slightest heed, and in long bounds came out into the arena hard after the terrified quadruped, which was galloping now with the speed of despair. A keeper who was sweeping clambered up the iron sides and anxiously watched the race from the top. Bonavita, powerless to interfere, watched from the bridge.

Of all races ever run in a circus this was the most remarkable. It was a race for life, as the quagga knew and the tiger intended. Five times they circled the arena, Rajah gaining always, but never enough for a spring. In the sixth turn, however, he judged the distance right, and straightway a black-and-yellow body shot through the air in true aim at the prey.

THE TIGER "RAJAH" KICKED BY THE QUAGGA.

Whereupon the quagga did the only thing a quagga *could* do—let out both hind legs in one straight tremendous kick; and they do say that a quagga can kick the eyes out of a fly. At it. The quagga trotted back to its cage, Bonavita put up his revolver, the frightened sweeper climbed down from the bars, and Rajah was hauled back ignominiously to his den.

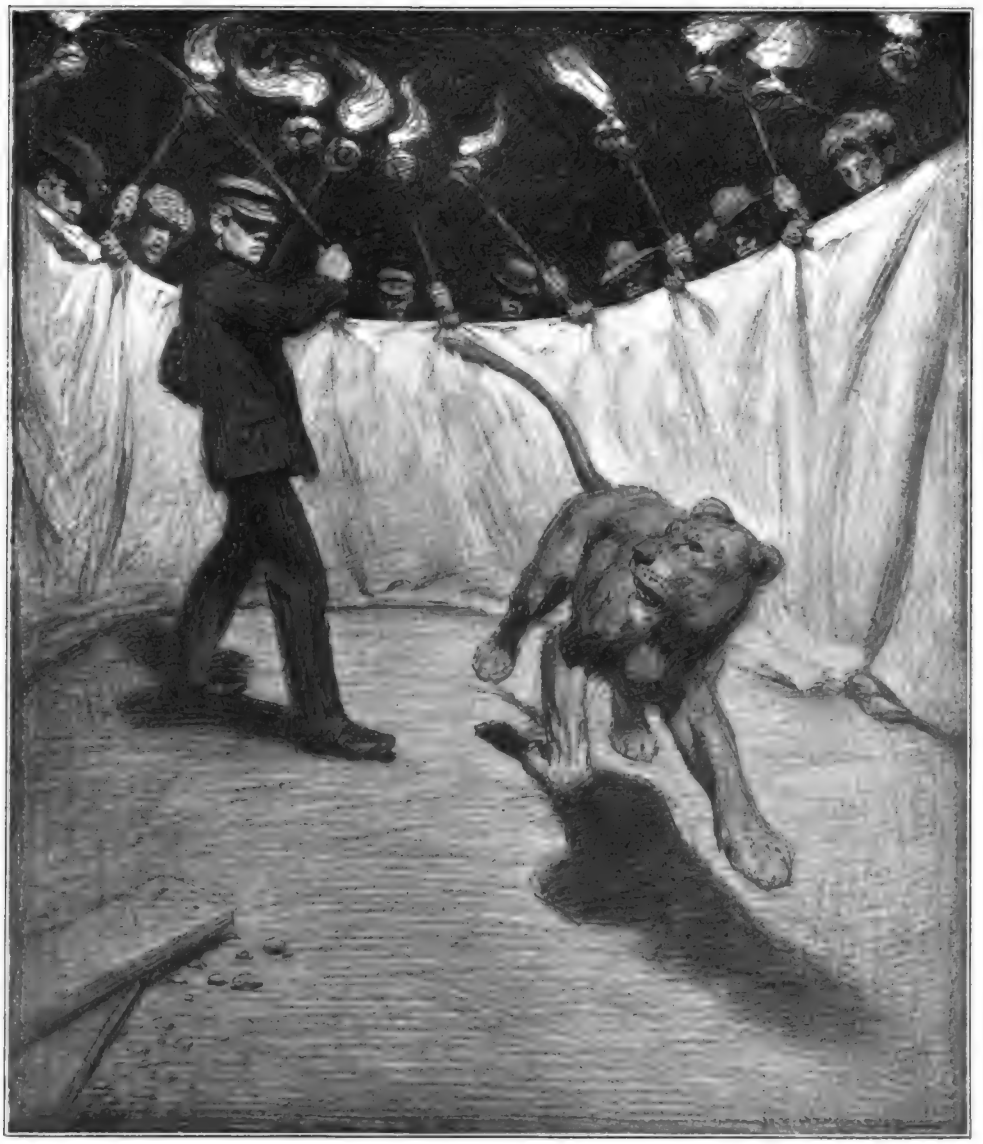
PUTTING THE TIGER "RAJAH" AGAIN UPON THE ELEPHANT'S BACK.

any rate, in this case a pair of nervous little heels caught the descending tiger squarely under the lower jaw, and put him to sleep like a nice little lullaby. And that was the end of

Here we have three instances showing the extreme importance of little things in a menagerie. A keeper opens door No. 13 instead of door No. 14, and is straightway killed. A

screw is loose in a bolt fastening, and, presto! a tiger is at large. A watcher at a peep-hole looks away for a moment, and a life goes into jeopardy. It is always so; and I will let Mr. Bostock tell how a little thing gave Rajah his first longing to kill.

"It was several years ago," said he, "when I was running a wagon show in England. I remember we were about a mile and a half out of a certain town when this thing happened. For some reason Rajah had been transferred to a bear-wagon, and we ought to have examined it more carefully, for bears are the worst fellows in the world to damage a cage by ripping up the timbers; it seems as if nothing can resist their claws and teeth. And this particular cage was in such bad shape that Rajah managed to get out of it. I knew something must be wrong when I saw the big elephant-wagon that headed the procession go



HOW THE LIONESS WAS CAPTURED ON THE OPEN PRAIRIE.

tearing away with its six horses on a dead run under the driver's lash. No wonder the driver was scared, for he had turned his head and seen the two draft-horses that followed him down on the ground, with Rajah tearing at one of them, and the other one dead.

"It was n't a pretty sight when we got there, and it was n't an easy job, either, capturing Rajah. I don't know what we should have done if it had n't been for a long-haired fellow in the show called 'Mustang Ned,' who came up with a coil of rope and lassoed the tiger. Then we tangled him up in netting, and finally got him into one of the shifting cages. But after that he was never the same tiger. You would n't think there was a time when Rajah used to ride around the tent on an elephant's back, with only a little black boy to guard him!"

"What, outside the iron ring?"

"Yes, sir, right among the women and children. He did that twice a day for over a year. Might be doing it yet if the black boy had n't been so careful of his white trousers."

"His white trousers?"

"That 's right. You see, this boy rode on the elephant, behind Rajah, and he wore long black boots and a fine white suit. Made quite a picture. Only he did n't like to rub his trousers against the tiger, for an animal's back is naturally oily; so he used to put his legs under a lion's skin that Rajah rode on, and tuck it around him like a carriage-robe.

"Well, one day as they were going around the nigger lost his balance and tumbled off the elephant, pulling the lion's skin with him, and of course that pulled Rajah along too. The first thing we knew, there was a big tiger on the ground, and people running about and screaming. Pleasant, was n't it?

"In another minute we 'd have had a panic; but by good luck I was there, and caught Rajah quickly around the neck and held him until the others got a rope on him. Then we had a time getting him back on the elephant. First I tried to make him spring up from a high pedestal, but he would n't spring. Next I had them work a ladder under Rajah so that he sat on it; and then, with two men at one end and me at the other, we lifted him slowly level with our shoulders, level with our heads, and just there the tiger gave a vicious growl, and the two men lowered their end. That made him work up toward my end, and in a second I had Rajah's face close to my face and both my hands occupied with the ladder. I could n't do a thing, and the only question was what *he* would do. He looked at me, looked at the elephant, and then struck out hard and quick, only missing me by a hair; in fact, he did n't miss me entirely, for one of his claws just reached the corner of my eye—see, I have the scar still. But he jumped on the elephant, and we kept the mastery that day. Still, it was bad business, and I saw we could n't take such chances again. That was Rajah's last ride."

And now I must come to the last story in this article, although there are endless others that might be told; it is about a lioness that escaped from a circus train, and I give it in the keeper's words.

"We were showing out in Kansas," said he, "and one night a cage fell off a train as we were running along, became unlashed or something, and when we stuck our heads out of the sleeper, there were a pair of greenish, burning eyes coming down the side of the track, and we could hear a *ruh-ruh-r-r-r-ruh*—something between a bark and a roar—that did n't cheer us up any, you 'd better believe. Then George Conklin—he was the head tamer—yelled: 'By gracious, it 's "Mary"! Come on, boys; we must get her!' and out we went. Mary was a full-grown lioness, and she was loose there in the darkness, out on a bare prairie, without a house or a fence anywhere for miles."

"Hold on," said I; "how did your circus train happen to stop when the cage fell off?"

With indulgent smile he explained that a circus train running at night always has guards on the watch, who wave quick lanterns to the engineer in any emergency.

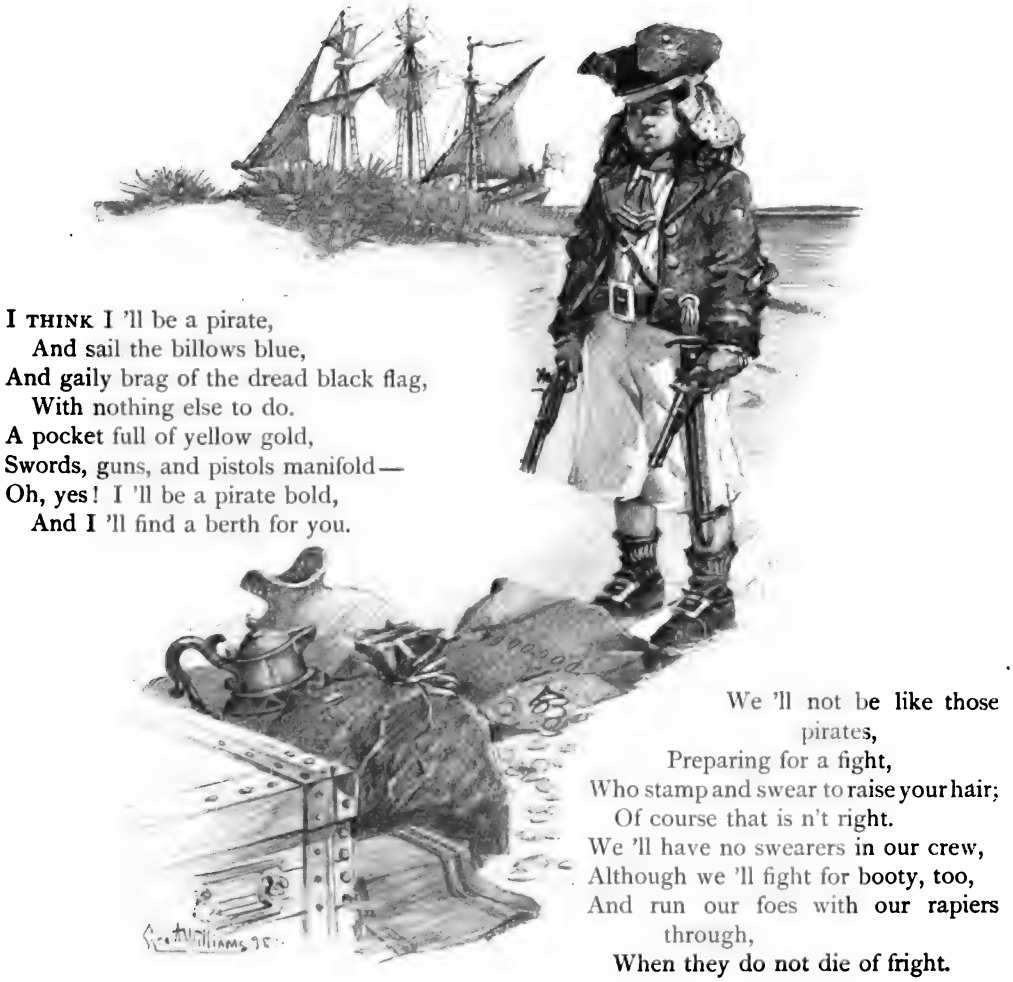
"Well," continued the man, "George Conklin had that cage fixed up and the lioness safe inside within forty minutes by the clock. Do? Why, it was easy enough. We unrolled about a hundred yards of side-wall tenting, and carried it toward the lioness—a sort of moving fence. And every man carried a flaming kerosene torch. There was a picture to remember:

that line of heads over the canvas wall, and the flaring lights gradually circling around the lioness, who backed, growling and switching her tail—backed away from the fire until presently, as we closed in, we had her in the mouth of a funnel of canvas, with torches everywhere except just at her back, where the open cage was. Then Conklin spoke sharp to her, just as if they were in the ring, and snapped his whip, and the next thing, Miss Mary was safe behind the bars. It was a pretty neat job, I can tell you!"

(THE NEXT ARTICLE IN THIS SERIES WILL BE "THE DYNAMITE WORKER.")

CAPTAIN KIDD, JR.

By W. H. Sal.



I think I 'll be a pirate,
And sail the billows blue,
And gaily brag of the dread black flag,
With nothing else to do.
A pocket full of yellow gold,
Swords, guns, and pistols manifold—
Oh, yes! I 'll be a pirate bold,
And I 'll find a berth for you.

We 'll not be like those pirates,
Preparing for a fight,
Who stamp and swear to raise your hair;
Of course that is n't right.
We 'll have no swearers in our crew,
Although we 'll fight for booty, too,
And run our foes with our rapiers through,
When they do not die of fright.

A TUG O' WAR.

MISS SLIP-O'-THE-TONGUE.

By Emma Huntington Nason.

Miss Slip-o'-the-Tongue her fate bemoaned,
  Though a maiden wise and witty.
(Her real name is Belinda Jones,
  And she lives in New York City.)

But she has one failing, beyond a doubt:
  Whatever she 's expounding,
She twists the letters and words about
  In a manner most astounding.

To cook a turkey she planned one day,
  In phrases learned and booky;
Then bade, in her absent-minded way,
  The maid to "turk a cookey."

She went to a great bazaar in town
  For a jug and a water-bottle.
The rude clerk laughed till he tumbled down;
  She asked for a "bug and jottle"!

At morn she hastened to catch the train,
  But came back broken-hearted.
Her frantic efforts were all in vain;
  She said the "stars had carted."

And now she has "climbed the capax" bold
  And crowned herself with glory;
But "capped the climax," as we are told,
  Explains this curious story.

Miss Slip-o'-the-Tongue her folly owns,
  And craves your kindest pity;
She says her name is "Jelinda Bones,"
  And she lives in "Yew Nork City."

The Imp's Matinée.

By Josephine Daskam.

The Imp strolled out of the big summer hotel with that careless and disengaged air that meant particular and pressing business. It was very early,— lunch was barely over,— and he was the only person on the broad piazza. As he rounded the corner he ran against Bell-boy No. 5, a great friend of his.

"Hello, Imp!" shouted No. 5. "Where 're you goin'?"

"To the theater to buy my ticket for the play," announced the Imp, proudly.

"Oh," said No. 5, "guess I 'd rather go to the circus over at Milltown. That 's to-day, too. Why don't you go there? Everybody in town 's goin', except these hotel folks. Why don't you go?"

The Imp frowned. This was a tender point. "I said that I would just as soon *not* go to the circus, Jim," said he. "I *could* have went if I had liked — that is, I very nearly could. And I said that if they would *very* much rather I went to the theater instead, and if" — here the Imp forgot his elaborate courtesy, and spluttered — "if they 'd stop fussing over me because I am only seven and a quarter, and Milltown is four miles off, mama 's away, and Uncle Stanley is n't here, and Mr. Jarvis says the elephant hates polo-caps, and I had a little, tiny headache last week, and I 'm all right now —"

"Oh, well," said No. 5, soothingly, "I guess it 's no great shakes of a circus. I guess the play 'll be a lot better. I —"

"Third floor, here, at once!" somebody called. "Five! I say, Five!"

"That 's me," said No. 5, in a surprised tone. "I guess I 'd better toddle off, sometime to-day. So long, Imp!"

A drop of bitterness had fallen into the Imp's

cup of pleasure. He had almost begun to believe he preferred the theater to the circus, and now — whatever Jim might say, *he* was going to the circus. The Imp tramped through the little dusty town, looking at its one street of shops with undisguised contempt. This town was really very small. He extracted a quarter from his dirty little pocket-book, treasured because the parting gift of James O'Connor, and walked lightly into the small, dingy theater. In the ticket-office stood a tall, white-faced man, very shabbily dressed, with dark, glowing eyes that stared at the Imp uncomfortably. He felt like an intruder; but secure in the consciousness of virtue, he laid down the quarter with a slap on the little counter. "I would like a ticket to this theater this afternoon," he said, politely but firmly.

"Oh," said the man, "that 's more than many would." And he laughed unpleasantly. "You are n't patronizing the circus to-day, then?"

The Imp blushed. "No, I 'm not," he said faintly; "I 'm patterizing this theater instead. I — I thought I 'd better."

The man turned away rather crossly, and lit a cigar. "Go on in, then," he said, "and take your pick of seats. The crowd 's not so big but that you 'll get a good one."

The Imp walked through a dirty, green baize door into a small theater, quite empty. Across the stage scuttled a man with a dust-pan in one hand and a wig in the other. From behind the curtain came voices pitched high, as of people quarreling. The hot sun streamed through the holes in the window-shades, and showed the dust and dirt and stains that covered everything. It was a distinctly dreary scene, and the Imp felt very lonely and mournful. Nevertheless he was on pleasure bent, and so he walked up to a front seat near the aisle, and settled himself expectantly.

For some time nothing occurred. Then the curtain was pushed aside, and a woman peeped out. As she saw the Imp's interested face beaming from the front seat in the aisle, her mouth slowly opened. "Sakes alive!" she said, and disappeared.

The Imp had never been to the theater in his life, but he had heard it discussed. Could this be the first act? He had never heard of any act that came after the fourth,— Uncle Stanley said he always skipped during the fourth act,— so there would be but three more, in all probability. Three more heads, interesting, but brief in their stay, and then it would be over? Impossible! Twenty-five cents for that? He grew red with indignation.

A long wait, at least ten minutes, then the curtain was pulled from the other side, and a man's head peered cautiously out. The Imp caught his eye, and glared stonily at him. The man's mouth opened, and he said with some temper: "Oh, *hang* that circus, anyhow!" Then he disappeared. If this was Act Two, the theater certainly left a great deal to be desired. And "hang" was not a very nice word!

Then absolutely nothing happened, though the audience waited with dogged patience for twenty minutes. Finally he got up and strolled down to the office. The man with the dark eyes that looked somehow very unhappy, for all he scowled so fiercely, was blowing rings of smoke through the little opening where you bought the tickets. The Imp confronted him in injured innocence, and sniffed, after the fashion of people who are too old to cry, but who will give way to tears if they are in the privacy of their mother's bedroom. "Is the theater over?" he asked.

The man stared. "Have you been in there all this time?" he said. "Why, there is n't going to be any play, sonny. There 's nobody to play to, you see."

"There 's me," said the Imp.

The man coughed. "Yes, there 's you," he agreed; "but I 'm afraid you won't quite do. The company could n't be expected to perform, you see, for just one k— one person. I 'll give you your money back and you can go — oh, go to the circus!"

This was the last straw. The Imp cast himself on the dirty floor, to the great detriment of his blouse, and wept openly.

"But I *can't!*" he wailed. "I *can't* go to the circus! I promised I 'd be sat-satisfied to c-come here to the th-theater! And now there is n't any theater! And I can't break my p-p-promise! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

The man came out of the office and patted

the Imp kindly on the shoulder. "Oh, take a brace, now!" he said. "Get up, and never mind. It 's hard luck, I know, but you see they can't play for one boy — they simply can't. They 'd like to play well enough — that 's what they 're here for, you see; but it would n't be worth while to go to all that fuss for one seat. I — I 'm sorry for you; by Jove, I am! The only man who sticks by the legitimate — the only one faithful to the stage!" And he laughed.

"'THEY CAN'T PLAY FOR ONE BOY—THEY SIMPLY CAN'T,' SAID THE MAN."

The Imp did n't understand, but he knew the man meant well, and he did n't mind being laughed at in that spirit. He sat up and brushed his polo-cap. "I wish I was twins," he said thoughtfully, "and then I 'd count for more! I wish I was a whole family!"

The man laughed, saying, "I wish so too."

The Imp turned the polo-cap around in his hands. "Would you act the theater for ten people?" he said.

The man shook his head. "I 'm afraid not; it would n't pay."

"Would you act it for twenty people?"

The man hesitated. "That 's pretty small," he said; "I don't know."

The Imp gasped at his own daring, but persisted: "Would you do it for thirty?"

The man looked at the determined little figure in a blouse and corduroy knee-breeches. "Why, ye-es, I guess they would," he said slowly; "that would pay the fares: I guess they would. Why?"

"Then you wait! you just wait!" begged the Imp, with the fire of resolution in his eye. "You just make 'em wait a minute. I 'll be back — you just wait!" He nodded encouragingly to the astonished man, and fled up the narrow, deserted street. His heart was beating hard, his tears were forgotten. He should see the theater. Now that he knew that the two heads were not all that he had paid twenty-five cents to behold, his hopes ran high.

He panted through the driveway, and stopped to get his breath at the hotel steps. The Hungarian Gipsy Band was playing on the broad piazza, and everybody was sitting there, laughing and chatting. There were at least a hundred people there, and they all sat perfectly still and stared when a dusty little boy dashed up the steps and cried wildly at them: "Will you please to come to the theater? Oh, *won't*

you come to the theater? Won't thirty of you come to the theater with me?"

The Tall Young Man in white tennis-flannels advanced and grinned in his kindly way at the Imp. "What 's all this? What 's up?" he inquired.

The Imp remembered his manners and took off his red polo-cap.

"How do you do?" he asked politely.

The Tall Young Man replied that he was quite well — rather better than usual, in fact. "Did I understand you to invite me to the theater?" he added.

Oh, ceremony takes up so much valuable time! The Imp glanced behind him. Had the theater people gone? Were they tired of waiting? Then he burst into his tale:

"I paid twenty-five cents to go to the theater, and everybody 's gone to the circus, and they won't act the theater for just me, and I paid for my ticket!"

He stopped for breath, and the Hungarian Band, at a nod from the leader, stopped playing at the same moment. The Imp's face was tragic: one would have thought he was describing a scene of anguish.

"So I asked the man would he act the theater for ten people, and he would n't. And I asked him would he for twenty people, and he would n't. And I asked him would he for thirty people, and he would. And I hurried up *so* much, and I hope they have n't gone, and *won't* you come? It 's only twenty-five cents!"

Here the Imp sat down and fanned himself with his cap and sobbed for pure excitement. Everybody looked exceedingly interested, and Miss Eleanor, in the beautiful bright-red dress, was distinctly sympathetic. "Poor little fellow!" she said softly. "Poor, tired little Imp!"

"'THAT 'S THE HEAVY VILLAIN.'" (SEE PAGE 889.)

The Tall Young Man in tennis-flannels faced the company. "My friends," he said earnestly, "we cannot neglect this appeal. Come to the theater!"

And before the Imp could find time to be surprised, the people on the piazza burst into laughter, and followed the Tall Young Man down the steps.

"They 're all coming! — all but old Mrs. Sampson and Mr. Reed! Every one!" the Imp gasped, as they hurried along.

"Of course they 're coming, when *we* invited them!" said the Tall Young Man. "Hallo! what 's this?"

Up the road came five, six big carryalls from the hotel across the river, full of summer people. They had horns and whistles, and they made a

very jolly noise. "Hallo, the Mayflower!" called the Tall Young Man. "Hallo, the Plymouth!" called back somebody from the wagons. "What 's this? Sunday-school picnic?"

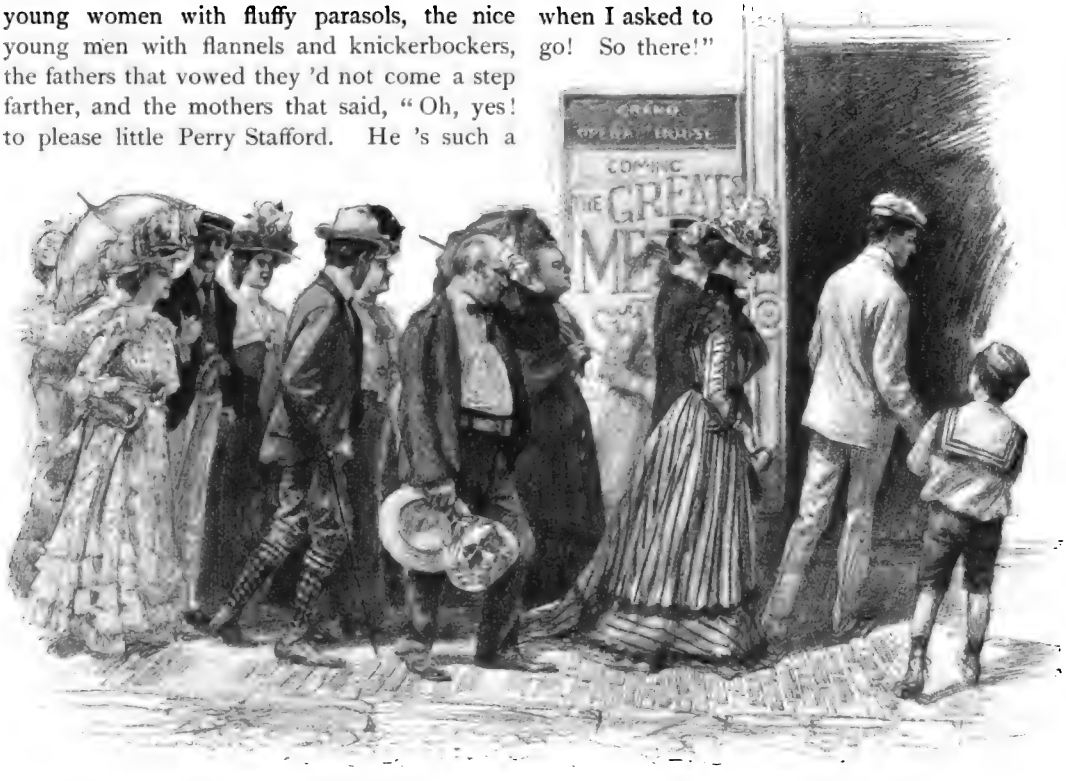
"Not much!" said the Tall Young Man. "This is a theater party, this is! It 's no use going to call on the Plymouth — we 're not at home! Come on to the matinée!"

Then everybody laughed, and somebody said, "Oh, come on!" and they scrambled out and joined the procession.

It was very gay and exciting: the pretty young women with fluffy parasols, the nice young men with flannels and knickerbockers, the fathers that vowed they 'd not come a step farther, and the mothers that said, "Oh, yes! to please little Perry Stafford. He 's such a dear!" If the Imp had heard, he would have been greatly surprised. But he was at the head of the procession, striding manfully along, trying to match his short brown-corduroy legs to the long white-flannel ones. Everything was going beautifully — better than he had dared to hope. He grew very excited, and as they passed the little church and saw a group of people in white dresses eating strawberries on the lawn, he pulled the Tall Young Man's sleeve. "Ask them, too!" the Imp whispered eagerly.

"By all means!" agreed the Tall Young Man, and he strode across the lawn and talked vigorously for a moment. There was some objection. The Tall Young Man waved his hand toward the gay, laughing crowd in the rear. "Are n't we respectable enough for you?" he demanded. "Good gracious! What do you want? Why, *I* 'm going myself! Second-rate show, indeed!"

The Imp dashed up. "It *is n't* second-rate, truly!" he cried eagerly. "It 's third-rate! Mr. Lee said so, when I asked to go! So there!"



"THE IMP CONDUCTED THEM TO THE DOOR OF THE THEATER."

Then they laughed and said, "Oh, well, if it 's *third*-rate—" And, lo and behold! they came along!

The Imp conducted them to the door of the theater, and went in ahead with the Tall Young Man. Coming down the aisle were a man and woman, and at sight of the Imp and his escort they stopped and stared. The Imp recognized them as his friends of the first and second acts. "Oh, go back! go back!" he said eagerly. "There are lots of us at the theater now!

There 's lots more than thirty!" They turned and fled behind the curtain.

After a crowded session at the "box-office," as the Tall Young Man called it, the procession poured in, laughing and talking. They filled the wooden settees and the four dingy boxes at the side of the stage, and then, with a burst of applause from the audience, in came the Hungarian Band! They settled themselves below the stage, and as the Tall Young Man, who was busily showing people to their seats, called out in a high, cracked voice, "Ladies, please *remove* their hats *in* the parquet!" they struck up the overture to William Tell, and the Imp felt that the circus could be only a little better than the theater!

The people all seemed so jolly, and everybody laughed so loudly, and the Tall Young Man was so funny, as he fanned the ladies in the boxes with newspapers, and leaned over their chairs and made opera-glasses of his hands and stared down at the Imp.

"Who is that beautiful child in brown corduroy?" he asked loudly. "Who *can* that angel be? He is too valuable to be left alone!" And they all laughed — but the Imp did n't care. He was too happy. He made glasses of his hands, too, and so did the rest, and stared at the box where the Tall Young Man stood.

And then a bell struck, once, twice, and the music stopped, and the curtain rose. The Imp held his breath. A beautiful lady sat all alone on a bench in a garden. "Alas!" she said in a loud voice, "what an unhappy lot is mine!" The Imp would have liked to hear more, but the people began to clap their hands very hard, and the Tall Young Man especially seemed quite beside himself with enthusiasm. The lady seemed somewhat embarrassed, but kept on with her speech, and soon the people stopped.

Then the play went on. The Imp did not understand the plot at all; he could not make out half they said; but he was deeply interested, nevertheless. He felt that he was, in a way, the proprietor of the thing, and he only wished his mother and Aunt Gertrude were not away up the river in a rowboat, and could see what he had brought to pass.

At one point in the play he caught his breath, for there stalked on the stage, in a big black hat and top-boots, his friend who took the money for the tickets! Everybody laughed and applauded as soon as he came in, and the leader of the Hungarian Band laughed, too, and played a queer, sad, jerky music that made the Imp feel half afraid. The band watched his violin, and followed whatever he played, laughing all the time.

As soon as the man began to speak, the Imp trembled, his voice was so low and menacing.

"That 's the Heavy Villain, Imp dear," said Miss Eleanor, who sat by him.

"Heavy?" said the Imp, curiously, "heavy? How much does he weigh? More than my Uncle Stanley?"

Miss Eleanor laughed. "Oh, tons more!" she said.

After the man had talked a little, the people sat quite still. His big eyes burned and glowed, his hands trembled, and when he stepped out to the front and made a long, threatening speech, and shook his fist and strode away muttering, they burst into applause that seemed even to the little Imp to be very enthusiastic and real. They clapped so long that he came back and stood very straight and bowed and smiled, and one of the ladies in the boxes threw on the stage at his feet a bunch of mountain-laurel. He bent and picked it up, and walked off very proudly, and after that, whenever he came on, the audience kept very still, and applauded loudly when he went off.

The Imp did n't know that it was a poor play, poorly staged, and, except for the Heavy Villain, poorly acted. He did n't know that the city people laughed at the tragic parts, and sighed at the comic scenes, and enjoyed the joke of being in a little dingy country theater more than anything on the stage. He thought that people always ate candy and pop-corn balls at theaters, and did not doubt that it was the custom to converse from the floor with the boxes between the acts.

When it was over, and the wicked Villain had died so naturally that the Imp was terribly frightened and hid his face in Miss Eleanor's red lap, they applauded more than ever, and called the delighted actors before the curtain, and threw what flowers and candy they had left

at them; and the band "played them out," as the Tall Young Man in flannel said. And a fat, fussy gentleman who had absolutely refused to come to this theater, and had only allowed himself to be led there by Miss Eleanor, rushed down the aisle and up the side steps behind the curtain. The Imp heard some one say, "He's gone to get that Villain. Big piece of luck for him!"

So he fled rapidly after the fat, fussy gentleman, for the Villain was his friend, and he wished to see him get a big piece of luck.

They pushed through a little crowd of men and women laughing and eating and walking about, to a big, bare room where the Heavy Villain sat with his head on his arms, all alone. The fussy gentleman trotted over to him and tapped his shoulder. "Look here," he said, "is n't this Henry Blair?"

The Villain looked up. His eyes were blacker than ever. "Yes, it is," he said shortly. "Who are you?"

The fussy gentleman smiled. "I 'm Sibley, of New York," he said.

The Villain started up. "Sibley?" he stammered. "L. P. Sibley, the manager?"

"The very same," said the fussy gentleman, "and the man who made your father famous. What are you doing here, Blair?"

The Villain blushed. "I was sick," he said, "and I got discouraged, and I got in here, and we drifted along—"

"Well, you want to stop drifting and get to work," said the fussy gentleman. "You quit this traveling insane asylum as soon as you can, and come down to me. You 've got your father's talent, young man, and you want to do something with it. D' you see?"

The Villain seemed very much moved and very grateful. He seized the fussy gentleman's hand and pressed it, and said he 'd never forget his kindness, and other things the Imp did n't understand at all. Why so grateful at being told to get to work? Still, he was glad if the Villain was, for he liked the Villain.

"Oh, don't thank me—thank our friend the Imp," said the fussy gentleman, quickly. "If it had n't been for him we 'd none of us have come near the place. It 's his show."

Then the Villain seized the Imp and blessed him, and, as the gentleman's back was turned just then, actually kissed him!

"What 's the matter?" said the Imp, as he wiped his cheek, "do you feel bad?" And remembering the Villain's advice to him when he was groveling on the floor, he patted his head kindly. "Come, take a brace!" he said in a fatherly way.

So they laughed and went away, the fussy gentleman and the Imp, and Miss Eleanor was waiting for them, and they walked home together, the Imp very tired, but oh, very, very happy!

The people had told his mother about it, and she was half reproachful and half amused, as she often was. "Perry Scott Stafford, how did you ever dare to do it?" she said.

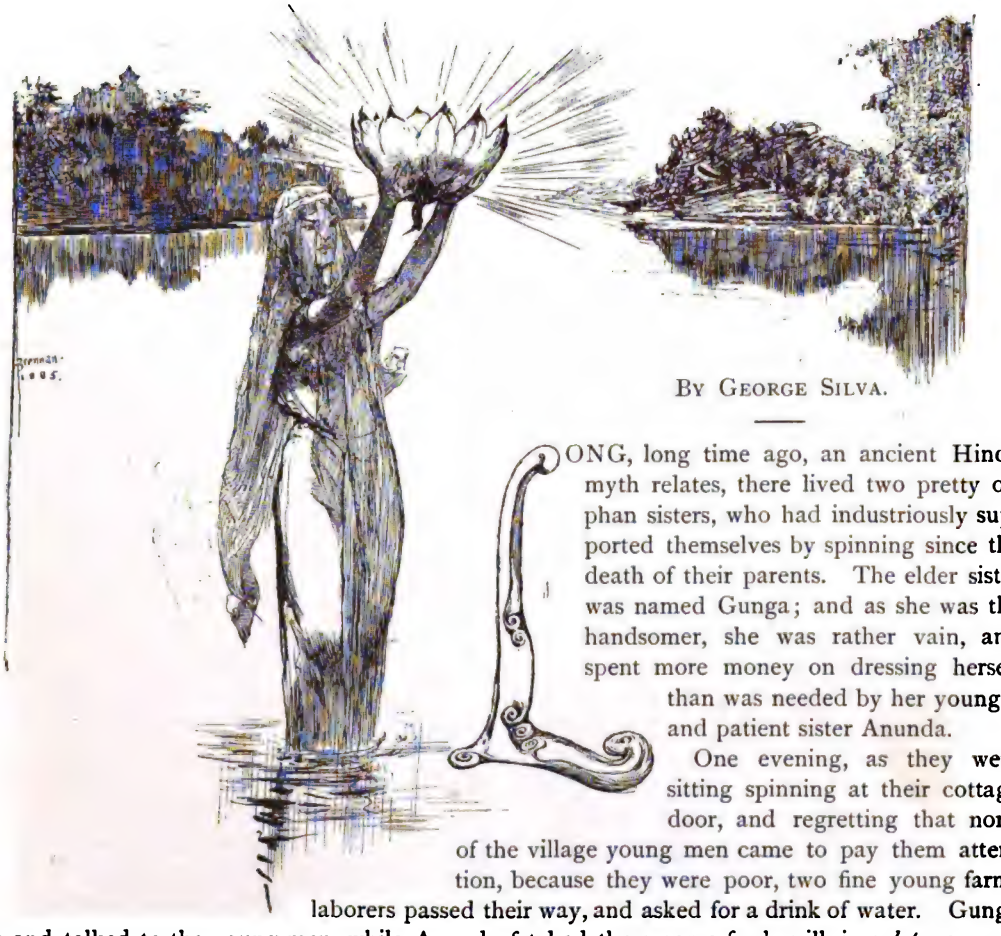
Before he could answer, the Tall Young Man in white flannels spoke for him. "Why, Mrs. Stafford, he is a public benefactor!" said this jolly young man. "It is entirely owing to the untiring zeal of the Imp, ladies and gentlemen," turning to the people generally, "that we have been enabled to enjoy this finely staged, beautifully interpreted melodrama. He shall have a vote of thanks. Three cheers for the Imp!"

And the Imp, terribly embarrassed at such public mention, endeavored to hide behind his polo-cap, and finally ran up the stairs, followed by the cheers and his mother.

On the landing stood Bell-boy No. 5. "Play good?" he inquired, as they passed.

The Imp turned a beaming face to his friend in uniform. "Oh, Jim!" he said, "the circus is n't *in* it with the theater!"

The Transmigration of ANUNDA.



By George Silva.

LONG, long time ago, an ancient Hindu myth relates, there lived two pretty orphan sisters, who had industriously supported themselves by spinning since the death of their parents. The elder sister was named Gunga; and as she was the handsomer, she was rather vain, and spent more money on dressing herself than was needed by her younger and patient sister Anunda.

One evening, as they were sitting spinning at their cottage door, and regretting that none of the village young men came to pay them attention, because they were poor, two fine young farm-laborers passed their way, and asked for a drink of water. Gunga sat and talked to the young men, while Anunda fetched them some fresh milk in a *lota*, or cup.

The young fellows admired the girls very much, and told them they were traveling in search of work. Then the sisters told them the Rajah wanted gardeners for his orchard, on which the men replied: "If we obtain that employment through your kindness, we shall come a-courting you, for it is long since we have met maidens so beautiful and so kind."

The Rajah engaged them both; and as they were excellent gardeners, he soon gave them good wages, and then they lost no time in marrying the two pretty orphans.

But Gunga wasted her husband's wages in buying fine clothes for herself and for her baby, Rami, while Anunda saved all the money she could for the benefit of her husband and their baby, Sita.

After some years, when the two little girls were about five years old, Gunga's husband reproached his wife constantly, because by her extravagance he was still poor, while Anunda's husband had been able to purchase cows and goats with the money which she had saved.

Gunga could bear her husband's reproaches no longer. She became violently jealous of her sister, whom both the men praised, and at last she resolved to kill her. So one day, when the sisters were drawing water from the *talao*, or large deep tank, on the edge of which they bathed, Gunga pushed her sister into the deepest part, where she seemed to drown. But the

god Krishna changed her so that her soul went into the body of a large tortoise which lived in that tank, and every day, when the two children bathed there alone (for Gunga was afraid to bathe again in that tank), the old tortoise swam to little Sita, and gave her good things to eat, which made her very strong and plump.

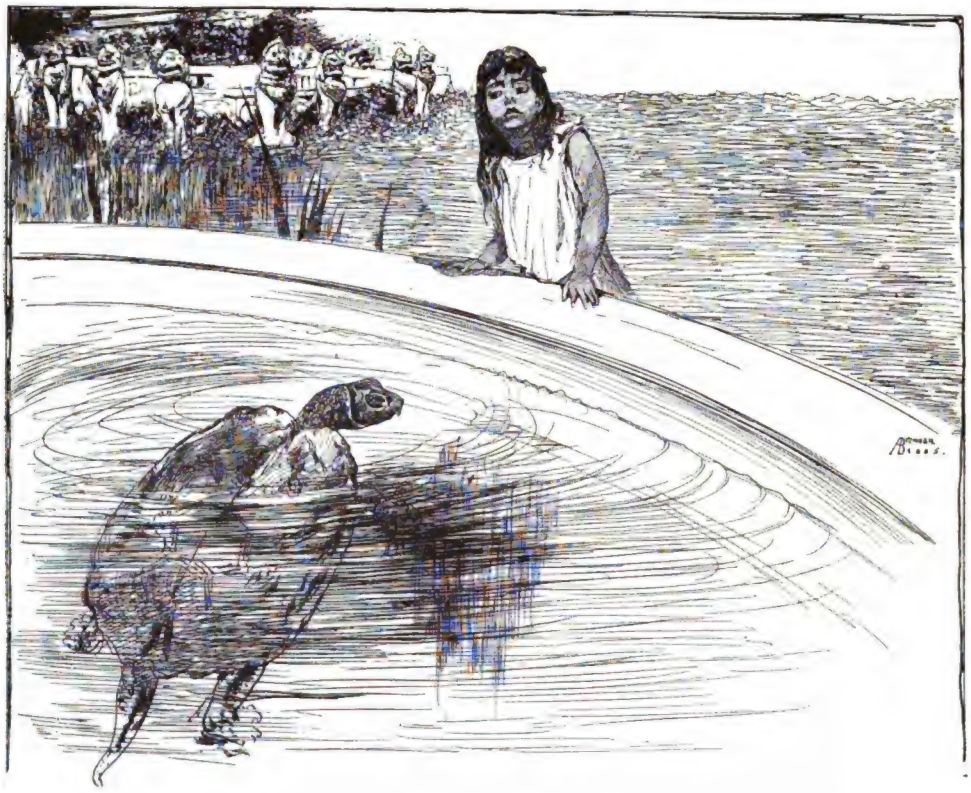
Gunga asked her daughter: "What makes your cousin so plump, while you are so lean? Do I not give her only the scraps, while you have always the best food, as much as you can eat?"

Little Rami then told her mother about the tortoise which fed her cousin, and Gunga's anger was great. She told her daughter to feign sickness, and to ask her father (when he inquired about her health) to kill the big tortoise and to make soup for her of its flesh.

Sita heard, and ran in distress to the tank. Finding the tortoise, she cried: "Oh, mother, they will kill you to make food for my cousin!"

"Never mind," said the tortoise. "I know they will kill me, and they will give Rami my flesh for food, and to you only a small bone. Take that bone and plant it in the yard, and visit the place for three days. Then you shall find me again in another form."

Everything happened as the tortoise foretold. She was killed and made into broth. The meat was eaten by Gunga and her child; and a bone was given to Sita, who concealed it and at night planted it in the garden. Next day she prayed and wept there; and as her tears fell upon the ground, to her great astonishment a young mango-tree six feet high rose from the earth. On the second day the tree was twenty feet high; and when the child prayed with her little arms round the stem, the green flowers opened on the branches. On the third day the tree was full grown, and as soon as Sita came to say her prayers under its shade, the fruit ripened, and the leaves rustled and whispered kind words to her from her mother.



"THE OLD TORTOISE SWAM TO LITTLE SITA, AND GAVE HER GOOD THINGS TO EAT."

Sita brought her basket and held it under the tree while the beautiful ripe fruit fell into it. Then she took the basketful to her aunt and cousin. Gunga then went to the tree; but no fruit fell into her basket, and when she sent a man to pick the mangos they all withered in his hands.

So the farmers told the women and children: "Let no one pick this fruit but Sita; for it is plain that the gods have given her this tree for herself."

There was never such a tree in the world. Every day in the year it furnished her with a large basket of ripe mangos, some of which she gave to the family, and the rest she sold.

Her father kept the money for her, and when the children grew to young maidens there were many offers of marriage for the pretty Sita, who was quite rich; but none for her cousin Rami.

This maddened Gunga, who got up, one night, and cut down the tree. Her husband was very angry, but as it could not be helped, there was nothing for it but to use the wood to feed the fire.

Sita managed to save one cluster of green leaves from the tree, and this she bound up with a beautiful bunch of flowers, and, sorrowing, cast it into the river as an offering to the god Krishna.

The god pitied her devotion, and as the flowers floated down the stream a voice called to her: "Return to-morrow." Now she knew that this was no mortal voice which spoke to her; so the next day she returned and cast another offering of flowers upon the stream; and before they touched the water, a hand rose out of the river and grasped them. When this disappeared Sita perceived a lotus-flower floating on the stream — such a flower as never was seen before, for it shone like the moon and sparkled as the stars.

The girl then knew that the gods had helped her again to recover her mother in another form; for when she entered the stream the glorious flower approached her and rested on her shoulder, where it spoke sweet, motherly words to her.

The fame of this flower went into all the country, and thousands came to see it; but no one except Anunda's child could approach it, for when any one else tried to touch it, it closed its leaves and vanished under water. But Gunga was happy, because there were no more suitors for her niece, now that the mango-tree was dead.

At last the Prince heard of the wondrous flower, and came to the river to see it. He sent in his servant to pluck it — but in vain. The whole army went after it, but none of them could even touch the lotus. At last the Prince said: "I will make any man my vizir who can gather that enchanted flower; if a woman plucks it, I will give her a handsome dowry; and if a maiden brings it to me, I will make her my wife."

So. Sita covered herself from head to foot in a veil, and walked up to her waist into the river. The flower immediately shone brighter than ever, and approached the girl in the water. When the soldiers saw it approaching, they rushed in to gather it; but it again receded, until the Prince ordered them to come out and to leave the veiled woman alone. In another minute the flower was in her hand, and she, still veiled, stepped out of the river and offered the lotus to the Prince.

He took the flower, and as he did so he raised her veil, exclaiming: "Here is a blossom still more beautiful than the enchanted lotus!"

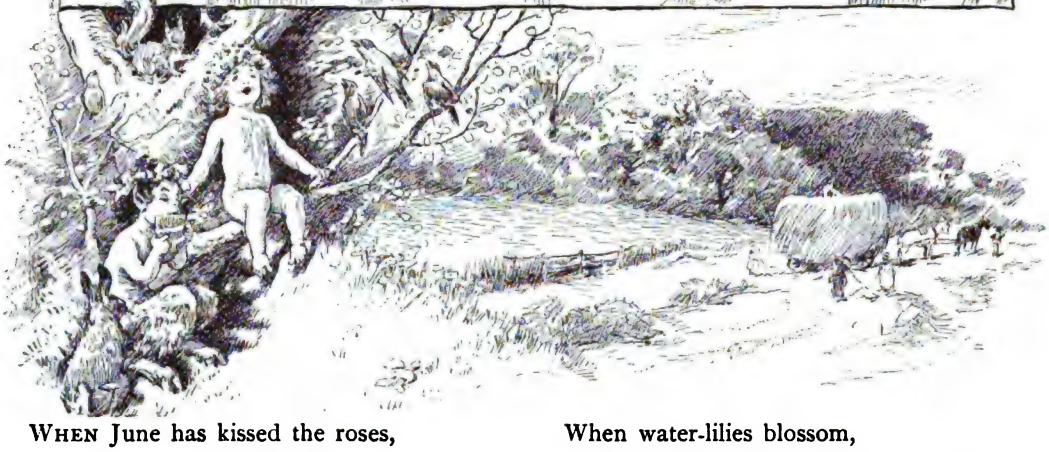
Then he married the maiden, and they placed the flower in a golden vase on a bracket between their thrones, and there the flower bloomed all their happy lives.

Sita, the Princess, did not punish her cruel Aunt Gunga, because of her own affection for her uncle and for her little cousin; but she gave them a pension and sent them to live on a fertile island, so that Gunga should not come near to hurt her.

The Princess took good care of her father, and when her eldest son grew to be twenty years old, he piously performed the obsequies of the old man, who died at that time.

And if you look at the carved ivory thrones in the palaces of Travancore, you can see how the magic lotus is carved on them all, which shows that the wonderful story has been believed for many years in the land of Hindustan.

A Song for Summer



When June has kissed the roses,
  And summer breezes blow,
And daisies shine by the silver brook
  That chatters down below,
    Oh, merry, merry goes the day
    When farmers carry, carry the hay!

When water-lilies blossom,
  And the old mill-wheels stand still,
And all the little blue butterflies
  Come dancing down the hill,
    Oh, merry, merry goes the day
    When farmers carry, carry the hay!

And Jock shall drive the horses,
  And Jenny toss the hay,
And up and into the big west wind,
  And catch it as you may!
    Oh, merry, merry goes the day
    When farmers carry, carry the hay!

And home again to sleeping,
  When bells of evening chime,
And cheer with me for the last, last load,
  And a happy summer-time!
    Oh, merry, merry goes the day
    When farmers carry, carry the hay!

Then through the sun and shadow
  And round the meadow run,
Sun and shadow, 't is which you choose;
  But give to me the sun.
    Oh, merry, merry goes the day
    When farmers carry, carry the hay!

Eric Parker.

RHYMEINATE.*

By J. C. C. Patterson.

What do you think the sailor ate?
Why, nothing more nor less than bait,
Which some one left in an old crate
Of very long-forgotten date.
Then with his head and heart elate,
He cried, "I mind not any fate,"
And firmly walked out past the gate.
But a Turkish Khan, with ardent hate,
At this saying grew irate,
And said, "He shall not jubilate
While I am Khan of this Khanate;
And though it now may be too late,
On board my yacht I 'll make him mate;
And should he there his lies narrate,
Or to my crew try to orate,
With a capstan-bar I 'll break his pate,
And hang him up on a board quadrate;
And then to my subjects I 'll relate,
In an address on affairs of state,
That this man had one serious trait,
Which would tend to underrate
The nation's honor, and make vibrate
The lives of all, so I could n't wait
So long as the life of a Xerobate
To throw him down from the minaret yate,
Or give him a dose of zirconate.

* The rhyming words begin with the letters of the alphabet, in their order.

THE JUNIOR CUP—AFTERWARD.

(*In Six Chapters.*)

By Allen French.

Chapter I.

The training of Chester Fiske, at one time such a problem in his father's mind,—and not very long ago a matter of interest to readers of St. Nicholas,—seemed at last to pursue a simple and regular course. There had been outcry at home when Mr. Fiske decided to send his son to boarding-school. But the father was not to be changed.

"Boarding-schools are not for every boy," he agreed. "For Chester, however, nothing else will do. He has made a fine stride toward manliness at the camp. I cannot have him slipping back. Anna," he said testily, to his sister's interruption, "do you suppose I am glad to part with the boy? And, besides," he said, "Mr. Holmes will still have his eye on him." For Mr. Holmes had become headmaster at the Stonefield school for boys. "It 's a chance not to be lost," said Mr. Fiske, and sent his son away from his side, concealing, with the stoicism of a Roman, the self-denial which Chester did not appreciate until afteryears.

A year and a half in the school brought Chester to a position which some envied. It began to be whispered, "Chester is sure to be captain of the nine, next year." Wherever that was said, it was evident by the expression on the faces of the hearers that Chester was on the way to the highest position in the school.

Scholarship aside, that was true. And scholarship included, there was no glory in the eyes of the boys equal to that of captain of the nine. Chester himself longed for it, and worked for it, as the best ending of his school life, and as the best introduction for him at college. And what much helped him to it was his simple habit of life, which was essentially manly. At least, his digestion was good, and his lungs strong. Moreover, there lay nothing on his conscience. To be manly one need not be a man. Chester aped no grown-up doings, had no mannish talk, pretended to no worldly wisdom, and felt no wish to acquire the small bad habits which mark the lower rather than the higher side of man's estate.

Thus began Chester's third half-year, which was the third from the last. Returning from vacation, he unpacked his trunk, discarded his hat for a cap, and in the absence of his roommate (not yet arrived) set out to find old friends, make new ones, and to shuffle off as well as he might the homesickness which yet clung to him.

The familiar sights, the long corridors resounding, and the bustle of the new arrivals, made him at once himself. Old friends came and locked arms with him. They wandered to kitchen and library, school-room and gymnasium, for it was one of the two free afternoons in the term (the other being before departure) when there were no rules. They stood before the bulletin-board and read the old notices, amusing now with their reminders of the past. But while they stood there a big boy came and posted up the first notice of the new term. It was Stukeley, the captain of the nine.

"Hullo, Chester," he said; "here 's something for you to read."

And Chester was pleased with the attention from his chief. The bulletin read: "Baseball practice begins next Monday afternoon in the gymnasium. Candidates report at four o'clock."

"Hey, Chester?" said a companion, and nudged him in the side. "Hey? You going to catch, this year?"

"Oh, go 'long," replied Chester. "Stukeley catches, of course. I 'm lucky if I 'm in the field."

"But next year, surely," said one of the boys. "And captain, too."

"Don't, Johnny," protested Chester, blushing suddenly. Chester still could blush.

A boy came by. "Mr. Holmes is looking for you, Chester."

"Where?" asked Chester.

"He was in the upper hall."

Chester hastened there. But Mr. Holmes had gone.

"Hard to find him," said a boy of experience. "I think he went to his study."

Chester went downstairs again. There he saw Mr. Holmes talking with a gentleman. The two went up the stairs together, Chester following slowly. A group of friends detained him. When he reached the upper hall once more Mr. Holmes was not to be seen.

"Oh," said a boy of whom he inquired, "he 's gone with somebody's father, showing him the school." Chester knew that was a matter of more than a quarter-hour, and for the present gave up the chase. He went back to his own room, to see if his room-mate had come.

A trunk stood open by the bed. Shoes, neckties, underwear, and coats were on all horizontal surfaces, including the floor. The bureau-drawers were open, and a short, square, ruddy lad was cramming them full. Chester stood and watched him. The boy reached for a pile of underwear. "It takes so long to pack!" he said. "But I can unpack in ten minutes, arranging things afterward."

"A bad habit, Rawson," said Chester.

"Whoop!" cried his friend, and turning, thudded the whole pile of soft clothing into Chester's breast. "Here we are again!"

Such a greeting between old friends! Do boys ever do the same elsewhere? Do they rush into one another's arms, and, instead of embracing, wrestle? Do they punch heads, cry names such as "rascal" and "fellow," and crash shouting upon the groaning bed? If they do not, I am almost afraid to indicate what Chester and Rawson did, and so say nothing. Yet they were good friends, too, a proverb in the school.

So, drawing a veil upon their previous actions, we will picture the two gathering up the scattered clothes, and, with one purpose only,—that of haste,—stuffing them into the bureau.

"Oh," Rawson was saying, "I want to get into the corridor and see all the boys again."

"Is this," spoke a soft voice at the door, a woman's voice, "the room of Chester Fiske?"

A lady stood on the threshold—"the right kind," the boys saw at a glance; gentle, sweet, and lovable, but with a paleness in her cheek that meant ill health. The mother of one of the boys, they knew at once.

"Yes," she said when the boys turned; "you are Chester Fiske. I know your face."

"Won't you come in, madam?" Chester said, hospitably.

She came in hesitating. "I hope I don't interrupt, and yet I wish to speak to you. Oh, don't go," she cried, as Rawson moved to the door. "You are Rawson, are n't you? May I speak to you, too?"

"How does she know us?" both boys thought. Chester answered the question in his own way. "You knew my father, madam?"

"No," she answered; "I have seen you before." She hesitated to say where; she still remembered the pang when Chester destroyed one of her dearest hopes, and could not speak of it. "You know my son. He is coming here to school this term; and oh, I do hope that you will be friends."

"Why, yes," said Rawson, bold to promise; "I am sure we shall be friends."

She held a hand to each of the boys, and drew them to her. "I must leave him among strangers. I must go away on account of my health, and where I am going there is no school for him. So many times I have separated from him, and left him to himself. I am so glad you two are here; he used to know you both. You will help him, won't you?"

"What is his name?" both of the boys were wondering. But there was no hesitating. "Yes 'm," they said together, soberly, on account of her earnestness.

"He is a little headstrong," she said; "and he has n't had much care. I have been so sick at times, and he has no father. Oh, boys, I shall depend upon you—you and Mr. Holmes—to make him happy! He has faults. Dear boys, you will be patient with him, won't you?"

Wondering, they answered, "Yes," again.

"You never saw me before," she said. "But I hope you can like me." They could not

but like her. The touch of her hand, the look of her face, were enough for that. And her appeal to them touched all their chivalry.

"Oh, yes," they cried, "we do!"

"I hope you will like my boy. I feel better at leaving him, now I have seen you here. Good-by, dear boys. I thank you for your promise."

She pressed their hands warmly. "Good-by," she said once more, and left them.

Though they were alone in the room, they could not speak to each other. Neither had ever known a mother. Each thought: "If I had a mother like that!"

"Well," said Chester, at last, with an effort, "let 's finish your unpacking and go along. Mr. Holmes wants to see me."

They finished it together in silence, each thinking of the lady, neglecting, in the thought of her, to wonder about her son. Presently they went out again into the corridors.

But Mr. Holmes was not to be found. Though Chester and Rawson searched first the upper and then the lower corridor, the school-rooms, and even the dining-hall, there was no Mr. Holmes to be seen. They finally came back to the bulletin-boards. Many of the boys were gathered there.

Of the upper class there was Stukeley again, to be noticed by whom was an honor to make a small boy pink; and Joe Taylor, the quiet scholar whom the boys called "Jeremy," and loved (though they did not know it) as much as Stukeley. He was a boy of unyielding principle, and his influence was so strong in the school that Mr. Holmes had made him head-monitor. And of the second class were several boys, all of whom, being diffident about speaking to the older boys, immediately swarmed upon Chester and Rawson with cries of welcome.

There were the vacation to be discussed and experiences at home to be compared; and news of the new term, notable among the items of which was the fact that Otto Beech was not coming back, and that there was a new boy in his place, going to room with Ben Farley. A Second Class boy, therefore. And he had stunning things, nothing less than a gold watch, and lots of books, and a baseball outfit not to be beat. And Walter Rogers was back with a black eye, which the boys were sure he got in a fight, because Walter hinted that he hit himself on the corner of a bookcase.

Then Stukeley pushed into the group, and said a word to Rawson. And he laid his hand on Chester's shoulder, and said: "I mean to coach you a lot this spring." Chester could scarcely find words to thank him. And while Rawson was nudging the nearest boy, both as pleased as Chester was himself, there was a stir at the door, and a great voice, recognized by all as belonging to Ben Farley, roared through the hall: "New boy!" All turned and looked.

There was the new boy, sure enough, well dressed, handsome, and not quite at home. In fact, his manner was nervous. He felt the cruelty of Ben Farley's introduction, and as a dozen pairs of eyes were suddenly fixed on him, he wished himself away. But a boy can't run. Though flushing, he stood resolutely. Then, as Stukeley turned to look, the whole group shifted position, and Chester and the new boy came face to face.

The new boy was expecting the meeting; he waited. Chester was surprised, and needed a moment to gather his wits. After nearly two years he recognized the other, remembering the circumstances of their last meeting. And though he did not consider it just then, this time the positions were reversed: Chester was the old boy, Marshall was the new. For it was Marshall Moore.

A moment they stood so, just long enough for the other boys to see the recognition. Then came another bellow from Ben Farley: "Oh, Marshall, your mother wants you!" And Marshall turned and went away.

Chester looked at Rawson. The other boys crowded around. Even Stukeley forgot his dignity, and pushed in with the rest.

"Do you know him, Chester?" he demanded. "Do you know him, Rawson?"

Rawson returned Chester's look. "Why, yes," he answered, not looking at Stukeley; "we know him."

"Yes," said Chester; "we know him."

"Who is he?" asked Stukeley. And the boys cried: "Where did you know him?" "What is his name?" "Tell us about him!"

Rawson and Chester still looked at each other. The remembrance of the summer at the camp, the echoes of old animosities and injuries, rose in the minds of both and sparkled in their eyes. Recollections came crowding. "We can be even with him now," thought both the boys. They forgot for a moment that they had been even with him then. Chester made ready to speak words to express his feelings. He forgot that so much time had passed, that he had the power to spoil completely Marshall's life at school.

"His name is Marshall Moore," he said. "He is a boy I never—"

"Could trust," he was about to say. But a voice, a little hurried, interrupted, and there stood Mr. Holmes.

"Chester," he said, "I wish to speak to you at once."

Mr. Holmes usually persuaded, but when he chose he could command. There was an emphasis on the "at once" that stopped Chester's voice like a hand on his mouth. He turned to obey. "You, too, Rawson," added Mr. Holmes, and Rawson followed without a word.

When Chester thought of that moment afterward, he could never be sufficiently thankful for the instant of time that saved him.

Mr. Holmes led the way to his study, a room with all his athletic trophies, beautifully furnished, loved by the boys. Chester and Rawson followed, a little interested in what was to come, but more taken up with their discovery. Marshall Moore at the school! They did not speak as they kept close behind Mr. Holmes, but their glances showed their feelings. Marshall was at their mercy, and they knew it. The knowledge came suddenly, too suddenly for any but one feeling to show itself—the old-time desire for revenge.

No; Chester and Rawson were not thoroughly manly yet.

Mr. Holmes let them into the study and shut the door. The boys were upon him at once. "Oh, Mr. Holmes!" they cried together.

"Well?" he asked.

"Marshall Moore is at the school!"

"Yes," he responded, "I know it. It is about him that I wish to speak with you."

The boys were taken aback. Mr. Holmes was calm and reflective; they saw no gleam of exultation in his eye. In reality, he was thinking how best to open his subject. The boys' glances wandered to each other, to the floor, then out of the window. There they saw a sight that roused them.

The lady, she who had come to their room, was going away. Her carriage stood at the roadside, waiting; she was talking with a boy, her son. They saw her lips move as she spoke to the boy, whose back was toward them. By the same impulse both boys had moved nearer the window in order to see better. Mr. Holmes waited.

They saw her lovely, earnest face; could remember the kindly tones of her voice, and almost heard them in imagination. Her sweet eyes were on her son; they could see her lips tremble, and read her emotion. The same thought came to both the boys: "Oh, to be loved like that!" Forgetful of manners, they watched her take farewell, kiss her boy, turn at the carriage-door for a last look, then she was gone.

The carriage whirled her away, and they with her son stood gazing after. Then the boy turned to come into the school, and they looked at him.

It was Marshall!

He looked up, and saw Chester and Rawson looking down; frowned, and passed out of sight. Both boys felt as if every idea were gone.

"She is *his* mother!" exclaimed Chester, after a moment's silence.

They forgot Mr. Holmes, forgot everything else, and looked at each other amazed at the discovery.

"Yes," said Mr. Holmes, presently; "she is his mother. How did you know? Have you spoken to her?"

"Why, she came to our room," explained Rawson.

"And she asked us to promise to be good to her boy," said Chester. "We did n't know who he was."

"Now that you know," asked Mr. Holmes, "will you keep your promise?" They hesitated. "Wait," said the master; "you need not decide until I have said my say."

Chapter II.

There was a fire glowing in the grate. Mr. Holmes moved his chair to the hearth.

"Draw up, boys," he said.

They seated themselves before the coals, and waited for the master to speak.

Mr. Holmes studied the fire for a little while, then raised his eyes to their faces, commanded their attention by the thoughtfulness of his glance, and began:

"I have n't a word to say, Chester," he said, "in defense of the things that Marshall did to you that summer at the camp. Not a word. They were mean; they were unfair. But I wish to tell you boys the story of Marshall's life, as he does not know it himself, and see if you cannot find in your hearts some pity for him.

"Marshall has never had a home. I know that you, Rawson, have not, either. But things have gone worse with Marshall than with you. His father died when he was young, his mother has always been ill, and Marshall has been to school after school, in Europe, England, and America, never two years in the same place, never two years under the same influences. What he needed he never had—a firm hand over him. You have had your father, Chester; and your guardian, Rawson, has loved you always. But from the time when he was five years old Marshall has never had restraint, and the result, as is natural, has been very bad for him.

"If you can imagine what it is to be always among strangers, you will have some idea of Marshall's life. You don't know it, Rawson, though you may think you do. You have the faculty of making friends. Marshall has never yet been truly happy except with his mother; and she, on account of her health, has always had to live among the mountains, where there have not been good schools for Marshall's education.

"The result has been bad. I once believed it was impossible to reform him. But he has had a deep experience in the desperate illness from which his mother has just recovered. He has promised—not carelessly, boys. I have undertaken to help him. Yet I can do very little unless you help me."

For Mr. Holmes knew that in a boarding-school the masters, while their influence was strong, could not reach a boy as his schoolmates could; could never exercise over him the same constant influence; could not stand at his elbow in every temptation of his life. The boys must help him.

"I speak to you frankly," he said. "His mother is anxious about him. He was expelled from his last school. You are never to say this of him, remember." The boys felt that they would rather die than tell. "And we must, *must*, MUST help him here and now, or I shall have the greatest disappointment I have had in my life."

He rose and walked about. The boys sat silent; they did not dare look at each other. Mr. Holmes came back and stood by his chair.

"In taking Marshall into the school," he said, "I deliberately ran a risk. You two know him, and have cause to dislike him. But I believed I could depend upon you. I trust in your generosity; I am not afraid to appeal to it. You are in a position to spoil, by a word, every chance that Marshall has of succeeding here at school. I beg of you not to speak."

The hair twitched on Chester's head. He had almost said the word! On Rawson's face was something as near fright as ever appeared there.

"And if you can help me," concluded Mr. Holmes, "I shall be greatly obliged."

Chester found his voice. "Oh, Mr. Holmes," he cried, "we will help you all we can!" And Rawson repeated similar words.

"Thank you, boys," said the master. He spoke a few words of courage and energy, and then dismissed them. They left with a sense of having promised solemnly. They felt, also, a confidence inspired by Mr. Holmes, and when presently they met the First Class boys again, Chester spoke to them with a boldness he really felt.

"That new boy," he said, "I hope you 'll like. And," he added, "he used to be a first-rate ball-player."

But when they were together in their room,

the enthusiasm having passed, they looked at each other in doubt. They knew how hard it was for a boy to reform.

And Marshall knew it, too. Had n't he tried? Had n't he, in school after school, made fresh beginning after fresh beginning, only to fail? Sometimes the circumstances of his wandering life had led him away from true friends and a good start. He had been discouraged. Even now he was on the verge of recklessness. To be good meant hard work. To have a good time was easy; and oh, he did enjoy a good time!

The influence of his mother was strong upon him, but as Marshall faced the school, thinking that of all its boys he knew but two, and that those were two he might fairly count his enemies, he recognized the odds against him. He knew how slight, in certain ways, was the protection of the head-master. He knew how strong a prejudice could be excited against him by the word of one influential boy. That Chester had an influence he could well believe. It took all his courage to go to the school and face Chester again. Knowing what his own feelings would be in Chester's place, he could not expect forgiveness. He went to please his mother, but he counted upon the worst experience of his life.

"I 'll stand it as long as I can," he said to himself, at last. "Then I 'll get out."

He went to his room. A lean, tall boy detained him. "My name is Joe Taylor. 'Jeremy,' they call me. I 've heard of you from Chester Fiske. My room is near yours. If I can do anything for you, let me know."

Marshall stammered in surprise. The lean student left him as another boy approached.

"I 'm Stukeley, the baseball captain," said this one. "Chester Fiske says you can play good ball. You must try for the nine. Practice begins on Monday."

Marshall could scarcely believe his ears. "They are fooling me," he thought.

But Chester himself met him next, and held out his hand. He was evidently hurrying somewhere on an errand, but paused to say cordially, "Glad to see you, Marshall."

Marshall was amazed at Chester's kind tone. He sooner would have expected a blow.

He went to his room. There was Ben Farley, lying on his back on the window-seat, playing on his harmonica. He nodded, but did not cease playing. Marshall sat down. He was sensitive to music; his room-mate was a skilful player. Ben drew from the harmonica strains as from a violin; he looked up into the corners of the ceiling dreamily, for Ben was an artist, and wandering chords breathed softly from his mouth. He looked like a cherub; Marshall, for a moment, felt like one. Marshall had received the pleasantest sensation of years. Chester meant to be good to him. He began to feel confidence in himself.

But presently Ben took the organ from his mouth, and sat up. He still looked like a cherub, plump and cheerful.

"So," he remarked, "you and Chester Fiske are ancient enemies."

"What!" cried Marshall. The blow in the face had come.

He did not think Ben was guessing—romancing, rather. Ben was fond of twisting the truth into extravagances. This time he had stumbled on an unsuspected reality. Marshall was shrewd, but his astonishment carried him away. He missed Ben's momentary look of surprise, then his delight. He saw only the mask that concealed them—innocence again.

"Why, yes," said Ben. "Some trouble you two had once. What was it, anyway?"

"Why, he—he—" cried Marshall. He realized, in spite of sudden anger, that he had no accusation to make against Chester. "Nothing," he ended sullenly. "If Chester wants to talk, let him. I 've nothing to say."

Ben's discovery lacked completeness. "Oh, well," he said, feeling his way, "he did n't say much—just hinted round. Rather mean of him, I think. Now, if you 'd speak up and tell your side, we could confute him."

"Confute!" said Marshall, bitterly. "I 've nothing to confute."

Ben sprang up and struck an attitude. "I see," he said; "there is some mystery here." He paced the floor, frowning and nodding, then came and put a hand on Marshall's shoulder. "Never mind," he said. "Cheer up, my boy. Are we not room-mates? Rely upon me. I will stand or fall with you!"

"Thank you," said Marshall, dejectedly. His mood was dark again, and his perceptions dulled. Had he been himself, he would have perceived Ben's theatric gestures and phrases, and have recognized the actor in the boy. Ben's artistic blood led him to constant mummery; he was always pretending, even to himself. But Marshall did not see.

"Ha!" said Ben, pausing. "What 's that? Hist!"

"Nothing," answered Marshall.

"I cannot be mistaken," said Ben. "Listen!"

Marshall listened. There were noises in the corridor—the sound of tiptoeing feet, whisperings, gigglings, and a suppressed cough. Ben sped to the door and put a shoulder against it. He turned to Marshall a face as white as at impending danger. "Fly!" he whispered.

Marshall rose, puzzled. "What is it?"

"The Third Class!" answered Ben, horror-stricken. "When a new boy comes, if the class next below can catch him before he can put his hand on the chapel-knocker for sanctuary, they can claim a treat all round, or make him sing a song at supper. They 've come"—he paused and gasped—"for you. There is no escape."

"The chapel-knocker?" asked Marshall. The chapel was at the very end of the long row of buildings. He looked out. The window was some distance from the frozen ground, but he opened it. "Let them come in," he said.

Ben stepped away from the door. A moment, and the handle turned slowly; then the door opened quickly. A dozen boys, members of the Third Class, were clustered at the threshold.

"Boys," cried Ben, in earnest sadness, "I beg of you—"

"Oh, shut up, Ben," said they.

Marshall sat quietly on one of the window-seats. "You want me?" he asked.

"It 's the custom of the school," began the leader. But Marshall slipped out of the window on to the broad gutter. The house had a French roof; on the window-ledge a boy could walk with safety. The boys made a rush after him. Then, as Marshall started for the next window, it opened, and grinning heads appeared. Boys were before and behind; he was trapped.

He was in no mood to yield. He looked at the roof above him, but the sloping sides were so steep he could not climb to it. He looked down and saw a spout descending. The boys, clambering after him, were close at hand. He sat down near the spout, grasped the gutter, and swung himself into space.

The boys cried out in alarm. Marshall did not heed. It was easy to hang with one hand for an instant, seize the spout, and lower himself upon it. The spout was stout and bore him. He climbed down it quickly, while the boys, with craning necks and bated breath, watched him from above. He reached the ground, cast no glance behind, and walked deliberately to the chapel. There he touched the knocker and turned back. A group of the First Class boys met him.

"Where did you learn to do that?" they asked him.

"On board ship," he answered, and turned away from them. He was not in a sociable frame of mind, and seeing before him the sunset and a quiet path, he pulled his cap from his pocket, set it on his head, and walked away by himself, leaving groups of the boys looking after him.

Among them Ben Farley craned his neck from the window with a curiosity greater than the rest. Curiosity was, in fact, Ben's special weakness. He had an overmastering desire to pry into private affairs, and when he had discovered a mystery he was keen in studying it out. To this particular employment Ben brought an amount of industry that would better have been employed in other matters. The very hint of something concealed would make him fidget for days in the endeavor to find it out, as boys knew who wished to tease him. Just now he found himself on the scent of a real mystery, something of importance to Marshall, and all his faculties were awake with the desire to master the secret. He could not rest until he saw Chester Fiske, and at once seeking him out, watched an opportunity and drew him aside.

"Did you see Marshall climb down the spout?" he asked. "Did n't he do it well?"

"I did n't see him," answered Chester. "It

was a hard thing to do, but he always was a good athlete."

"Kind of an all-round athlete?" asked Ben. "Good in everything, was n't he?"

"Indeed he was," agreed Chester, and smiled at his recollections. "He gave me enough trouble once."

Ben's heart beat faster, but he inquired carelessly, "How was that?"

"Why," explained Chester, "it was at a camp where we were, a summer camp. We had sports, competing for a cup, and it was about as close between Marshall and me as it well could be."

"Who won?" asked Ben, promptly—too promptly, for Chester looked at him and began to smile. Here was a chance to tease Ben.

"We both won," he said. "Therefore the Cup was given to number three."

"Oh, go on," retorted Ben. "You can't fool me. Who won, Chester?"

"Suppose I should say, Ben," answered Chester, who began to feel that perhaps it was like boasting to speak more of the Cup, and so still put Ben off, "that neither won, and so everybody scrambled for it, and it was smashed?" He started to turn away.

"But see here," persisted Ben, detaining him, "whoever won, you and Marshall were n't on very good terms, were you?"

Chester was surprised. He turned and looked Ben over, as he asked: "He has n't said so, has he?"

"I understood him so," replied Ben.

"Well," said Chester, as he began to move away, "we were n't exactly intimate, but I hope he has nothing against me. I have nothing against him."

But Ben saw Chester was very serious, and his desire to know increased. There was something between the two; there must be quite a story to it. Perhaps he could work some more information out of Marshall by means of what he had gained from Chester. He went back to his room, restless with the desire to know.

The March evening closed in. From his lonely walk, where every thought was bitter, where homesickness began to oppress him, Marshall was called back to the school by the ringing of the bell for roll-call. He went with the others to the great school-room, answered to his name, and took the seat assigned to him. He saw that many boys, big and little, looked at him with interest, pointing him out to one another. He was a new boy; he had performed an astonishing feat. But Marshall thought only of Chester Fiske, and what he might have said.

The assignments of classes were given out, various notices were read, and then the boys were called to supper. His neighbors at table tried to scrape acquaintance with him. He was unresponsive.

"They just want," he thought, "to see what I 'll say."

The evening was to be spent in putting the rooms in order. Now, not only Marshall himself had acquired celebrity, but, thanks to Ben, his baseball equipment as well. During the evening his room had attracted many visitors. Boys came in to see Marshall, and to handle his things. He received them without cordiality, almost indifferently, and with few words. Some of the boys, admiring his mask, his varied gloves, his bats, asked leave to use them—sometimes. "You may use them whenever you please," he answered listlessly. They thought him a silent fellow, but that served only to interest them in him the more. He was strong, as they knew; he was handsome, with the evidence in his face of energy and repression. Marshall had had so many experiences in his life that they had marked his features with the evidence of force and self-reliance. Eyes that were searching, a line between the brows, and a mouth that shut tight, detracted somewhat from his good looks, but they added largely to the interest of his face. Therefore the boys felt the wish to know him better. But the very signs of his strength made them hesitate to be familiar, and checked at the outset the progress of acquaintance.

After a while Marshall was left alone with Ben, and Ben began again on his inquiry, backward, as caution bade him.

"Marshall," he said, "I was talking with Chester just before supper, and he said that at that summer camp—where was it, anyway?"

A flush of anger came on Marshall's face. The whole school, presently, would know the story. He rose abruptly from his seat.

"Ben," he said, "let 's not speak of this again."

"But—!" hesitated Ben, in disappointment.

"I mean what I say," stated Marshall, and so sternly that Ben was silent.

He looked furtively at Marshall where he stood by the mantel, and the depth of his room-mate's emotion only pricked his curiosity the more. He called patience to his aid, and resolved to wait; but some day or other, he said to himself, the secret should be his. Meanwhile in the corridor footsteps were again heard, and Marshall's dying flush revived as he said to himself with irritation, "More visitors?" In answer Chester and Rawson appeared in the doorway.

Marshall's aspect did not encourage them to enter, as he stood without a word. But Ben sprang up at once, and cried: "Come in!" This would be fun for him; it was just what he wanted. Chester and Rawson entered.

"Well, Marshall," said Chester, cheerfully, "so you 've come to Stonefield."

"Yes," answered Marshall, shortly.

He stood without budging, his hands behind his back, and neither welcomed them nor invited them in.

Chester felt the inhospitality, but went on.

"I 'm glad you 've come," he said. "I came to say that if I can help you—"

"You 'll be quite willing to?" interrupted Marshall.

There was a sneer in his voice that surprised Chester. The difference in Marshall, moreover, from what he had been two years before was making itself felt. It was the same face, but stronger and less handsome; the same voice, but more abrupt and resolute. There showed an increase of strength in Marshall's character, but whether for good or ill was not quite plain. The question seemed strange, and Chester answered, puzzled: "Why, yes."

"You 've been helping me already," acknowledged Marshall, briefly. "I 'm much obliged."

"Indeed?" inquired Chester, blankly.

Suddenly Marshall pointed to the door. "And you can help me all you please," he said, "on the other side of that sill. Chester, I 'll get along without you in the school."

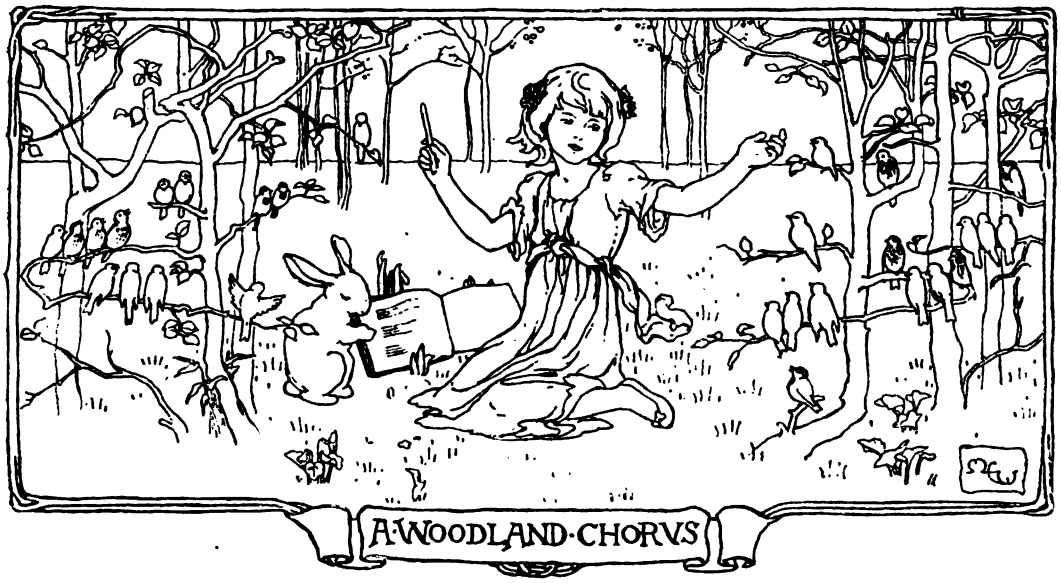
"Marshall!" cried Chester, astonished.

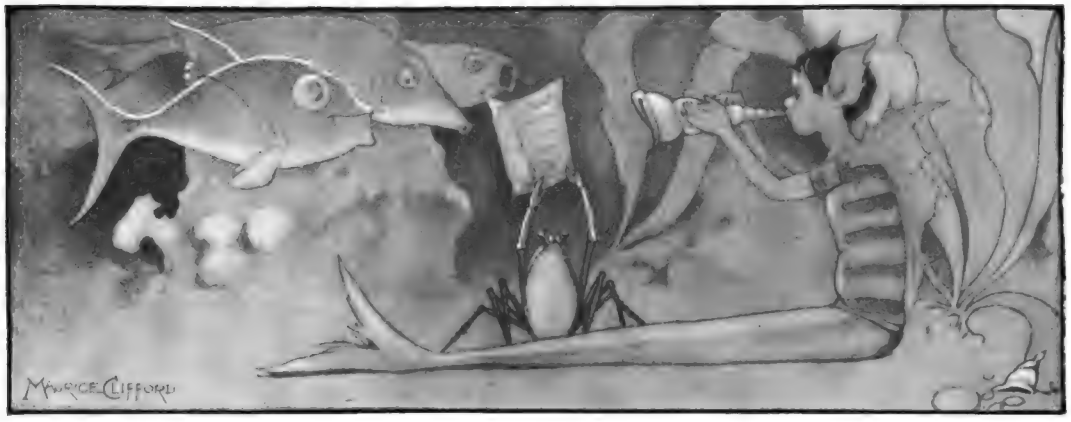
"You, too, Rawson," added Marshall.

Chester struggled with his anger. Rawson took him by the arm. "Come along, Chester," he said, and led him out of the room.

With grim satisfaction Marshall watched the two boys as they departed in silence.

(To be continued.)





A MER-BOY was practising some fish scales on a shell,
While the spider-crab, assisting, declared he did quite well;
But three pouting booby fish who chanced to swim that way
Made such funny mouths at him, the mer-boy could n't play.

MORAL.

Let every little booby fish, for fear lest he 'll annoy,
Refrain from making faces at a mer or other boy.

NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE.

By Minnie L. Upton.

Said little Morning Glory,
"I 'm sure I see a string!
I wonder where 't will lead me
If I should climb and cling.
I cannot see its ending,
But I can reach the top,
I 'm sure, if I keep climbing
And never tire or stop!"

Said Morning Glory's brother,
"You foolish little thing,
To risk your life by trusting
To such a slender string!
You 'd better come with me, dear,
And twine around this jar;
You 'll not get tired and dizzy
If down so low you are.

"'T is better far and safer
Than climbing up so high;
You 'll never reach the top, Meg,
No matter how you try!"

But little Morning Glory
Just shook her dainty head
At such advice, and bravely
Climbed up the string, instead.

Up, up she went, till, presto!
She reached a shining nail,
And twined all round about it.
So, when there came a gale,
She weathered it quite safely,
As back and forth she swayed,
Unharmed by all the tumult,
And not at all afraid.

Alack! Her timid brother
Lay prone upon the ground
Beside the jar so slippery
That he had twined around!
"I see," he moaned, "'t is wisest
To start out with a zest,
E'en though the task looks dangerous,
And always do one's best!"

Our Yellow Slave.

By C. F. Lummis.

The only abundant metal, in the world, that is yellow, is the most precious of them all—gold. Brass is not a true metal, but an alloy, a compound. And the color which gold shares with the sun has a great deal to do with its value. I do not think it would be possible that we should ever have come to love and admire any metal so much, to choose it for our highest currency and our ornaments, no matter how rare or ductile it might be, if it were of a dark, dull, gloomy color. The human eye never gets too old to be pleased with very much the same things which pleased it in childhood; and no eye is insensible to the charm of that precious yellow.

I like sometimes to think back to the first man of all men that ever held that "rock of the sun" in his savage hand, and to imagine how he found it, and how it made his sharp eyes twinkle; and how he wondered at its weight, and pounded it with one smooth rock upon another, and found that he could flatten it. All these things come by accident; and gold was an accident that befell when the world was very young. Probably there had been a great rain, that washed the comely lump from its nest in some gravelly stream-bank; and the prehistoric man, in his tunic of skins, chanced that way and found it. It may be that the poor barbarian who picked up the first yellow nugget sank with it still grasped in his swarthy fist.

We do not know even the name of the man who first discovered gold, nor where he lived, nor when. But it was very, very long ago. Before the time of Joseph and the coat of many colors, gold had already become not only a discovered fact, but used in the world's trade. The early Egyptians got their gold from Nubia; so, very likely, the discovery was first made in Africa. At all events, it dates back to the very childhood of the race; and before men had invented the letters of the alphabet, mankind had achieved the prettiest plaything it ever found.

In the very first chapter of the first and noblest of poems, Homer tells of the priest who came with a golden scepter to the camp of the Greeks before Troy, to buy his daughter free; and the sunny metal figures everywhere in the oldest mythology we know. You all have read—and I

hope in Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," where the story is more beautifully told than it was ever elsewhere — of Jason and the Argonauts, and of how they sailed to find the Golden Fleece. That was a fabulous ram-skin whose locks were of pure gold. No wonder the deadly dragon in the dark groves of the Colchian king guarded it so jealously. Of course the myth is only a poetic way — such as stories generally assume in the folk-lore of an undeveloped race — of saying that Jason and his bold fellow-sailors of the "Argo" sailed to the gold-mines of Asia, and found them. The mines whose fabled richness tempted them to that adventurous voyage in their overgrown row-boat of fifty oars, were in the Caucasus Mountains, and produced a great deal of the gold which was used by the ancients. They were doubtless among the first gold-mines in the world, and their product gilded the splendor of many of the first great monarchs of history. As late as 1875, an attempt was made by Europeans to work these mines; but nothing came of it.

"Rich as Crœsus" has been for more than two thousand years a proverb which is not yet supplanted; and that last king of Lydia — and richest king of old time, according to the ancient myths — got his wealth from placer-mines in the river Pactolus, whose name has become as synonymous with gold as Crœsus's own. One of the strangest and wisest of the folk-stories of ancient Greece tells how that little river in Asia Minor first gained its golden sands. This legend relates that there was a certain king of Phrygia who had more gold than Crœsus ever dreamed of — so much gold that it made him the poorest man in the world! It was King Midas, son of Gordius, who earned this strange distinction. He had done a favor to Dionysus, and the god said gratefully: "Wish one wish, whatever thou wilt, and I will grant it." Now Midas had already caught the most dangerous of all "yellow fevers," — the fever for gold, — and he replied: "Then let it be that all things which I shall touch shall be turned into gold."

Dionysus promptly granted this foolish prayer, and Midas was very happy for a little. He picked up stones from the ground, and instantly they changed to great lumps of gold. His staff was gold, and his very clothing became yellow, and so heavy that he could barely stagger under its weight. This was very fine indeed! He touched the corner of his palace, and lo! the great building became a house of pure gold. Splendid! He entered, and touched what took his fancy, and furniture, and clothing, and all underwent the same magic change. Better and better! "I 'm the luckiest king alive!" chuckled Midas, still looking about for something new to transmute.

But even kings who have the golden touch must sometimes eat; and presently Midas grew hungry with so much wealth-making. He clapped his hands, and the servants spread the royal table. A touch of the royal finger, and table and cloth and dishes were yellow gold. This was something like! The exhilarated king sat down, and broke a piece of bread; but, as he lifted it, it was strangely heavy, and he saw that it, too, was of the precious metal! A doubt ran through his foolish head whether even the golden touch might not have its drawbacks; but he was very hungry, and did not wait to weigh the question. If his fingers turned the bread to gold, he would take something from a spoon; and he lifted a ladle of broth to his mouth. But the instant it touched his lips, the broth turned to a great yellow button, which dropped ringing back upon the golden board.

The disquieted king rose and walked out of the palace. At the door he met his fair-faced little daughter, who held up a bright flower to him. Midas laid his hand gently upon her head, — for he loved the child, foolish as he was, — and lo! his daughter stood motionless before him — a pitiful little statue of shining gold!

How much longer this accursed power tormented the miserable monarch, the myth does not tell us; but he was cured at last by bathing in the river Pactolus, and the washing away of his magic power filled the sands of the stream with golden grains.

Though the old fable is no longer believed, the truth taught by it remains. The Midases are not dead yet; for the one of ancient fable there are to-day thousands at whose very touch all turns to gold. Their food does

not change to metal between their lips; but often it might as well, for all the joy they have of it.

Gold figures largely through all the quaint history-fables of the ancients; and history itself is full of tales hardly less remarkable. The early history of America was *made* by gold; or rather by golden hopes, which achieved wonders for civilization, but very little for the pockets of the most wonderful explorers the world has ever seen. Had it not been for the presence of gold here,— and the supposed presence of infinitely more than has yet been dug,— the western hemisphere would be very much of a wilderness still. It was the chase of golden myths which led to the astounding achievements that opened the New World; and since then, almost to this day, civilization has followed with deliberate march only in the hasty footprints of the gold-seekers. No tale was too wild to find credence with the early adventurers. In South America the most striking myth was that of *El Dorado*, "The Gilded Man"— a living person who was declared to be plated with pure gold! The anxiety of the credulous world-finders to reach a country so rich as must be that of El Dorado, cost uncounted thousands of gallant lives. In Mexico there were myths almost as impossible; and I am sorry to say that equally silly myths find unnumbered victims in our own country still. The fabled ransom of Montezuma is *all* a fable; but it is probably a fact that Atahualpa, the Inca of Peru, did pay to that marvelous soldier Pizarro a ransom of golden vessels sufficient to fill a room twenty-two by seventeen feet to a height of nine feet above the floor! It is certain that the captive Inca offered that stupendous price to buy himself free, and that the offer was conditionally accepted; but whether he had paid the ransom before his treachery in having his brother Inca assassinated led to his own execution, we are not fully assured.

There is no doubt, however, that while gold was not in use in Mexico, there was a great deal of it employed in Peru, chiefly for sacred utensils and idols, and that some of the conquerors amassed vast wealth there. The early Spanish discoveries of gold in North America were unimportant, despite the gilded myths which have surrounded them. In Columbus's time, the gold-fields of the known world were so "worked out" that their product was barely enough to meet the "wear and tear" of the precious metal; so there was crying need of new finds. But they came slowly.

By 1580 there were vague rumors of gold in what is now California. Loyola Cavello, the priest of San José, saw "placer" gold there, and tells of it in his book written in 1690. In the next century, Antonio Alcedo speaks of lumps of California gold weighing from five to eight pounds. But though its presence was known, and though the rocky ribs of the Golden State hid many more millions than were dreamed of,— and perhaps than are dreamed of yet,— there was little mining, and that little with scant success.

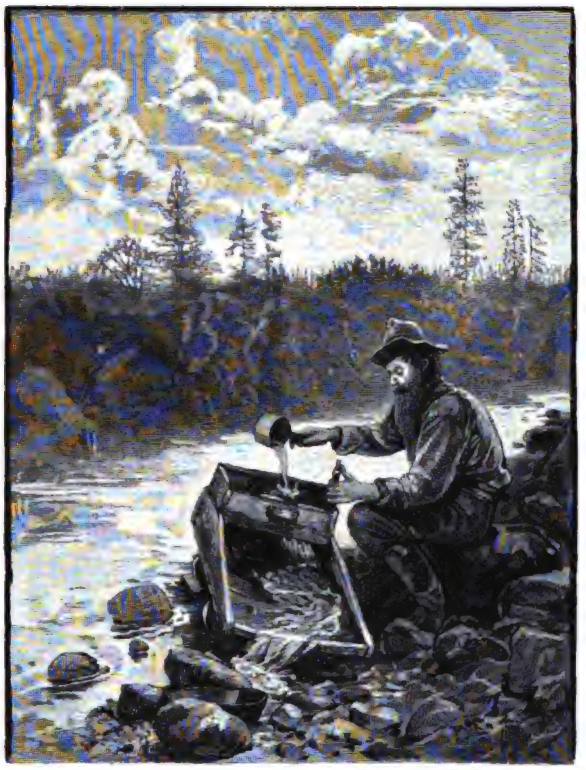
The first gold discovery in the American colonies was in Cabarrus County, North Carolina, in 1799; and up to 1827 that State was the only gold-producer in the Union. In 1824 Cabarrus County sent the first American gold to the mint in Philadelphia. The Appalachian gold-field, which embraces part of Virginia, and stretches across North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, touching also parts of Tennessee and Alabama, was once looked to for great things; but it long ago ceased to be of any importance.

In 1828 the New Placers were discovered in New Mexico, some fifty miles south of Santa Fé, and for a great many years produced richly. Even to this day they are far from unproductive. Gold had been found in New Mexico a great many generations before, but never in quantities to come anywhere near paying. Ten years later, placer gold was discovered in Santa Barbara County, California, on the vast rancho of that gallant old hidalgo whose home was described by Mrs. Jackson as the home of "Ramona." These placers have been worked steadily, though clumsily, by Mexicans ever since; and I have a nugget which was washed out on Piru Creek in 1838.

Until within half a century, the world's supply of gold had long been inadequate for the growing demand. Russia was the chief producer, and her mines— discovered about 1745

— kept the nations from a "gold famine" that would have been most disastrous. There were old mines in China, but little worked; and, though Japan's gold output was large, it was but a drop in the bucket of the world's need. Russia at present, by the way, produces an average of twenty millions of dollars' worth of gold a year.

The wonderful gold-fields of Australia were discovered in 1839 by Count Strzelecki; but the priceless find was concealed, for a curious reason. Australia was already England's outdoor prison; and it was feared that if the golden news were known, the forty-five thousand desperate convicts there would rise in rebellion and annihilate their keepers, as they could easily have done. So, for a dozen years, the mighty secret was jealously guarded; and thousands walked unsuspecting over the dumb gravel that held a million fortunes. In 1841 a clergyman again stumbled upon the dangerous secret; but again the discovery was suppressed; and it was not until California had set the whole world on fire with an excitement which nothing could bottle up, that Australia threw off her politic mask. In 1851, E. H. Hargraves, who had just come from the new mines of California, saw that Australia was, geologically, a gold country; and his "prospecting" proved his surmises to be correct. The news spread in spite of the efforts of cautious officials, and a wild epidemic of fortune-seekers soon pitted the broad face of the great island-continent with "diggings."



THE "CRADLE" USED BY MINERS IN WASHING OUT GOLD.

The rich gold-fields of New Zealand were first found in 1842; but were not extensively worked until 1856, when the swarming gold-hunters had overrun the Australian fields, and the restless sought still easier wealth.

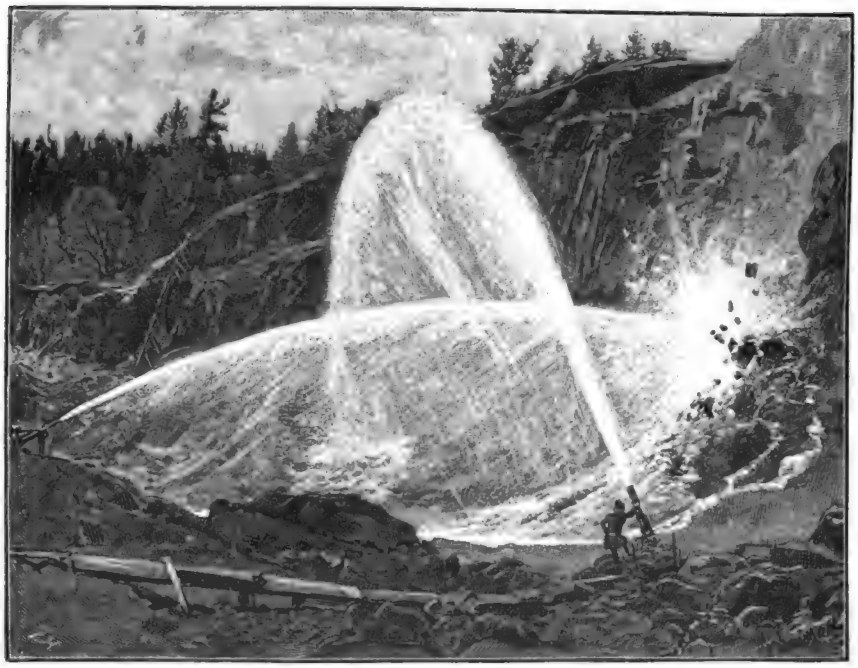
As I have told you, gold was mined at odd times in California much more than two centuries ago; and steadily mined for more than a decade before the "great discovery" which was to change the face of a whole nation, and bring about what was in many ways the most remarkable migration in the whole history of the human race. But these early diggings of the precious metal made little stir. The swarthy miners delved away quietly, exchanged the glittering gold "dust" for rough food and other rude necessaries, making no noise about it. They were very much out of the world. The telegraph, the railroad, and the printing-press were far from touch with them. There were a few Americans in California, and even one or two newspapers; but neither paid attention to the occasional rumors of gold, save to ridicule them.

But on the ninth day of February, 1848, a little girl held in her unknowing hand the key of the West — the wee, yellow seed which was to spring into one of the most wondrous plants in history. On the American Fork of the Sacramento River, in what is now El Dorado County, California, stood a shabby little mill, owned by an American named Sutter (the Californians, by the way, pronounce the name "*soo*-ter"). The mill-race became broken, and three

men were hired to repair it. Two were Mormons, and the third was the overseer, named Marshall. As the men worked, Marshall's little daughter played about them — dreaming as little as did her elders that she was to upset a continent. A yellow pebble in an angle of the sluice caught her eye; and picking the pretty trifle from the wet sand, she ran to her father with "Papa! See the p'itty stone!" It was indeed a pretty stone, and Marshall at once suspected its value. Tests proved that he was right, and gold was *really* found. The discovery made some little noise among the few Americans in that lonely, far land, but nothing was known of it to the world until the Rev. C. S. Lyman, who saw some of the nuggets which further search yielded, wrote a letter to the "American Journal of Science," in March, 1848. As soon as the news was in type, it spread swiftly to the four ends of the earth; and by August of the same year four thousand excited men were already tearing up the sands of the American Fork, and so forcing them to yield up their golden secrets. And well they succeeded, since every day saw from $30,000 to $50,000 worth of gold "washed out" and transferred to rude safes of bottles or to buckskin sacks. How long and high that gold-fever raged; how it patted the fearful intervening desert with the weary footprints of hundreds of thousands of modern Jasons; how it brought around the Horn a thousand heavy ships for every one that had sailed before; how it overturned and created anew the money-markets of the world; how it turned a vast wilderness into the garden of the world, and pulled the Union a thousand miles over to the West, and caused the building of such enormous railway lines as mankind had never faintly dreamed of, and did a thousand other wonders, you already know; for it has made literature as well as history. Our national page is crowded with great achievements; but its chief romance was in

The days of old,
The days of gold —
The days of '49.

Of the various methods of liberating our yellow slave from the hard clutches of the earth, it would take too long to speak in detail here; but they are broadly divided into two classes, according to the surroundings of the gold itself. Free or "placer" gold — which was the first known to mankind, and which was the sort that started the great "fevers" in California and Australia — is found in beds of sand and gravel, generally the bed of a stream. It is extracted — this precious needle from an enormous and worthless haystack — by means of its own weight, water being applied in various manners to give that weight a chance to assert



HYDRAULIC MINING — BREAKING UP ROCK BY TWO GREAT STREAMS OF WATER.

itself. The mined gravel is water-sifted until but little is left; and from that little it is easy to hunt out the coy yellow grains.

The placer gold was not formed in the gravel-banks where it is found, but came there by the decay of its mother-rock. All gold began in "veins" in the earth's rocky ribs; but Time, with his patient hammers of wind and rain and frost, has pounded vast areas of these rocks to sand; and the gold, broken from great bands to lumps, has drifted with the bones of the mountains into the later heaps of gravel.

The processes of mining gold which still remains in its original home in the rocks are much more complicated. There is a vast amount of boring to be done into the flinty hearts of the mountains, with steel drills and with blasting; and then the rock which is dotted with the precious yellow flakes has to be crushed between the steel jaws of great mills. Much of the gold that is mined, too, is so chemically changed that it does not look like gold at all, and requires special chemical processes to coax it out. In all gold-mining, mercury is one of the most important factors. It is the mineral sheriff, swift to arrest any fugitive fleck of gold that may come in its way. The sluice-boxes in extensive placer-mines and the "sheets" in stamp-mills are all charged with quicksilver, which saves a vast amount of the finer gold-dust that otherwise would be swept away by the current of water; for water is equally essential in both kinds of mining.

There is no such thing as "pure gold," often as we hear the phrase. Nature's purest, her "virgin gold," is always alloyed with silver; and the very finest is ninety-eight or ninety-nine per cent. gold. California gold averages about the fineness of our American coin — ninety per cent. of purity.

It is an odd fact that the sea is full of gold. No doubt at the bottom of that stupendous basin, which has received for all time the washings of all the world, there is an incalculable wealth of gold in dust; but the strange ocean mine is not all so deep down as that. The sea-water itself carries gold in solution — a fraction of a grain of gold to every ton of water, as a famous chemist has shown.

Among the historical big nuggets found in various parts of the world, there have been some wonderful yellow lumps. In Cabarrus County, North Carolina, one was found in 1810 which weighed thirty-seven pounds troy. In 1842 the gold-fields of Zlatoust, in the Ural, gave a nugget of ninety-six pounds troy. The Victoria (Australia) nugget weighed 146 pounds and three pennyweights, of which only six ounces were foreign rock; and the Ballarat (Australia) nugget was thirty-nine pounds heavier yet. The largest nugget ever found was also dug in Australia — the "Sarah Sands," named for a far-off loved one. It reached the astonishing weight of 233 pounds and four ounces troy! I wonder what Miner Sands felt when he struck his pick upon that fortune in one lump!

Within the last fifty years, California and Australia alone have produced more than half as much gold as the whole world had mined before Columbus. At present the United States produces over sixty million dollars' worth of gold a year, which is far more than any other country. South Africa and Australia rank next, producing each over fifty millions, and after come Russia, South America, and Mexico. The total annual production of gold in the world is over two hundred millions of dollars.

Yet the world is not richer in gold by all that vast amount every year. It is losing, too — an amount very trifling compared with the whole, and yet very large in fact. You hear people wishing that they owned this rich mine or that vast fortune; but if one could have just the annual *loss* on the billions of dollars' worth of gold now in the world's hands, there would be no need to envy Crœsus. Every year an impalpable golden dust — so infinitely fine as to seem rather a vapor than a dust — is worn from all gold in use, and passes forever from our wealth and our knowledge. And in our handling, enough gold to make one person incalculably rich disappears every year, lost as absolutely as if it had never existed. So even if the world's needs of gold were not multiplying very rapidly, there would be required a large annual production merely to meet this shrinkage by "wear and tear."

The quality which makes gold the most valu-

able of the metals is its docility. The cunning hammer of the smith can "teach" it almost anything. The more stubborn metals crumble after they have been reduced to a certain point of fineness; but gold can be hammered into a sheet so infinitely fine that 282,000 of them, piled one upon the other, would be but an inch thick! And a flake of gold tiny as a pin-head can be drawn out in a finer thread than ever man spun, in a spider-thread — to a length of 500 feet.

There is no end to the uses of gold. They broaden every day. In one of its many forms, our Yellow Slave helps us in almost every art and walk of life. It is as necessary as its red fellow-servant, Fire — and a better in one way, since, unlike fire, it can never become "a bad master," except through our own fault.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

By H. A. Honk.

It was a still summer afternoon. The dinner was over and the work done, in a certain red farm-house with green shutters that stood on a New England hill. Aunt Deborah had sat down in the splint-bottomed rocking-chair, with the big Bible in her lap. The name Deborah means "bee," and in character Aunt Deborah certainly was a bee; but she was an old bee now, and could not buzz around all the time. She was sometimes tired. Not for all the world would she lie down comfortably and take a nap; that would look too "shiftless." She had given little Rebecca, her orphaned grand-niece, a sheet to overseam up the middle, or, as the little girl called it, to "sew up over and over and forever!" for it seemed to the little girl an endless task.

As soon as she saw Aunt Deborah's eyes fairly shut, Rebecca stole softly out into the entry. She stood for a few moments at the open door, with the big unbleached sheet gathered up in her little arms, and looked across the valley of woods and rocky pastures, and wondered what was lying beyond the far-off hills. Then she heaved a weary sigh, and went back to her work.

Rebecca sat down on the bottom step of the stairs, and thought she would sew a piece as long as her finger, and then see what time it was. The thread knotted, and her brass thimble was too big and kept slipping off. It was slow work, and she thought, on the whole, it would be best to sew steadily fifteen minutes, as near as she could guess. So she sat down with fresh determination.

When she got up to look at the clock, only eight minutes had passed, and she felt disheartened. Then she thought of a new plan. She counted the stair-steps; there were twelve. She divided her work with a great deal of trouble into twelve lengths and put pins in, and whenever she sewed up to a pin, she would go up a step. She began again; but the thread knotted and her thimble slipped off as often as ever, and, worse than all, her eyes watered so she could hardly see.

Rebecca fell to thinking of the great pile of eleven sheets that lay in the closet for her to seam up. Never, never, she thought, could she get them finished! It would take her until she was a grown-up woman, and there would be no time for her to learn anything else. Rebecca put down her work and went softly out of the front door to the well behind the house. She let down the old-fashioned sweep, and drew a pail of cool, sparkling water. How good it tasted! — for her throat was parched. Then she sat down on the kitchen step, and thought if Aunt Deborah would only wake up she would ask if she might go to see Almira Hackett. But then she remembered Almira had the measles, and of course Aunt Deborah would n't let her go. Pretty soon it would be time to take the old tin milk-pan with three holes in the bottom and go out to the chip-yard and get chips to make the fire in the fireplace.

Next she must swing out the crane, and fill the tea-kettle and hang it on, and then put on pots of water for the potatoes and dishes. When that was done she must set the table for four—Uncle Silas, Aunt Deborah, Reuben, the hired man, and herself. Afterward came the dish-washing. How Rebecca hated to touch anything greasy! There was no end to dish-washing. It came three times a day. People had to eat as long as they lived, and maybe she would live to be ninety, like old Miss Betsy Rice, who, Reuben said, would never die, but just "dry up and blow away." Just to think of living to be so old, and to wash dishes, and to sew every afternoon on a sheet! Life under such circumstances was not to be borne.

"REBECCA FELL TO THINKING OF THE ELEVEN SHEETS THAT LAY IN THE CLOSET."

Poor little Rebecca was only doing what hundreds of wiser and older people are doing all the time—borrowing trouble.

Just then the butterflies came sailing along and alighted on the lilac-bush. How nice it would be to be a butterfly and always wear beautiful golden-brown wings with blue spots over them! But maybe it would be even nicer to be a fairy gay in green and gold, and to live in the heart of a wild rose, and dance in the moonlight on the moss, as the fairies did in her book of fairy-tales that her little friend Almira Hackett had given her. It had opened up a new world to her childish vision, and when on moonlight nights, after reading by the light of the moon at her little white-curtained window, —for Aunt Deborah did not allow her a light to go to bed by,—she almost saw the little sprites in their revels, and no more doubted their existence than she doubted that there were angels in heaven.

Rebecca concluded after this long reverie that it would be best to go into the woods, where, she hoped, she would meet the fairy queen, who, with a wave of her golden wand, would transform her into a little fay in green-and-gold attire. She would be sorry not to see Uncle Silas or Reuben any more, and she would like to say her good-by to Almira Hackett and a few other little girls; but the thought that fairies never did such tiresome things as wash dishes or sew seams in sheets overcame all other considerations, and she decided to go at once.

Rebecca opened the kitchen door to get her sunbonnet. It was made of green gingham, and she had been very proud of it when it was new; but now it was so faded, she felt sure she could not apply for admission into the fairy circle wearing such a forlorn-looking head-rig. She closed the door softly, went around to the front entry, crept upstairs, and got her best bonnet, gorgeous with ribbons colored by Aunt Deborah with balm blows. Rebecca was sorry, when she looked in her little looking-glass, that her nose was so red and her eyes looked as if she had been crying, for she wanted to look as well as possible. She was afraid to take a parting look at Aunt Deborah, for fear of waking her.

She could not resist the temptation to give the hated sheet a farewell kick, and then she started up the hill that rose gradually back of the house. She had to cross a pasture where the cows were, and although she was a little country girl, yet she never could get over her terror of these ferocious-looking horned animals.

Uncle Silas and Reuben were over in the east meadow, laying stone wall. She could hear Reuben calling to the oxen. She waved

a parting kiss to them, and ran as fast as she could over the pasture. There was a swamp to cross, and in stepping from one tussock to another, she slipped and got her feet wet. She climbed the wall and got over into the pine woods. How solemn everything seemed here! The wind moaned and sighed through the trees; it almost made her afraid. She went farther into the woods, and sat down on a flat rock to wait for night to come. She could not remember whether her book said anything about fairies flying around in the daytime; but still they were sure to be out moonlight nights. It was growing very dark and damp, and Rebecca wished she had worn a shawl—not her best one, for that would do for some other little girl, but an old one that she wore when she went out early in the morning to feed the little chickens. As soon as she saw the fairy queen coming she could throw off the shawl, and then, in her clean calico dress and her best bonnet, she would look nice enough for admission into the fairy throng. She wished she was not so very sleepy. If there was time before moonrise, she thought she would lie down on the rock and take a nap. Finally she concluded she must sleep a little, so she took off her bonnet and laid it carefully down on the stone by her side—and that was the last that the little girl knew for several days.

Aunt Deborah woke up with a start, and looked at the clock. She had overslept, and was somewhat out of humor with herself and the world in general. She went to the kitchen, expecting to find the fire burning, the tea-kettle boiling, and the table set; but all was as it had been left after dinner. She came back and went into the entry. There lay the sheet in a little heap, but Rebecca was not to be found. She thought the little girl had perhaps gone to the meadow to see Uncle Silas, and returned to the kitchen to see if Rebecca's sunbonnet was there; but it hung on its accustomed nail. So Aunt Deborah went upstairs to see if the child had worn her best bonnet; for the idea of any one going anywhere without a bonnet never occurred to the old lady's orderly mind. The best bonnet was gone and the mystery solved, Aunt Deborah thought: Rebecca had gone over to Almira Hackett's; and Aunt Deborah, very much displeased, began getting supper. She thought when Reuben came she would send him over for Rebecca, but was undecided whether to send her to bed without her supper or to choose another form of punishment.

The "men-folks" came up from the meadow, obedient to the summons of the horn. Aunt Deborah told them Rebecca was not to be found, and her belief that the child could be nowhere but at Almira Hackett's.

"Now, of course," said Aunt Deborah, "I shall have a sick child on my hands, just as I 'm ready to spin for the winter!"

Good-humored Uncle Silas accepted his wife's idea, as he always did, and forbore to make any excuse for the child, knowing it would do no good.

Reuben hurried through his supper, secretly uneasy. He felt by no means sure that Rebecca had gone visiting without leave. He went to the Hacketts', received Mrs. Hackett's answer, that Rebecca had not been there for two weeks, with the remark, "Jest as I expected," and hurried off.

Even Aunt Deborah was too much startled by Reuben's report to remember about the milking; and the excitement increased until by two o'clock in the morning Uncle Silas, Reuben, and all the "men-folks" near were out with lanterns, torches, and bells, looking for the missing child. It was almost daylight when Uncle Silas came across the little runaway, who was lying on the flat rock where she had seated herself to wait for the fairies. She was tenderly taken home and put to bed.

Rebecca opened her eyes one afternoon in the cool, dark spare chamber. She could not, at first, make out where she was. She was sure she was not sewing a sheet "over and over," for there sat Roxa Temple, at work on one of the obnoxious articles; neither was she in fairyland, for there sat Uncle Silas and Reuben, and Reuben was pretending to keep off the flies with an apple-tree sprout—a needless work, for there was not a fly to be seen; but Reuben had a big, kind heart, and loved the little girl, and wanted an excuse to be near her.

"Uncle Silas," said Rebecca, faintly.

Uncle Silas's heart leaped for joy, for he

knew by her voice that her senses had come back, and her wild talk during her illness, of daily tasks and fairies, had given him an insight into her child-heart, and he felt that neither he nor Aunt Deborah knew much about children—about this one in particular. He remembered that Rebecca's mother had been said to be "romantic."

"Uncle Silas," said the faint little voice again, "what do fairies look like?"

"IT WAS ALMOST DAYLIGHT WHEN UNCLE SILAS CAME ACROSS THE LITTLE RUNAWAY."

"Never saw any. Do you know, Reuben?" said her uncle.

"No; I can't say I do." And then Reuben got up with a flushed face, and in sort of a choked voice said he "guessed it was about time for the milking," and went down to the barn, and stayed until the lump went out of his throat and the tears out of his eyes.

It was some time before the little girl was entirely well and strong, and by that time Aunt Deborah had made up her mind that Rebecca "had been petted so much she was sp'iled for work, and they might as well eddicate her for a teacher."

This arrangement was faithfully carried out. To this day Rebecca does not know whether it was the illness or the pile of sheets that made her run away and seek for fairyland; but now, whenever she begins to "borrow trouble" or needlessly look at "life's long sorrows," she recalls the time when all turned out so well, and she takes a brighter view of the future.

THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

By John Bennett.

(*Author of "Master Skylark."*)

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XXV.

THE DUEL IN THE FOG.

It was three o'clock when Barnaby woke, and all the room was ghostly gray with a fog which had come up in the night. The hangings were all damp and limp, and the posts of the bed were wet. The candles burned like pale spots with a little mist about them.

Mynheer Van Sweringen was already up, and was buckling on his shoes.

"Be quick, my boy," said he, for they could hear the cocks crowing.

Barnaby sprang up quickly. When he took up his shoes the leather was stiff with the moisture from the air. Outside there was nothing to be seen but the fog and mysterious shapes which were trees.

As he dressed, quick steps came up the walk and paused under the window.

"Mynheer!" a voice called quietly. "Mynheer Van Sweringen!" and a handful of sand and pebbles clicked sharply against the pane. A little came in through the open sash and rattled on the floor.

"All up," replied Van Sweringen, quietly, at the window. "Come on, boy," he said; and then he and Barnaby went swiftly and silently down the stairs.

Captain Martin Kregier and Albert the Trumpeter were standing in the pathway with their cloaks wrapped around them, and behind them was Tierck Van Ruyn.

"Good morning," they all said softly, for the hush of the daybreak was on them.

"They showed me the place," said Tierck Van Ruyn. "This way, if ye please, mynheeren"; and they went quickly across the road into the beech wood. The fog was so thick they could scarcely see the trunks of the trees. The water dripped from the branches like rain, and the drenched grass soon soaked their shoes and stockings through. There was no sound but the dripping and the swish of their strides in the grass.

They came soon to a low stone wall half covered with blackberry-vines. Here they stopped for a moment and listened. There were morning-glories among the thorns and wild roses full of the dew, and, as they stood there listening, a startled bird flew from its nest in the grass with a little broken cry.

Beyond the wall stood a hawthorn-tree, and beyond the tree lay the meadows, though there was nothing to be seen but the fog which covered them like a cloak. Somewhere beyond the hawthorn they heard a man's voice singing softly, as if to himself, a song, the verses of which ended dolefully with "Falero, lero, loo!" Yet it sounded pleasant, for his voice was young and sweet.

"There they are," said Kregier.

At that the singing stopped, and the singer's voice said: "Tsst, Cousin Brooke! I think I hear them coming."

"Hola!" called Captain Kregier. "Where are ye, gentlemen?"

"Here, this way along the wall," replied a heavier voice. "I told ye they would come down through the wood, Cousin Charlie."

"But Philip said that he would send them down by the road through the meadow."

"Cousin Philip says a deal," rejoined the heavy voice. "If he did but the half of what he says, he 'd be a prodigy."

The air hung full of the leaden fog across the little knoll where the Maryland gentlemen were standing. There were Master Thomas Nottly, Master Baker Brooke, Major Marmaduke Tilden, and the Governor himself. Their cloaks and coats were gray with dampness, and their laces hung dejectedly. Their stockings,

too, were thoroughly soaked, and their shoes were stiff with moisture.

"This fog just suits a Dutchman," Master Nottly was saying.

"There is no more fog in Holland than there is at home, mynheer," said Baker Brooke, with a quiet bow to Mynheer Van Sweringen.

"We all shall see quite well enough," said the Governor.

With that they all bowed courteously, and bade one another good morning.

"The sooner we are at it, the sooner we are done," said Captain Kregier to Master Nottly.

Master Nottly nodded. "That 's a very true observe."

Mynheer Van Sweringen had already laid aside his outer coat, and his shirt-sleeves were limp with the damp. His air was fair and courteous, but grim.

Master Calvert had a bow of ribbon in his hair, and his lips were smiling, though his eyes were grave.

Master Brooke was measuring the rapiers at one side, while the others, with Albert the Trumpeter, were kicking off the ground, which here and there was overset with clumps of weed. "It is not Calais sands, mynheer," said Major Tilden; "but it will serve. A man may die as quickly on the grass. Do ye prefer the French or the Italian style of fence?"

"The common Dutch, sir," said Kregier.

Major Tilden laughed. "As was to be supposed. But, Captain Kregier, I 've a mind that your 'common Dutch' is most uncommon stuff."

"Well, if you 're ready," said Master Brooke, "we might as well be at it as standing here idle; there seems to be no clearing up to this infernal fog."

"TIERCK VAN RUYN GAVE THE WOUNDED MAN AN ARM TO LEAN ON; BARNABY SPRANG TO THE OTHER SIDE." (SEE PAGE 919.)

Mynheer Van Sweringen slipped off his cloak,

which he had drawn about him. The warmth of his body was still in it when he gave it to Barnaby.

"Here, boy; hold these hand-guns, too," said Kregier, taking his heavy pistols from his belt. "Keep their pans under thy jacket; the fog is very damp."

Then Captain Kregier and Master Nottly took up their stands to right and left, with the points of their swords on the grass.

"Gentlemen, we are ready," they said.

The principals stood for a moment in silence, facing each other, with a look upon their countenances that haunted the boy for many a day —inquiring, deadly calm, and inflexible, not to be moved by argument, friendship, or love. They were come to a place where each hand's-move was irrevocable and fatal; yet in each man's face, for an instant, there was a look as if to say, "I would that I might snap my thumbs and cry, 'A fig for honor!' throw down my sword, and take thine hand, to be good friends again!" It passed like sunlight through quick clouds.

"Ready!" said Captain Kregier.

The rapiers flashed aloft, fell level, and engaged, with a rasping sound and a shrill, keen grating that was never still. Over the fields and through the wood the yellow fog drifted, now rising a little, then falling again until there was nothing to be seen but the men upon the knoll, and even they were ghostly as they stood there, voiceless and motionless, watching the sword-blades flash and thrust. There was no sound but the quick, sharp breathing of the swordsmen, and the constant shifting of their feet in the harsh grass.

Van Sweringen's style of fence had very little feinting, but was of straight attacks and lunges that called for the utmost skill. A stillness had come on him, a stern dignity, that well matched the dark austerity of his countenance. But my young Lord Baltimore seemed to grow more careless every moment, and all the while kept up a running fire of remark, as "Good, Dutchman, good! Most gentlemanlike. A sweet and comely guard. Well kept, upon my word, well kept!" and his mouth laughed gaily, though all the while he fenced with swift and exceeding keen alertness and with desperate reaching across Mynheer Van Sweringen's steady blade, which seemed to grow steadier all the while. This recklessness grew upon him, until even Van Sweringen cried:

"In heaven's name, guard thyself better, or I shall certainly spoil thee!"

For reply Master Calvert came over his antagonist's guard with a fierce, lunging thrust, springing in upon him like a wild-cat.

Mynheer Van Sweringen's guard went down, and he would have spitted like an eel, but, with incredible adroitness, he hollowed his back like a bow, and the long blade went slitting through his shirt with a rending sound, in at one side and out at the other, and across his back like an icicle.

Then, in a twinkling of an eye, the thing was done and over.

Before Master Calvert could recover from the lunge, Van Sweringen disengaged, and attacking him over the wrist with a thrust as swift as the flight of an arrow, ran him through, half the length of his blade, and was back again on his guard, with the tip of his rapier pointing down to the grass, his lips pressed grimly together, ready for anything that might come to pass, capable and alert. Along the blade of his rapier was a mist of red, half wiped away.

My young Lord Baltimore turned suddenly and let his rapier fall; it made a little wet splash in the grass. "St. Hubert!" he said, with his face all drawn; "gentlemen, I am finished!"

Van Sweringen breathed quickly, his lips set firm together, his nostrils wide, and his attitude as rigid as stone. He did not speak, but stared with fixed eyes at Master Calvert.

The Governor's hands were clenched upon his side. A thin red line ran down his sleeve and broadened over his fingers.

"Quick!" he cried. "I am bleeding!" Then all at once he shuddered and swayed uneasily on his feet. "Oh, Mary!" he cried, "I am done for!" And, turning half-way around, he pitched headlong into the grass.

His cousin, Baker Brooke, was down beside him in an instant. Major Tilden ran up, whipping out a handkerchief, and Master Nottly was lifting the wounded man's head, when Barnaby, leaning against the wall and feeling

a little sick, heard a swift rushing of feet in the grass, going up the hillside, and all at once, with the sound of feet in the grass, bodiless and unearthly in the fog, a thin, high voice began to cry, "What! Here! John Doe! Help, help! they are murdering the Governor!"

As if in answer to the cry, there came a shouting in the fog, and the sound of heavy footsteps thudding along the soft, wet ground, as if a body of men were running together along the hilltop. Master Brooke got up and looked into the fog.

"What 's this?" he said. "What 's this?"

But there was nothing to be seen, save only the brambled wall and the meadow for a little space like an island about them.

The fog lay denser than ever; a pelting rain had begun to fall; the shouting grew nearer, the sound of the running feet came on, and ever that shrill, high voice kept calling, "This way, John Doe; this way!"

When Master Charles Calvert heard the voice he lifted his head a little.

"By the bones of the Red O'Donnell!" he gasped, "what 's this?" and then, "Oh, shame!" and sank back with a look of horror.

He had scarcely spoken when out of the fog came a splash of flame and the thundering crash of a pistol. A handful of slugs tore the ground into shreds at Mynheer Van Sweringen's feet, and in through the fog ran a stooping man, his hat-flaps down about his face, and a long knife in his hand. Coming upon the trumpeter, who was nearest upon the knoll, he struck him twice in the back with inconceivable rapidity, and was off again into the fog. "Here they are!" he cried, and sprang over the wall. Albert the Trumpeter gave a choking cry, and fell forward upon his face.

Then came a shout, "Down with the Dutch!" and through the fog about them they could discern dim forms that leaped and ran and peered at them. "Down with the Dutch!" rose the cry. "Down with the corn-thieves!" And again came a stabbing flame, and the whistling slugs from a hand-gun sang through the air and went screaming into the beech wood. Mynheer Van Sweringen started back, for the wind of them swept his face. The hum of the slugs beside his head was deadly.

Kregier clenched his fists and shook them wildly in the air. "Foul play!" he cried. "There hath been foul play!"

But Master Charles Calvert, turning on his side, cried out with a gasp: "On my honor, sirs, I do not know what this outbreak means!"

Mynheer Van Sweringen answered him: "We have never doubted thine honor. Methinks this is a whirlwind I have sown with my own hands."

"Down with the Dutch!" came the cry again. The press seemed gathering in upon them, and out in the fog another gun went off with a roaring bang, but the slugs flew wild in the treetops. They could hear new voices hurrying down from the road on the hilltop. It was plain that dangerous company was gathering.

"Mynheer," said Marmaduke Tilden, "I trow we must run for it"; and he looked about him as if half stupefied. "I do not know what this outbreak means, but you may count upon me!" and he pluckily out with his sword.

"I should make a try for a boat," said Baker Brooke. "They have the upper hand, and we can hardly win the town. Nottly and Tilden and I will close with the rogues, and perhaps we can make some diversion while ye get a good start for the river."

Van Sweringen looked around him. They were standing back to back on the knoll, a little knot of men. Then he turned to Kregier. "We must run for it, captain," said he. "We must find a landing, and off to the ship, or we shall all be murdered." He ran to the wounded trumpeter. "Albert!" he cried, and laid hold of his arm. The trumpeter rose, although he staggered as if he were drunk. Tierck Van Ruyn gave him an arm to lean on; Barnaby sprang to the other side, thrusting the pistols into his belt, and put his arm around him.

Then Tilden and Brooke ran into the fog, waving their swords, and crying, "Stand, you contemptible villains!"

And the former engaged with a sailoring-man who fought desperately well with a hanger; but Brooke's sword was knocked out of his hand, and he was knocked over the head, so that he fell doubled up in the grass, and lay there, unable to get to his feet, with his hands clasped over his forehead.

Again the Governor cried out: "Mynheer, upon mine honor, I do not know what this outbreak means."

"Why, sir, I never have doubted thine honor," replied Van Sweringen.

Then they were off through the fog, down the slope of the meadows toward the inlet; and the last they saw of the English gentlemen, Master Nottly had drawn his sword, and, leaving the Governor outstretched on his cloak, was fighting like a maniac with a tall, gaunt man, while Tilden, who had run his first antagonist through the breast and left him for dead in the field, was lashing about him with his sword, crying, "Stand, ye villains!" and Master Brooke lay on his back at the foot of the knoll, with his hands over his face.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FIGHT AT THE LANDING-PLACE.

THEY had come about half-way down through the meadow below the wall, the world dazed with the fog, and Barnaby's wits in a whirl with the crying out and the running. It seemed for a while, indeed, as if they were coming off scot-free; for the stand taken by the English gentlemen had confused the attacking party, and the shouts and cries were falling away disordered among the meadows. But all on a sudden, when they were gone perhaps about two furlongs, the fog floated up for an instant, and there, in the field behind them, they saw a sailor running like a hound upon their trail. No sooner had he perceived them than, although he was still some distance away, he fired at them with a hand-gun, and ran down the field shouting, "Here they go! Head 'em off! Hurry, ye lubbers!" Then the fog shut down again, and wiped him out of their sight as if a curtain had been drawn. Mynheer Van Sweringen turned and ran back swiftly into the mist. All they heard was a sudden shout and the stamping of feet in the semi-darkness. Then out of the fog came a choking cry like sobbing laughter, and Mynheer Van Sweringen came running back and joined them again.

"'LOOK OUT!' BARNABY SHRIEKED, AND FIRED POINT-BLANK ALONG THE LANDING." (SEE PAGE 922.)

And so they came on down the slope. They were keeping well together, but the wounded trumpeter stumbled and lagged, for his boots were very heavy, and tripped upon the rolling

ground, so that they could hardly keep him upon his feet, though he stuck to it gamely. They had come out of the field where the stone wall was, and could now smell the river wind; but the fog grew thicker around them as they came, and they could make out little except the ground under their feet.

Twice the blind chase overtook and almost closed upon the fugitives; but Van Sweringen and Kregier, turning back into the fog, crossed with those who pressed too close, while Tierck Van Ruyn and Barnaby made off toward the river, supporting the groaning trumpeter between them.

Then Captain Kregier came running on again, his short sword in his hand. "They will stop me again? Ach, neen, I think!" he panted. His gray eyes flashed and his sword was red. Mynheer Van Sweringen followed him, running lightly, with nostrils spread, and a wild light in his eyes.

In this way, hurrying all the time as fast as the trumpeter could go, fighting and calling out "Courage!" to one another, they came at last to the head of a road running down through the bluff to the waterside.

Below them the river was lost in the fog. They could distinguish nothing. All they could see was the yellow road under foot, running down through the hollow.

"Ach!" panted Captain Kregier. "Pray heaven there is a boat!"

Then they started down the hill.

The road was steep and rough, cut up by wagon-wheels, and there were many stones, so that they were forced to go down slowly, as the trumpeter's strength was fast failing and he was growing sick.

"Ach!" he groaned. "Go easy, comrades. I am all stabbed to pieces. Stop a bit until I can rest, or I can go no farther!"

So they stopped for a moment in the roadway.

They could hear the sound of running feet, and then the chase, confused by their silence, halted somewhere off in the fog, and voices began to cry, "Where did they go?"

"They went this way. I saw them."

"I don't believe they went that way; I don't hear nothing of 'em," said one of the party.

"But I tell you they did; I saw 'em."

"Be still there, I say, ye clattering fools," cried a hoarse, commanding voice. "There 's summat stirring yonder."

Then everything was still except the rushing of the river, and now and then a footfall going up or down the bank, or rustling cautiously in the grass along the gully-top. Then all at once, out of the fog at their right, a man with a dark-green handkerchief about his head sprang over the edge of the bluff and down the bank almost upon them, all unaware of their presence, and had well-nigh touched them with his hands before he saw them. He was so close that there was no scrambling back up the gully-side. He gave a scream, and shouting, "Here they are!" threw himself forward, knife in hand. Mynheer Van Sweringen closed with him, and struck with his shortened rapier; then, turning, came on after them with a bitter laugh, leaving the fellow lying on his face in the road, his arms outstretched and his fingers fumbling the gravel.

At this the chase once more fell back, and no one put himself forward; so that the fugitives came down through the hollow to the landing-place unassailed, the loose stones rattling under their feet. But as they emerged from the mouth of the gully to the beach below, there was a whirring sound, and a shower of stones from the bluff came thumping down around them.

"There!" cried a hoarse voice. "Don't ye hear them?" The shouting began again, and heavy footsteps hurried down the road through the hollow behind them.

Of their pursuers they could as yet see nothing through the fog; but before them, dimly outlined, lay a long tobacco-landing, down which Captain Kregier ran. "Hei! there is a boat. Thank God!" he cried. And they all went running after him.

Beside the landing lay a yawl, like a duck on the water. When they came to it they saw it was yellow and black—seeing which, Barnaby uttered a startled cry. He had seen that yawl before.

But "Quick!" cried Mynheer Van Sweringen, and stopped at the throat of the wharf, standing with rapier ready. "Into her! I will hold them off until ye are all gone down."

With that he flourished his rapier until it shone through the fog like a ring of cold white fire. At once the rascals halted, and drew back for an instant, daunted. They had tasted that long blade, and were not hungry for more. But all about him the heavy stones beat upon the wharf and threw up handfuls of sand and dirt as they ricochetted around him.

"Be quick!" he said. "Are ye all gone down?"

"No," cried Captain Kregier.

Again he cried, "Are ye all gone down?"

"No," was the captain's answer. "You must hold them off a little yet. Albert hath swooned."

"Then be quick," cried Mynheer Van Sweringen; "I can hardly stand them off any more." Yet he laughed as he spoke, though he was panting for breath, and ran back again into the fog.

All the mist around him seemed alive; bludgeons struck at him, stones flew by. Twice he lunged and recovered again, with his trouble for his pains; twice again he lunged and twice came back with his sword-blade dripping red.

Where all their pistols were, it seemed that none but heaven knew, or Van Sweringen would never have seen his wife and child again.

His head was bare, and his long hair hung in strings across his face. His sleeves were rolled to the elbow, and on his wrist at his rapier-hilt was a little gold bracelet which his wife had given him. His eyes seemed on fire, and he laughed hysterically. Both the landing and the river-shore were lost in the drifting mist. All he could see was the struggling press that crowded down the narrow landing. Again he lunged with a shout, and a man plunged forward at his feet with a choking, bitter wail.

"Ye would have it!" cried Van Sweringen. "God have mercy on your soul!" And turning, he ran down the landing, for he could no longer hold his ground. They had pressed him back upon the wharf, and there was no room for sword-play.

"Are ye all gone down?" he shouted as he ran. "I can keep them back no longer."

Barnaby looked up at him and felt his whole heart leap, for Van Sweringen's face was wild with the fighting, and his eyes were like red coals. "Push off!" cried Van Sweringen. "I can jump for it; let me look out for myself." And he turned again for an instant to fight for running-ground. As he turned, a ragged, whirling stone from somewhere in the fog struck him just at the roots of his hair. His sword hand drooped, and he staggered back; the point of his rapier plowed the earth. Blindly raising his left hand, he felt about his face.

"This way, mynheer," cried Barnaby. "This way!"

But Mynheer Van Sweringen staggered about as though he had not heard.

"Ware, sir, ware!" shrieked Barnaby; for he saw a huge, tall fellow, who had just overtaken the wild pursuit, come charging down the landing, with an oak cudgel in his hand as thick as the butt of a tree.

But Van Sweringen still stood there, dizzily rocking to and fro, his sword-point fallen, his hand to his face, uncertain, dazed and blinded.

Captain Kregier was lifting the trumpeter down. Van Ruyn, with a face like death, was trying to ship the oars. A stone had struck him in the side and had broken two of his ribs.

"Ach, Gott!" cried Kregier. "Have we failed, after all? Albert, sustain thyself, and leave me go to fight. *Ach, hemel!* they have slain him!" for Mynheer Van Sweringen, stricken blind, came staggering down the landing.

Something sprang up into Barnaby's throat that choked him until his head spun. Setting his teeth, his breath coming fast, he tugged on the mooring-line. "Look out!" he cried. "Look out!" and scrambled upon the landing.

The man with the oak cudgel was running down the wharf, bellowing like an angry bull, and whirling his club. Barnaby drew his pistols, and cocked them with shaking hands. "Look out!" he shrieked, and fired point-blank along the landing. The hot flame spurted into the fog through the dense powder-smoke, and the heavy, smothered crash reëchoed from the bluffs. He heard a cry, "Ware, all! They 're getting at their guns. They 've hand-guns amongst 'em!" and the rogues broke back again. But one man was lying along the piling, and another sat down slowly with his hand to his breast. "I 'm hit," he said. "I 'm done for!" and he

leaned back against a post; and all at once he gave a great gasp and his lips fell apart, and the side of his jacket was wet and red.

Kregier laid the trumpeter safe in the stern of the yawl, then climbed up to the wharf, and taking Mynheer Van Sweringen in his strong arms, sprang back with him into the rolling boat, and fell with a crash on the thwart. "Hurry, there, boy!" he cried. "They are coming!"

But Barnaby stood looking back at the sailor on the landing. The rogue had crumpled down upon one side, with his hands upon his breast and his head on the earth. The boy's face was very white.

"Hurry, there!" cried Kregier. "Quick, there! Hurry, boy!" for two men were coming down the landing, running doggedly together.

One was tall and gaunt, the other short and heavy. The short man's head was tied up in a handkerchief, but the taller villain wore a hat, the broad, flapping brims of which were tied up with leather thongs.

"By glory!" he cried. "They are taking the yawl! They are making off with the yawl!"

But the other gave a hoarse gasp.

"There standeth the gromet himself. Look out for the boat; I 'll tend to the boy. I 'll give it to him!"

Barnaby turned with a cry, and leaped down into the yawl: it was Captain John King and Jack Glasco, the master's mate. He cast off the line; the boat swung round; the tide was running out. "They are off, by glory!" he heard King shout; and then, with an angry cry, John King sprang from the wharf above, and after him the master's mate.

One instant he saw the red soles of their shoes flashing downward through the air, and their loose pea-jackets flapping like wild, inadequate wings; then down into the water they came with a tremendous splash, scarce a yard from the stern of the yawl. Struggling forward, as Kregier tugged madly at the oars, they plunged full length through the water, and caught the dripping gunwale.

The boat swung round, heeling down on her side, and the water rushed into her.

"Get the boy, Jack," cried King, "while I turn the cursed thing over!"

The master's mate made a desperate clutch at Barnaby across the gunwale. Barnaby raised the pistol and struck him fiercely with its butt.

"Oh," screamed the master's mate, "the gromet hath broken my skull!" Yet still he clung to the stern of the yawl like a bulldog.

"Hit him! Hit him! I cannot see to run the rogue through," cried Mynheer Van Sweringen, groping blindly about the boat. "Where is he? Tell me where he is"; and he raised his rapier.

Directly in front of him Captain John King was clinging to the gunwale, glaring up into his blinded face with a visage distorted with hate.

"Ye pestilent, meddling ape!" cried King. "I 'll have my vengeance on ye!" And hanging with one hand against the tug of Kregier's rowing, he thrust the other into his breast and drew out a flint-locked pistol.

He tried to cock it with his thumb, but his hands were wet and his fingers slipped. Down went the hammer. A flash followed. Barnaby thought the charge was gone, but it was only a spatter of sparks at the pan.

With an inarticulate cry of rage, King bit at the cock with his teeth, and clenching them fast on the wing of the hammer, drew it back to the full.

"Take that!" he cried, and thrust the weapon straight at Mynheer Van Sweringen's breast.

With a desperate, left-handed clutch, Barnaby caught the picaroon's wrist, and throwing his weight upon it, at the same time brought down the butt of his pistol upon King's head with all the strength that was in his right arm.

As he struck there was a spurt of flame and a roaring crash in his ears. In a blind smother of powder-smoke and of burning woolen stuffs, he felt a ripping stab of pain tear through his nearer shoulder, and a stunning shock like the blow of a cudgel benumbed his whole left arm.

Choking for breath, he cried out bitterly, caught the arm with his other hand, and let the empty pistol fall into the water at his feet.

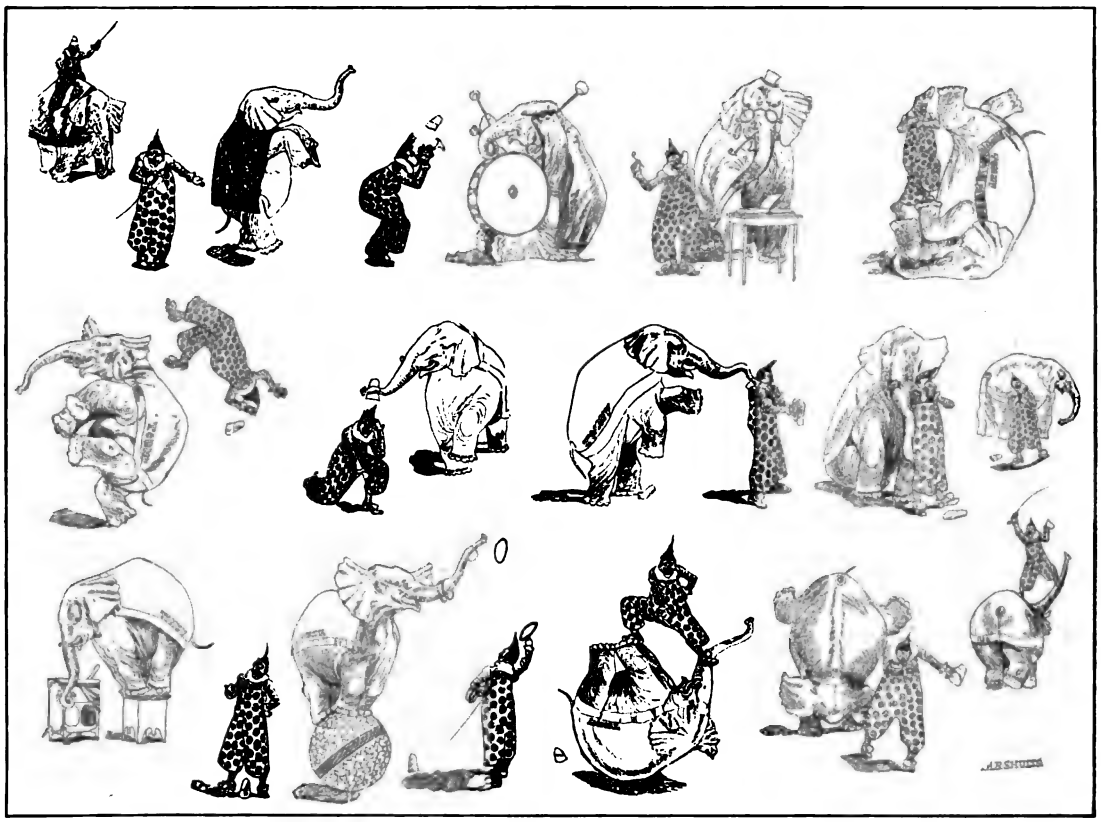
John King's fingers slipped nervelessly from

their hold. He made as if to clap them to his broken head; but all his senses seemed knocked into a daze, and he could not guide his hands.

He stood a moment, reeling with the motion of the water; then, slowly wavering to and fro, dropped forward on his face, his hands outstretched before him, as limp as a floating weed, and slowly sank out of sight beneath the eddy behind the boat. The master's mate was plunging back to shore in frantic haste.

Then the yawl came away with a jump, and the fugitives felt they were safe at last.

(To be continued.)



NAT AND TOMMY.

SOUND the trumpets, beat the drums, see the learnèd elephant comes!
Introduced by Zany Nat, Elephant Tommy doffs his hat.
Tom makes music, smokes and reads, every word of Nat's he heeds.
He turns a somersault complete, upsetting Nat, who 's on his feet.
Tommy 's sorry, makes amends, sheds some tears, and they 're good friends.
Tommy grinds the organ now, catches rings, rocks, makes a bow,
Then bears his master from the ring, while all applaud like anything.

Christopher Valentine.

THE PORT OF BOTTLES.

By Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron.

It is a common thing for officers or sailors on sea-going vessels, and especially for passengers, whose time often hangs heavily on their hands, to write some message on a paper, inclose it in a bottle, cork it tight, and throw it overboard. Usually the paper contains a mere memorandum of the name of the ship, its latitude and longitude at the time, the date, the name of the captain and of the writer, with perhaps a humorous message to the finder—the whim of an idle hour. But possibly the writing may convey a more serious message, stating that the ship has sprung a leak and is about to founder, compelling its passengers and crew to take to the small boats. Very rarely has such a bottle been picked up by a passing vessel in time to rescue the survivors.

If the bottle has been securely corked it may float a long time on quiet seas, and may be carried many hundreds of miles on an ocean current. Such a waif, dropped into the Gulf Stream off the coast of the United States, has been picked up many months afterward on the shore of Ireland, Scotland, or Norway. When ocean storms come the angry waves dash the frail bottles on floating spars or projecting rocks, and the greater number are doubtless broken in this way. There are a few "dead spots" in the ocean, however, to which these tiny glass vessels may be carried, and where they may float in security for an indefinite time.

An officer on a Brazilian ship describes such a spot in the Caribbean Sea, which he says ought to be called the Port of Bottles. It lies nearly midway between the cities of Cartagena, Colombia, and Kingston, Jamaica, and about due east of Cape Gracias á Dios.

"It is out of the steamer tracks," he says, "and the action of the great currents going one way and another has left a space of stagnant water without any real movement at all. Anything that gets into the dead spot is apt to stay there, unless driven out by some big storm, and will simply drift round and round, gathering sea-grass and barnacles." He picked up there three bottles floating together amid the drift, one empty, the others with papers inside. One of these had been dropped in the sea three years before from a yacht in the Grand Cayman. He adds:

"I noticed a lot of other driftwood in the same spot, and I am confident that no end of bottles could be culled from the place. Hundreds are dropped overboard every year, but very few escape being knocked to pieces unless they happen to find their way to some such a still place as I have described."

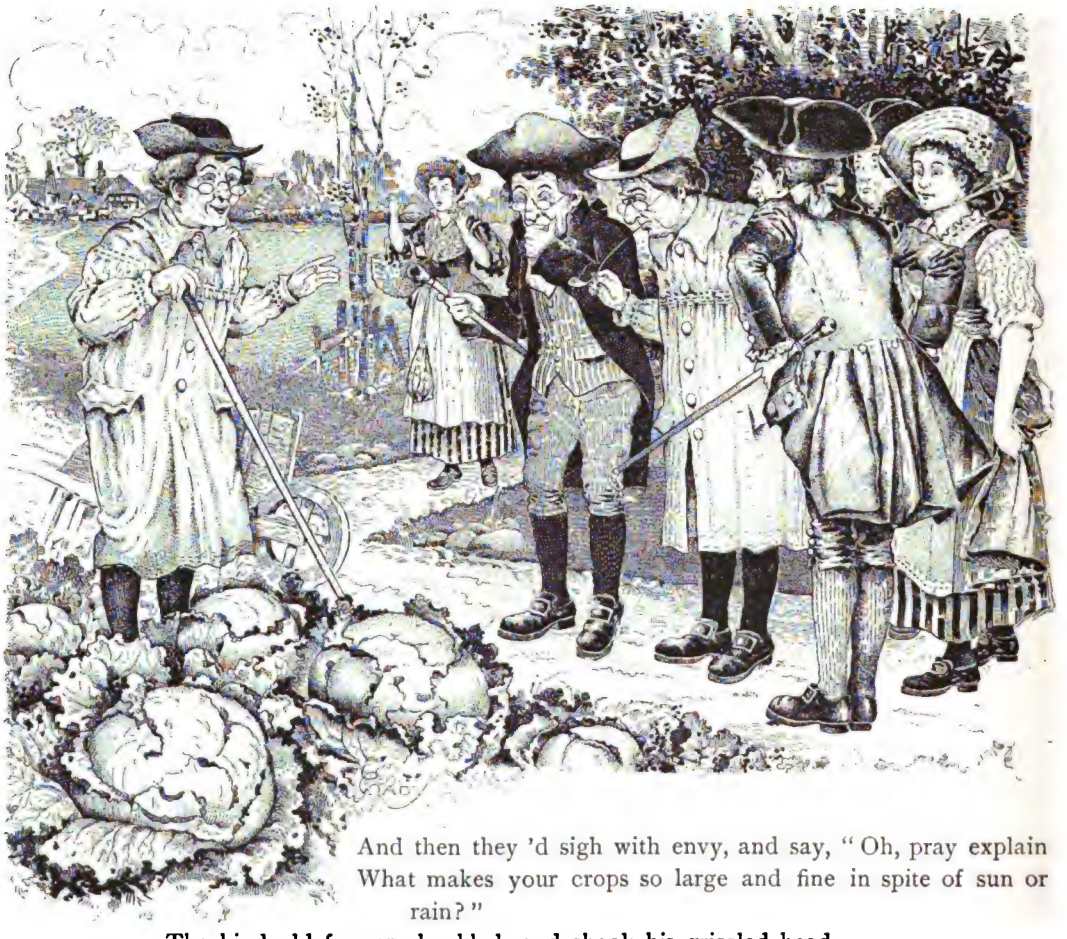
There are a few other similar dead spots in the ocean, and it is possible that bottles might be picked up in them which had been floating securely for many long years.

What messages of merriment, what tales of distress and doom these frail glass voyagers might contain, who may guess?

The Indulgent Farmer.

By Carolyn Wells.

THERE was a kind old farmer once, whose name, I 've heard folks say,
Was Azariah Jedediah Hezekiah Hay.
His vegetables grew so well that all the people round
Would often come to take a look at Azariah's ground.



And then they 'd sigh with envy, and say, "Oh, pray explain
What makes your crops so large and fine in spite of sun or rain?"

The kind old farmer chuckled, and shook his grizzled head.
"I 'll tell you what 's the reason, if you want to know," he said.
"It 's only that I 'm kind to them, and give them what they want.
I look out for the little needs of everything I plant:
I see that my potatoes have glasses for their eyes,

And all my long-necked squashes I buy collars for, and ties;
My strawberries I cheerfully provide with folding-beds,
And my cabbages and lettuce must have hats that fit their heads."

Again the farmer chuckled, as he said, "And as, you see,
I do my very best for them, they do their best for me."

LULLABY.

Oh, my little one sails on the river of sleep—
Hey, ho, my deary!
And the current is broad and the channel is deep—
Hey, ho, she 's weary!
For the daylight is done, and the sun has gone down,
And the dream-king is waiting to put on his crown,
As we start on our journey for Rock-a-by Town—
Hey, ho, my deary!

Now what shall we have when we come to the king?
Hey, ho, my deary!
A poppy, a pearl, and a pretty gold ring—
Hey, ho, she 's weary!
And the spell of the poppy her slumber will be,
And the pearl is a dream for my baby to see;
With the ring she 'll come back in the morning to me—
Hey, ho, my deary!

Albert Bigelow Paine.

A BOY OF A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

(*A Historical Romance.*)

By Harriet T. Comstock.

[*This story was begun in the July number.*]

Chapter IV.

And the poor little prince, what of him?

It was all grand and inspiring while the sun shone and the castle turrets were in sight. While the rough music filled his ears, his proud heart beat in triumph.

He was a king at last! All these knightly men were at *his* command. He was going forth to conquer, not new worlds, but new hearts. He was to learn strange things in the monasteries at Rome. He was to become strong and manly. When he returned, he would be able to hold his own with Ethelbald. The brothers only laughed at him now. They should feel his power later on.

But—he would be kind because *she* had taught him. The thought of the gentle mother turned him ill. Strange shadows were beginning to creep among the forest trees. The castle, and the dear familiar group, had long been hidden from view. A wave of loneliness and homesickness swept over him, and bending his proud head, he let the tears fall unchecked upon his horse's neck.

He clutched the reins closer in his cold fingers.

He struggled with himself, but could not seem to gain the mastery.

At last he controlled his voice and spoke to the young knight nearest him:

"My Lord Harold!"

"Your Majesty!" Alfred heeded not the jesting tone. The young man turned a laughing, kindly face upon the drooping child. His own boyhood was not so long past but that he saw and understood. The poor little prince sitting astride the horse was a pitiful sight to this tender-hearted young knight, and he muttered:

"'T is folly! The child should be abed within the castle walls!" Aloud he said:

"How may I serve your Highness?"

"Dost thou think I could ride before thee for a time? My father carries me so. My limbs are stiff and weary, and I greatly fear that my horse is tired also."

Lord Harold smiled under cover of the gloom, but answered calmly:

"Thy charger does, indeed, look ready to drop. My prince is a heavy load for such a small beast."

Alfred's pride rose at the words.

"Come, I will lift thee to my saddle. The horse shall be led."

The change was made, and the dim forest grew less awful, while the contact of Harold's strong body, and the clasp of his kindly arm, made Alfred feel safer.

They talked softly together as on they went toward the spot where the tents were to be pitched.

Harold told weird tales of adventure by land and sea, until the little prince forgot his troubles and thrilled and glowed.

Then, as the darkness closed in, the child spoke of his mother, and her teachings, with such reverent love that at last Harold bent his head, and an unheeded tear dropped on the curls resting against his armored breast.

"When I am king"—the little voice was growing drowsy—"thou shalt be my greatest warrior, Lord Harold. Whatever thou shalt ask, that will I give thee—because"—and here the face was raised to the young soldier's—"because I shall always remember this night. I never forget."

"I thank my future king!" The knight's voice shook.

Silence rested between them, and the cavalcade pressed on.

The weary prince slept upon the friendly breast, and Harold clasped closer the little form, and peered into the gloom.

A shadow grew upon his face as on they

rode. Perhaps in a vision he saw a battle-field. Already Harold had proven his courage against the foe, and had been rewarded for his bravery by being chosen to guard Alfred on this journey.

Perhaps he saw this little sleeping prince grown to manhood, and leading England's mighty hosts on to glory. It may be that he counted the chances of favor from the future king; he was young, and full of ambition; but his eyes were holden from the sight of himself lying stark and dead among the slain—hope, ambition, life itself, gone. He could not see the young king bending over him, gazing with eyes which "never forgot" upon his cold, dead face.

Ah, Harold the Loyal! you would have ridden that night with a heavier load upon your heart than the tired prince, could you have seen that!

When the long, wearisome journey by land and sea was over, a worn and heartsick little boy awoke, one morning, within the stern walls of a monastery room, to a realizing sense that the glittering pageant of which, but yesterday, he was heart and soul, had passed on, leaving him behind. Shorn of honor and martial array, he was simply a forlorn child lying on a hard, narrow bed, crying out his woes, with no one near to comfort or advise—no one even to care that he was weeping.

This was education! For this he had been sent from dear old England, that he might learn to be a strong, good king, able to care for his people!

Ethelred and Ethelbald needed not the terrible lesson. It was reserved for him to suffer the pangs of homesickness and despair.

Oh, it was indeed a heavy penalty to be set aside to wear the crown! But even within those somber precincts Alfred soon made friends. When he was brought before Father Paul he found Lord Harold there before him. What the young knight had said, Alfred never knew; but Father Paul gazed seriously down

"'WHAT DOST THOU KNOW, ALFRED?' ASKED FATHER PAUL." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

upon the little lad, and then smiled, half pityingly.

He was very little, very shy, and his eyes were swollen from weeping.

Perhaps the father, who in his day had been a mighty warrior, thought that in the young prince before him he saw but sorry material for the making of great England's future sovereign.

After looking for some moments upon the shrinking child, he said kindly:

"What dost thou know, Alfred?"

"Nothing, father."

The answer seemed to surprise the questioner. It was doubtless more humble than he had expected to receive.

"What dost thou wish to learn, son?"

"I wish to learn to be a strong, brave king."

Always the same absorbing thought! Unwisely and unjustly planted in that baby mind, it had taken root, and was choking out better and greater aims.

Father Paul frowned.

"Hast thou not brothers older than thyself?"

"Yes, father; three—Ethelbald and Ethelred, and one who fares away from home."

"Then, learn first to be just. Give to others that which is their right. Humble thyself. Learn, through temptation and victory, to govern thine own self before thou dost dream of governing others."

Lord Harold's face flushed. It was a new thing to hear the favorite son of England's monarch thus humiliated. But Alfred did not feel the sting of the prior's words.

Old and serious beyond his years in many ways, he was but a baby in others, and the only thought that touched him now was that, in some way, he had offended this great and good man to whom his father had intrusted him. He raised his soft eyes to the mild face of the monk, and said gently: "I crave thy pardon, father, if I have offended."

"Nay, son; I am not angry. But hark thee! Forget this thought of becoming king. Let the future take thee in its keeping. Learn to be a man; but before that, even, learn to be a —child." The old voice grew tender, and a kindly hand rested on the curly head.

Lord Harold then led the boy away.

They walked out into the sunlit garden, and Alfred felt the warm glow of the sunlight and the nearness of his friend melt the gloom in his heart, and he looked up and smiled.

"List thee, little prince," Harold said, seating himself on a stone slab and taking Alfred on his knee. "Canst thou trust me?"

"Yea, my lord."

"Well, then, tell not the other lads that thou wilt be the king. Act according to Father Paul's teaching, and forget, if thou canst, thyself. Go, play and romp, and grow merry. Then wilt thou be a strong lad, and when I come again I will bring thee a sword, a real sword, and it shall have a goodly name. Dost promise?"

"I promise, my lord!" Alfred touched his heart and laughed gaily.

That was something to live for. A real sword! And it was to have a goodly name! How he would love it, and learn to use it well!

Then, after a little more quiet talk, Harold rode away, bearing back to England the news that the little prince was reconciled to his new life, and promised to be a worthy son of a good father.

For a time all went well. The novelty of this new life attracted and fascinated the serious, thoughtful boy.

He was quick to learn, and willing to obey. He was truthful and generous, and the other boys within the seminary walls learned to love him, though they often jeered at his quaint, unchildlike ways. Alfred had grown accustomed to his brothers' half-envious raillery, but this was something different. Theirs was seasoned with awe and a knowledge of his superior position; but these boys openly derided him for his sober manners and solemn words.

He had never had serious opposition before, and for the first time in his life he felt anger; and for one boy, a child of about his own age, he developed a strong feeling of hatred.

Generally he was sweet-tempered and merry, and tried to adapt himself to the others' play, but if this boy crossed his will or laughed at him, his face would flush with temper, and his small hands clench themselves in rage.

"If I could only tell him that I am to be a king," he half sobbed one day when the foe

had taken his mimic sword from him and run away. "Then how he would fear me!" But the memory of his promise to Harold, and the hope of the reward, restrained him.

The secret of his title was guarded well within the monastery, and all seemed going as Father Paul desired until one unlucky day when Alfred forgot his vow, and brought dire disgrace and suffering upon himself.

Lessons had dragged that morning. His head ached over the hard tasks, and his thoughts would fly back to bonny England and the old happy days.

At playtime he drew apart and refused to join the others in their games.

At last Felix, the tormenting foe, cried out:

"Leave Sir Baby alone! He misses his nurse and pap!"

Alfred's face flushed darkly, and his hands clenched. He spoke hotly as he said:

"Have a care, thou Felix. I am no baby. I am—I am—going to be a king! Then will I kill thee, thou French knave!"

The older boys drew near, and seeing the angry faces of the two little lads, laughed aloud, and one cried:

"A king! Thou! Oh, poor country over which thou rulest, thou little striding infant!"

"'T is a great country!" half sobbed Alfred. "'T is the greatest on earth! I am to be the King of England!"

A great shout went up.

"The King of England! Long live the king! Knock his crown off, Felix. Make him eat his words, the boasting cur!"

Felix, backed by such a force, struck out valiantly; but Alfred was as quick, and springing back, dashed aside the well-aimed blow.

"Fair play!" cried some of the boys, already feeling admiration for the child they harried but could not help loving. "Fair play. Now!"

The two maddened little fellows squared and glowered.

In Alfred's eyes were tears of rage and pride; but Felix, better drilled and more hardened, was cool and pale.

A stillness fell upon the group. Then the blows began to fall.

"At him, Felix! Thou hast shattered his crown at the first blow," cried one party.

"Steady, Alfred! Thou wilt yet down France," answered the others.

The little feet shuffled on the grass. The quick breaths came brokenly, and blow after blow fell upon face and body.

"Alfred!"

"Felix!"

"Bravo! bravo! Down with England's monarch!"

"France is down!"

"Up, up, Felix! At him again! Now trample his crown!"

"Thou art a master, Alfred! Now, now, on him! Hold him! France is beaten!"

"Nay, nay! Bravely done! Up, Felix! Once more, and England's done for!"

Alfred heard the words. He might die—he thought that he was dying; but never while life lasted in him should old England need an arm to defend her!

The blows blinded him. A great buzzing filled his ears. Then he saw that some one was lying panting on the grass. A blood-stained face was turned to the sky. It was his face, he thought, and he was dying.

Well, he had died for England, for home, for father! What could he ask more?

A great hurrah filled the world. The sun went out. He was dead!

Then—and a blank space of time seemed to have elapsed—he opened his eyes. The sunlight had come back, and was streaming into the little window of his cell-like room.

He was lying on his bed, and his body was one aching pain from head to foot. A great feeling of sickness and loneliness stole over him, and he tried to recall *what* had happened. Slowly it came back to him, that day so long ago.

He thought he still heard the gibes of the boys. He saw his hated foe, and he recollected the bitter fight.

Had Felix beaten him? On that point he was misty.

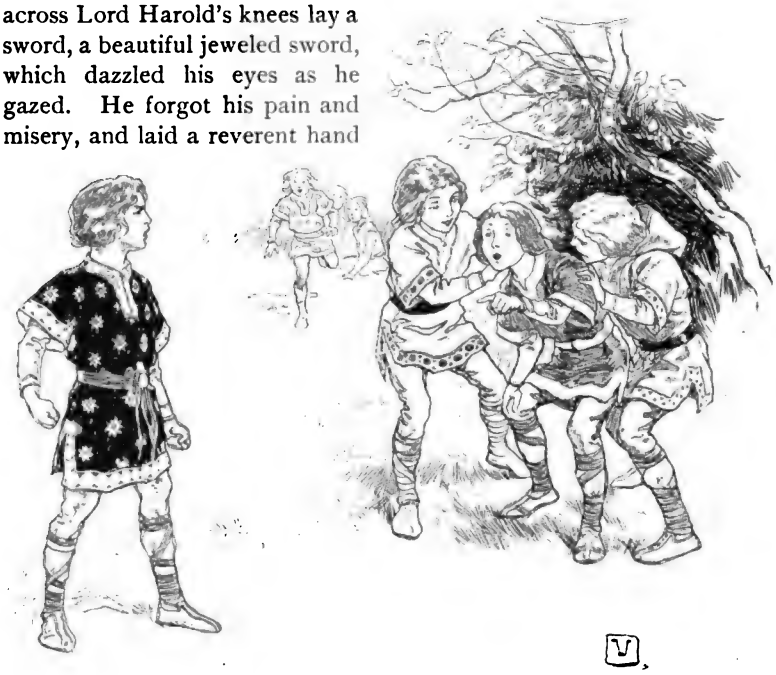
Slowly he turned his weary head upon the pillow.

Beside the narrow bed sat Lord Harold! There was a queer light in his eyes as he gazed down upon the bruised and fallen hero; and also there was a strange smile upon his lips.

At the sight of the dear, familiar face, slow tears began to roll down the little prince's cheeks.

"Thou, Lord Harold! I am so glad!"

The young knight bent and kissed the tiny outstretched hand. Then Alfred noticed that across Lord Harold's knees lay a sword, a beautiful jeweled sword, which dazzled his eyes as he gazed. He forgot his pain and misery, and laid a reverent hand upon it. But memory flashed upon him, and he withdrew his hand.



"'I AM GOING TO BE A KING!'"

"'T is thine, my prince," spoke Harold. "I but keep my word with thee."

"But I have broken mine!" The little voice was hushed and thick.

"Broken thy word? Thou, Alfred?"

"Yea."

A long silence followed. Then Lord Harold spoke again:

"Thy father needs thee, Alfred. I have come to take thee home."

The boy started, and a deep flush covered his wan, bruised face.

"I cannot go, my lord; I was beaten. I yet must conquer Felix!"

"Thou hast already done that, my prince. Felix owns the defeat, or he will when once again he is able to own anything."

Lord Harold smiled strangely.

"I tried for England's sake, but *I* was not worthy. I have broken faith. England has but a poor one to do her battles."

"She hath a terrible upholder. Take the sword, Prince Alfred. Let it remind thee of thy lost victory o'er thyself and the well-won victory o'er thy foe."

For a moment Alfred faltered. Then bravely:

"Nay, nay, my lord; not until I have gained the victory o'er myself will I take thy gift. Keep it, Lord Harold; I will win it yet. But let me just hold it in my hands."

The child gazed rapturously, kissed it, and passed it back.

"Some day," he murmured, "some day! I will never forget again, my lord. I will go home with thee. I want my father!"

It was so still that the soft sound of a sob seemed to fill the room. Harold slipped his arm under the curly head, and silently watched the troubled face of the unhappy little prince.

Hard as it was, could he have had his way, he would have left this child far from home among his sturdier companions to learn life's bitter lessons.

Sooner or later the conflict must come, and the poor little lad must take the cruel blows.

But England's king, hungry for the sight of his favorite child, worn with anxiety for his kingdom's welfare, longed for the companion of his dreary hours, and therefore he had sent his messenger forth to bring back the homesick boy.

So, in the gray of an early morn, they rode forth from the monastery gates. Alfred sat before Lord Harold, and only a few retainers accompanied them. At the vine-covered gate-

way the little company were halted to say the last farewells.

Father Paul stood there, with a group of boys beside him.

"Fare thee well, my son," said the old prior. "When thou dost come again thy heart will be less sore. My blessing goeth with thee."

Alfred bent and kissed the uplifted hand, while his tears flowed freely.

Then one little lad came from out the group. It was Felix.

"I did not know," murmured he; "thou must pardon me."

"Forgive me," Alfred whispered back. "Thou didst fight bravely. I will remember thee, Felix, when—" Then he paused. "I will remember thee always. Farewell!"

A boyish cry of "Fare thee well, Prince Alfred!" rent the air. Then the great gates swayed after them. England's little prince was going home.

Chapter V.

"'T is but a foolish thing to want to be a king! If one must, then should one try to be a good king; but I wish no more to be one, and I have told our father so."

Alfred sat on the old stone throne. The brothers had deserted their fleet, and were lying about on the grass, listening to Alfred's tale of his journey.

Somehow the story of his encounter with the boy Felix had gotten abroad, and had lost none of its glory in the mouths of the king's household.

Ethelred and Ethelbald treated the child with an awed respect, and the old king could barely let him out of his sight.

But something had humbled the little prince. Perhaps it was the knowledge of how unworthily he had lost the sword that Lord Harold had brought for him. Perhaps it was the memory of those homesick months when he, the petted child, had been no better than the meanest boy in the seminary. Whatever it was, he was far more companionable with his brothers and less arrogant with others.

"But," said Ethelbald, in reply to Alfred's speech, "if thou art not the king, who will be? Thou knowest neither Ethelred nor I have ever sought the honor."

"Our father is king."

"Ay, now; but by and by, who then? We mean to sail the seas. No kingdom shall claim us. We mean to conquer kingdoms!"

Alfred looked serious. This was a deep subject, deeper than he had imagined. It was one thing not to *want* to be king, but it was quite another to free one's self from one's obligations and responsibilities.

Suddenly Ethelred spake. He had always been fonder of Alfred than Ethelbald had been, and his rough nature was touched by the sight of the perplexed little figure on the rock.

"'T is not fair that Alfred should bear the burden alone, methinks. Hark thee! I have a plan. He hath shown that he can fight for England. He 's but a small lad to be so brave. We have stayed at home and played. Now, I say that we should share everything. When one goes abroad to fight and conquer, let the others look to the kingdom. Let turn about be our plan, and so will we make the world tremble."

Alfred and Ethelbald quickly started up.

"THE OATH WAS SOLEMNLY TAKEN, THE LITTLE PRINCES STANDING BAREHEADED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"'T is a fine plan!" they shouted.

"Here, let us swear upon the bracelet."

Alfred always wore one, a rare gift from his mother. The oath was solemnly taken, the little princes standing bareheaded in the golden light.

"Now let us tell father!" cried Ethelbald.

"Nay, nay." Alfred held him back. "'T would wound him. Let it be our secret, and if the day comes, we will remember."

"Long live the king!" cried Ethelred.

The merry shout went up.

Oh, little princes, could England's future history have been unfurled before you then, how prophetic your vow upon the glistening bracelet would have seemed! But your childish eyes were held from seeing, as Lord Harold's had been, and as all others are, most mercifully.

The years went on very peacefully for the children after that. Invasions by land and sea made Ethelwulf anxious and careworn; but the boys fought their never-ending wars, and won their victories upon the castle lake.

Within the grim walls they gathered beside the glowing logs, when the nights were cold and long, and listened to, and told, tales of horror which chilled their young blood with such a chill that no blazing log could warm it.

In the gloomy corners they saw faces of Danish foes which made their teeth chatter.

They whispered, and clung together, and were happy in their exquisite fear. For as they conquered those foes of imagination and terror, so would they, working together,—for they never forgot their vow,—conquer the real foes, and free old England of the robber bands.

"We will slaughter them, every one, women and all!" whispered Ethelbald, crouching at the chimney side, and peering open-eyed into the blackest corner.

"Not the women or children?" whispered Ethelred. In the face of that gloom, through which they must pass to go to bed, he dared not carry things too far.

"Ay, every one."

"We will pray for them first."

"Nay. What are their souls to us?" growled Ethelbald.

"Sh!" They crept together, and listened breathlessly for a moment or two.

"I thought I heard a trumpet blast."

"I—think—we will pray for their souls," ventured Ethelbald, at last. This seemed to propitiate the deepening horror, and the boys gained courage.

"I think," and Alfred spoke in quivering tones, "I think we should baptize the women and children, then load them with gifts, and send them back. The enemy will surrender on those terms, I wis."

Not even the stupefying shadows could still the derisive laugh which met this proposition.

"Oh, I would fight the men," Alfred hastened to explain. "They should grovel, I warn thee. But I would show them that we are nobler and wiser than they. 'T is only the heathen horde that treats as they do. I would show them a better way."

The logs broke and blazed, filling the room with a rich light.

The three princes grew brave.

"I shall kill all!" declared Ethelbald.

"I will think about it," quoth Ethelred.

"And I,"—Alfred was gazing in the heart of the fire, his chin resting in his hands,—"and I will try to be like father. I will do the best that I can. Father is a good king."

"Sh!" Again they huddled together. A shadow moved among the shadows. The heavy draperies swayed and fell into new folds.

"I thought I heard a moan, as if one of the foe lay dying," breathed Ethelbald.

"It sounded like the wind coming from the far north." Ethelred shivered.

"Some one sighed, I think." Alfred did not turn his head, but went on musingly: "Perchance it was a spirit passing—an unhappy spirit, sent out before its time. Mayhap it was thinking of all it had left unfinished, all the work it had meant to do."

"Sh!" Again the strange, soft sigh.

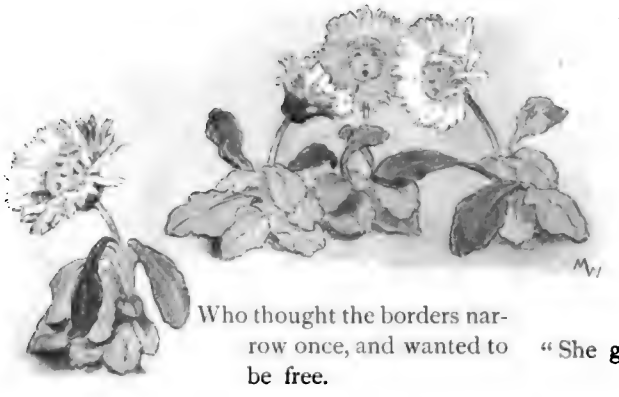
The three boys turned toward the doorway. All was silent. How could they know that a weary old king had heard their idle talk, and had gone out to take up listlessly the work he had to do, with but one thing to cheer his days: the knowledge that after him, God willing, would reign one whose heart was strong and tender, whom the people might indeed honor.

(To be continued.)

THE TRUANT DAISY.

It was the gay Sir Butterfly, the gossip of the garden,
Who told me all about it on a pleasant summer day.
Alighting on my shoulder, without "by your leave" or "pardon,"
He thus began the story in his light and airy way:

"The English Daisy family in the borders yonder growing,
All prim, precise, and pretty, and domestic as can be,
Have a sister — yes, that little one the breezes set a-blowing —



Who thought the borders narrow once, and wanted to be free.

"She did n't like the neighbors — they were all too stiff and formal;
Miss Pansy and the Mignonettes were 'out of date' and 'slow.'
'Oh, how I wish I did n't have to live in such a normal,
Well-regulated place!' she cried. 'I know I 'll never grow.'

"The Daisy's fairy-godmother, who heard her thus complaining,
Transplanted her so gently to the lawn that very night
She never dreamed or woke to know the freedom she was gaining,
Until the day was breaking in a flood of yellow light.

"Green turf was all about her, and above the birds were singing.
'I 'm really growing wild at last!' a sparrow heard her say.
But warm and warmer shone the sun until his rays were stinging,

And crowds of romping children nearly crushed her in their play.

"Just then she heard a munching sound, and, gay with ribbons flying,
A snow-white lamb, the children's pet, came cropping grass so near
He would soon have reached the Daisy, but, with terror almost dying,
She called her fairy-godmother, who answered, 'I am here!'

"She gently bathed the Daisy with a healing dewdrop lotion,
And rocked her with a little breeze till fast asleep she fell;
Then home the fairy carried her, without the slightest motion,
To waken in the borders — where she 's now content to dwell."

Mary White.

OWNING BOOKS. In a newspaper was recently printed a letter from a book-lover asserting that books were of little use to those who only borrowed them or received them as gifts. He objected, as Ruskin also did, to cheap books, and said he was "*almost* convinced that if the cheapest books cost five dollars or more the world would be better off."

No doubt this is an extreme statement, and would have to be expressed more cautiously to be true. Yet there is some truth in the idea that books may be too plentiful and too easy to buy. There is, possibly, a likeness between libraries and schools in this respect. The boy or girl in a big school is not so likely to form friendships as if in a smaller school. Where there is too wide a choice, there is less intimacy. So in the library. A large library is not so likely to become familiar and valued as a smaller collection well chosen.

The very company of books is educating. As one sits before the bookcases and glances at his favorite volumes, it is as if each said a word or two or suggested a thought. Thus a boy's eye may fall upon his copy of "Tom Brown at Rugby," and in his mind rises the remembrance of the great hare-and-hounds run in which Tom and East and the Tadpole struggled so pluckily, and at last held that delightful little interview with Dr. Arnold; or visions of East's tricks on old Martin. There is no need to open the book—one breathes its healthful air at the mere sight of its title. So from each old favorite there comes a friendly greeting, and we recall the pleasant hours spent in its company.

A great orator said: "Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A home without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up children without surrounding them with books if he has the means to buy books."

"RUSTING OUT." Many books are preserved from one century to another because they are dull or worthless. In a child's library, which books wear out first? Surely those the young reader handles most and reads oftenest. And the same rule holds with grown-up children. A stupid book no one reads is seldom disturbed. It stands idle all day and all night, gathering dust on the tops of its uninteresting pages, while the lively, bright, clever book is taken down a score of times a year, is lent (*don't* say "loaned"!), is handled and carried about until worn out in the service of mankind. That is why old books are often nearly worthless.

But if good books wear out, they are sure of being reprinted, while the poor book, when it once dies, is gone forever. The commonest books are likely to be the best. Where there is any library at all, you are practically certain to find at least a copy of the Bible and a volume of Shakspere's Works. As has been said by many, when a book is rare it is because it ought to be rare—that is, no more than a few copies of such a book are wanted.

READING ALOUD. There are many occupations that may be carried on with sufficient care though the mind is being entertained by listening to reading. In some of the shops where clothing is made it is the custom for the workers to hire a reader who reads a book selected by vote. So far from interfering with good work, this habit is found

to be a help to the workers. There is many an hour of the working-day that might be made delightful in this way. The mending-basket will be emptied the sooner if one worker be turned into a reader, and the needles be plied while a story is heard. Yet some reading aloud is anything but a pleasure to the listeners. The oratorical style, full of over-emphasis, dramatic rendering, and noisy expression, is little adapted for the home. Good prose should have a certain music of its own, and this concord of sweet sounds may be entirely lost if a jerky, stagy method of delivery be chosen. The imagination will supply enough color, and even if the author wrote "yelled," there is no need to give the speech at the top of the lungs. In reading to the sick, it is especially desirable to keep within the bounds of good taste and moderation.

"OLD BOOKS." It is not an uncommon notion that books must be valuable when they are very old; and if they be old enough, this is true. These most aged veterans are not likely to come into the hands of the ordinary buyer, for their rarity and value are too well known among dealers. To be valuable because of age alone, a volume must go back to the earliest days of the printing-press, when printing with movable types was yet a recent invention. Such books are known as "incunabula," from a Latin word meaning "baby-clothes," since they were made while the art was in its early infancy, that is, mainly before the year 1500.

THE OLDEST WRITINGS. In Egypt Professor Petrie discovered the ruins of an extensive town long ago occupied by workmen employed in building one of the pyramids, of which there are so many in that ancient land. Here and there, in digging among the ruins, were found bits of papyrus — pieces of old manuscripts. Most of these were fragments of accounts, bills, lists of provisions, and so on; but among such dry details there were scraps of an ancient poem, an address to King Usertesen III., congratulating him upon his victories. It is translated in the London "Standard," and a few lines of it read thus:

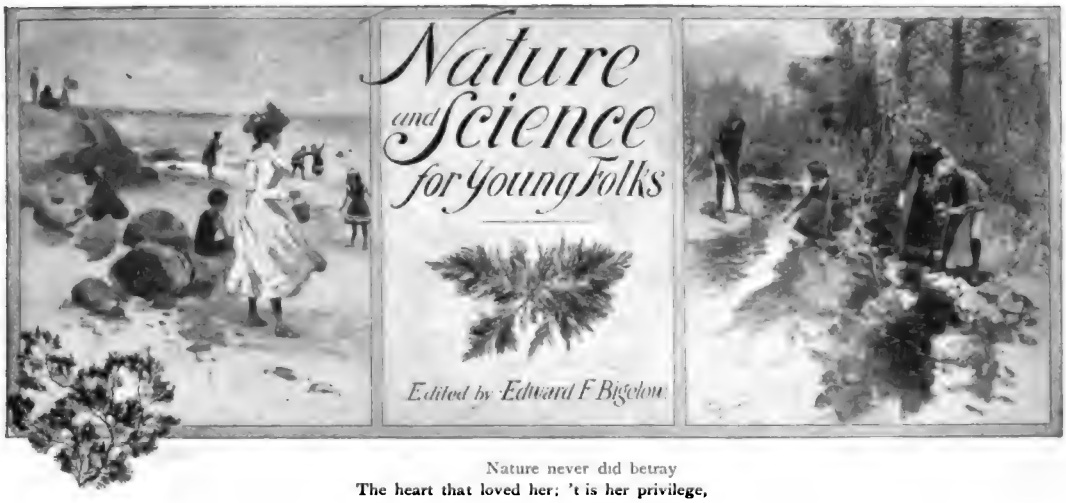
Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were a verdant shade and cool place in the time of harvest.
Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were a corner warm and dry in time of winter.
Twice great is the lord in his city: he is as it were a rock barring the blast in the time of tempest.

But even if this poem is fifty-five hundred years old, it cannot be considered the oldest writing known to us. Some of the clay cylinders that have been found recently in Asia are believed to be more than a thousand years older than this papyrus, for they are thought by some antiquaries to have been molded forty-five centuries before the Christian era — that is, sixty-four hundred years ago.

BOOKS IN THE BOOKCASE. Every lover of a library has now and then his "spring cleaning," though this is most likely to take place in vacation-time. Books are taken up, carried about, and at length restored to the shelves wherever there happens to be a vacant space—with the natural result in disorder. When the rows have lost their trimness, some rearrangement is necessary; and the owner decides to put the shelves in order. At first, perhaps, he thinks he will put together all the books of poetry, all the histories, all the stories. But it is soon found that this plan has many drawbacks. Among the poets, some are tall and slim, like Longfellow, others are shorter, like Goldsmith; others still are stout, like Browning. The histories, too, are of all shapes and sizes, and when ranged in a row seem like raw recruits on training-day; and soon the attempt to classify by subject is given up to professional librarians, who must have a useful system, no matter how their shelves may appear.

When the books are finally in place, the result is likely to be a queer mixture. Some books hold their places because they are big and bulky, others because of their colors; and the book-owner wonders whether it would not be a fine plan to make all books in a few regular sizes—an idea that does not at all meet with approval from the collector of fine volumes, who desires that each shall have a character of its own.

RECESSES. If in reading you become tired of your book, and yet desire to finish it, put it aside for a while, or even read another. You will enjoy it all the more when you return to it refreshed.



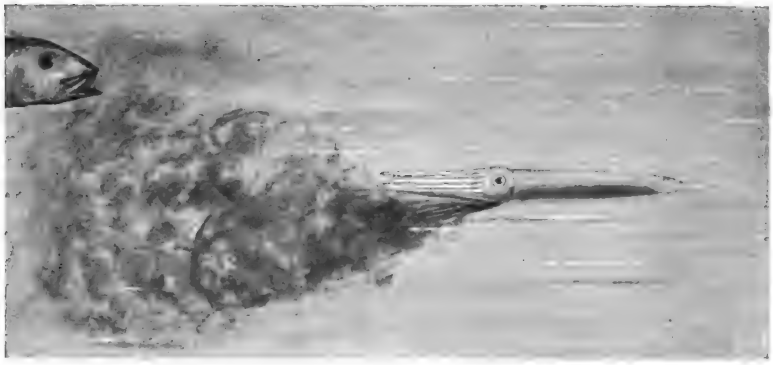
Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 't is her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to Joy.

WORDSWORTH.

THE SQUID AND ITS FOES.

WALKING, one summer's day, across a bridge by the sea-shore, I chanced to glance over the side, and saw there a school of squids lying quietly in the salt water. They were almost perfectly still, holding their position against the slight tide by gentle motions of their fins. Picking up a pebble, I dropped it into the water near them, and, in a flash, every squid had disappeared. I looked carefully to find out, if possible, where they had gone, and soon discovered, to my surprise, that they had not moved at all. They had simply assumed a color so like that of the sand over which they were swimming that they were only with great difficulty distinguished lying on the sandy bottom.

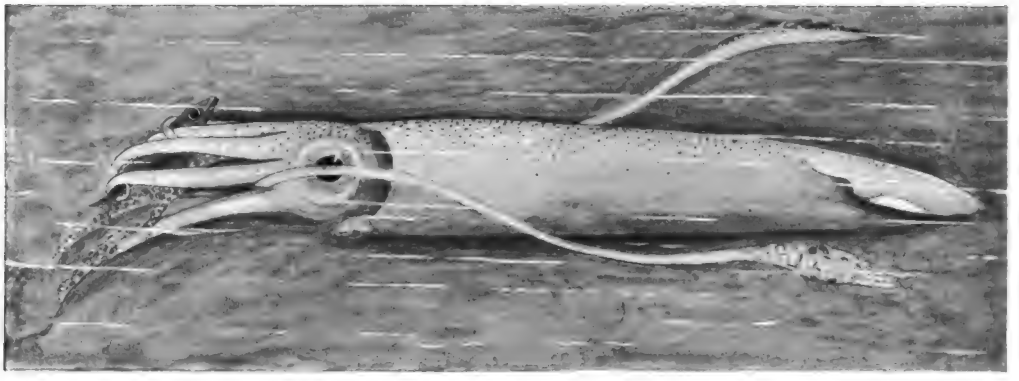
In the skin of the animal are thousands of minute drops of brilliant colored liquid. The squid can flatten these drops out so as to spread them over his whole surface, thus giving to his body the color of the liquid; or he can contract them into a very small compass, so that they almost disappear, and then the body assumes a grayish, transparent appearance. It is a beautiful sight to hold a live squid in one's hands, and watch the play of colors flashing over the body as these color drops contract and expand. Since the drops are not all of the same color, some considerable variation of colors is possible, and by taking on the hue of surrounding objects, the squid frequently escapes the observation of the foes that seek to devour him.



A SQUID ESCAPING FROM AN ENEMY BY DISCHARGING A JET OF INK. (DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE.)

But the chief means of escape is an extraordinary power of locomotion. The squid's body is surrounded by a large sack, called the mantle, which is attached along the back, but widely open around the neck—much as if one were placed in a meal-bag which was sewed to the

back of his coat but open around his neck. Ordinarily this sack is so widely open at the neck that water flows in freely and completely fills it. When the squid is frightened by some large enemy trying to capture him, the muscles around the neck are at once contracted, closing the opening entirely. Then the animal violently contracts the muscular walls of the sack, squeezing the water very forcibly. The water thus pressed on must find an exit even if it cannot get out around the neck. Communicating with the cavity of the sack is a little tube having a wide opening into the sack, but a very small one on the outside, underneath the head of the animal. This tube is commonly pointed forward, and is called the *siphon*. When the water in the sack is so pressed by the muscles, it is squeezed out through this tube in a very forcible jet. The force of the water thus shot out is such as to drive the squid backward with great rapidity. When the squid forces the water out of his mantle cavity in this manner, the whole animal shoots backward, almost with the velocity of an arrow. But this is not all. Inside of the mantle cavity the squid possesses a little sack of very black ink. The mouth of this ink-sack is close to the siphon through which the water is forced out, and when the animal, by its muscular contraction, forces out the water through this siphon, a little jet of ink is forced out with it. This ink spreads rapidly through the water, and in a fraction of a second it effectually conceals the squid beneath its dark cloud. When, therefore, a large fish swims toward a school of squids, hoping to get a meal, he is sure to be met with a cloud of ink spurted up in his face, as shown in the illustration on page 938. Under the concealment of the ink which he has ejected the squid utterly disappears, placing himself, by a series of backward jerks, at a long distance from his dreaded enemy.



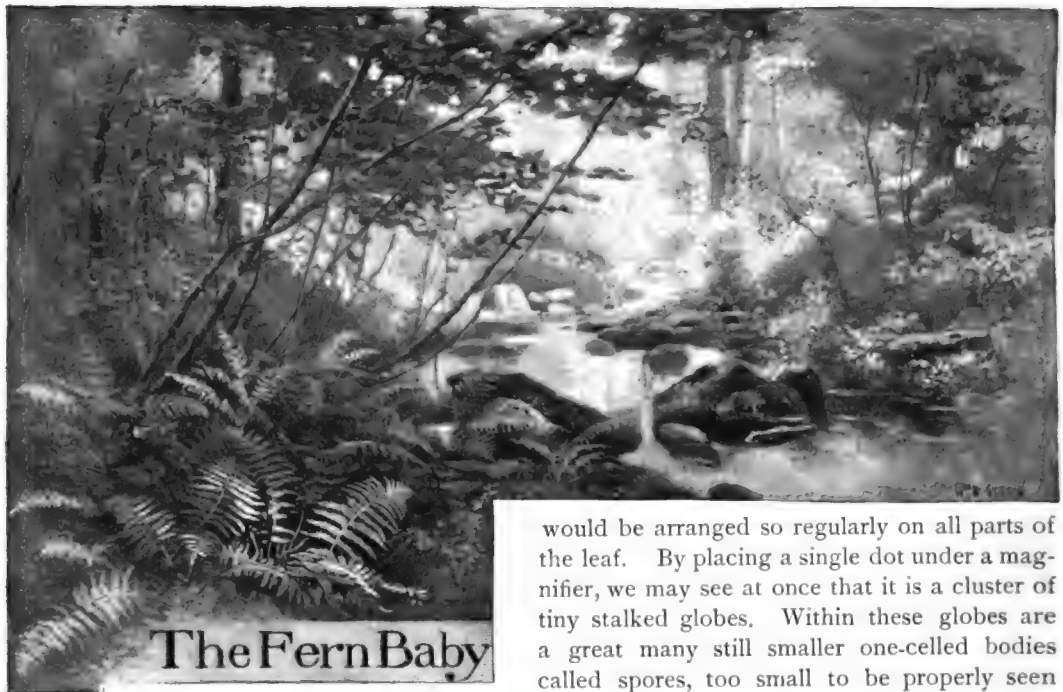
A SQUID CAPTURING A SMALL FISH. (DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE.)

But while the squid feeds upon smaller animals, matters are nicely balanced, since he, in turn, forms the food of larger ones. His body is muscular and soft, and has no skeleton or other hard parts to break the teeth of the fishes which try to devour him. There is hardly a fish of any considerable size that does not regard the squid as a dainty morsel of food. Even large marine animals do not disdain this exquisite delicacy, for squids form a considerable portion of the food of giant whales. Nearly every marine animal is, therefore, the enemy of the squids, and, were it not for the fact that they are provided with exceptional means of defense, they would probably have long since disappeared, consumed by their numerous enemies.

The squid is an animal with a long history, and has, for many thousands of years, been extremely abundant in all seas. They are among the most interesting objects at the sea-shore. A more beautiful object can hardly be found than a glistening, almost transparent squid, with its bright, greenish eyes, and its flashing play of changing colors.

H. W. Conn.

Professor of Biology,
Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.



The Fern Baby

WE all know the grown-up ferns, regarded by many people as among the most beautiful objects with which Nature decorates the shaded cliffs and the borders of streams and ponds; but how many have ever seen a baby fern? Out under the oaks and maples are multitudes of their children, springing up among the fallen leaves where the trees have sown the seed; but under the ferns it is rare to find any fern children. It is as if Nature reasoned that plants so beautiful in leaf would not need flowers, and therefore gave them none. But without some kind of a flower we can have no seed, and we must have seed to raise a new crop of plants. Since the ferns do not bear flowers, their method of getting new plants once seemed very mysterious. In former times the people never found out how it was done, and to the end of their days ascribed many singular powers to this fern-seed.

While ferns do not bear true seeds, they must, of course, produce something that answers the purpose of seeds. These substitutes are found on the backs of the grown fern-leaves in many kinds, and appear like small dots or lines. Many people fancy them to be tiny bugs, without stopping to consider that no bugs would be arranged so regularly on all parts of the leaf. By placing a single dot under a magnifier, we may see at once that it is a cluster of tiny stalked globes. Within these globes are a great many still smaller one-celled bodies called spores, too small to be properly seen without a compound microscope.

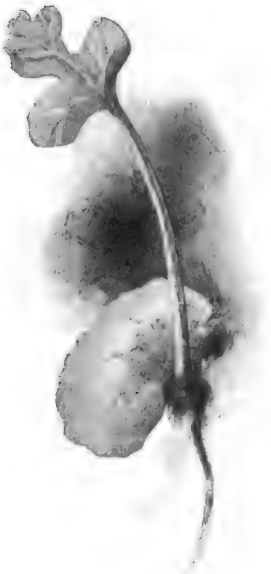
When the spores are ripe the globes open and, with a sudden spring, scatter them upon the wind to shift for themselves. Each is capable of producing a new plant, but if all did so there would doubtless be more ferns than other plants, for a single fern produces millions of spores every

THE SPORE CLUSTERS ARE FOUND ON THE BACKS OF FULL-GROWN FERN-LEAVES, AND APPEAR LIKE SMALL DOTS OR LINES.

season. Many, however, fall upon unfavorable ground, and a host of tiny insects eat others. Those that escape and find a suitable place soon begin to grow by putting forth a tiny green thread that broadens into a heart-shaped green scale no larger than one's little-finger nail. This is as near as the fern ever comes to producing a flower. After a while a tiny frond appears at the notch in the scale, and later others follow, until the new fern is well started in life. It usually takes several months to get as far as the first frond, and often several years before the fern is completely grown up. This seems a long while when compared with many of our garden plants, which come to full size from seed in a few months.

ARRANGEMENT OF SPORE DOTS ON THE TIP OF A LEAF.

The green scales from which the young fern plants grow are so small as seldom to be noticed out of doors, but it is a simple matter to grow them in the house and experiment with them at one's leisure. All that is needed is a saucer or pan, a piece of clear glass, and a few handfuls of sand. To obtain spores one has only to collect fruited fern-leaves and place them between papers. The globes will very soon discharge the spores, which will appear on the paper as a fine powder. Before sowing the spores it is best to bake the sand to destroy the seeds of other plants, as otherwise they might grow before the ferns and choke them out, just as the weeds overrun neglected gardens. After the sand has been placed in the pan or saucer it should be thoroughly moistened and the spores carefully scattered upon it. The saucer is then covered with the glass and set in a shady place. It must be kept moist and prevented from getting chilled. In a few weeks a green film will appear on the sand, and the green scales slowly grow larger, and then one by one the young fronds will appear.



THE BABY FERN (GROWING FROM THE GREEN LEAF-LIKE SCALE, WITH ROOT ATTACHED).

MAGNIFIED VIEW OF ONE OF THE DOTS.

WILLARD N. CLUTE.

MAKING THE SQUIRRELS USEFUL.

ONE of our older friends, who says he still enjoys ST. NICHOLAS as he did years ago, sends us the following:

BURLINGTON, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are a great many squirrels about our place, and they are very tame. They eat the seeds of the pine-cones, and later some of the maple seeds, and sometimes dig out the seeds of apples. We have a large black walnut-tree in our yard, and in the fall the squirrels know when the nuts will do to take. Some they eat on the spot, but they take away a great many and bury them in the ground, and pat it down so smooth that the place can't be found by one who has seen them put the nuts in.

This last autumn one of these squirrels had picked a fine nut from the very top of the tree, when our man threw a stone at the squirrel, which frightened him into dropping it. But pretty soon Mr. Squirrel found he was n't hurt, and picked another nut from the top of the tree, and the man threw another stone, and Mr. Squirrel dropped the second nut. After a while the squirrel picked a third nut, which a third stone brought down, and this was kept up until that squirrel had picked thirty-one nuts from the top of the tree, all of which he had been made to drop. Then he gave it up as a bad job, and our man secured thirty-one nuts from the top of the tree.

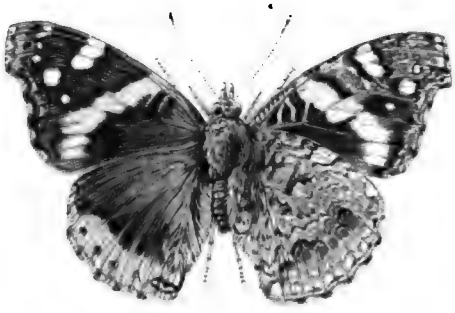
This device, to be successful, requires the squirrel to be tame enough not to be frightened too much by a stone, and that the stone shall be thrown near enough to frighten but not to hit the squirrel. Probably girls could n't throw a stone accurately enough for that.

S.

From the standpoint of the man, this proved very successful. What do you suppose the squirrel thought about such experiments?

NOVEL EXPERIENCE WITH A BUTTERFLY.

As most people think of them, butterflies are the best types of thoughtlessness in the whole range of animal life. They live, as we know,



THE RED ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY.
Female. Right wing reversed to show under side.

but apparently with no real purpose. Theirs but to dance until they die. Of course, no creature exists without having an important part to play in Nature's plan. The student of natural history must never be led away by mere appearances when studying the varied forms of wild life out of doors.

That even a butterfly has a mind of its own I think was shown recently, when, while sitting in my boat writing, a "red admiral" alighted on the end of my pencil. I continued to write, after a moment's pause, but the motion of my hand did not disconcert the butterfly. Then, curious as to the result, I filliped it away; but it immediately returned. I shook it off a second time, but it flew only a few inches from my head, and distinctly clicked its wings, which action seemed to jerk the creature upward three or four times its length. The butterfly was angry, and I remembered what Scudder, our authority on these insects, had said of them in regard to traces of intelligence. I rubbed a little sweetened chocolate on the end of the pencil, and resumed my writing. Straightway the butterfly returned, and I think enjoyed sipping at the sweets I offered. Then I suddenly removed the pencil and substituted another. What a fuss the butterfly made! Where, it wondered, was that chocolate? As quickly I replaced the first pencil I had used, and the butterfly's whole manner changed. It no longer clicked its wings, fretted, and fussed, as before, but was quite contented, and stood for fully five minutes on the pencil's end while I wrote.

I had now to change my position, and took up the oars; but the butterfly was not willing to part company so soon. It followed me for many rods down the stream, often alighting on my shoulder, and once on my hand. It was still in hopes of finding more chocolate. When I stopped rowing and took out my note-book, I used the pencil without the sweetened end. The butterfly soon found it, and discovered, too, it was not the one it was hunting for. Again it flitted nervously about and clicked its wings. It was plainly scolding me for being so careless. This incident showed clearly enough that butterflies are much more than a pair of wings with just enough body to hold them together. As others have noticed, they play, get angry, pleased again, and continue their sports. If the student will but exercise patience, he will find that the "giddy, thoughtless butterfly" has a mind of its own.

SCENE OF THE BUTTERFLY EXPERIENCE.

CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D.

TRENTON, N. J.

"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW."

THE thoughtful boy or girl is the real broad-minded inquirer. Many things in this world are new and strange. In school, at work, at play, in the woods, fishing in lake or brook, reading an interesting book—everywhere you will find things you do not understand. Sometimes you ask the grown-up people; but often they get tired of answering, or they think the questions foolish: for, as you have probably discovered, many people think a question foolish just because they know the answer. When they know a thing, they often think, of course, any one else ought to know it, although they found it out but the day before. Perhaps for this or other reasons you don't ask as many questions of your grown-up friends as you did when you were a few years younger; but you think of just as many—probably of more.

Now is the time to ask questions; cultivate the habit, and stick to it. As you grow older, *continue to observe, to think, and to ask questions.* Don't let your thoughts be wholly confined to the affairs to which you must give chief attention. Nature is an excellent field for this life-long outside thinking and question-asking, for everywhere there are natural objects which we can never fully understand.

Questions and answers of *general interest* will be published in this department as far as space permits, but in all cases reply will be made by mail promptly when the inquiry is accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. No questions will be regarded as too simple or as requiring too much research to answer.

THE PRAYING-MANTIS.

LYNCHBURG, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to ask you about an insect called "praying-mantis." It is funny-shaped, with a triangular face, and a long neck with two legs about half-way up its neck, with teeth all the way up them. With these it eats or holds its food. It has a queer long body, but the lower legs I don't remember so plainly. It eats very queerly. It takes a caterpillar and eats all the inside of the caterpillar, beginning at the middle of the back. When it is through, only the skin is left. It will take a fly, pull off the fly's legs and wings with his front hands or legs (which are on its neck), and eat the rest. I send you a drawing of it as nearly as I can get it. It never eats any leaves so far as I know, but eats all the injurious bugs which come on mama's plants. We first found them on our orange-trees. Mama left them on there because they kept the other insects off. We have never seen any of their eggs. Some mantes are a light brown and some are green.

It gets its name from the way it holds itself sometimes. It seems to stand on its lower legs, like a person, and hold its paws on its neck as if it were praying. I don't know what the word "mantis" means. It is very interesting to watch them. I have spent a long time in studying them. Last summer I went to the country and did not find any. That is the reason I cannot describe it so fully as I wanted to. Hoping you will give me some information about it through the ST. NICHOLAS, I remain,

Your interested reader,

GERTRUDE BUCKINGHAM.

The word *mantis* is Greek, meaning a prophet. The scientific name of one species is *Mantis religiosa*, which means a religious prophet. The mantis is certainly pious in attitude, but in reality the only prayer that would ever enter his mind is that some insect may come so near that he may grab it with his claws and have a meal.


THE PRAYING-MANTIS.

The other common names are devil-horses, rear-horses, camel-crickets, and mule-killers. This last is from an absurd belief that the dark-colored saliva ejected from their mouths is fatal to the mule.

The family called *Mantidæ* abounds chiefly in

tropical countries, but a few species are found in our Southern States. The insect crouches among the leaves of trees and shrubs.

SAW A SKUNK IN THE WOODS.

MALDEN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have discovered an animal in the woods of which I do not know the name. It has a small head, bead-like eyes, small ears, and is about a foot long, with a bushy tail about as long as its body. It is about like marble cake, being streaked with white

THE "ANIMAL IN THE WOODS."

all over its dark body, and, while the boys maintain it is a woodchuck, mama declares that it is a skunk.

Although rather ashamed to confess it, I have not until now developed an interest in old Mother Nature and her wonderful works.

Yours sincerely,
FOSTER PARKER.

Many forms of animal life, as we have seen, resemble their surroundings for *protection*. Here is exactly the opposite—a conspicuous color, unlike the surroundings, as a *warning*. The skunk's protection is not in hiding from other animals, but in being seen as clearly as possible by its white stripes, even in the night, when it goes forth to seek food. The skunk evidently knows the terrible power of his abominable scent-glands and the fetid fluid that is his great weapon of defense, for he "carries his big bushy tail erect over his back defiantly and threatening, like the black banner of a bloody pirate. He is a black-and-white terror," as other animals and the farmer and his boys too often learn to their sorrow.

Yet the skunk is a friend to the farmer in the destruction of many insects. It is natural that skunks should be disliked by other animals, but it is indeed strange that the farmer should be so short-sighted that he rarely lets slip an opportunity to kill one. Strange as it may seem, when the scent-glands are removed the skunk is a most charming pet, with very interesting traits. Dr. C. Hart Merriam writes:

Skunks, particularly when young, make very pretty pets, being attractive in appearance, gentle in disposition, interesting in manners, and cleanly in habits—rare qualities indeed! They are playful, sometimes mischievous, and manifest considerable affection for those who have the care of them. I have had, at different times, ten live skunks. Many of our mammals are noted for their beauty and attractive appearance, but among them it would be difficult to find a prettier beast than the skunk.

It is amusing to note the difference of opinion regarding the skunk, some people, even many residing in the large cities, desiring them as pets, and others maintaining toward them the most intense dislike and desire to kill them at every opportunity. These extremes of favor and aversion apply to appearance as well as to habits. Contrast the above from Dr. Merriam with the following from Professor Hornaday—both very eminent naturalists and acknowledged authorities regarding animals:

To me he seems the meanest and wickedest-looking animal for his size that I ever saw. Instead of having a head shaped like those of other mammals, his is conical, like the end of a half-burned stick. His jet-black color, which is intensified by his pure white markings, and his snake-like, glittering black eyes, make him look like a veritable imp from the Bad Place.

"When doctors disagree, who shall decide?" For the present the young folks may safely leave pet skunks to the scientists!

WATCHING THE BABY ROBINS.

MILTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been very much interested in birds. I love to see them build their nests. Robins built their nest near my home, and would fly back and forth with bits of hay and straw for the nest. In about a week or two, one fine spring morning, I saw four pretty eggs in the nest. Then, after that, I watched them every day until I heard a "peep, peep, peep," and, walking toward the sound, came to the nest and looked in, and then—what do you think I

A YOUNG ROBIN VENTURING FORTH FROM HOME FOR ITS FIRST JOURNEY.

saw but four little birds! Then I saw the mother bird bring them worms and various insects, and then four hungry mouths opened for the food.

Last season I watched some young robins until the first of October. One fall day I saw them fly away toward the south, and I never saw the birds again.

GEORGE NEWELL HURD.
(Age 9.)

Both parent birds work very steadily and industriously in supplying worms for the little robins. One bird-student fed several young robins in captivity, and found that each ate nearly once and a half its own weight of worms in twelve hours.

USES OF THE SQUIRREL'S TAIL.

HOTEL ALMO, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been watching the red squirrels. I think they are very interesting. I went out in the woods so that I could watch them. I could not at first find one anywhere. I looked carefully among the trees, and then I listened. In a few minutes I heard something make a noise on the dry leaves. It was an acorn that a squirrel had thrown from the trees. I went to the place where the acorn dropped, and saw him sitting there.

When a squirrel sits he holds his tail up in the air close to his back, and when he runs he holds it out straight. Will you please tell me why that is?

I remain your loving reader,
HELEN GREENE.
(Age 10.)

The tail of a squirrel is not merely for ornament. It aids him in jumping, having somewhat the effect of a parachute in breaking the force of the fall; and it serves as a cloak, lying over his back while he sits or sleeps. He holds it out straight or nearly straight behind in running, for in that position it meets with the least resistance from the air.

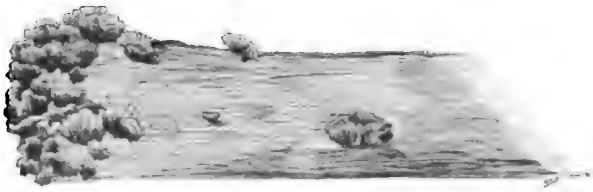
BEAUTIFUL FUNGI ON A LOG.

BURLINGTON, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw a beautiful curiosity to-day, which I thought I would write and tell you about. Last spring one of our cherry-trees was cut down, and the logs had been lying piled up on the north side of our woodhouse all summer. When grandma went out to-day, she brought in some wood, and among these logs was one covered with fungi. It is so pretty that I send you a little sketch of it. They look almost like flowers, and are delicately shaded in black and gray. I like the Nature and Science department very much, as I am fond of flowers and animals.

MARY R. HUTCHINSON.
(Age 13.)

The drawing you send excellently shows the fringe arrangement of the beautiful growths which belong, as shown by the specimens, to a family known to scientists as *Polyporus*. Some young folks call them "fairy shelves." Many



ARRANGEMENT OF THE FRINGES OF FUNGI ON THE LOG.

members of the family are of beautiful orange color, shaded in delicate tints, and often encircled by two delicately blending rings of white.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE FOR AUGUST.

LIVE TO LEARN AND LEARN TO LIVE.

"STUDY FROM NATURE." BY LAURENCE M. SIMMONDS, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

VACATION DAYS.

WHEN the exquisite beams of the morning
have kindled the sky with their glory
Like a crimson-flamed northern aurora that
shifts o'er the sky in the winter,
Like a setting of ruby and sapphire in the
coquettish heart of an opal,
Then sing, little bird; let your notes drop like
dew on the lips of the flowers.
The murmuring trees and the brooklet will
join you in happiest music,
And whisper the one to the other, "'T is
summer and school-days are over."
When the moon parts a cloudlet of purple
and shines thro' the rift of its making
And swings in its gold-tinted path like a
globe hung high in the heavens,
I wander away to the pasture and hear the
hoarse frog and the fireflies,
Wee yellow ghosts, flit thro' the grasses.
The night wind says softly in passing,
"Oh, what is so rare as vacation? The young
and the old know its gladness.
Let care take swift wings, for 't is summer,
and nature in beauty is perfect."

ALMA JEAN WING (AGE 17).
(Winner of gold and silver badges.)

SOME of the League members would like to know about the number of contributions received, and where lies the best chance of winning a prize.

As a general answer to this, we would suggest that the best chance of winning lies in doing that which we most wish to do, and feel that we can do best, regardless of what others are doing. As a specific answer, we may say that of wild-animal and bird photographs fewest are received, and a good one is almost certain to be used, even if it does not win a prize. Next to this come fine puzzles and perfect puzzle-answers, though these are on the increase. Fewer of poems are received than of drawings, and fewer drawings than stories. In fact, the number of stories received is so great as to be almost overwhelming, and it occurs to the editor that if some of the members who consider it very easy to write prose would try verse, or drawing, or photography, or the puzzle department, for a change, the result might be more satisfactory all round.

For the writing of prose is not merely the putting together of words, to tell with as little effort as possible some commonplace incident, but it is the telling of it in some attractive way, fresh, simple, and straightforward, and making it seem real and alive to the reader. Or, if the story is imaginative, it must still be told so as to *seem* real, even though it be a fairy story, or one such as "Prince Robin's Picnic," the beautiful little tale that this month wins a cash prize. It is only when there is something very new or startling in the way of incident to be told that the telling does not so much matter, and even then the better the telling the better the tale. The writers of really good prose are few, even fewer, perhaps, than those who draw, or the writers of musical, pretty verses.

"HORSES IN MOTION." BY LOUIS T. DORING, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 20.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

Verse. Cash prize, Constance Fuller (age 14), 80 Court St., Exeter, N. H.

Gold badge, Carl Bramer (age 16), 105 N. 9th St., Watertown, Wis.

Silver badges, Edith Jarvis (age 13), 187 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and Jeannette C. Klauder (age 15), Bala, Pa.

Prose. Cash prize, Helen L. White (age 14), 102 W. 93d St., New York City.

Gold badges, Ruth M. Peters (age 14), 55 Freeport St., Dorchester, Mass., and Mary Shier (age 10), 513 Forest Ave., Ypsilanti, Mich.

Silver badges, Denison H. Clift (age 15), San Anselmo, Cal., and Julia F. Kinney (age 13), 214 Main St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Drawing. Gold badges, Morrow Wayne Palmer (age 17), 4005 Powelton Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., and Laurence M. Simmonds, 307 W. Hoffman St., Baltimore, Md.

Silver badges, Mary Alice Clark (age 14), 135 Lafayette Ave., Passaic, N. J., and Nancy Barnhart (age 12), 4221 Delmar Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY NANCY BARNHART, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

Photography. Gold badge, Louis T. Doring (age 15), 805 Washington St., Hoboken, N. J.

Silver badges, Marion Farnesworth (age 12), 74 Garfield St., North Cambridge, Mass., and Yvonne Stoddard (age 10), 457 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Wild Ducks," by Grace Tetlow (age 11), Allen Lane and Green St., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Second prize, "Screech-owl," by William D. Milne (age 15), Lexington, Mass.

Third prizes, "Squirrel," by Elizabeth L. Marshall (age 14), 60 N. State St., Concord, N. H., and "Fish-hawk," by Roland S. Child (age 14), 129 Decatur St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, Mary L. Brigham (age 15), 320 Park Ave., East Orange, N. J., and Margaret Juliet Shearer (age 13), 117 E. 54th St., New York City.

Silver badges, Dagmar Florence Curjel (age 12), 18 Welbeck Rd., Birkdale, Southport, Lancashire, England, and Vera Matson, 113 S. Carroll St., Madison, Wis.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, Rachel Rhoades (age 12), 912 California Ave., Urbana, Ill., and Sidney F. Kimball (age 12), Box 12, East Milton, Mass.

Silver badges, Louise Atkinson (age 14), Alvin, Tex., and Eleanor R. McClees (age 15), Toms River, N. J.

PRINCE ROBIN'S PICNIC.

BY HELEN L. WHITE (AGE 14).

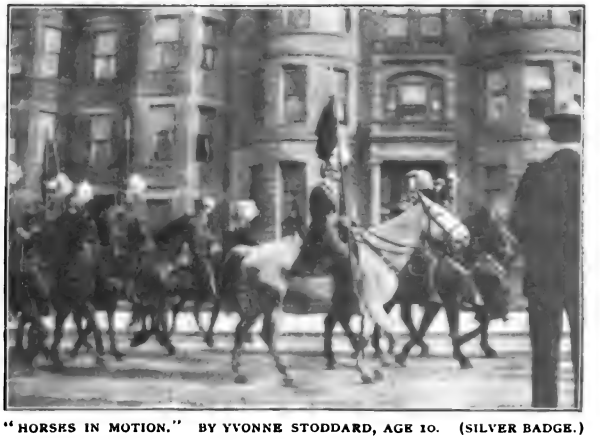
(*Cash Prize.*)

Little Prince Robin was taking his morning walk in the palace park. On either side of him walked two stately nurses; behind came his tutor, gray and bent; then four merry pages in gay attire; and last, six sturdy yeomen, their halberds resting heavily on their shoulders.

No matter what the little prince did, the attendants must do the same. So when he started to catch butterflies, the nurses would frown and scold, the tutor complain, the yeomen grumble and growl; but, nevertheless, they all ran around in every direction and caught butterflies—the laughing-stock of the knights and ladies who were strolling about. But this morning, as fate would have it, the little prince felt drowsy, so he sat down on a knoll beneath an oak-tree and closed his eyes. Straightway the pages, nurses, yeomen, and tutor settled themselves in various comfortable attitudes on the grass, and were soon snoring peacefully.

The July sun was high in the heavens when Prince Robin opened his eyes. He glanced at his slumbering guards, and crept stealthily away to the gates of the park.

Two little peasants in blue smocks were passing by, carrying a large basket. He knew they were bound for the woods, and wished he were with them. Then the thought occurred, Why should he not go? The next minute he had joined the couple in the road. "Let me go with you," he cried eagerly. The surprised boys assented, and they soon reached the woods, chatting



"HORSES IN MOTION." BY YVONNE STODDARD, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

"A WHITE MOUNTAIN TROTTER." BY MARION FARNESWORTH, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

merrily. The little prince was a prince no longer, but an ordinary boy.

He waded in the brook with the little peasants; he gathered berries and nuts; he made mud-pies on the banks of the stream; and then sat down to a simple meal of bread and honey and berries, which he thought was the best he had ever tasted.

It was a very dirty, mud-bespattered, berry-stained, shoeless, hatless, wet, but thoroughly happy little boy who made his way down the road as the sun was sinking lingeringly behind the hills, as if loath to leave the pleasant scenes it had witnessed that eventful day.

Prince Robin did not mind the frowns and scoldings and lectures which he had to listen to when finally captured by his frightened attendants; for had he not been to a picnic, something which no other prince had ever witnessed or enjoyed?

VACATION DAYS.

BY CONSTANCE FULLER (AGE 14).

(*Cash Prize.*)

EACH morning at breakfast, before we are done,
My brothers slip off and away;
A rush in the hall, and a slam of the door,
And they 're gone for the rest of the day.

We see them no more in the house or the yard;
From civilized places they flee:
But woe to the woodchuck behind the stone wall!
And woe to the fish in the sea!

But at sunset they lazily drag themselves home,
The spoils of the day in their hands:
A cupful of berries, or two or three eels,
Or a starfish they found on the sands.

Their bare legs are scratched, and their blouses are torn;
Their faces are covered with grime;
'T is a gruesome appearance indeed they present,
But they 've had just a glorious time!

Thus passes the whole long vacation away,
By mountain and sea-shore and pool,
Till with faces all sunburnt and minds all refreshed
They come back in the autumn to school.

ON A DAY IN VACATION.

BY CARL BRAMER (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

ONCE in vacation softly did I lie
Upon the velvet bank, in the cool shade;
It was a pleasant, pleasant day, and all
Was beautiful, and of unwonted charm;
And not unwilling, I did yield myself
Unto the spell of the enchanting scene.
And thus the thoughts from out my soul did rise:
O Nature, thou art noble, thou art holy!
My heart doth swell with praises of thy beauty,
And underneath these long affectionate branches
I deeply drink of thy sweet influence.
Here do the happy birds sing all the day,
The busy bee doth sip the honeyed dew,
And the tall trees do wag them noisily.
The hieing stream doth make his lucid way
Adown the rocks in playful-happy measures:
The distant hills do melt into the blue,
Where some stray cloud doth hang all motionless;
And the bright sun in heaven doth smile serene.
Thy beauty, Nature, it is in-expressive;
In thee are traces of a loftier life!

JOHN'S PICNIC.

BY RUTH M. PETERS (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

JOHN had never been to a picnic. He was five years old, and the one regret of his short life was this unfulfilled desire. Always when we went on one of these delightful trips he had been ill. This year was not to be an exception. On the appointed day, John, as usual, was sick. Mumps this time. But, to cheer and console, he was given a bright silver dollar to spend "just as he pleased." A rash permission this proved.

"*NOT* HIS NATURAL HOME." BY SIDNEY D. GAMBLE, AGE 10.

A few days later, on the Fourth of July, after a brief conversation with his near neighbor, Tommy Bent, just before lunch, he disappeared. He did not return till nearly night. He was pale, seemed tired, refused ice-cream, created consternation by declining to remain up to see the fireworks, and to all questions as to where he had been and what was the matter, merely replied that he had been to a picnic, and now he wanted to go to bed.

"WILD DUCKS." BY GRACE TETLOW, AGE 11. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

In the night John was ill, with good reason, as afterward ascertained.

For when he recovered his health and good humor he explained. "I asked Tommy Bent," he said, "what they did at the picnic, and he said they jumped and hollered and eat all the nice things they wanted."

Now, it was John's delight to make a noise, and he was fond of delicacies, both likings being held in restraint by loving relatives; and he felt so badly at having missed so much fun that he took his dollar and went over to Auntie Dean's store and spent every cent in fruit and candy. Such a lot he must have had! The boys were all away; he could n't get any one to go with him, so off he went into Baker's Wood all alone.

"SCREECH-OWL." BY WILLIAM D. MILNE, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

He said first he jumped and hollered, then he ate some bananas; then he jumped and hollered some more, and ate the candy; and so on until he could n't either jump or eat any more. No wonder he did n't want ice-cream!

However, he left some of his dainties for us. We found them next day under a tree; but the candy and cake were covered with ants, who were feasting on it.

John has entirely lost his desire to go to a picnic, but we hope to take him to one this summer, unless he should have measles at the time.

"FISH-HAWK NEST." BY ROLAND S. CHILD, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

NOTICE.

Members of the League who have lost or mislaid their badges or leaflets may obtain new ones on application.

THE MOON.

MAY L. PARKER (AGE 7).

Oh, look at the moon;
She is shining up there.
Oh, mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow;
But now she's grown bigger,
And round like an O.

THE FIRST FROGS'-LEGS PICNIC.

BY MARY SHIER (AGE 10).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THE Up-the-River Indians were having a feast. (They did n't call it a picnic.) This is the way it happened.

Their chief had been killed at the battle of High-Banks, where the Walpool Young-Chief won the day.

He had no successor, so all the braves in the tribe were competing; for the council had decided that the man who did the bravest thing should be chief.

Two-Cents had been skulking in the marsh. The day was hot and the wind was asleep. The river was smooth as glass except for a few lazy ripples through the reeds.

As Two-Cents leaned over his canoe, he saw the whole sky reflected strangely. The clouds looked like great buffaloes. He thought it must be the home of the Great Spirit, who gave the Indians glimpses on such days.

Two-Cents was a mean Indian, always more or less in trouble. As he was hiding in the rushes, a large green frog jumped on a lily-leaf and said, "Kerchunk, kerchunk!" Two-Cents's pursuers were near, and he felt that the frog was telling on him; so he grabbed it, and out of pure wickedness killed it and skinned the green legs—not thinking any more about it than you would a stick. He looked experimentally at the cool white legs. Then he cooked them, took a big bite, and found that they tasted very good.

Two-Cents made a net of rushes and set to work catching frogs. At night, when his pursuers were not watching, he slipped up to the camp. He gave a great feast, and in-

"SQUIRREL." BY ELIZABETH L. MARSHALL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

"HANOVERIAN HORSES IN MOTION." BY FRANCIS G. FABIAN, AGE 17.

vited all the Indians. They thought the legs were some new and strange bird, difficult and dangerous to catch. But when they found out they were nothing but frogs' legs, and that Two-Cents expected to be chief for discovering something new and good to eat, they laughed and said it was squaws' work.

The tribe ate frogs' legs ever after. But Two-Cents did n't get anything for his discovery, because the Indians did n't know about patents.

MY FIRST PICNIC.

BY JULIA F. KINNEY (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I AM a small black-and-tan dog, and though I am of no high breed, my mistress often tells me that she never saw a prettier or nicer dog. In spite of my many charms, however, she has never taken me to but one picnic.

She was going one day with the rest of the family to a picnic, and as she did not like to leave me at home all alone, she took me with her to the city park where the picnic was to be.

I was delighted with the park; it was so cool and shady, and there were such nice little brooks and pools to wade in. I stepped into a brook to take a bath, but my mistress called me, and I had to go to her. Some girls screamed as I passed by, and said that they hated a wet dog. I paid no attention to them, but followed my mistress.

She went to the deer that were kept in the park, and I, thinking to get a nearer view of them, crawled under the fence, and went close to a pretty fawn. The creature bounded away, and I ran after it. I only wanted to have a little fun with it, and did n't mean to hurt it; but a man saw me, and caught hold of my collar and held me fast.

"Little girl," he said gruffly to my mistress, "don't you know that dogs ain't allowed in this park? I 'll put this one where he won't get a chance to chase them deers."

Then my mistress, thinking that I would be killed, cried, and begged the man not to hurt me.

"Don't feel bad," he said, more kindly; "I 'll jest tie him up till you get ready to go home."

He took me to an empty barn, tied me up, and left me. I had to stay there the rest of the day, and though I barked and whined, no one came near me until my mistress came to take me home.

I have never cared to go to another picnic since.

VACATION DAYS.

BY JEANNETTE C. KLAUDER (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

VACATION days have come at last;
The time of toil and work is o'er;
Without regret we see the past
As we traverse some sandy shore.
The harder we have worked before,
Thus we enjoy it more and more.

The sun so warm and bright doth shine;
We watch the billows rise and fall,
And reach us in a wavy line,
And beat against the lighthouse tall.
We wonder how we stayed so long—
All winter—from their roaring song.

As the white sails rise far and near
We wander up and down the shore;
We have no saddening thought or fear;
We hear the billows beat and roar.
And when the summer days do end,
To school again our way we 'll bend.

A PICNIC TO SAN GABRIEL MISSION.

BY GERTRUDE HAWK (AGE 12).

ON Saturday morning, April 20, our Camera Club, numbering eight, met at Mrs. Post's house, where two carriages were waiting to take us to San Gabriel Mission.

We had a jolly ride of six miles, and reached the mission about eleven o'clock. We got out of the carriages and prepared to take some pictures.

"SAN GABRIEL." (SEE ACCOMPANYING STORY.)

The first was a chime of bells at the western end of the mission, which originally had six bells.

My next picture was of an old outside stairway leading to a choir-loft, near the entrance, which is on the side of the building.

This mission was founded by Father Serra, in 1771, so it is one hundred and thirty years old.

When we had taken our pictures we got into the carriages and drove to some shady place for our picnic. We all spread out our lunch on the ground, and had a jolly good time. After dinner we drove around awhile, and returned home after a very pleasant day.

VACATION DAYS.

BY THÉRÈSE H. MCDONNELL (AGE 9).

OUR vacation is spent at the seaside,
And oh, it is lots of fun.
I honestly feel like crying
When our vacation is done.
We play we are looking for gold-mines;
But it is only for shells, you see.

And oh, the beautiful ones we find,
My little brother and me.
But I must bid you good-by now,
For my vacation is done;
I have to go back to my studies;
But oh, did n't we have fun!

OUR PICNIC.

BY ELEANOR ALBERTA ALEXANDER (AGE 9).

My little cousin's birthday was on New Year's Day, and we decided to have a picnic. No wonder it seems a funny time of year to have one, but this was in South Africa, where your winter is our summer. I woke up at four o'clock on the day, and lay still for a little while. At last I could wait no longer, so I jumped out of bed, woke my cousin, and we both began to dress. Now our governess slept next door, but we forgot this, and raised our voices above a whisper; in she came, scolded us, and said that we must go back to bed until seven o'clock. At ten o'clock the guests began to arrive. There were twenty-two of them—all the nice people of the neighborhood. We were to cross the Tugela (the river on which we lived) in a sailing-boat to a lovely beach. We started gaily to walk to the boat. When we were about a quarter of the way over, a little girl called Maud fell overboard. There was a general shriek, and we began to shout, "Help! man overboard!"—quite regardless that it was not a man, but a girl. She was dragged out by a boat-hook caught in her dress, and by the time that we were landing she was playing with us again. When we got on shore we were all eager to climb about. We ran into the wood and found a lot of blue and white flowers. The grown-ups had brought fishing-rods, but they were not using them, so I took one and tried if there were any fish in a stream that was there. I had not waited for a minute when I felt a pull, and out came a little fish. Not telling the others of my good fortune, I caught a lot. We had my fish for lunch, and they were very nice. After that we waded or bathed. I came out in ten minutes, it was so cold; the others followed soon after, shivering and dripping. Then we all proposed a game of follow-my-leader. When my cousin led, she did not look where she was going, and led us into a nest of wasps. I do not know how many there were, but we were all covered with them, and we rushed down to the beach crying, "Wasps! wasps!" A glance showed that it *was* "Wasps! wasps!" and they set to work to brush us. We all wanted to go home, as we had a lot of bites, and we returned a much sadder party than we had started.

Any reader of St. Nicholas, or any one desiring to become such, is entitled to League membership, and may obtain badge and instructions on application, accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

"OUR COLTS." BY MARGUERITE JACKSON, AGE 14.

A BABY'S PICNIC IN DREAMLAND.

BY HELEN A. COOK (AGE 12).

"Good-night, Baby Margery," said mama; or was it "good-by," as Margery, lying still in her pretty cradle, went floating, floating away out over the still white water.

One by one other cradles appeared, with babies in them, all laughing and gently rocking back and forth.

They crept nearer and nearer, till at last all Baby Margery could see was rows and rows of cradles with chubby babies in them.

"LANSDOWNE HOUSE, GUILDFORD, ENGLAND." BY MARGERY BRADSHAW, AGE 12.

Margery laughed and clapped her hands, and shook her rattle, and all the babies jingled their bells, until at last one by one the cradles left, and gently floated away. Margery's cradle carried her back until she opened her eyes in her own little room.

"What has my Margery been doing?" came mama's voice. Margery gave a wise little coo.

"Picnics are no good with nothing to eat," said big brother Ted. But Margery knew better.

VACATION DAYS.

BY EDITH JARVIS (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

The days of spring have passed away, and summer, with its golden sway,
Has come to reign once more.
The earth is fair, the sky is blue, and on the meadows shines the dew,
As ne'er it shone before.

All things rejoice; the world is gay; the children in their merry play
Ring out their laughter clear.
Their days of toil are over now, and days of joy have come, I trow;
Vacation-time is here.

"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY MORROW WAYNE PALMER, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

VACATION DAYS.

BY FAY HARTLEY (AGE 11).

OH, it 's over the hills, and through the wood,
Where the ground with flowers is all ablaze,
With musical laugh and lunch-pail full;
For these are the merry vacation days.

Or it 's out in the swing at the back of the house,
That merriest, jolliest play of plays;
And we 'll have all the fun that we possibly can,
For these are the laughing vacation days.

DOBBIN'S LAST PICNIC.

BY DENISON H. CLIFT (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

OUT in the withered fields, surrounded by the fluctuating grass, searching every obscured nook for some tuft of green vegetation that might have escaped the blaze of the fierce August sun, wandered poor old Dobbin.

Many hard years of toil had he passed through, but now his paradise had come, and all day long he was wont to wander over the brown hills in search of any verdant spot or to lie down under the canopy of some large oak.

He was loved and kindly treated as an old friend by all the children in the Warner family. Thomas Warner had liberated him from all work, expecting he would die soon; but Dobbin's faithful past and the master's love for the old horse drove away all desire to end his life sooner.

One day about the middle of August Dobbin was lying down in some wilted grass, when his keen ears detected the laughter and shouts of childish voices approaching him.

Soon five small children brimming with fun found the poor old horse, and running up to his side, one spoke in his ear:

"Dear old Dobbie, we 're goin' to give you a reg'lar picnic, jes' like the one we gave you a year ago."

The children laid down their baskets of flowers and lunches, the equine sense seemed to understand, and she proceeded:

"You 've been a good old horsie, Dobbie, and you know we all love you. We thank you fer all the rides you gave us in the past, Dobbie, and now we are goin' to try and show it."

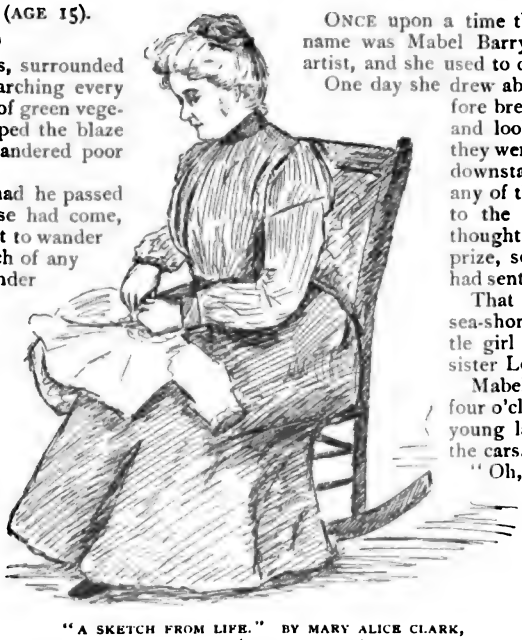
Then they made the poor old horse stand up, and they strung lines of wild flowers all over him, and hung a wreath of myrtle about his neck. Then they gathered corn-stalks and gave him some to eat, and shared their own lunch with him.

And how he enjoyed it!

He seemed more vigorous than he had been for a long time, and after dinner he galloped and frolicked with them as he had done in former days.

At last the red, slanting rays of the sun warned them that the day was waning, and so each bade old Dobbin an affectionate good-by and turned homeward.

But the poor old horse was too old to stand much exertion, and that night he lay down for the last time—a happy old horse.



"A SKETCH FROM LIFE." BY MARY ALICE CLARK, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

A ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE STORY.

BY KATHARINE E. BUTLER (AGE 10).

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Mabel Barry. Mabel was quite a little artist, and she used to draw little children.

One day she drew about six or seven pictures before breakfast, and her papa came in and looked them over. He thought they were very good, so he took them downstairs, and without looking at any of the rules, he sent the best one to the St. Nicholas League. He thought sure Mabel would get the prize, so he did n't tell her that he had sent it, so she would be surprised.

That day Mabel went away to the sea-shore to spend the day with a little girl friend of hers, and her small sister Louise.

Mabel was having a fine time when four o'clock was announced, and that young lady made her way home on the cars.

"Oh, oh, a new ST. NICHOLAS!" cried Mabel as soon as she stepped in. She took the beautiful magazine out on the piazza, her papa following, when he thought:

"Oh, no; it could n't have been in this magazine." So he went away.

When it was time for the next ST. NICHOLAS to come, Mabel's papa watched every time the letter-carrier came to the door.

At last the longed-for magazine appeared, and papa asked Mabel to read the prize-list.

"Dorothy Hazelton, Mary Fern, Ruth Atwood, Harry Brown, Francis Perry."

Here Mabel stopped.

"Go on," said her father.

"Why, that is all," replied Mabel.

"You must have read it wrong, then, for I know you had something."

"How could I? I did n't send anything!"

"Yes; I sent one of your pictures."

"Why, papa," cried Mabel, "they were n't any of them done in ink, and some of them were copies!"

"My child, where *are* the rules?" cried papa.

"In the League, *of course*," said Mabel. "And here it says, 'A reckless girl has sent in a picture done in pencil, and a copy of a picture that has been sent in before. Will Miss B—— please be more careful next time?'"

MORAL.

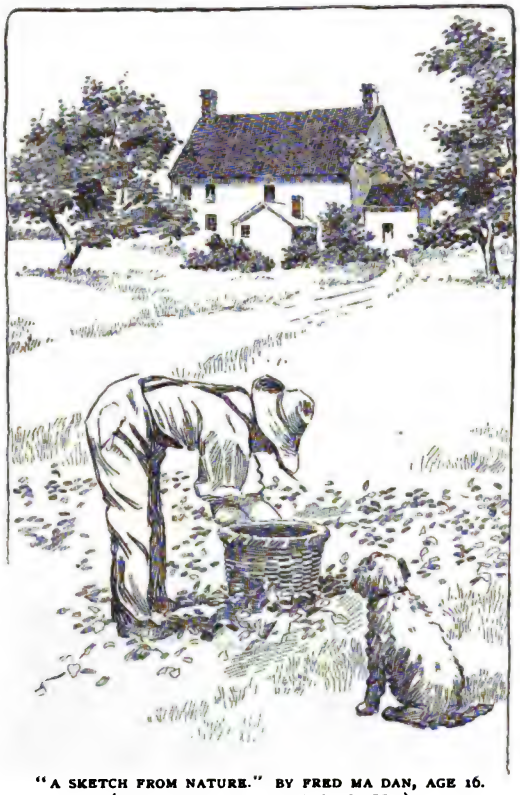
Never send anything to the League without looking thoroughly over the rules!

VACATION DAYS.

BY GRACE MAGUIRE (AGE 8).

VACATION days are coming,
The gladdest of the year,
When books and slates are laid aside,
And not a day is drear.

When these glad days are over
And back to school we go,
We think of our merry vacation
And how we loved it so.



"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY FRED MA DAN, AGE 16. (WINNER OF GOLD AND CASH PRIZES.)

MY CANARY-BIRD'S PICNIC.

BY PATTY PHILLIPS (AGE 11).

I HAVE a little canary-bird that I call "Dicky." He hangs in my room in front of the window. About six o'clock every morning I am awakened by his singing. I get up, shut my door, and put his bath-tub in the middle of the floor and fill it with water. I go to the cage and open the door, and out he darts, and flies around the room once or twice, and then lights on the edge of his bath-tub. I get back into bed, and he takes his bath while I lie watching him. When he is through, he flies to the top of his cage and preens himself, twittering all the time. I have a little jewel-case on my bureau, and he often sits on it and looks at himself in the glass. After I am dressed and have had my breakfast, I clean his cage, giving him a piece of lettuce to eat while I am doing it. He is very fond of flying to the window-screen. While he is doing this, I quietly slip up and put the cage over his head. I hang him on his hook and he is done for the day. This is the kind of a picnic my bird enjoys.

IN VACATION DAYS.

BY NEILL C. WILSON (AGE 11).

THE buds have started long ago;
The pansies lift their faces;
Each hill and dale is mantled with
A robe of summer graces.

The maiden-hair and woodland's green,
Each living in its realm;
Forget-me-nots peep from behind
Some noble oak or elm.

Each meadow has its robe of green,
Each brooklet has its song,
Each daisy has its sheltered nook,
Without a thought of wrong.

The hand of nature guides their life—
A wondrous life indeed:
A life to beautify the world
Grows from a tiny seed.

A PLEASANT PICNIC.

BY F. B. RIVES (AGE 11).

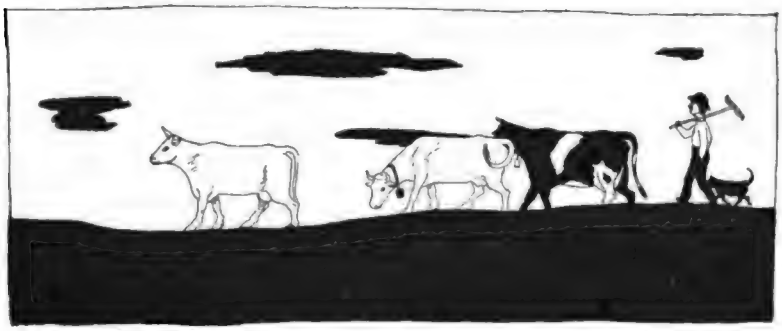
JACK and Harry went out with their uncle, the other day, for a picnic. And this is what he told them:

"Boys, I am going to tell you how the oranges you are now eating came to be seedless.

"Twenty-five years ago there were no seedless, or navel, oranges. Nearly the entire orange product came from the Mediterranean coast, and California yielded only five car-loads, worth $23,000; now twenty thousand car-loads are produced, worth $50,000,000, or more. This enormous trade is entirely made of navel oranges.

"The first seedless oranges were apparently freaks of nature. But in 1872 Mr. William F. Judson, the United States consul to Brazil, heard of a grove of these in a swamp. He sent a native to get some shoots, six of which he sent to the Agricultural Department at Washington, where they were soon forgotten.

"A Mr. Tibbets wished to start a fruit farm in California; and his wife, while at Washington, applied for specimens of shrubs and fruits. She received four of the shoots. When they had arrived at their ranch, two of the shoots had been killed, one by neglect, and the other had been chewed up by a cow.



"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY HELEN DE VEER, AGE 14.

"Five years after, the others had grown to large seedless trees. Mr. Tibbets found out the tree would not reproduce by shoots, but by grafting buds into the seedling trees, which then turned out seedless oranges. These buds were so largely demanded that people were willing to pay even one dollar for one. In one year, the Tibbetses got fifteen thousand dollars for these buds, such was their value.

"The old, original navel orange trees are still on the Tibbets ranch, and are preserved with great care and veneration, as you may imagine."

VACATION DAYS.

BY ELEANOR HOLLIS MURDOCK (AGE 13).

(*Winner of Former Prizes.*)

VACATION days are sunny and bright,
And merrily hums the bee;
The little birds sing with all their might,
And all is laughter and warmth and light
(To a little maid up in a tree)!

The robins chirp midst the leafy green,
And nibble the cherries red;
The orioles whistle, and turn, and preen,
And a tiny breeze whispers and plays unseen
(With a little maid nodding her head)!

The great sun is far on his course to the west;
The yellow chicks drowsily peep;
The mother bird gathers her young in the nest,
And everything gently is lulling to rest;
(And a little maid fast asleep)!

IN VACATION.

BY MYRA BRADWELL HELMER (AGE 11).

I 'M tired of the world and its pleasures,
And gold coming in by the measures.
Give me something new, something else to do;
Give to me the sweet, still country town,
Where every one is met by a smile, not a frown;
Give to me the simple country church, with people dressed in modest style,
Not the city church, where oft they dress to show off in the aisle.
Let me be awakened by the crowing of the cock
Instead of the tones of a much-used silver clock;
Let me hear the little calves and the little lambs say "Baa!"
For this will do me much more good than a trip to Panama.
Oh, take the hothouse city flowers away from my sight,
And give to me the country ones that have God's rain and light;
Give to me the hearty farmer, with his merry, laughing jokes,
And the rickety old wagon with hardly any spokes;
I 'd rather have that than the dude with the automobile,
With perfumed handkerchief, stupid head, and military heel.
My ears are full and ringing
Of the songs the birds are singing;
And my only sorrow is,
And a very sad one 't is,
That the farmer will not let me pile up his golden hay,
Like the lads and lassies round here, chanting all a merry lay.
Oh, what fun to catch the russet apples as they fall!
But one must haste away to the farmer's wife's dinner-call.
Give to me the boiled dinner, with bread and preserves.
If I stay here so very long I shall soon regain my nerves.

"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY ETHEL BRAND, AGE 13.

VACATION DAYS.

BY CHARLOTTE MORRISON (AGE 13).

VACATION days at last are here,
So shout and sing with gladsome cheer,
And laugh and play the livelong day,
And chase the thoughts of school away.

Then leave the house, and leave your books,
And leave your sad and sober looks,
And come and play among the flowers
All the swift vacation hours.

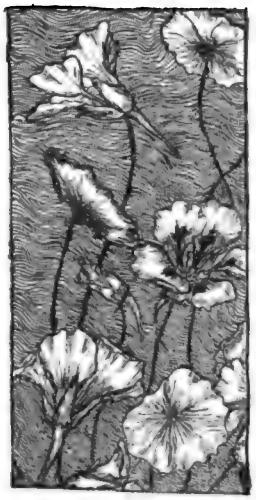
Then jump your rope and spin your top,
And leap and run and skip and hop,
And dance upon the soft green grass,
And chase the butterflies that pass.

And when 't is time for school again
And in your heart you feel a pain,
Just think that summer never dies
And cheerless winter quickly flies.

VACATION DAYS.

BY L. A. BIGELOW, JR. (AGE 9).

BUTTERFLIES contribute grace,
The birds have brought us song;



"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY MATSY WYNN, AGE 15.

Waving grasses find their place
In summer's joyful throng;

And you have done your duty,
O flowers sweet and fair:
In offering your beauty
You 've borne your happy share.

CHAPTERS.

No. 95 calls for ten new badges.

No. 248 has grown so fast that new badges are wanted. The members are much interested in the League, and read the ST. NICHOLAS at every meeting.

The members of 301 are also much interested in League work, and look forward to each meeting.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 307. Glenn Priestly, President; Percy Yewdale, Secretary; nine members. Address, 379 Granfield Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

No. 308. "Pen and Pencil Club." C. A. Miller, President; Neill Wilson, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Hotel Metropole, Oakland, Cal.

No. 309. Georgia Warner, President; Lyda Brown, Secretary; four members. Address, Melrose Institute, Haltsville, Md.

No. 310. Fluellyn Plant, President; Helen Dykeman, Secretary; six members. Address, 257 Orange St., Macon, Ga. No. 310 would like suggestions for programme. How would a fishing party do at this season, with each member to write, or draw, or photograph something about it for the next chapter meeting?

No. 311. "Busy Bee." Cora Cutler, President; R. Ethel Gattman, Secretary; six members. Address, 472 Mount Hope Pl., Tremont, New York City.

No. 312. Bessie Ballard, Secretary; six members. Address, 324 S. Main St., Washington Court House, O.

No. 313. Margaret Elliott, President; Selys Hoeger, Secretary; seven members. Address, 721 4th Ave., Detroit, Mich.

No. 314. "The Sun Rays." Dorothy Stratton, President; Blanche Palmer, Secretary; four members. Address, 117 W. 86th St., N. Y. City.

No. 315. Robert McDonald, President; Clarkson Miller, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Lock Box 21, West Liberty, Ia.

No. 316. Jonathan Sawyer, President; Katharine Brown, Secretary. Address, 106 Pelham Road, New Rochelle, N. Y.

No. 317. "Rosebud Chapter." Cecilia Kaftal, President; four members. Address, 123 E. 110th St., New York City. Will read ST. NICHOLAS and "enter gladly into the competitions."

No. 318. "Jolly Club." Ruth Cotton, President; Mildred Tolles, Secretary; ten members. Address, 906 S. River St., Eau Claire, Wis. "The Jolly Club meets twice a month. Colors, blue and gold."

No. 319. "Mount Morris Chapter." David Galwey, President; Frances Galwey, Secretary; sixteen members. Address, 15 W. 123d St., New York City.

No. 320. Gladys Jackson, President; three members. Address, 1301 Franklin St., Wilmington, Del.

No. 321. Julia Temple, President; Lucia Temple, Secretary; six members. Address, Walton, N. Y.

No. 322. "Oceana Chapter." Elsie Hayes, Secretary; six members. Address, Long Beach, Cal. Games, and studying the life and works of popular authors, form a part of 322's programme. Little plays and entertainments will come later.

"MAMA'S FLOWER-GIRL." BY DOROTHY E. HAYNES, HARRISBURG, PA.

No. 323. Anna Roane, President; Maggie Hughes, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Grenada, Miss.

No. 324. "H. O." Irma Clayburgh, President; Edith Guggenhime, Secretary; seven members. Address, 2297 Laguna St., San Francisco, Cal. "Lots of fun" at the meetings of 324. An hour and a half of ST. NICHOLAS, and then discussion and play.

No. 325. "The Pasquenay." Carol Everett, President; Helen Bigelow, Secretary; eight members. Address, 68 Cedar St., Worcester, Mass. Meets every Tuesday at members' houses. No. 325 will send us a picture of the members soon, and would be glad to correspond with other chapters.

No. 326. "Napoleon Bonaparte Chapter." Georgia Warner, President; Eunice Hughes, Secretary; six members. Address, Melrose Institute, Wyattsville, Md. Meets Thursdays and reads ST. NICHOLAS by turns. Then tries to solve the puzzles. Would like to correspond with other chapters.

No. 327. "Cycle Club." Edith Boyd, Secretary; three members. Address, 75 Fort St., Montreal, P. Q., Canada. Meets once a fortnight for a cycle ride. Dues, ten cents each meeting.

No. 328. "Lodi Chapter." Florence Senn, President; Ursula Horton, Secretary; nine members. Address, Forestville, N. Y. Meets Monday evenings, and has one-cent dues to have fun with later. Members play outdoor games, and would like to correspond with other chapters.

No. 329. "Amateur Dramatic Club." Florence Loveland, Secretary; five members. Address, 23 E. 37th St., Chicago, Ill. Will give enjoyable evenings to friends, and would like a good play, not very long and with not more than five characters. Suggestions concerning such a play would be gladly received.

No. 330. "Menunkatuck." Katharine Foote, President; Laura Dudley, Secretary; seven members. Address, P. O. B. 41, Guilford, Conn.

No. 331. "Jolly Crowd." David Skillman, President; Edith Aldrich, Secretary; nine members. Address, 1809 Christian St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 332. Lillian Jackson, President; Mildred Betts, Secretary; five members. Address, 1301 Franklin St., Wilmington, Del.

No. 333. Elmer Blaine, President; William Kiddoo, Secretary; four members. Address, Hoisington, Kan.

No. 334. "H. D. K." Anna Hastings, President; Harry Hastings, Secretary; seven members. Address, 69 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.

"A STUDY FROM NATURE." BY L. PALENSKE, AGE 16.

ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found well worthy of honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE.

Laura E. Dudley
William Carey Hood
Willamette Partridge
Elsie N. Gutman
Claudia Stella Blount
Marcia L. Webber
Katherine M. Schmucker
Dorothea Posegate
Grace Burke
Tina Gray
Grace Buchanan
Elford Eddy
M. Letitia Stockett
Isabel Louise Towner
Oscar R. Graeve
Marguerite M. Hillery
Helen K. Stockton
Helen Becker
Rachel Nixon
Harriet Bailey Bronner
Elizabeth Camp
Lucy Poole
Ethelmay Yale
Florence Short
Edith Guggenhime
Alice O. J. Mills
Caroline Clinton Everett
Maude E. Peters
Enza Alton Zeller
Frederica Buckley
Bertha Brown
Anna Campbell
Benj. F. McGuckin
W. Gleane
Frances Dawson
Catherine Lee Carter
Eleanor Myers
Gertrude Maloney
June Deming
Ida Silverman
Dorothy E. Haynes
Esther W. B. Foote
Millie Hess
Marjorie Reid
Katherine T. Halsey
Christina Canfield

PROSE.

Harry Armstrong
Marguerite Wilmer
Jamie Slee
Winifred Dean
Emma Bugbee
Louise Sharp
Margaret Wilkie Gilholm
Mary Thompson
Jacob Jarden Guenther
Jeanette E. Perkins
A. B. Toppan
Bessie S. Dean
Emma S. Hawksridge
Florence J. Mason
Henry Sokoliansky
S. R. MacVeagh
Gwendolen Gray Perry
Helen L. Collins
Alice C. Dean
Mattie Camp
Walter S. Underwood
M. Mae Brown
Alberta Cowgill
Eva Wilson
Ethel Lee
Guy Richards Crump
May Frasher
Pauline Baker
Peirce Charles Johnson
Marguerite S. White
Madge Falcon
Jessie Hofstetter
Elizabeth Heald
Irene L. Miles
Adele J. Connelly
Lula M. Messinger
Mary Beale Brainerd
Helen S. Lang
Helen Harris
Margaret Clarey
Mary Grace King
Isabel Hinton
Adeline E. Stone
Marguerite Beatrice Child
Beth Howard
Mabel B. Clark
Walter S. Bartlett
Nellie Little McCulloch
Cora D. Robertson
Bernhard R. Naumberg
Winifred T. Jones
Isabel Underwood
Matthew Schwimmer
Irene Kawin
Hazel B. Sutton
Dorothy Hervy
Edith Louise Brundage
Thomas C. Morgan
Dewitt Gutman
Cornelia L. Johnson
Louise Hazeltine
Gertrude H. Schirmer
Frances Renee Despard
Lillie Klein
Mary Nimmons
Sylvia Holt
Elisabeth Spies
Margaret O. Guerber
Louise Fitz
Catherine D. Brown
Clarence Locan
Edith Patton
Betty Lee
Dorothea Sydney Paul
Caroline Auchincloss
Bessie Birch Nessler
Margaret C. Richey
Evelyn Thomas
Anne Kress
Alice Moore
Emmeline Bradshaw
Catherine H. Straker
Katherine Vail
Sue Barron Emerson
Bessie Neville

DRAWINGS.

Molly Wood
Sarah Atherton
J. A. Job
Dean Babcock
Edward H. Croll
Margaret O. Hazen
Harvey Osgood
Donald Prather
Mildred R. Cram
Annette Bethelhein
William Ely Hill
Elizabeth Mott Chesbrough
Walter J. Schloss
Phyllis Holt
Charlotte Peabody Dodge
Hattie Russell MacCurdy
Ethel Buchenberger
Pearl Maynard
Lesley M. Storey
Graham C. Porter
Fred H. Lahee
J. Latzman
Allen G. Miller
E. W. Palmer
Edwina Phelps
Edith Lally
Walter Cohn
J. Ernest Bechdolt
Geo. D. Ferguson
Agnes B. Wood
Edward C. Day
Irving A. Nees
Virginia Lyman
James H. Patterson
Ruth B. Hand
Edith Connell
Elinor Burleigh
Helen Fern Shook
Louise M. Haynes
Katherine E. Foote
Howard A. Lawrence
Herman Livingston, Jr.
Marjory Anne Harrison
Marian Avery
Natalie D. Wurtz
Ruth Boehmer
R. M. Cameron
Henry G. Young
Helen N. Van Nostrand
Chester W. Wilson
Ruth Osgood
Jessie Ostrander
Ernest F. Koenig
Muriel Murray
Mary Hazeltine Fewsmith
Helena L. Camp
Callie Balcom
Eleanor Marvin
Carl Morningstar
Dorothea M. Dexter
Rachel A. Russell
Edna Smith
Charles L. Elliott
Eva Woodson
Joe Fuller
Amy Peabody
Hoyt Thayer
Irving Cairns, Jr.
Beth Kipp
Theodore Brill
Edna Straus
Eleanor L. Altemus
John Paul Jones, Jr.
Paul Mallet
Sam Sloan Duryee
Pomeroy Graves Hubbard
Edmund Parker Chase

PHOTOGRAPHS.

George M. Williamson
Gertrude Weinacht
EleanorShaw
Louise Paine
Irwin G. Priest
W. S. Stoddard
J. Campbell Townsend
Edna M. Duane
Ralph Siggins
Edward R. Squibb
H. Leroy Tirrell
William Wetmore Stanley
Ellen Dunwoody
Carol Bradley
Richard R. Stanwood
Elizabeth Heroy
Paul H. Prausnitz
Edward McKey Very
Anthony M. Bettencourt
Louise M. Haynes
Emily Storer
Philip H. Suter
Murray Gordon
Olivia Richardson
Louise McCormick
Mildred D. Woodbury
Helen Lathrop
Carolyn E. Putnam
Florence Davis
Paul B. Moore
Frank Damrosch, Jr.
Clare Curran

PUZZLES.

Marie Hammond
Helene Boas
Maurice Elliott
Pauline Angell
Lydia E. Bucknell
Fred Stearns
Mary Ruth Hutchinson
Isadore Douglas
Reg. Cain-Bartels
Clyde A. Flint
Margaret Stevens
Lester Sichel
Wood Briggs
William Beukma
Alice Bacon Barnes
Helen C. Hunter
Mack Hays
William E. Keysor
Miriam Riggs Burch
Hilda Mengel
Paul Rowland
Sarah H. Atherton
F. B. Rives
Bessie Jones
Grace L. Craven
Margaret F. Upton
Philip M. Stimson
James Carey Thomas
Paul Glenn
Charlotte Stark

"YE OLDE MARKET CROSS." BY BESSIE BARNES, AGE 17. (ENGLAND.)

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

RODNEY C. JONES wants to know if pictures of rats may be entered in the wild-animal photograph competition.

On the whole, we think not. The purpose is to encourage the pursuit of game with a camera instead of a gun, and while rats are game, in one sense, their preservation is hardly to be desired. It is said that every thing, even mosquitos, may serve some good purpose, and this is doubtless true of rats, too, but thus far the League has been unable to decide just what this good purpose is, and until it does so, we do not believe that rat pictures could legitimately be entered in our competitions.

In this connection we may say that a Cuban reader has written to ask if the photograph of a Spanish flea would be admissible. He assures us that the said flea is sufficiently wild, and that it appears to have found its "natural home" at a certain point on his left shoulder-blade, where it is impossible to reach him in the ordinary manner. The reader is willing to pursue him with a camera instead of a gun, if the League will make the inducement sufficient, and suggests that we send something to destroy the flea instead of the usual prize, in case he should win.

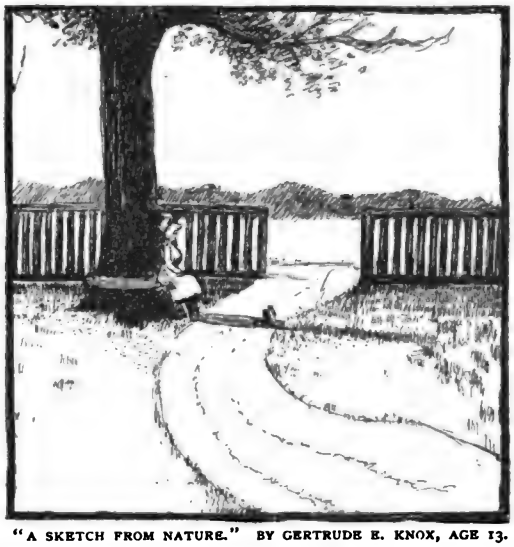
We are sorry, but this flea's photograph cannot compete, either. The flea and the fly — the mouse and the mosquito — the rat and the rattlesnake: they were made for something, no doubt, but we do not believe that it was to be photographed — at least, not for the League department.

Roland S. Child, whose "Fish-hawk" wins a prize this month, wants to know if the fish-hawk's nest in a tree will kill the tree. He states that all the nests he has ever seen have been in dead trees.

The nest of the fish-hawk does not, we believe, kill the tree, but the salt water brought constantly to the nest on the fish-hawk's feathers might kill the limb, and perhaps does do so, killing even the tree itself in the course of time.

From an old contributor who has just won a prize:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the silver badge Saturday, and am



"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY GERTRUDE E. KNOX, AGE 13.

so pleased with it that I can think of nothing nice enough to say. I think it is a real work of art, and the only thing that would be nicer is a gold badge, which I hope to win some day.

'Most every girl or boy you meet nowadays either belongs to the League or wants to, and it has added much to an already excellent magazine, for although I mean no discredit to grown-up writers, the fact still remains that I and most other children read ST. NICK backwards, beginning with the League.

The chapter of which I am secretary has done very little work this winter, as we have been unable to meet on Saturdays. This summer we will meet much oftener, and hope to accomplish something.

With many, many thanks for the beautiful badge and the encouragement it brings, I remain your sincere friend,

DOROTHY POSEGATE.

SALEM, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you of a true bird story. Four years ago this summer, in Vermont, a baby robin fell out of its nest, and the parent birds could not get it back, so the family who lived in a house near the nest took the bird and brought him up. When he was large enough to fly they let him out in the trees around the house and barn, but he would invariably return at night to his home in the attic. When they called him he would answer with a peculiar note, different from other robins.

In the fall he flew away, but the next spring he brought a mate back, and built a nest near the house; but the cats disturbed it, so he went a little farther off, but he often came around the house, calling to the people. He came back the next spring, and now for the third time he has returned, and calls to them from the trees.

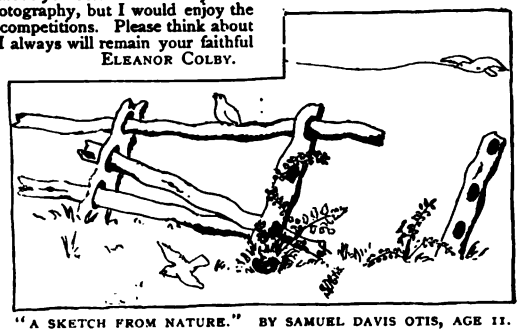
Sincerely yours, MIRIAM ROBSON.

A SUGGESTION.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Reading the June ST. NICHOLAS I found that Ruth F. Kendall of Brookline, Mass., suggested that we have a competition for the writers of music. I think it would be a very good plan, and I wish we could make room for it. I am trying hard to win a gold badge, but though I have never been successful I will "try, try again." I have only been taking you this year, and I don't see how I ever got along without you before. I am very much interested in the drawing and photography, but I would enjoy the League lots more if we had music competitions. Please think about this, and carry it out if possible. I always will remain your faithful reader,

ELEANOR COLBY.

Other entertaining and appreciative letters have been received from Gracie L. Craven, Edwina Hurlbut, Jean D. Louderback, Caroline C. Everett, Catherine Lee Carter, Marguerite Little, Helen E. Jacoby, E. Wilson Lincoln, Henry Goldman, Josephine L. Whitman, Alstair Hope Kyd, Hildegarde and Moore Meigs, Mary Selina Tebault, E. W. Palmer, Donald G. Robbins, Reinhold Palenske, Lila Johnson, Florence Pfeifer, and Yvonne Jeguier.



"A SKETCH FROM NATURE." BY SAMUEL DAVIS OTIS, AGE 11.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 23.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

Competition No. 23 will close August 15 (for foreign members August 20). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for November.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject, "The Closing Year."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author, and must relate in some manner to heroism.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Harvest Fields."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A Heading for November." May be landscape or interior, with or without figures, suitable for the League Department, or any portion of it, or for story or poem.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words relating to Thanksgiving.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 7.

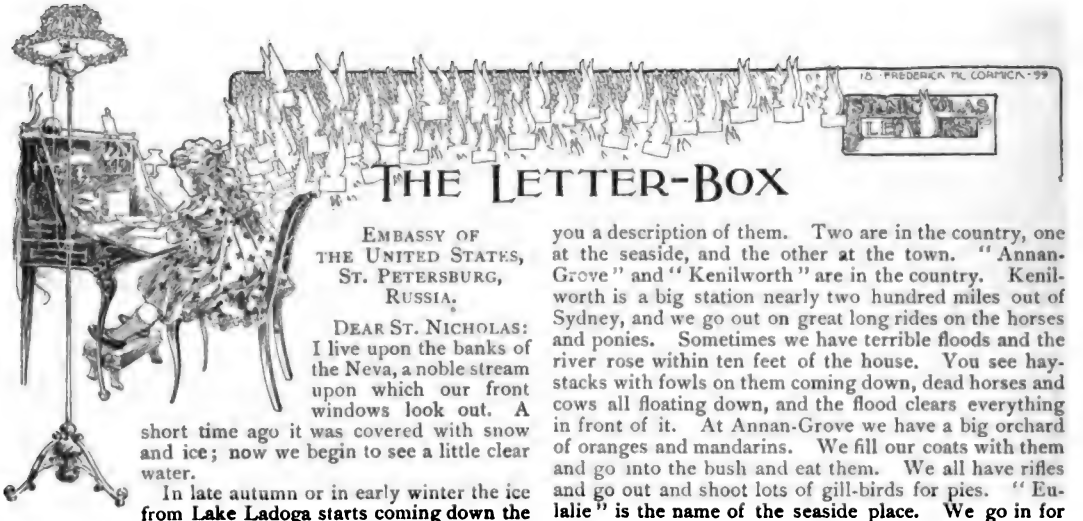
A report of this competition with a list of prize-winners will be found on advertising page 9.

RULES FOR ALL COMPETITIONS.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month.

Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square, N. Y.



EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES, ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live upon the banks of the Neva, a noble stream upon which our front windows look out. A short time ago it was covered with snow and ice; now we begin to see a little clear water.

In late autumn or in early winter the ice from Lake Ladoga starts coming down the river, the weather gets colder, and you have to get your furs ready, for you will soon need them.

The ice, after having gone down a day or two, has caught, that is, the biggest pieces have floated together in the smallest part of the river, and they are bound together by that unrelenting jailer, Jack Frost; other pieces have floated against these, so that now a beautiful plain of ice stretches before us, over which carts, carriages, even trolley-cars, can go in safety. On one part of the river they have cleared away the snow so as to make a path of clean ice, over which you can be pushed to the other side of the river, for the moderate sum of five copecks, by a muzhik on little home-made skates (the muzhik is on skates and you are on a chair).

In March the days get longer and warmer, and oftener than usual the sun breaks through the bank of clouds that surround it, for now the spring is coming, and with it come the rains. The ice gets dirty as the snow melts, and soon a band of laborers come to cut a channel through which they can let down the ice, as they make space enough to take up the bridges (in St. Petersburg half the bridges are movable) when the ice breaks up, which will happen soon. A few days after the ice has gone out of the Neva the ice from Lake Ladoga comes; after that the navigation can be opened. To perform this ceremony a boat rowed by twenty oars goes out from the admiralty, and a similar one comes out of the fortress. When they meet, a cannon is fired from each boat as a salute to the other, the guns boom out from the fort, and a crowd of small boats rowed by men in red shirts come across the river with people who want to be among the first to cross.

But on a clear summer evening the Neva is most beautiful. Long rafts and canal-boats are towed lazily up and down the river, little steamers glide along, and the sun, sinking like a ball of fire, illuminates the scene.

And now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I must close by thanking you for the amusement you have given me ever since I can remember. Your very interested reader,

HERBERT B. PEIRCE.

SYDNEY, N. S. WALES, AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is my first letter and I hope to see it printed. I have not seen many Australian letters. My favorite stories are "The Junior Cup" and "The Dozen from Lakerim." None of the foreign children can go in for the prizes because the answers get to America too late. We have four homes. I will give you a description of them. Two are in the country, one at the seaside, and the other at the town. "Annan-Grove" and "Kenilworth" are in the country. Kenilworth is a big station nearly two hundred miles out of Sydney, and we go out on great long rides on the horses and ponies. Sometimes we have terrible floods and the river rose within ten feet of the house. You see hay-stacks with fowls on them coming down, dead horses and cows all floating down, and the flood clears everything in front of it. At Annan-Grove we have a big orchard of oranges and mandarins. We fill our coats with them and go into the bush and eat them. We all have rifles and go out and shoot lots of gill-birds for pies. "Eulalie" is the name of the seaside place. We go in for baths every morning, and we all can swim. Sometimes we go up to the heads in a yacht, and get caught in a southerly, and it nearly blows over. We looked all over the lighthouse up at the Barranjoey Heads, not very far from the wreck of the "Maitland." I looked at the wreck through the glass, and nearly every one was drowned. We went outside the heads a mile in a little steamer called the "Cora," fishing, but we all got sea-sick, and every one left their lines and stretched out. I had a sleep on the deck. At last we got so bad we steered into calm water. DOUGLAS M. TERRY.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Two months have elapsed since our return from Europe. I went with mama, papa, and my three brothers. We took the southern route, which led us by the Azores Islands through the Mediterranean. We stopped at Gibraltar to see the fortifications. Gibraltar is an English stronghold on Spanish soil.

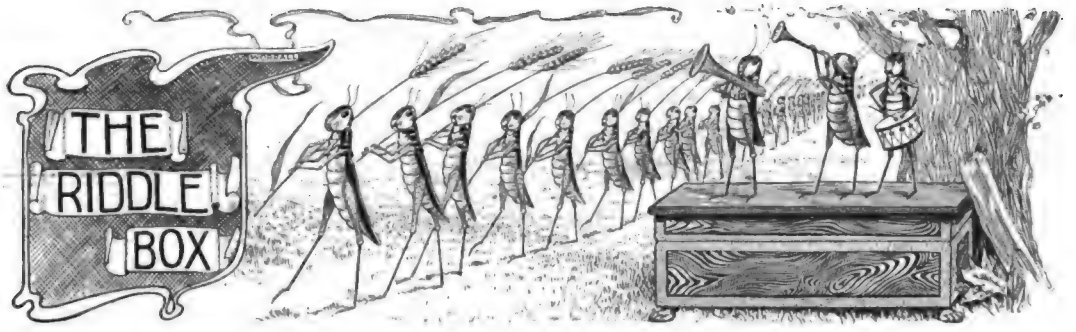
After two weeks' voyage we landed at Naples. We visited the ruins of Pompeii, the wonderful city that, having been covered with lava and ashes by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the year 79 A.D., was found again at the end of the eighteenth century by some men who were digging a well.

In Rome we saw the Vatican and many of Raphael's and Michelangelo's famous pictures. We saw St. Peter's Church, and St. Paul's Church, which is equally beautiful, though less known.

The Forum Romanum, the old market-place of Rome, is very interesting with its ancient ruins, arches of triumph, and the Colosseum near by, the immense circus begun by the Emperor Vespasian.

The other Italian cities we visited were Venice, Florence, and Milan. My two older brothers were left in a school in the Harz Mountains in Germany; they will be glad to see this letter in ST. NICHOLAS, to which they have remained faithful. I am twelve years old and am your devoted reader, ELSIE KOHLBERG.

WE thank those whose names follow for their pleasant letters: *Sterling Cass Childs, Margaret Swackhamer, Carlotta Welles, Everett R. Smith, Mary Elizabeth Trelawney, Catherine Cecilia Trelawney, Francis Gordon Trelawney, "Pansy Periwinkle," "Pearl Periwinkle," Elizabeth Beach, Bessie Edwards.*



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

RHYMED ACROSTIC. Primals, Fourth of July; centrals, United States. Cross-words: 1. Flute. 2. Ounce. 3. Unite. 4. Rated. 5. These. 6. Hides. 7. Oasis. 8. Fates. 9. Jeans. 10. Ultra. 11. Leech. 12. Yusuf.

FOURTH OF JULY LABYRINTH.

CHARADE. Inn-dee-pen-dense, Independence.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Year. 2. Ease. 3. Asps. 4. Rest.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Henry W. Longfellow. Cross-words: 1. Ashes. 2. Steal. 3. Range. 4. Party. 5. Layer. 6. Sewer. 7. Melon. 8. Clove. 9. Annoy. 10. Wager. 11. Rifle. 12. Scene. 13 Color. 14. Holly. 15. Short. 16. Jewel.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 10, Revolution; from 11 to 20, Versailles. Cross-words: 1. Recovery. 2. Deafness. 3. Ravagers. 4. Shooters. 5. Helmsman. 6. Cupidity. 7. Tactless. 8. Disabled. 9. Troubled. 10. Prancers.

DIAGONAL. Rocket. Cross-words: 1. Ramrod. 2. Roland. 3. Packet. 4. Rocked. 5. Gained. 6. Parrot.

RHYMED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Charles Dickens; finals, Pickwick Papers.

Cross-words: 1. Cuyp. 2. Helvetii. 3. Alaric. 4. Rappahannock. 5. Ladislaw (in "Middlemarch"). 6. Effendi. 7. Saranac. 8. Dvorak. 9. Islip. 10. Carrara. 11. Krupp. 12. Euterpe. 13. Nebuchadnezzar. 14. Salamis.

DIAMOND. 1. D. 2. Cod. 3. Donor. 4. Dog. 5. R.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES. 1. Sum-mer. 2. Add-er. 3. Tell-er. 4. Set-ter. 5. Met-er. 6. Mat-ter. 7. Mas-ter. 8. Mart-yr. 9. Man-ner. 10. Sail-or. 11. Wel-ter. 12. Smel-ter. 13. Hal-ter. 14. Fil-ter. 15. Shel-ter.

AN ALPHABETICAL PUZZLE. Independence. 1. I-con. 2. N-dure. 3. D-send. 4. E-vent. 5. P-can. 6. E-late. 7. N-treat. 8. D-base. 9. E-lope. 10. N-sue. 11. C-quel. 12. E-den.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Winifred and Mama — Louise Atkinson — Joe Carlada — Eleanore Lovell — Julie and Esther Knapp — Rewey Belle Inglis — "Allil and Adi" — Sidney F. Kimball — Rachel Rhoades — Percival W. White, Jr. — Howard Smith — Keys and Co. — Eleanor R. McClees — Mary, Dorry, and Matt.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from E. L. Mackay, 1 — "Bird, Cat, and Bat," 6 — M. B. Carpenter, 1 — Eleanor Nagle, 7 — C. H. Wesley, 1 — C. L. Sidenberg, 1 — C. O. Pengra, 1 — E. Martin, 1 — D. Hirshfeld, 1 — F. Quig, 1 — Charles T. Saunders, 3 — Lillian S. Anthony, 5 — W. Naseth, 1 — A. H. Lord, 1 — Chester Jersey, 4 — Sidney K. Eastwood, 3 — Grace L. Craven, 4 — F. M. Bertrand, 1 — Evelyn Knight, 5 — F. D. Rosebault, 1 — Gertrude H. Lemon, 7 — Adsie and Dotsie, 3 — G. E. Sanford, 1 — Wilna Taylor, 10 — Louise Mygrant, 7 — L. Fulton, 1 — J. H. Wade, 3 — Alfred P. Clarke, 7 — Theodore Wilkinson, 3 — D. Hurry, 1 — S. Kauffman, 1 — Jean Spruance, 1 — Elsie L. Eaton, 9 — D. Snodgrass, 1 — Ethel S. Kingman, 9 — Edith Cardner, 3 — Jane H. Rider, 2 — Edith K. Lincoln, 2 — B. Reynolds, 1 — Marguerite Sturdy, 9 — Gladys Williams, 3 — Helen C. Duncan, 2 — Pauline C. Duncan, 10 — E. H. Edwardes, 1 — Winnie and Cyril Black, 2 — "Much Ado" Club, 8 — Florence and Edna, 5 — Mabel, Philip, and Charlotte, 5 — Mary S. Pusey, 7 — Elizabeth Nitchie, 9 — Lowell Walcutt, 8 — Pierre Gaillard, 7 — J. W. Baxter, 1 — Paul Glenn, 2 — P. Welch, 1 — Florentine Hackbusch, 6 — Helen R. Berry, 1 — Reg. Cain-Bartels, 5 — L. Raymond, 1 — C. Bryant, 1.

A LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

BY beginning at a certain letter and following a path, using no letter twice, the names of seven summer sports may be spelled.

B	L	T	E	N	R	O
A	L	S	F	N	C	Q
L	I	A	L	I	S	U
I	A	T	O	G	T	E
N	O	I	D	R	I	N
G	B	N	G	I	V	G

HELENE BOAS (League Member).

DOUBLE DOCKINGS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

(EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and doubly curtail more distinct, and leave an organ of the body. Answer, cl-ear-er.)

1. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a suite, and leave a common metal.

2. Doubly behead and doubly curtail that which gives a claim to credit, belief, or confidence, and leave the name of the first garden.

3. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to give up, and leave a part of speech.

4. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to renew, and leave part of the name of a maritime province of the Dominion of Canada.

5. Doubly behead and doubly curtail joined, and leave a pronoun.

6. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to arrange, and leave therefore.

The initials of the six words which are left will spell the name of a popular summer sport of to-day that was also played years ago by the kings of France.

MARGARET JULIET SHEARER.

DIAGONAL.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter, and ending at the lower right-hand letter) will spell an old-time sport.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fruit. 2. Difficult. 3. Some famous rapids in a great American river. 4. Near and dear relatives. 5. An adage. 6. A reservoir. 7. Gaily.

ISADORE DOUGLAS (League Member).

FOUR ANAGRAMS.

BEHOLD a word of letters seven,
Well describing one in heaven;
Next, it 's changed or else defaced;
Next, it hinders one in haste;
Next, it 's simply substitution.
Now — we wait your kind solution. M. M. D.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the above objects have been rightly named and written one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous American. Drawn by FRED STEARNS (League Member).

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

(One word is concealed in each line.)

THEY say that Mars has a country inn
With a flag at every corner,
And if you wish for a cereal dish,
Or would like to taste educational fish,
A shepherd shouts, "Jack Horner!"

ANNA M. PRATT.

AN ARBOREAL ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the names of the following trees have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a summer sport for boys.

1. A slender tree whose bark is white. 2. A tree whose fruit is a favorite with children. 3. A shrub whose leaves are the first to turn scarlet and yellow in early autumn. 4. A tree which suggested the name for the home of James Russell Lowell. 5. A large tree which bears large, oily nuts. 6. A tree which furnishes tough, elastic wood. 7. A tree whose name suggests a fine avenue in a famous German city. 8. A tree that bears very beautiful white fragrant blossoms.

VERA MATSON.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. Sorrowful. 2. A girl's name. 3. A boy's nick-name. REBECCA PAINTER (age 7). (League Member.)

NOVEL CURTAILINGS.

EACH of the words described ends with the letters *th*. When the following words are correctly guessed, curtail each by taking away the letters *th*. From each of the words remaining select one letter, and make a word often heard in summer.

1. Curtail juvenility, and leave a pronoun. 2. Curtail a point of the compass, and leave an old French copper coin. 3. Curtail a prong, and leave also. 4. Curtail the soft, spongy substance in the center of stems, and leave a confused mass of type. 5. Curtail a period of time, and leave a word used by the Scotch. 6. Curtail an old word meaning a hoop or band, and leave a fish with a long and slender body and pointed head.

LYDIA E. BUCKNELL (League Member).

CHARADE.

MY *first* is a sign of pleasure or approval;
My *last* helped G. W. to the cherry-tree's removal;
My *whole* is seen at dinners and teas
With roses, violets, or sweet peas.

SARAH H. ATHERTON (League Member).

A DUMB-BELL ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

```
1          3
* *      * *
* * *  * * *
5 * * * * * 6
* * *  * * *
* *      * *
2          4
```

FROM 1 to 2, from 3 to 4, and from 5 to 6, each name a summer sport.

Left-hand triangle (reading downward, five letters), a mistake; (three letters), a small explosion. Right-hand triangle (reading downward, three letters), a young animal; (five letters), to swindle.

DAGMAR FLORENCE CURJEL.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

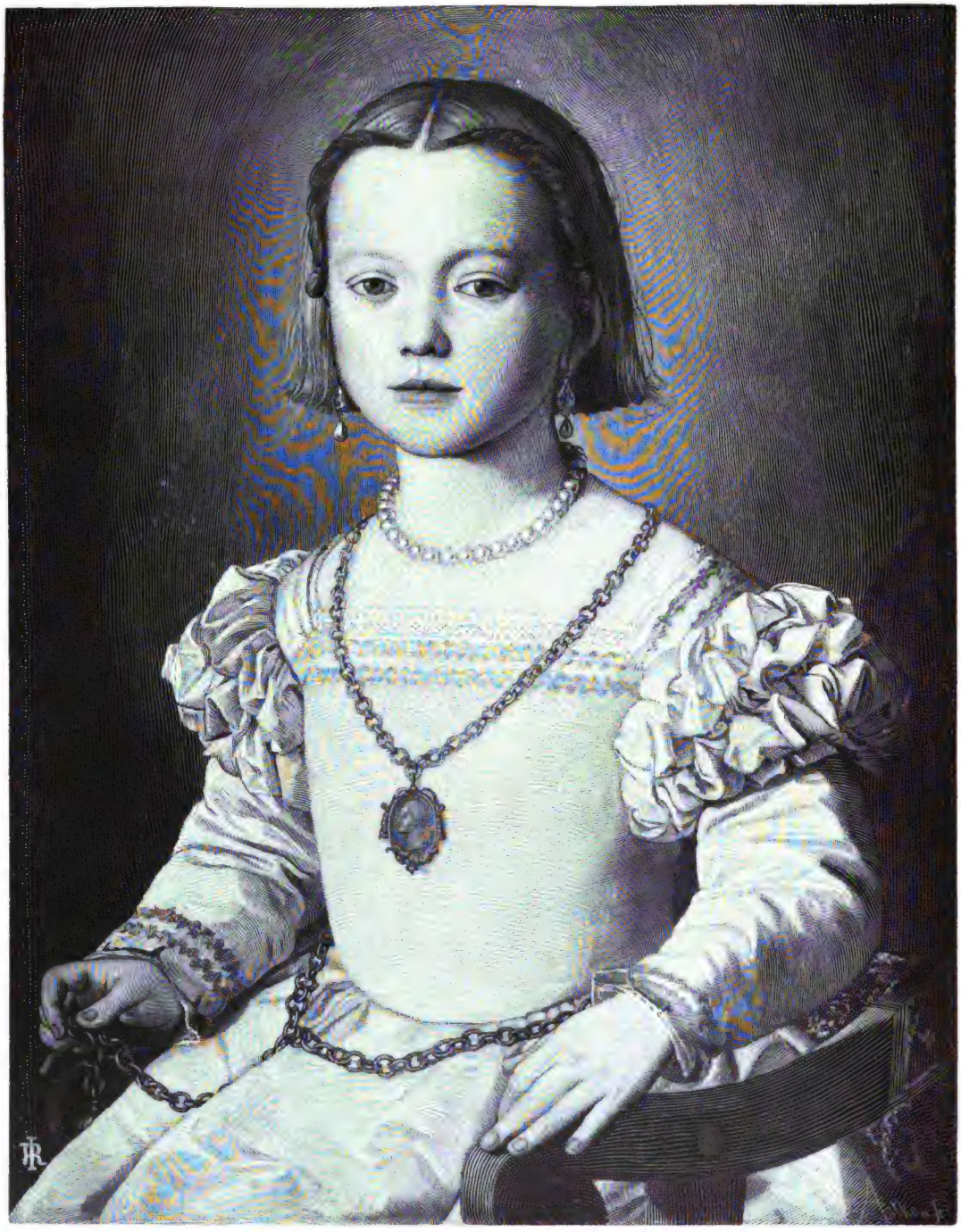
(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I AM composed of sixty-two letters and form a quotation from Shakspere's "King Henry IV."

My 42-58-2-38-8-61 is a golf club. My 2-21-56-24-27-22-23 is a summer sport. My 17-33-1-22-57-45-15 is a hunting-dog. My 40-46-12 is used in rowing. My 22-49-13-35-52-37-6 is a beautiful seaside summer resort. My 44-55-47-16-44-11-18-5 is a game much enjoyed by boys. My 23-60-4-2 is a fashionable sport. My 35-41-57 is a term used in this sport. My 44-37-3-54-34-30 is an implement used in this sport. My 32-19-26-18-9-7-36 is a pleasure vehicle. My 15-53-43-28-14-61 is that which guides a boat. My 62-51-48-10 is a toy used by children in this country and by grown people in certain foreign countries. My 17-25-39-59-40-13 is an Indian gathering. My 50-29-51-31-20 is a common summer flower.

MARY L. BRIGHAM.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



A FLORENTINE PRINCESS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVIII. SEPTEMBER, 1901. NO. 11.

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM AT THE SMITHSONIAN.

INTRODUCTION BY S. P. LANGLEY, SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, AND DESIGNER OF THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

THE Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution has been pleased to confer upon me the honorable but arduous duties of the care of the Children's Room. He has at his service so many men learned in natural history that I do not know why he has chosen me, who know so little about it, unless perhaps it is because these gentlemen may possibly not be also learned in the ways of children, for whom this little room is meant.

It has been my purpose to deserve his confidence, and to carry out what I believe to be his intention, by identifying myself with the interests of my young clients. Speaking, therefore, in their behalf, and as one of them, I should say that we never have a fair chance in museums. We cannot see the things on the top shelves which only grown-up people are tall enough to look into, and most of the things we can see and would like to know about have Latin words on them which we cannot understand; some things we do not care for at all, and other things which look entertaining have nothing on them to tell us what they are about.

In that great work, our very highest authority on the subject (need we say that "The Swiss Family Robinson" is meant?), we have always taken unmixed delight, although some people say that so many kinds of interesting beasts could never really have been in one island. If there are any errors there, though, we do not love it for them, but for its good qualities, and the first of these is that it *interests* us all through. We think that there is nothing in the world more entertaining than birds, animals, and live things; and next to these is our interest in the same things, even though they are not alive; and next to this is to read about them. All of us care about them, and some of us hope to care about them all our lives long. We are not very much interested in the Latin names, and however much they may mean to grown-up people, we do not want to have our entertainment spoiled by its being made a lesson.

Now, I entirely agree with my small friends so far, but I will add something that they only dimly understand and that some of their instructors do not understand at all. It is that to *interest* the young minds in such things is to lay the foundation for more serious study in after life. There are spots on the sun, and even the "Swiss Family Robinson" is not quite perfect as an authority in natural history; but the "child is father to the man," and many a young

naturalist would never have been a student of nature at all if he had not owed his first impulse to some such work as that, or to the sight of things, like those in the Children's Room, arranged for the same minds that delight in the book.

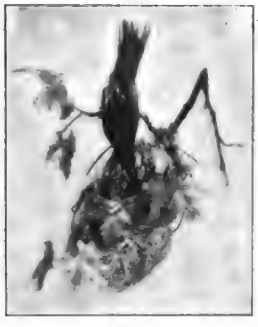
Some great philosopher has said that "knowledge begins in wonder"; and there is a great deal in the saying. If I may speak of myself, I am sure I remember how the whole studies of my life have been colored by one or two strong impressions received in childhood. The lying down, as a child, in a New England pasture and looking at the mysterious soaring of a hen-hawk far above in the sky, has led me to give many years of mature life to the study of the subject of traveling in air; and puzzling about the way the hotbed, I used to see on the farm, kept the early vegetables warm under its glass roof, has led to many years of study in after life on the way that that great hotbed, the earth, is kept warm by its atmosphere; and so on with other things.

I wish that all children might, as they grow older, learn the sense of the poet who has said:

> Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
> That every man in arms should wish to be?
> It is the generous spirit who, when brought
> Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
> Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought.

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM AT THE SMITHSONIAN.

By Albert Bigelow Paine.



"ADAM," said a great scientist, whose busy lifetime had been given to the profound researches of astronomy, biology, and aërodromics, who had wandered farther into the Dim Region of Subtle Things, and found more there, than any other living physicist—"madam, I am chiefly interested in Children and Fairy Stories."

It was Dr. S. P. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who made this remark to a lady who hoped to please him with her interest in the more exact sciences. It was the same Dr. Langley who had ordered that a case of specimens should be arranged in the Institution for the benefit of Children—Little Children, who did not care for long, hard names, and who could not see objects on high shelves.

He had ordered this case, but being very busy at the time (perhaps discovering the new Solar Spectrum), he could not personally oversee the work of preparation. When he did look into it, he was not pleased. There were a good many things in the case that, as one of the Children, he did not care for, and there were still more things that he had expected would be there, but which had been overlooked, or not considered worth while.

Then, too, each thing had on it one of the old labels, with a long Latin name in small type; and this Dr. Langley, who, for the time being, was the Disappointed Child, could not or would not read.

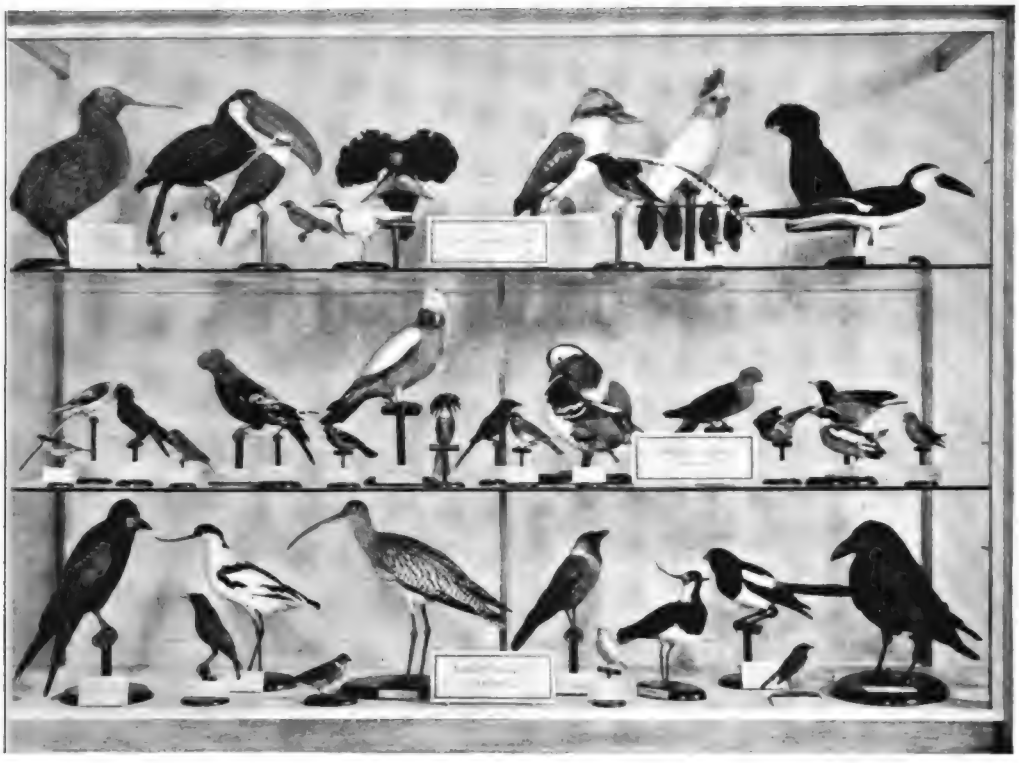
Clearly something must be done. Solar spectrums must wait; the perfection of the flying-machine must linger. Dr. S. P. Langley, the great Secretary, wrote and transmitted through the proper channels a letter appointing plain S. P. Langley, the Lover of Children and Fairy Stories, as Honorary Curator of the Children's Exhibit, with instructions that, as one of the Children himself, he was to see that a room was reserved and properly prepared for Chil-

dren—Little Children, who wished only to look and wonder, and to find out only such things as little folks most want to know. And, in return, S. P. Langley acknowledged and accepted his arduous and portionless task, and promised that he would do his best to have such a place and only such things as his friends, the Other Children, would like. It is this bit of make-believe play, so characteristic of the child heart, that will never grow old, that is referred to in the introduction to this article, prepared by Dr. Langley himself.

A CORNER OF THE CHILDREN'S ROOM IN THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

But a good deal of the play may be said to have stopped with his appointment. The

preparation of the room itself meant work—patient, thoughtful work in every department and detail, with the interest and entertainment of the Child—the Little Child—always in view.



A CASE OF SELECTED BIRDS.

(Top shelf, Curious Birds; middle shelf, Bright-colored Birds; lowest shelf, Common Birds of Europe.)

For one thing, it must be a small room. A large room would mean a large collection, and this, in turn, confused and hasty examination and discouragement to the Child. It must be a cozy, pleasant room, with plenty of light and pretty things, as well as a collection of specimens not many in number, but each object chosen just to give the Child Pleasure. If the Child received instruction too, well and good; but first of all he must be attracted and pleased and made to wonder, for in wonder lie the beginnings of knowledge.

This was the Secretary and Honorary Curator's idea; and with the gladly and heartily given help of ornithologist, zoölogist, mineralogist, of the whole staff of the Institution, in fact, his plans for a Children's Room in the Smithsonian have been, and still are being, carried to successful realization.

Located just across from the main entrance, it is a sunny little spot, with doors and windows opening to clambering vines, grass-plots, and happy trees, where in summer are birds that build and sing. It was June when I saw it, and perhaps this is the choicest time to go; but even dark days and cold will not keep us from feeling the cheer of riotous vines and singing birds.

For they are within as well as out. The ceiling is painted to represent a vine-clad arbor, with sky-spaces through which birds of gayest plumage seem to look down on friends and relatives below.

Indeed, a number of living relatives are *just* below, where four gilt cages of song supply a never-ending chorus of nations, the little singers having been chosen from the many far and near corners of the whole earth.

Our own Redbird, or Cardinal Grosbeak, is there, as well as the South American Cardinal of Brazil; Bullfinches and Goldfinches from Europe; the Japanese Robin, who is really not Japanese and not a Robin, but a very nice bird from India; some Weaver-birds from Africa; some Javan Sparrows from the East Indies; and some Australian Grass-parrakeets, such as are trained and used by street seers for telling fortunes. They are a happy congress, and it grieves me to relate how two little cages contain but one bird each, a certain Canary and a hybrid Goldfinch, whose names, for their parents' sake, I will not give, but who proved to be so wicked and quarrelsome, and made the others all so very unhappy, that they must now live each to himself, alone, and yet near enough to see the happiness of the others, who all day long play, and visit, and sing in undisturbed harmony.

Below the Singing Birds are the Aquariums: a salt-water glass tank, and a most perfect fresh-water aquarium, so simply and carefully arranged that even the Very Little Child may look and love and wonder from every side, where pretty bright fishes and baby turtles wave and dart and paddle amid feathery green and over the pebbly beds.

The aquariums and the gilt cages are the center of the room, and, because of the happy, varicolored life they contain, must always remain the true center of attraction to Little Folks—the point to which they will turn and return, again and yet again, from the fascinating and even more marvelous, but silent, wonders in the cases along the walls.

THE CARDINAL.

The cases themselves are quite low, even the top shelves being within reach of younger eyes. Arranged above them are a number of prints and water-color paintings, in which some of the furred and feathered creatures below are shown in action; and this idea is to be carried still further in the panels of the wall, for these, in course of time, are to be filled with interesting and life-like pictures by artists who paint lovingly their friends of the wood and field.

THE BELL-BIRD.

But it is *within* the cases that the Child will find the true soul and purpose of the Children's Room. Often he may turn to the singing birds and the darting fish for refreshment, but with the wonders along the wall he will linger, and the memory of them will cling and blend, and so become a part in his life that shall not perish or grow dim.

In speaking of the young observer, in this article, as "he," I do not wish it to be understood that the room is not fully as interesting and valuable to Little Girls. I am only, for the most part, picturing a boy, such as "the one I knew best," who, a good many years ago, was obliged to learn a good many things vaguely and at long range. I find that he is still hungry to know some of the things he never could find out then, and I am fancying what he might have felt and done if in that far-away time he had found himself, all at once, among these precious cases.

They are arranged as a Child would wish them, and he will begin, perhaps, with those on the left as he enters—the cases of the birds. At the first of these he will linger. Within are the "Largest and Smallest Birds of Prey." He will look at the great Condor of the Andes, and the Bald Eagle, and then at the tiny Sparrow Hawk; and he will wonder why these are so big and that so little, and if the Bald Eagle could whip the Condor in a fair fight. He thinks it likely, because the Condor has blunt claws—so blunt, the card says, that he cannot carry off the big animals he sometimes kills. The Condor is bigger than the Bald Eagle, but he is not so good-looking, and the Child does not like him. He likes much better the largest owl, the Great Eagle Owl, who lives in the vast,

THE LARGEST OWL AND THE SMALLEST OWL.

trackless woods of northern Europe and Asia—a monarch of the far, dim stillness; and if the Child is a little girl, she adores the smallest of his race, the tiny Elf Owl, who might well be a real sprite to dart from the leafy, dewy tangle of evening.

The small observer passes on. "Some Curious Birds" come next, and he must see them, even if he has to come back to the Bald Eagle and the Condor, and the different-sized owls, by and by. He wonders and laughs, too, at the curious birds. Truly they are a funny lot. Some of them have fans that fold. Others have veils, aprons, crowns, lappets, armor, and what not. The Toucan has such an absurd big bill. The Black Skimmer's flat bill is set the wrong way. A queer Paradise-bird has one tail where it should be, besides two very long tails that are half saw and half feather, and that start from behind his *ears*. Then there is a row of little Bat-parrakeets, that sleep with their heads hanging down. The Child wonders why the blood does n't run to their heads, and how the Umbrella-bird can see through the thick tangle of his head-covering. Almost all the Curious Birds have funny attachments, something they don't seem to need—all except the poor Apteryx from Australia, who has much less than he should have, because he is left over from some undeveloped age, with paltry, half-formed feathers, and no wings at all. The Child pities the Apteryx — he looks so timid and sorry; and the card tells us he is often killed by dogs, because he cannot fly. He is so different from his fine neighbor, the Laughing Jackass, whose expression is always humorous, and who seems always about to make merry with the whole queer lot.

THE TOUCAN.

BAT-PARRAKEETS ASLEEP.

THE APTERYX—THE BIRD WITHOUT WINGS.

Just below these is a shelf of "Bright-colored Birds." If the Child is a little girl, here she will linger long. The vividly blue Cotinga of British Guiana, the Beautiful—the most beauti-

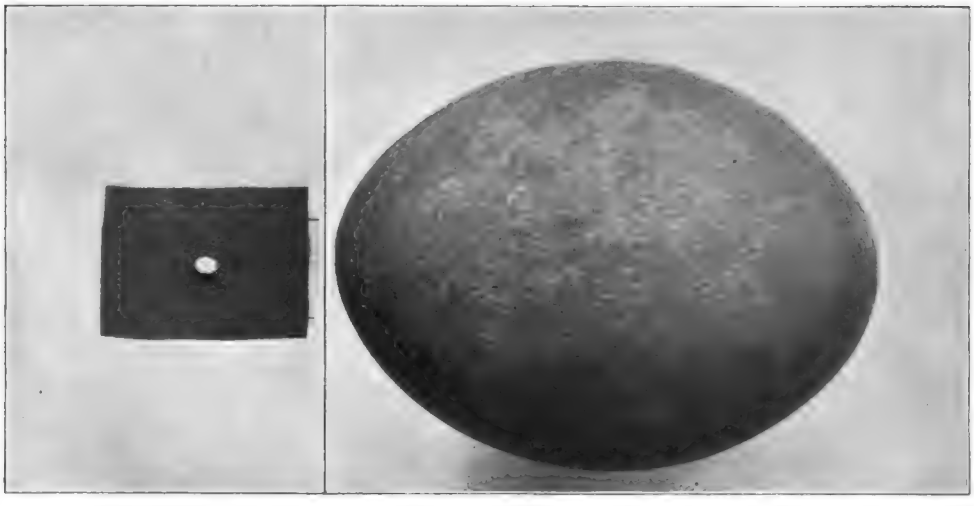
ful—Parrakeet, the Rose Cockatoo of Australia, the Elegant Minivet, and the Crimson-winged Lory—these she will love with all her inborn adoration of beautiful adornment, and yearn for them in her dreams. I hope she will not want their wings for her hat, but I should hardly blame her if she did, for their beauty is the splendid and lavish kind that Nature gives to flowers, and that Nature, and Nature only, has ever learned how to bestow. To me the Mandarin Duck seems the gem of this collection—a fowl whose dress is so Chinese in its cut and coloring that one wonders whether he has really imitated the mandarins or they him.

And now come the "Common Birds of Europe" and the "Familiar Birds of the United States." The Child has yearned long to see the Raven, the Magpie, the Starling, and the Jackdaw of his story-books, and the English Lark and Robin from which, long ago, our meadow singer and redbreast were named by a people heartsick and homesick for their own far lands. The Curlew, the Rook, and the Lapwing, these, too, are among the European birds, while the Phœbe, the Bittern, the Kingfisher, the Bob White, and the Bobolink are among their American cousins, as well as our own Lark and Robin, not forgetting the beautiful but cruel Blue Jay, and the tiny Ruby-throated Humming-bird, so familiar to us all.

The Child is proud of his own birds. Perhaps he wishes they were more gaudily colored, and wonders why Parrakeets and Pink Cockatoos do not dwell in his own woods and fields. Still, there is the gay Cardinal, and the pretty Bluebird, whose color is like a bit of sky. The Child is glad to see that of the poetical quotations, and a number of these are in the various cases, there is a special one for the Bluebird—the pretty lines by Eben Rexford:

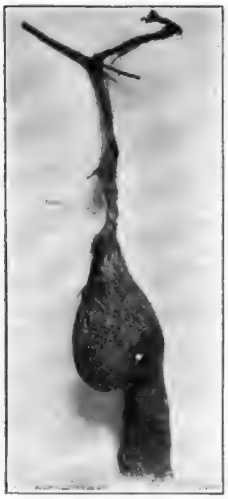
> Hear it again above us,
> And see what a flutter of wings;
> The bluebird knows it is April,
> And soars to the sun and sings.

In the case next to this are "Birds with Curious Nests and Eggs." The heart of the small observer finds great joy in this case. The smallest and largest eggs in the world, those of the Humming-bird and of the Giant Ostrich, or *Æpyornis*, of Madagascar, who no longer lives, but whose eggs, that were more than a foot in length, are still to be discovered.



THE SMALLEST EGG AND THE BIGGEST.

The Child ponders long over these eggs. The card tells him that the *Æpyornis* and the great Roc of his story-books are believed to be the same bird. He wonders how many times larger the big egg is than the little one. If he asks, as I did, he will be told that it is about thirty thousand times as big, and he will picture to himself the great bird, as tall as a tree, sweeping over the sands with furlong strides.



A HANGING NEST.

Within this case, too, are other curious eggs, large and small, including those of the Eagle, the Ostrich, and the great Moa of New Zealand, while among the curious nests the Child sees the homes of the Hangbird, the Weaver-bird, and the Tailor-bird. Much and long he wonders how these clever house-builders wound in and out the threads and fibers of their marvelously built homes. But just below there is a nest with eggs. It is not a curious nest, but built in a curious place—in a skull, in fact, and it is the nest of the tiny House Wren.

And now, beyond these come the "Water Birds," the Great Albatross, which perhaps the Child remembers as having been shot by the Ancient Mariner; the King Penguin of the far white South; the White Egret, hunted for his rare plumage; and the Scarlet Ibis, whose flaming feathers make him a shining mark for death.

The Child is sorry that these rare birds are killed for their wings and plumes. If a Little Girl, perhaps she resolves never to wear them. She remembers that birds have little folks, too, and she wonders what becomes of them when the parent bird is shot down and can never return to them with food.

But at the next case these things are forgotten. At the top, instead of a picture, there is a Lyre-bird, with his tall, magnificent tail, and

A NEST IN A SKULL.

a mounted Beaver. The Child remembers that Hiawatha was taught

How the beavers built their lodges.

He thinks this must be one of the same Beavers, and wonders if it is full grown, and how it is he can use his tail to build with.

THE BOWER-BIRD GROUP.

Above the Beaver is a fine spray of peacock plumes, and in the case beneath him a Kite carrying a snake, some Bower-birds with their play-house, and some Ptarmigans in both winter and summer dress. The Child rejoices in the Bower-birds. He has a little book with a picture of them, but here they are at home with their playthings. There are several of them, and he wonders if they have invited in friends to see and play with the pretty shells and colored glass they have found.

But the Ptarmigans he can hardly believe real, their winter dress is so snow-white, while in their summer plumage they are so brown and mottled, like a pheasant. Still, the cards tell him they are the same, and though he wonders much, yet he must believe.

Then he passes on to "How Creatures Hide," the Children's Room name—and a very happy one—for Protective Mimicry. Here are the Leaf Insects, that are so like the leaves about them as to make the observer almost "give it up" before he discovers that some of the leaves open and form wings, while beneath others there lie curious creatures so near in shape and color to their hiding-place that only the sharpest eyes will find them. Nests there are, too, that might well be a part of the limb that holds them; and beneath, in a box of sand and pebbles, are some Terns' eggs and young. And the young Terns are so like the eggs, and the eggs so like the pebbles, that even after he sees them he must take a second and a third look to make sure.

And now there is a case of "Pretty Shells" and "Strange Insects." The wonderful coloring of the sea has found its way into the shells, while the hues of the air have tinted the wings of butterflies more rare than any the Child has ever chased or captured. The Child looks longingly at this collection. There are some things here he would like to have. But the Centipede, and the Tarantula with the poor little bird it has captured and poisoned to death,

CASE SHOWING LYRE-BIRD, BEAVER, KITE WITH A SNAKE, BOWER-BIRD AND BOWER, AND PTARMIGAN GROUPS.

make him shudder. He is close enough to these, and he is glad they are dead. He wonders why they must ever live at all.

Corals and sponges have their separate case,

NEPTUNE'S CUP.

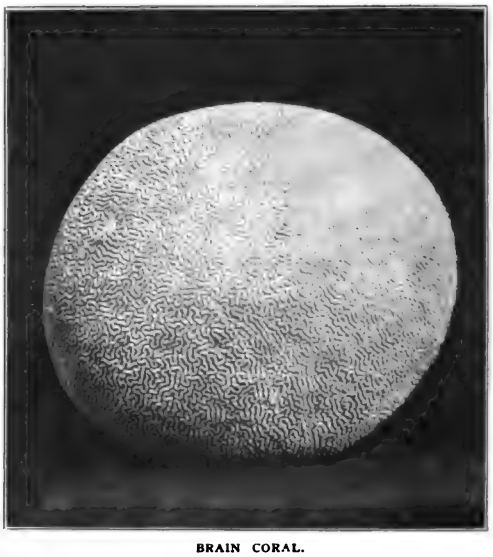
and the specimens range from the great Brain Coral and Neptune's Cup to the delicate and beautiful Venus's Flower Basket, a superb white sponge from the Philippine Islands.

And now the Child has reached the last case in the room. It contains "Minerals and Fossils," and here are some things that make him wonder indeed. On a block lies a piece of Flexible Sandstone that bends by its own weight. Near by is a true model of the Largest Lump of Gold ever found in the world, and of the Largest Diamond ever cut. His eyes dwell long on these things. He wonders about their value, and if the people who found them were very poor, and how happy they must have been with that great lump of gold and with that splendid diamond. Some day he will go out into the wild mountains and find gold and diamonds too. He wonders just where he ought to look for them. Then, all at once, his eye catches some woven and spun Asbestos, that nobody can burn up, no matter how hot the fire is, and he thinks he would like a suit of this material, and so become a fireman, and live happy ever after.

THE FLEXIBLE SANDSTONE.

And now the Child has finished the circuit of the room. He turns once more to the Song Birds and Darting Fish, and before he goes he must have one more look at the cases. The Owls, the Swallows, the Night Hawk, and the Whip-poorwill—such things as these he has been glad to see at close range. Heretofore they have been to him but as darting shadows, or weird voices from the dusk of evening. He has seen Swallows circling about the chimney at nightfall, diving in one by one, and he has heard them cuddling cozily together at bedtime. Now for the first time he knows just how they look, just how they build their nests, and how they cling to the rough brick with feet that are set too far back on their bodies for them ever to perch on a limb without toppling over.

And the Child goes home at last, glad, and



BRAIN CORAL.

with knowledge, and the love of knowledge, in his heart. He is happy, and, because his wonder has been aroused, he has learned. Unless he is a Very Small Child, he has been able to read the large, clear type of the simply worded labels, on which, with one exception, there are no more Latin names. The exception is made in favor of a very small Humming-bird, who

bears bravely his technical title, *Rhamphomicron microrhynchum*, left by the Honorary Curator as the best explanation of why he has not re-

NEST OF CHIMNEY "SWALLOW."

tained the others. Of all the rest the common names only are given; and where no common name exists, a literal translation of the Latin name is made. All the labels the Child has been able to read, and he is not wearied, and he has not been puzzled or confused.

Perhaps the Child who has passed an hour or two in this room full of interest and pleasure does not know or care to whom his happiness and his thanks are due. It does not matter. If he only cares for the thing itself, cares enough to come again, and perhaps bring his parents, that they too may look and learn with young eyes (and if he is the Child most of us have known best, he will do this), the Secretary and Honorary Curator will be repaid. Dr. Langley the physicist has done much in the cause of science. He has invented and perfected an instrument which has carried the measurement and analysis of the solar spectrum beyond anything dreamed of hitherto, and has invented the only flying-machine that will really lift itself without the aid of gas. Thus has he added to the sum of human knowledge. But in this busy life, as plain S. P. Langley, he has found time for Children and Fairy Stories, and neither as Secretary nor as Honorary Curator has he ever thought this part of his time wasted.

RHAMPHOMICRON MICRORHYNCHUM.

COUNTER-THOUGHTS.

By Mary Mapes Dodge.

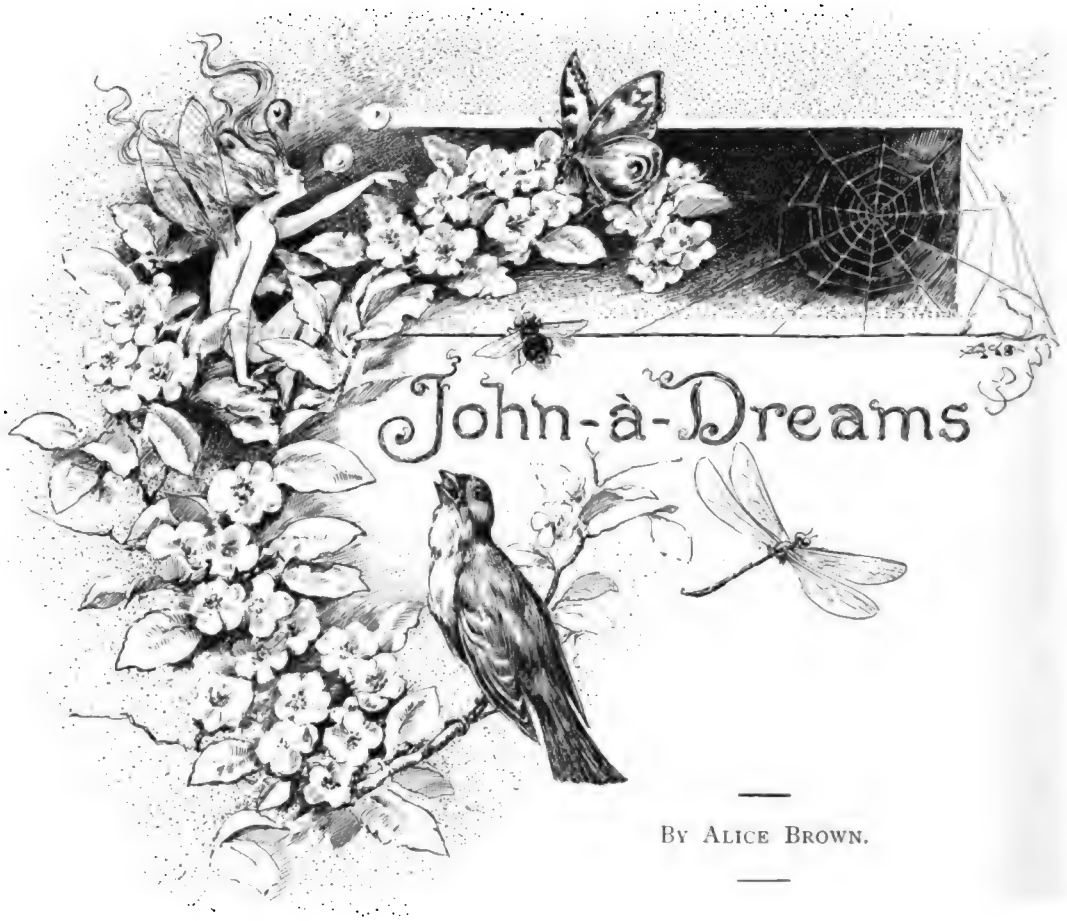
"What is the baby thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt."

What are the old folks thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt.
A thought like this filled the baby's head
(A wonderful baby, and very well read).

He gazed at grandpa, and grandma too;
And mirrored the pair in his eyes of blue,
As side by side they sat there, rocking—
He with his pipe, and she with her stocking.

And the baby wondered, as well he might,
Why old folks always were happy and bright;
And he said in his heart with a blithe little start
That showed how gladly he'd act his part:

"I 'll find some baby, as soon as I can,
To stay with me till I 'm grown an old man,
And, side by side, *we 'll* sit there, rocking—
I with my pipe, and she with her stocking."



John-à-Dreams

By Alice Brown.

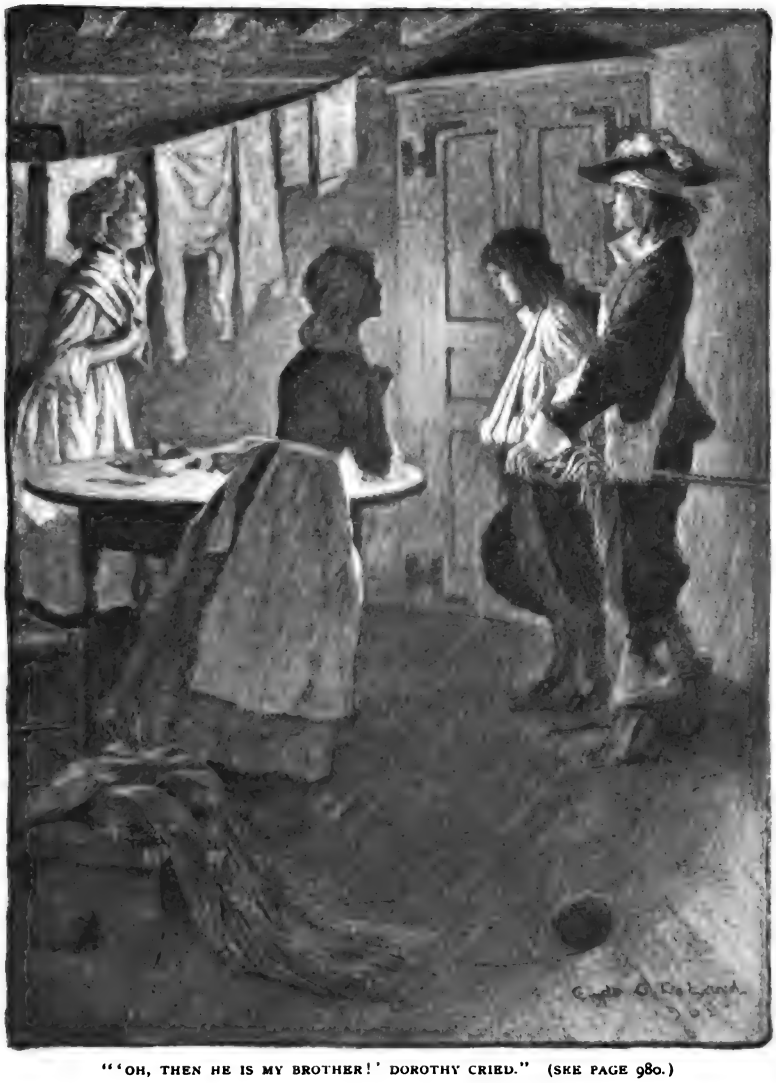
Who sits out in the orchard bowers,
  Blowing bubbles of apple-bloom?
Who washed the cheeks of the baby flowers,
  And swept the grass with a windy broom?

Jack-à-Dreams, John-à-Dreams, radiant fellow!
  Busiest body from dawn till night;
Thrumming his tunes on rose and yellow,
  And all the strings in the harp of light.

His are the boatlings low in the valleys,
  Cobweb cordage and woven keel;
He lights them over with dew, his galleys,
  And rides from the dock on Arachne's wheel.

Jack-à-Dreams, John-à-Dreams, day 's a-dying!
  Take up your brush and dabble the west.
Leave us your pennon there a-flying,
  Set with stars for a silver crest!

"JACK-À-DREAMS, JOHN-À-DREAMS, RADIANT FELLOW!"



"'OH, THEN HE IS MY BROTHER!' DOROTHY CRIED." (SEE PAGE 980.)

THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

By John Bennett.

(*Author of "Master Skylark."*)

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XXVII.

AFTER THE FIGHT.

Tierck Van Ruyn was silently rocking to and fro in the bow of the boat, his hands clasped to his side, and his face white with pain; Albert the Trumpeter lay in a swoon propped up against the forward gunwale; Mynheer Van Sweringen was bathing his face in the water over the side of the yawl; and Barnaby Lee, with a sick heart, sat crouching in the stern. Kregier rowed as if he were mad; his eyes shone like pale sparks, and as he rowed he cried out, "Ach, the cowards, the treacherous cowards!" But Barnaby's left arm

hung limp and numb, and he felt queer and sick.

The wind had begun to blow and the fog to lift. Across the inlet he could see whitecaps under the fog. By times the boat ran through a clear space, then into the mist again. As they were running through the fog, aimless and bewildered, with the water washing up and down among the stretchers, rolling the empty pistols about, and breaking over the trumpeter's legs, a whistle sounded overhead, as of a reeved rope in a block, and down from the fog, as if out of the clouds, dropped the long sound of a weary yawn.

As if bewitched by that long-drawn yawn, the wind caught up the fog, tore it, gathered it into wreaths of unsubstantial vapor, half condensed and half dispersed, drove it shoreward, lifted it up, parted it into ragged dimness, and, obscurely glimmering over their heads, a gray shape started through the mist, took form, found shape, sprang higher, higher, broadened, darkened, gathered substance with its growing, and there beside them in the stream, substantial and serene, with the sunlight through the breaking clouds falling like gold upon her rigging and gilding her rail like a line of glory, lay the broad-beamed herring-buss, the Bonte Koe.

"Ahoy!" shouted Kregier. "Ahoy! the Bonte Koe!"

"Ahoy thyself!" said a quiet voice, and the skipper looked over the taffrail. "What seek ye of the Bonte Koe?" he asked, and then he suddenly stared. "By the holy *polepel!*" he gasped, and let his long pipe fall.

All that Barnaby remembered then was a hurry-scurry overhead, and a line of faces staring down; and when the wounded trumpeter and Tierck Van Ruyn had been taken aboard in a sail, and he himself was being swung up in a sling, he heard Mynheer Van Sweringen say, with an odd, quavering laugh: "Well, Skipper, I said we would come aboard—and here we have come aboard!"

Then they were under way and off—just how the boy could scarce have told. There was a rush of water along the lee side, the vessel heeled, and he was thrown face downward in the scuppers. There he lay for a moment, crying; for the pain was great, and no one came to help him. Then, partly raising himself with one arm, he was leaning against the bulwarks, biting his lips and sobbing silently to himself, when Mynheer Van Sweringen came up the deck with his head bound in a cloth.

"What 's this?" he asked, and his hasty voice was oddly sharp. "Art hit? My soul, lad, have the dirty villains shot thee?" for he perceived the pattering line of drops that ran across the deck. A few moments more, and Barnaby lay on a bunk in the after cabin.

The trumpeter, white and hollow-eyed, was stretched upon a mattress, and Tierck Van Ruyn, with eyes like a ghost's, was leaning against a bulkhead, sipping at a cup of brandy. Swiftly ripping Barnaby's sleeve to where the pistol charge had torn its way through the arm just below the shoulder, Van Sweringen examined the wound. "My lad, my lad!" he said, "and thou hast taken this hurt for me, who have but used thee for a tool!" Then his voice choked and he said no more. But he knotted his handkerchief under the boy's arm until the blood ceased flowing, and washed the wound with cold water and a bit of fine, white soap, and having rubbed it gently, but well, with an ointment, laid raveled tow about it, bound it up in a linen bandage, and set the arm in a sling.

When he cut away the shirt-sleeve from the wound, Barnaby bit his lips for pain, for the torn sleeve clung to the sensitive flesh, and the pain was very keen; but the bullet had gone right in and out, and there were no bones broken, so that there was neither probing nor setting to be done; and the sharp, cold smart of the water and the benumbing ache of it left the lad feeling a bit more comfortable for a while.

The little cabin was close and hot, so that Van Sweringen took him out to the deck, and sat with him where the cooling wind might blow across his face, for Barnaby now was turning faint and was growing exceeding thirsty. It seemed as if he could never get enough cool water to drink, although Van Sweringen brought a crockful and set it upon the deck with a pannikin beside it, and helped him constantly.

The burning thirst grew all day long, and by night Barnaby's throat seemed like a parched

rush. He could not fall asleep. He was lying in the after cabin on a flock-bed on the floor, but thought very little of bed or surroundings, for he was in great pain. The air of the close cabin was smothering, and his arm throbbed so that rest was impossible. He got up and started into the waist, dizzily staggering as he went. He seemed quite unable to steady himself, although he had lived so long upon the sea, and losing his balance with the deep, slow rolling of the ship, would have fallen headlong had not a strong arm slipped about his waist and supported him. Mynheer Van Sweringen, seeing him arise, had sprung up and followed him out to the deck. "And is it so bad, then?" he asked. "Tut, lad, I am sorry! Let 's see what I can do."

He helped Barnaby across the deck, and set him against the bulwarks in the hollow folds of an old sail, fetched the crock of water, and wet the bandage through until Barnaby whispered, "Oh, how good!" and heaved a sigh of relief. Then the envoy washed the lad's dry, hot face, threw back his long hair from his forehead, gave him a good, deep, refreshing drink of water straight from the scuttle-butt, and then sat down beside him. "There," he said cheerily, "that is better, and I will bide with thee."

By times Barnaby dozed, but ever waked again, for his arm was aching sorely. For the most he sat staring over the sea with the salt wind in his face. It was long until morning, he thought; the night grew hotter and hotter, until by the hurry of the blood in his veins he knew that the heat was fever. This increased as the night went on, and his mind began to wander through troubled scenes; he talked swiftly, sometimes incoherently, to Van Sweringen, telling him all that there was to tell of his life and its wandering:

"My father was a captain with the king. He rode with Rupert, Prince Rupert of the Rhine, and afterward served in Scotland until the king went down. Then he lay hid in Buckinghamshire, nigh upon his old home, first in one place, then another. All the old estate was gone in the ruin of the kingdom; he had saved his household goods alone; they lay concealed in London under cover of friends, for he knew a-many Roundheads, sir, and was great cronies with some—Sir Arthur Haselrigg, Desborough, St. John, and Harry Vane. But ever things grew worse. 'God hath forsaken us,' he said, and then giving up hope, he had made up his mind to fly to America, where he had already bought him a good estate before the troubles began. Our stuff was stowed aboard a ship, and we were bound to join her, when of a sudden arose a great outcry that the king was coming again. A little, all was joyous; we rode our horses through the town; they had me cry, 'God save the king!' in every village green. Then began wild rumors of Sir Arthur and the rest whom the authorities sought to lay hold upon for treason to the king. One night, as we stopped at our lodgings in a tavern by Primrose Hill, a man came galloping up from the south with his drawn sword shining in his hand. His horse was lathered with clay and foam, and as he drew rein at the horse-block which stood before the tavern, the rider called out in a most piteous voice, 'Harry Lee! Harry Lee! In God's name, are ye here?'

"My father ran to the window, asking, 'Who comes here, in the dead of night, calling Harry Lee in the name of God?'

"When the man on horseback saw him—it was a brilliant moonlit night—he cried, 'I am Sir George Levering, Harry, and our dog hath had his day: they are seeking me out to slay me; save me, if you are a true friend.'

"Then my father ran for the stable-men, and we were up and away through the moonlight as hard as our horses could gallop.

"Our ship was to wait off Shoreham town until we came aboard, and we galloped by Twickenham Ferry until our horses could run no more. The next day we lay hid in a hay-rick, and at nightfall were off again through Surrey, aiming for Shoreham. The chase was hard after us. Twice we saw them over the hills, sparkling in the sun, but gave them the slip, and all day long went galloping toward the south. We came into Shoreham in the night. I was asleep in father's arms. A fisherman's boat took us out to the ship, and we were all ready to sail, when Master Levering went ashore to sell his horse, needing

funds. Father went with him into the town to sell our horses also. They said they would quickly return; but oh, master, he never came back!

"How it came we never knew, but they fell upon the two in Shoreham. We saw them running in the street and come to a stand in the market-place. I could hear the pistols going and see the fisher-people run. Then two men were down on their faces, and one was creeping away from where my father and Levering stood; and then there followed a parley, but no good came of it, for I saw father wave his sword, and the people began to fire again, and the swirling smoke filled the market-place. By and by they stopped shooting; the smoke blew away. The people came out of their houses once more, and stood in the market-place all day; and when the day was ended, and it had begun to grow twilight, a boat came rowing from shore with constables and a lantern. When they came near the ship they shouted out, but I did not understand what they said; but some one shouted back at them from the poop-deck over my head, and warned them off at their peril, or the ship would fire upon them. But the wherry kept on coming, and the constables dared them to fire. Some one gave a terrible curse and fired over the rail. There was a horrible scream; the lantern went out, for the man who held it fell into the sea. The ship slipped her cables and ran, and I never saw my father again, nor knew where they buried him. Will ye give me another drink, sir? The cool water is so good, and talking makes the mouth dry."

Then he sat back silently a moment, watching the brown sails flap and fill. "All that came after that, master, was like a horrible dream. I was treated decently enough until we came to the Chesapeake Bay. Then they drove me below with kicks and curses, and all I saw of the Maryland shore was a glimpse of the bluff at St. Mary's which I caught through an unstopped hawse-hole.

"To what came after that, sir, all that had gone before was child's play; it went from bad to worse, and I might never win ashore, no matter how I tried. I ha' prayed I might die, but I did not die; I sought to fly, but might not; and now when I ha' succeeded at last in gaining a sight of freedom, ye be going to send me back again. Oh, do not send me back! Master, I would rather die than go back to that festering ship!"

Van Sweringen was kneeling with his hands upon Barnaby's shoulders. "Thou shalt never go back while there is a roof over my house," he said. "My home shall be thine, my kindred thy kindred; thou shalt be no more abused."

Then he sat with the boy and cheered him until the morning dawned, and cared for him all day as a soldier cares for his comrade; and when Barnaby tossed helplessly on the cushion, and could not rest from the constant motion of the ship, Van Sweringen held him, with the boy's head on his shoulder, and so steadied him, when night came again, that he might gain some respite from pain, taking no sleep himself, nor leaving the boy except to fetch something to comfort him; so that it began to come into Barnaby's mind, in spite of the pain he was in, that there is kindness in the world as well as cruelty, and that a face which is stern may sometimes cover a very gentle heart.

On the night of the sixth day out from the capes they came to New Amsterdam, and Mynheer Van Sweringen, Tierck Van Ruyn, Captain Kregier, and Barnaby went ashore in a fisherman's yawl.

When Mynheer Van Sweringen and Barnaby had come into the fort, the envoy beat upon the house door with his sword, and when the serving-man opened the door, stepped in quickly without a word, bringing Barnaby before him through the little entry to a room where the women were busily sewing about a small table. His head was still tied up in a cloth, and the boy's arm hung in a sling. "Hola!" said Mynheer Van Sweringen, "are we not welcome home?"

Laughing, they all looked up to greet him; but the laugh died away on their lips. "Oh, Gerrit, they have slain thee!" cried Mevrouw Van Sweringen.

"Nay, Barbara," he answered, laughing, "I am not utterly slain; in fact, I am neither murdered nor slain; they have only spoiled my beauty. A haughty spirit hath found a fall, and the crowing cock comes home again

with a much diminished comb. They have broken my obdurate head with a stone by the meadows of St. Mary's. 'T is only my hard head that is broken; but they would have broken thine heart, dear, had it not been for this young English rogue that I have fetched home again with me. The lad hath risked his life for mine, and hath taken a hard hurt: for the sacrifice he willingly offered I can offer him no recompense, yet I will give him an heritage of honesty and honor. I may have lost my beauty, but I have found me a son in its place."

Dorothy sprang to her feet. "A son, father dearest? Oh, then he is my brother!" she cried. "Oh, I have wanted a brother; how I shall tend to him!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DOROTHY AND BARNABY.

ATTEND to him she assuredly did, as though she had been his mother.

She made a linen shirt for him, woven of flax she herself had spun; she scraped him peppers to eat on his meat, baked him earth-apples, brown as old stones, which grew under the earth like turnips, but which, when done in the ashes, burst and were full of a sweet white meal; she parched for him nuts which grew in the ground in shells with tails to them; and one evening when he was feeling depressed, she made him a little brass pot full of chocolate, fixed a dish of garden greens and spice, upon a porcelain tray, and toasting a fresh rusk crisp and brown, she buttered it with butter she herself had churned that afternoon. And as he sat by the table eating, sipping the chocolate, munching the crackling crust of the rusk, and bit by bit growing more comfortable, she sat and watched him with a smile on her lips and a gentle light in her sparkling eyes.

At first Barnaby found it hard to understand this kindness. He had for so long been accustomed to cruelty that he suspected even gratitude of concealing malice, and had grown so familiar with continual abuse that when a kindly thing was done him or a gentle hand laid but a moment, in passing, upon his bended shoulder, a strange, questioning look came over his face, a look sad to see on the face of a boy, from all it made evident. Sympathy is a beautiful thing if one but understand it; but Barnaby did not understand. Poor, wandering child, how could he?

One morning, as he sat by the doorway, thinking, he heard in the hallway behind him the girl's light footfall coming through the house, and turning, saw that she came with a fresh white bandage for his arm. She had on a pair of wooden shoes, which she wore for every day, and her skirts rustled softly as she came through the entry. With the white, long bandage fluttering over her arm, and her gentle face, she looked like a sister of mercy. "Come," she said, "and be put to rights; my mother hath sent me to fix thee."

Rising, he went as she pointed and sat in a chair beside the inner window. Under the window were roses in bloom on a trellis, filling the air with their perfume. Now and then a white pigeon sailed across the sky. "Slip thine arm out of the sling," she said, "and rest thy wrist on the sill here while I roll up thy sleeve. There, that will do nicely." Doffing the old bandage with gentle quickness, she took up a small green jar of ointment and from it deftly anointed his swiftly healing wound. Her sleeves were but to her elbows, and her wrists were supple and strong, though slender; her fingers were slim, but sure and firm, the touch of them light and dexterous. She wore a dandelion or two thrust through her yellow hair, and her graceful bearing was very sweet, with a grave young dignity. Her eyes glowed with interested concern as swiftly and deftly she bound up the arm and smoothed the bandage down. Then, with head upon one side, she critically looked her handiwork over, and as she tucked the last loose end of the bandage into its place, "There, lad, that will do better," she said, with pretty pride.

There was a little black-framed looking-glass hanging beside the window-casing. Barnaby sat watching the girl's reflection in it. Her gown was blue and white, which made her eyes look bluer; her elbow-sleeves were bordered with a narrow fringe of lace; her hair was gathered back into a little coil upon her neck, like a skein of twisted silk; the dandelions in her

hair seemed golden stars; there was dew in them still, and their split stems, cool and saturated with water, curled and twisted through her shining hair like small coils of pallid green wax.

The faces of the Dutch girls in the town were pink, white, and quietly sweet as the vervain in the garden, but her face was aglow with the French blood in her veins; and where the others were short and broad, though no doubt prettily plump, she was slim and lithe as a reed in a stream, and somehow seemed to partake of the cool, fresh clearness of the brooks. Though as yet scarcely more than a child, her steadiness and dignity made her seem almost a woman.

The boy watched her silently, reflected in the glass, his eyes held by the pose of her head and the deftness of the swift, slim fingers going so expertly under and over the bandage. While he was watching, the girl looked up, and her eyes met his in the mirror. She smiled and nodded in good-fellowship, whereas Barnaby dropped his eyes with a guilty sense of having taken advantage of her not knowing that he watched her as she cared for him.

"DEFTLY AND SWIFTLY DOROTHY BOUND UP HIS WOUNDED ARM."

Doubling a fresh kerchief, she slipped it under his wrist and made it fast about his neck. "There," said she, as she gently settled his arm to its place, "thou art fine as a fiddle-string."

"You are very good to me," he said, turning his face away. "Why are ye so good to me? Surely there is naught I can do for you."

She looked at him in astonishment. "Why," she said, "what needst thou do? Hast not saved my father's life? I have not forgotten, if thou hast!"

"Before that you were good to me."

"Thou wast ill then, and hungry, not strong, but weak with a fever, and thou hadst been cruelly beaten."

"What was it to thee if I had?"

"Why, then, perhaps, nothing at all," she said, "more than it was to any one; no more

than this, which is enough: there was none else to care."

"But why should you care?" he said sharply, turning to look straight in her face. "I am English, and you are Dutch."

With flushed cheeks she straightened up and looked at him. "Why, what dost thou mean?" she asked. "Thou art English and I Dutch? What hath that to do with liking? Doth being born on different spots make any difference? Is not kindness the same in the Netherlands as it is in your country of England? Why, my father says that the English and the Dutch are as like as two peas; and surely, where there is such likeness there should be kindness also, for kindness groweth out of men's hearts, and not, like cabbage-heads, out of the ground. Some men, forsooth, may be cabbage-heads and know not kindness. Cabbage-heads are cabbage-heads; it is not the garden where they grow that makes the difference; 't is by nature men are kind, and not by geography. Dost think that because I am partly Dutch I may not wholly like thee? Why, I put my liking where I choose, and hate where I 've a mind to; and if thou dost imagine that I cannot care, because that some silly people say I may not, then I call thee foolish. I like thee, and I 'll tell thee of it, for that is having my own sweet will, and I am not to be stopped of that by thee nor anybody else; I 'll do as I please, and not ask thy permission. I like thee, and I tell thee so; thou art a gentle lad, courteous and delightful. I like thee. What 's more, thou shalt like me. So there, enough. If I say aught offendeth thee, then I am sorry of it; but I have said what I have to say, and of that I am not sorry. I have done with it; so!"

She stood up, breathless, flushed, and charming in her impetuous earnestness, slender and graceful in her girlish pride, one dandelion, fallen from her hair, nodding over her glowing ear.

Barnaby took her hand in his. The poor lad's heart was full; yet how to show his gratitude, being grateful beyond expression, he did not know. He looked at her; she was facing him with quiet earnestness. He stooped and kissed her on the cheek as simply as a child.

She flushed a trifle. "That was prettily done," she said, with quiet dignity. "Some would call thee malapert, and be offended; but I shall not so mistake thee, and thank thee heartily. Art an earnest, honest, sensible lad, and I do honor thee; I would rather have thee brother to me than forty Derrick Storms."

A hot tear hurried down his cheek.

"Don't think it shame of me," he said; "but thou hast been more kind to me than all the world before."

"Fie on the horrid world!" she said, and stamped her little wooden shoe. "I 'll fetch thee in a sugar-cake, and fie upon the world!" So she fetched him in a sugar-cake with twelve big raisins in it, and, besides the cake, three apples also, which he ate while she sat in the doorway and chattered: and so they soon grew to be very good friends.

It was wonderful how much that little maid knew, how much she had seen and observed. She could speak and read fluently in English, French, and Dutch, and a little in Italian, although she did not like the Italian. "It seemeth all *m*'s, *o*'s, *l*'s, and *s*'s, as if it were sweet molasses," she said. "The French is prettier."

"But French ties knots in one's tongue," said he.

"Because thou art English," she answered. "The English never talk good French; they make ugly faces, and wave their arms; but that is not talking French. I get my French from my mother; she was a Huguenot, who fled out of France for religion's sake; at least, her fathers did, as did those of Madame Stuyvesant, the Director-General's wife. So they two are friends; one needeth friends in a wild, new world like this. When we first came to America we lived in a hut with a roof of rushes, where the hops ran wild and the wild grapes grew as big as my finger-knuckle. I gathered acorns in the wood, for we were run short of meal; and the soldiers called me a fairy, because I was so fair and small. They do not call me fairy now; I have grown a deal since then. Often we heard the wolves at night, and sometimes the panthers screamed in the forest, and sniffed so loud at the smell of the cows that it made my hair stand up. And once a great eland came and whistled in at the window, and father shot it

with his gun while it was chewing our cabbages; and again a bear came to steal cherries, and we children chased him with sticks. He growled and fumed, but he went away; we did not know he could bite. Thou shouldst have seen my mother's face when we told her how we beat him! Most men are like old Bruin: they growl and fume; but if one be positive, they learn to do as they are bid. Presently I will show thee how. Didst think because I coddle thee now that I shall ever do so? Thou dost not know what a contrary thing a little maid can be; one moment she taketh thine head off, the next moment putteth it back. She is like a very small dog that hath splinters for teeth; she biteth fiercely, but doeth small hurt."

And so she chattered on. "Canst read a book?"

"Oh, yes," said Barnaby, "if the words be not as long as processions. I can read passing well; father taught me. He taught me to sing; but I do not sing well; even the footman said so."

She bade him tell her of the ship.

"Not for the world," he answered. "A French rogue out of the jails of Toulon was the worthiest of that crew!"

Then she asked him to tell her of England, but his memories were confused. So he told her of things he had seen upon the sea: dolphins swimming about the ship, sky-blue, with fins and tails like gold, turtles lying asleep on the waters, and sharks that followed after the ship. He told her tales that the sailors told, of how in Barbados the cannibals ate out of silver bowls as big as wash-hand-basins, sprinkled the walls of their houses with gold, and paved the streets with silver; and how, in Brazil, there was a river of vinegar. But he did not believe it all himself, nor ask her to believe it.

"Jan Roderigo, the Portingal, told me these tales upon his faith," said he, "that there was a sea within the tropics so full of fish that the ships went aground upon them and small boats went on runners. But I do not believe the rogue; for the multitude of fish would soon swallow the water, and die for the lack of it; then there would be neither sea nor fish, only a dreadful smell; I trow it was a fairy-tale. But I will not speak any more of it all, for the ship was a horrible place. The sailors swore and drank and fought, and did whatever they pleased, and that was never anything good; and though sometimes some of them gave me things, the others always stole them, and I was not large enough to fight, so I had to take what came. The sailing-master sometimes took my part, and once he kicked the master's mate into a corner and told him to say his prayers; but the master's mate did not know any prayers, so the sailing-master kicked him head first through the panel of the door; and nobody ever mended it, so that the wind and the rain came in; and John King sat there, biting his nails, for he was afeard of the sailing-master. Scarlet was biggest and strongest of all the picaroons, and threw them around like ninepins when he got into one of his rages. But I do not like to think of it; I would I might forget!"

It seemed that he might forget indeed. His troubles went falling away one by one, like leaves from the autumn trees. The Van Sweringens cared for him as if he had been of their blood; there was nothing could be done for him but they did it eagerly. With plenty to eat, and right good food, sleep enough, peaceful rest, and no more brutal treatment, he picked up health and strength apace. The color came into his cheeks, and his muscles began to fill out.

In a fortnight's time he was well of his wound, and in fuller strength of body and limb than he had ever known before. His heart sprang up; the world grew bright before his eyes; he set himself forward to better days.

(To be continued.)

"CHRISTY SEIZED JO BY THE HAND, AND DRAGGED HER OUT OF HARM'S WAY."

A DOUBLE HERO.

By Elizabeth H. Miller.

One afternoon, when Christy Kirby was going home from school, he happened to meet his little sister Jo, who had run away from her nurse, and was making pies in the middle of the road. He stopped and called to her.

"Hello, Jo!"

"'Llo!" she answered, smiling sweetly up at him.

"Come on home with me," said Christy.

Jo returned to her pies and said nothing.

Just then, hearing shouts and cries behind him, Christy looked back, to see a big wagon with two horses to it plunging down the hill straight toward the very spot where Jo was playing. Three or four men were hurrying out of houses and across fields, only they were a long way off.

It seemed the most natural idea in the world to Christy to run across the road as fast as his fat little legs would carry him, seize Jo by the hand, and drag her out of harm's way. He was not an instant too soon. For the two small people had barely gained the roadside when the great horses thundered by, their flying hoofs stamping Jo's pies into powder.

Jo was filled with indignation, but, for some reason Christy did not understand, everybody else thought that he had done a very fine thing. His mother petted him and cried over him; his father gave him a gold-piece; and when he went down street to spend it, so many ladies stopped him to ask him questions and kiss him and make him presents of sticks of candy that he decided to give up his shopping for that afternoon. Christy was well pleased with it all. He liked to be called a "nice, brave boy"; he did n't even mind the kisses so much; and the candy he enjoyed extremely.

The next day at school most of the large boys who usually kept to themselves had something to say to Christy.

"So you are a hero, are you?" asked one of the sixth-form boys. "How big does that make a boy of your size feel, I wonder?"

"He always feels big," answered a voice, before Christy could speak. "He always thinks he 's more than anybody else."

Christy sighed and shut his mouth tight. He knew whose the voice was, and he looked upon Dan Sproles as one of the trials of life.

"Well," said the sixth-form boy, easily, "I guess he has a right to hold his head pretty high just now. If I were you I would n't complain of it; ill-tempered people might call you envious of him."

He strolled away, while Dan glared after him angrily, and then relieved his feelings by another attack on Christy.

"Being so proud won't make you get the prize any quicker. It can't take those absences off."

"I know it," said Christy, still trying to keep his temper.

"It can't teach you to learn arithmetic any easier."

Christy was silent.

"It can't make up for the bad mark you got last week whispering," went on Dan, with a snigger, for they both knew who was responsible for that bad mark.

Then Christy forgot that he was a hero. He stamped his foot and clenched his fist at Dan, and rushed into saying a great many things not polite enough to be put into a story.

Before he had finished, the bell rang, and they had to go in to school.

"Oh, dear!" thought Christy, dolefully, as he sat down at his desk. "There, I 've gone and got mad again, when I meant to try not to any more. Mother says I can't be the right sort of a fellow till I quit that. I think it 's awfully hard, anyway, to be the right sort of a fellow when Dan Sproles is around."

When school was out there was a gentleman

at the front gate talking to one of the teachers. His name was Dr. Morton, and he lived in the finest house in town. As soon as he saw Christy he called out to him:

"Come here, young man, and let me shake hands with you."

Christy went.

"You are the chap, are you, that saved your little sister's life? Well, you are a citizen to boast of, are n't you? Something ought to be done in the way of a celebration. How would firecrackers and ice-cream suit you,— around at my house?"

Christy did not venture to answer, for fear it might be a joke, but his face, which had been very serious since recess, began to broaden into a smile, and his eyes began to twinkle. The doctor watched him, and needed nothing more.

"We 'll do it," he said, "to-morrow night. And let me see about the guests. Suppose I invite all the boys in your class here at school. What do you say?"

"Thank you," said Christy, hastily, growing grave again at having forgotten his manners.

The doctor laughed.

"Not at all. Don't mention it. But what do you think of inviting your classmates to our party? Would it please you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me who they are," said Dr. Morton, taking a pencil out of his pocket and a slip of paper, and using the gate-post for a writing-desk.

Christy gave him the names, glibly at first, but more and more slowly, until finally the doctor did not know whether he had come to the end or not.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; I guess so." But Christy hesitated, and Dr. Morton waited. "There 's another boy," said Christy, at last; "but he does n't really belong in our class; he only half belongs. He goes in a bigger room part of the time."

"Maybe we 'd rather do without him," suggested the doctor.

"Yes, sir," said Christy, speaking now without any delay.

So the doctor put the list in his pocket and walked off. But he had not gone far when Christy came running and calling after him.

"What 's this?" said Dr. Morton. "Did we forget somebody?"

"No, sir; but I suppose we 'd better invite that other boy that only half belongs to our room. Yes, we 'd better. I just thought I 'd tell you."

"Very well. What is his name?"

"Dan Sproles."

The doctor added Dan to his list, and started off again without asking any embarrassing questions. But when Christy got to school the next morning, there, waiting for him, was Dan, full of questions. He began at once:

"I say, I 'm invited to your party just the same as all the rest. What made you do that? Dr. Morton said you asked him to ask me. Did you?"

Christy nodded unwillingly.

"What for?"

"Because I chose to."

"But why?" persisted Dan. "It was n't because you liked to have me."

"No, it was n't," said Christy, honestly.

"And you did n't have to have me. Dr. Morton said you did n't. So what made you?"

Being driven into a corner, Christy explained his point of view with more regard to the facts than either to grammar or to tactfulness.

"Because if you were me," he said, "and I were you, I knew you would n't ask me; and so, then, I would n't be enough like you to— well—I 'd rather you 'd come to-night, even if you spoil everything."

Dan's face crimsoned as he understood what Christy meant, but he took it very meekly.

"I won't spoil anything; you 'll see."

Christy looked doubtful.

"You 'll see," repeated Dan. "Just wait. Dr. Morton 's a queer man. You tell him things before you think of it. I told him about how you got that mark the other day, and about plaguing you sometimes, because it 's easy. I told him I did n't think you 'd want me at your party. He only listened and said, 'Humph!' and that he guessed you were two kinds of a hero, maybe."

"What did he mean?"

"Why, one kind is to pull any one out of a danger, like Jo, you know; and those heroes

are likely to get fireworks and ice-cream for it. The other kind is to treat any one that plays tricks on you as if he was as much of a gentleman as you are yourself; and those don't always get any firecrackers."

"What do they get?"

"I asked him, and he said, 'Nothing, very often, only just the reward of being high-minded.' He said perhaps I did n't know what that was; perhaps I did n't care anything about that."

Dan stopped and wriggled the toe of his boot in the ground, and twisted the middle button of his jacket round and round. Then he said chokily, in a small voice:

"But—but I do, you know. And—and, Christy, I guess it 's true, what he said. I guess you were both those two kinds of a hero, don't you know."

They looked at each other and looked away again. Being boys, they saw no necessity for saying anything more on the subject. But Christy added:

"Say, Dan, stop for me to-night, will you?"

A SEPTEMBER MORNING.

THE OBSERVING SPORTSMAN.

By Wilmot Townsend.

How seldom one sees a sick bird in the wild state! The poor prisoners in our cages and aviaries often droop and pine; but this is rarely the case with wild birds.

Now and again on your rambles you may come across a dead bird among the thickets, or by the roadside; but examination will generally prove the cause of death to have been accident or violence.

I am speaking now in regard to the average number of deaths among feathered "woodfolk" during an ordinary season when food is abundant and no unusual events such as floods, severe storms, or chilling frosts in late spring have thinned their ranks.

What would our forests and fields, our meadows, our lakes and bays, even "old ocean," be without birds?

The sportsman is not always a bloodthirsty fellow. He sometimes finds a wonderful fund of enjoyment in observation; and it is not always necessary for him to disturb a quiet landscape by the roar of his gun that he may realize he is having sport.

Many times my only hunting companion has been a strong field-glass; and it has revealed many a delightful bit of Nature's story, as told by the birds in actions which often "speak louder than words."

We find a great difference in the natures and habits of the healthy birds we see about us. Instinct all animals possess; and at times it is hard to decide where instinct ends or reason begins. Birds differ greatly in intelligence, and also seem to differ in true rank. There are plebeian birds, and there are aristocratic birds, and some we may call thoroughbreds. We know a thoroughbred horse; his delicate ears, high-strung action, and, above all, his build proclaim him at a glance. So with thoroughbred birds; but in their case it is a certain indescribable something that distinguishes them.

To me the wild duck is the very embodiment of the "thoroughbred" among water-fowl. Swift of flight, watchful, alert, and full of resource in case of emergency, this beautifully formed creature has as much "blue blood" and game in his nature as any of the winged creatures over which the Creator has given man dominion.

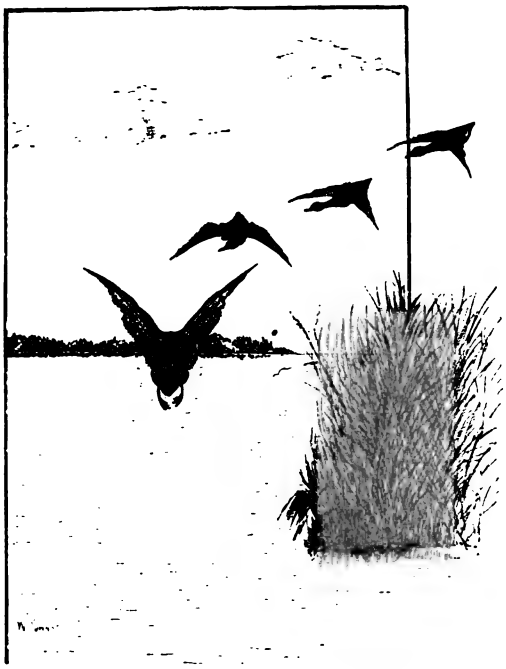
Will you be my guest to-day? It may be I can interest you. Bring an opera-glass, and we will start for the river.

The water is as smooth as glass. How still! You can hear the *pluck! pluck!* of an ax in the clearing across the water, and presently the faint crash of a falling tree comes over to us; but all is harmony and quiet restfulness. A dead pine stands out in bold relief on the bluff directly opposite, and there, as usual, is perched an eagle.

With the glass you may bring him close. See how he has shaken himself loose, so to speak; his feathers are ruffled and his wings drooping in the enjoyment of a sun-bath. His whole attitude betokens lazy contentment.

But his eye! Ah, his eye is on the *qui vive;* and even as we watch, he suddenly draws his wings to his sides, and is all attention. He has seen, around the bend in the river, something that has startled him.

Presently he crouches with half-spread wings, still intently watching; then with graceful motion he sails out over the river, mounting on



THE MALLARD LEADER SUSPECTS AN AMBUSH.

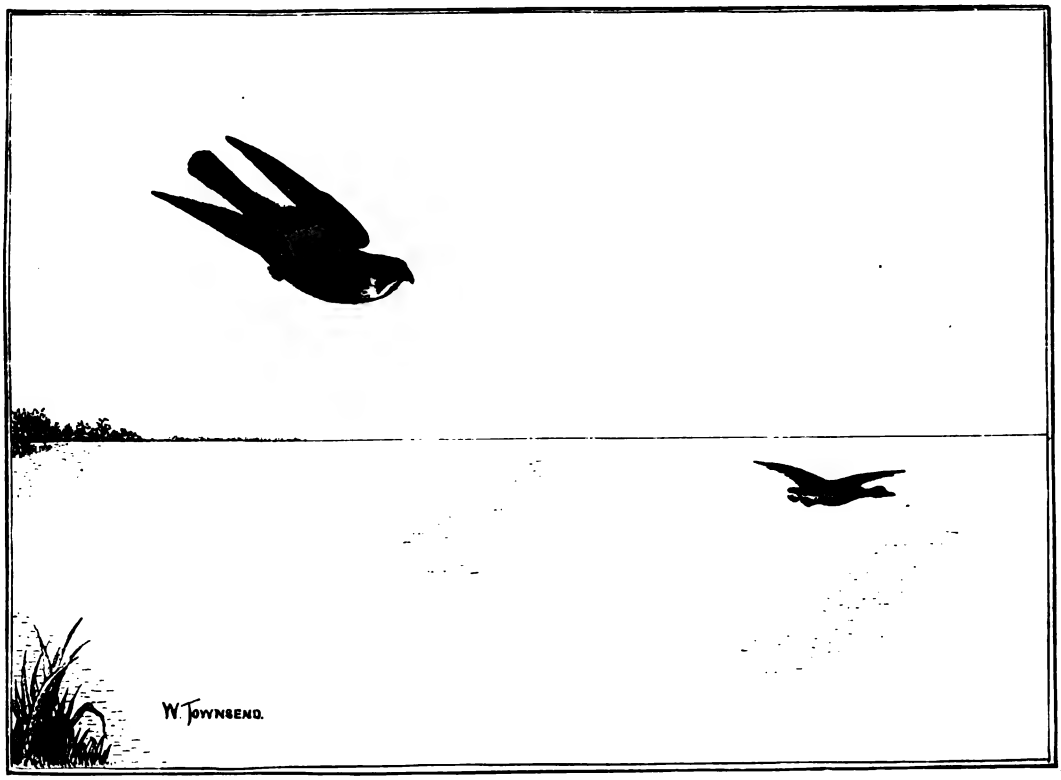
easy circles into the blue sky, accompanied by a vindictive pair of crows who have suddenly appeared to pester him, as is their wont.

There comes a boat round the bend! The bird evidently distrusted its occupant, and wisely decided not to take any chances.

Look at those ducks in midstream—quite a bunch of them. Do you see what a wide berth they give that boat? They are swimming rapidly, but as yet are not at all alarmed.

The old darky who plies the oars has seen them at last, and heads his clumsy craft in their direction. He will never get those wary birds within range of his old "Zulu" gun on this trip, I 'll wager. Watch them; as quick as a wink they saw that he had changed his course, and now they are swimming more compactly grouped, and at double their former speed.

There they go! Rising in quick succession, they skim off in a long line just over the water. What could the old man have been thinking of? Do you suppose he imagined they would



THE HAWK PURSUING A WILD DUCK.

wait for him? Not a bit of it! Turn your glass down-stream. Ah, yes! there is a blind below, and he has evidently "put them up," thinking his "pardner" might possibly secure a shot. But no; they have settled again well out of range. Black ducks are too cute for the "coons" this time.

Look this way. There go four mallards toward the flats below us. There they pitch. How quickly they entered the water! It was all done in an instant, and now they sit erect at a safe distance from the reeds, with every nerve on the alert. Satisfied after a few moments that all is well, they swim closer and proceed to disport and enjoy themselves.

One might say that "this is a very ordinary occurrence" that any one with a good pair of eyes in his head may see hundreds of times in a season. Wait a moment! There are eyes and eyes, and one pair of eyes when rightly exercised will see much more than another, even though both be directed at the same object.

A careless pair of eyes would have told their possessor only that ducks had alighted near the reeds. Another pair, in the head of his companion, would have told him, the instant he sighted the birds in air, that they were mallards. He saw the leader, as they swung around that clump of reeds, drop his feet preparatory to alighting, while at the same time his bright eyes were glancing about the nearer waters and reeds in search of lurking danger, and his wings were elevated a trifle more than in usual flight, ready to arrest his speed if the coast were clear, and at the same instant to urge him onward with the swiftness of a bullet had he seen anything suspicious. In the latter event, the dangling legs would have disappeared as if by magic, the drooping body would have straightened out, and those sturdy wings, with a buzz like those of a bumblebee, would have quickly carried him out of harm's way. It was plain that his fellows had perfect confidence in his ability to guide them safely, and with the exception of the one immediately behind him, who turned his head for an instant as though he were making his own inspection, they followed blindly.

All this was shown in a few moments of time to the quick eyes of our observer, and now he has a mental photograph of the whole scene. This is a field that has only recently been invaded by the camera-operators. The observer, however, can develop the picture for himself at will, and in a way depict for others the striking action displayed therein.

In the pursuit of game, and especially of water-fowl, it is absolutely necessary to refrain from any sudden motion while the birds are approaching. Trusting to their keen sight, the wary fowl are wonderfully quick to detect any movement on the part of the gunner. His dress, too, should be in keeping with his surroundings. Any neutral color will do; but he must not wear either a black hat or a black coat.

"ON SILENT WING THE GREAT BIRD QUARTERS THE MARSH."

The birds rarely forget their caution; and they are always extremely careful when swinging to decoys. Their sharp eyes are taking in everything as they approach, and the least departure from the ordinary is sure to attract attention and excite suspicion. You need only see a flock come to decoys, swing off, return, and again swing off, to realize the truth of this statement.

The wild duck possesses a large bump of curiosity, and may at times be brought within shot by taking advantage of this trait; but, ordinarily, it is "your wits against theirs," and this is the great charm of the sport.

It is exciting to watch the duck-hawk in pursuit of his prey. Given an open field with the quarry, it is astonishing to witness the exhibition of speed by these "thoroughbred" racers. The hawk will often overtake and strike a duck in the air, though he seems to prefer to single out one from some flock, and, if possible, force him to dive. As the duck comes to the surface to breathe, the hawk is at hand, and down goes the duck once more. This is repeated until the poor duck is almost exhausted; and when the duck pauses a second too long at the surface, the hawk pounces, and the duck is secured.

There is wonderful sagacity shown by these birds in forcing a diving duck away from the reeds into open water. They seem loath to exert themselves sufficiently to capture their game on the wing, but will "dog him," as it were, from the shallows to deep water, where in sheer desperation the victim dives, fancying that one or two long reaches under water will bring him within the shelter of the reeds. Seldom, however, is he successful in the attempt; fear and exhaustion generally end the matter as the hawk wishes.

A great many ducks crippled by gunners will make for the marshes, where they hide; and sometimes, if fortunate and not too severely wounded, they will recover. But even here they are not safe: the prowling fox or mink will strike their trail among the sedge, and often catch them when they venture too near the shore.

Out in the deeper parts of the marsh ducks must exercise the greatest caution when feeding; for when the dusk of evening settles down on lake and fen, and the mystery of the twilight reigns, a most dangerous foe — the "still-hunting owl" — comes from the darkening woods, and on silent wing the great bird quarters the marsh backward and forward with the thoroughness of a well-trained hound. Still-hunting is the high art of sport, and the big owls are experts in their way.

This habit of closely observing can be cultivated by any one, though some are naturally quicker than others to see and appreciate significant trifles.

Observation keeps one in touch with nature, and largely contributes to his enjoyment of an outing. Try it! And remember, when afield, that "speech is silver, while silence is golden."

JINGLE.

By G. G. Wiederseim.

Papa 's a-riding away to town
To buy my mama a beautiful gown
With laces and ruffles and ribbons of red,
And a dear little bonnet to put on her head.

A Family Reunion

By Abbie Farwell Brown.

The family once held a fête,
And Charlie Boy was there;
But Charlie sat him down and sulked:
"I do not think it 's fair!

"The other little girls and boys
Have lots and lots of cousins,
And brothers and twin sisters, too,
By threes and fours and dozens.

"But there are n't any relatives
To come with me and play,
Except just this one little girl,
My cousin, Rosa May."

Now, Charlie should have looked around
And thought the matter out,
And soon, I 'm sure, he would have found
He had no cause to pout.

For, all in Charlie's family,
And mostly of his name,
Besides our Charlie Boy himself,
Just hear what children came.

Well, there was little Rosa first;
And grandpa's grandchild dear;
His great-great-aunt's grandnephew's girl
Was also sitting near.

The cousin of his father's son;
The niece of Charlie's mother;
His auntie's child—the only one
Of his mother's husband's brother.

His second cousin once removed
Had a third cousin, too,
The cousin of our Charlie Boy—
Is this quite plain to you?

His grandma's husband's son-in-law
  Had one sweet daughter there;
And the child of mama's brother-in-law
  Was every bit as fair.

The grandniece of his father's aunt;
  The grandchild of *her* brother;
His uncle's grandma's grandson's niece,—
  Oh, wait; was there another?

Yes; Charlie's father's brother's wife
  Had brought her little daughter.
If Charlie could not play with *these*,
  Why, deary me! he oughter!

But Charlie only sat and sulked,
  As naughty boys will do,
And whined to little Rosa May,
  "What game is there for *two?*"

A BLOT TRANSFORMED.

By Lida S. Price.

My brother 's very careless.
  Last night—what do you think?—
He made, in my nice album,
  A great big blot of ink!

I could n't take it out, because
  Upon the other side
Are lovely verses written
  By dear Aunt Ruth, who died.

So I felt sad, till Uncle James
  Said, "Pussy, don't you fret;
We 'll make that page the prettiest one
  In the whole outfit, yet."

So then he made a few quick lines,
  And signed it, "Uncle Jim."
Well, this is how that blot looks now!
  Was n't it kind of him?

A SONG FOR SCHOOL.

By Laura E. Richards.

Some boys, when they come into school
(And some girls, too!),
I grieve to be obliged to say
That this is what they do:
They wriggle,
And jiggle;
They hang their heads,
And giggle;
They twitter,
And titter;
They bounce and flounce
And flitter.
Whatever thoughts their minds may fill,
They 've *no* idea of keeping still.

Some boys, when they take up their books
(And some girls, too!),
I weep to be obliged to say
That this is what they do:
They batter them,
They tatter them,
They crumple, rumple,
Scatter them;
They scrawl them,
And maul them;
They snatch and pull
And haul them.
It makes me *very* sad to state
A school-book's is a wretched fate.

THE IMP AND THE DRUM.

By Josephine Daskam.

It never would have happened but for Miss Eleanor's mission class. Once a week through the winter she went in the cars to a town not far from the city, where there were a great many mills, but few schools, and talked to a crowd of the mill-hands' little children. She did not give them lessons, exactly, but she told them stories and sang songs with them and interested them in keeping themselves and their homes clean and pretty. They were very fond of her and were continually bringing in other children, so that after the first year she gave up the small room she had rented and took them up two flights into an old dancing-hall, a little out of the center of the village.

The Imp had been from the beginning deeply interested in this scheme, and when he learned that many of the boys were just exactly eight and a half,—his own age,—and that they played all sorts of games and told stories and sang songs, and had good times generally, his interest and excitement grew, and every Thursday found him begging his mother or Big Aunty, with whom they spent the winter, to telephone to his dear Miss Eleanor that this time he was to accompany her and see all those fascinating children: big Hans, who, though fourteen, was young for his years and stupid; little Olga, who was only eleven, but who mothered all the others, and had brought more children into the class than any one else; Pierre, who sang like a bird, and wore a dark-blue jersey and a knitted cap pulled over his ears; red-headed Mike, who was all freckles and fun; and pretty, shy Elizabeth, with deep violet eyes and a big dimple, who was too frightened to speak at first, and who ran behind the door even now if a stranger came.

But it was not till the Imp gave up being eight and a half and arrived at what his Uncle

Stanley called quarter of nine that Miss Eleanor decided that he might go, if his mother would let him.

"I used to think," she said, "that it would n't be wise to take him. I thought they 'd feel awkward; for of course he 's better dressed, and I don't want them to feel that they 're being shown off or made an exhibition of, even to a child. But I know them so well now, and I 've told them about him and how he loves to play games, and wants to come, and I think it may really be a good thing—for both sides."

So, on one delicious Thursday in early February, the Imp boarded the train proudly, and they steamed out of the big station. He had gone over the entire afternoon, in anticipation, with Harvey, his little lame friend, who could not go to school, but did his lessons with a tutor, and with whom the Imp studied every morning during the three or four months they spent in the city; and Harvey was as interested as he, and sent his best love to them all.

From the moment of the Imp's entrance, when his cheerful "Hullo!" made him any number of friends, and his delight at being there made them all delighted to have him, he was a great success; and when big Hans, with a furtive glance at the Imp's clean hands, went quietly off to the ever-ready basin and washed his own, Miss Eleanor regretted that she had not brought him sooner.

When they had finished the story about Washington at Valley Forge,—for Miss Eleanor was quietly teaching them history,—she got them into a long line that reached quite around the room, and went out for a moment, returning with a drum in her hand—not a play drum, but a real one, with polished black sticks and a fascinating strap to cross over the shoulder.

"Now," said she, "we 're going to learn the fire-drill, and we 'll take turns at the drum."

The children were delighted, and stood still as mice while she explained the order of affairs. In the big city public schools, she had been told, they practised going out in line at a mock alarm of fire, and the boy or girl who broke out of line or dashed for the door before the drum-tap was disgraced for days in the eyes of the school. Everything must be quiet and in order; every child must have his place and take it; no one must cry out, or run ahead, or push, or try to hurry matters; and, most important, all must keep step—which was why the drum came to be there.

She arranged them carefully: little ones first, then girls, last of all the boys, with big Hans at the rear, and Olga managing a crowd of the little ones.

"Now," she said, "we won't leave the room this first time; we 'll just march round and round till we all can keep step, and later we 'll practise going through the halls and downstairs. I 'll drum the first time, and then the best boy shall be drummer."

The friend who had suggested the fire-drill when Miss Eleanor had begged her for some new game to play had never seen one, and did not know the exact details, but she knew the general idea of it, and she knew, too, that it was not at all easy for people to keep in step, even to a drum. This had surprised Miss Eleanor greatly. She supposed that anybody could keep step, and she was much inclined to doubt her friend's statement that a large number of grown people, even, found it difficult.

But there was a still greater surprise in store for her. When she slung the strap over her pretty red waist and hit the drum a resounding blow, a very different sound from what she had expected was the result—a muffled, flat noise, with nothing inspiring about it whatever. She bit her lip and tried again, the children watching her attentively from the sides of the big room.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang, bang, bang!

A few feet began to keep time, but the sound was not very different from that produced by a stick hit against the wall, and big Hans, whose father played in a band, and who had attended many rehearsals,—it was from him the drum had been procured,—shook his head solemnly.

"Not so! Not so!" he said in his thick, gruff voice. "You no hit good! You no hit hard!"

"Oh, Hans, can *you* play it?" cried Miss

Eleanor, eagerly. "Here, take it!" And she flung the strap over his shoulder. Hans shambled out to the center of the room, and struck a mighty blow. The familiar deep sound of a drum filled the place, and Miss Eleanor sighed with relief; but alas! her joy was short-lived, for poor Hans had no idea of time, and could only pound away like a hammer. In vain she held his hand and tried to guide his strokes. The noise was deafening, but no more to be marched to than thunder.

Little Pierre tried next; but though he kept perfect time, and looked very cunning in his little blue blouse, his taps were too light to cover the sound of the tramping feet.

Miss Eleanor's cheeks were red with vexation. Her arm ached, and the children were getting restless. She did not know what to do.

"Oh, dear! *Who* would have thought it was so hard?" she exclaimed pathetically. And then she noticed the Imp, who was fairly holding his lips in his effort to keep silence. For he had solemnly promised his mother not to put himself forward, nor suggest anything, nor offer to do a single thing till he was asked, on pain of never coming again.

"What is it, Perry?" she asked.

"*I* can—*I* can play a drum, Miss Eleanor!" he burst out.

She looked doubtful; the Imp was given to thinking that he could do most things.

"This is n't a play drum, you know, dear; it 's a real one," she said.

"But I can play a real one. Truly I can! Mr. Archer taught me—he was a truly drummer-boy in the war; he showed me how. He said I could hit it up like a good 'un!" the Imp exploded again.

Miss Eleanor dimly remembered that among the Imp's amazing list of acquaintances, a one-legged Grand Army man, who kept a newspaper-stall, had been mentioned, and decided that it could do no harm to let him try.

"Well, put it on," she said, and the Imp proudly assumed the drum, grasped the sticks loosely between his fingers, wagged his head knowingly from side to side, and began.

Brrrm!
Brrrm!
Brrrm! brrrm! brrrm!

The straggling line straightened, the children began to grin, and little Pierre, at the head of the line, stamped his foot and started off. Miss Eleanor's forehead smoothed, and she smiled encouragingly at the Imp.

"That 's it, that 's it!" she cried delightedly. "How easy it looks!"

But the Imp stopped suddenly, and the moving line stopped with him.

"Wait! I forgot!" he said peremptorily. "You must n't start till I do this."

And with a few preliminary taps he gave the long roll that sends a pleasant little thrill to the listener's heart.

Brrrm!
Brrrm!
Brrrr—*um* dum!

The children jumped with delight, and the line started off, the Imp drumming for dear life around the inside of the big square, and Miss Eleanor keeping the hasty ones back and hurrying the stragglers, trying to make big Hans feel the rhythm, and suppressing Pierre's happy little skips.

After a half-hour of this they begged to try the halls and stairs, and the Imp stood proudly on the landings, keeping always at about the middle of the line, stamping his right foot in time with his sticks, his eyes shining with his joy, his little body straight as a dart.

Miss Eleanor was delighted. The boys responded so well to her little talk on protecting the girls and waiting till they were placed before taking their own stand in the line, the girls stood so straight, the little ones entered so well into the spirit of the thing, that she felt that afternoon to have been one of the best they had had, and confided as much to the Imp on their journey home.

As for the Imp, he had a new interest in life, and talked of little else than the fire-drill for days. There was no question as to his going the next Thursday, and he and his drum formed the chief attraction of the day, for the drill proved the most popular game of all, and after the proclamation had gone forth that none but clean-handed, neatly dressed, respectful boys need aspire to head the line, such boys were in a great and satisfying majority.

For a month they had been practising regu-

larly, and by the end of that time every child knew his place and took it instantly at the opening tap. It was pretty to see little Olga shake back her yellow pigtails and marshal her tiny brood into line; even the smallest of them kept step nicely now. Only big Hans could not learn, and Pierre walked by his side in vain, trying to make him feel the rhythm of the Imp's faithful drumsticks.

There was one feature of the drill that amused Miss Eleanor's friends greatly. Of course there was no fire-alarm in the old hall, and she would not let any one cry out or even pretend for a moment that there was any real danger. She merely called sharply, "*Now!*" when they were to form, and it was one of the suppressed excitements of the afternoon to wait for that word. They never knew when it would come.

For Miss Eleanor's one terror was fire. Once, as a little girl, she had been carried out of a burning house, and the flames bright against the night, the hoarse shouts of the firemen, the shock of the frightened awakening, and the chill of the cold winter air had so shaken her nerves that she could hardly bear to remember it. Burglars had little terror for her; in accidents she was cool and collected; more than once, in a quiet way, she had saved people from drowning: but a bit of flaming paper turned her cheeks white and made her hands tremble. So, though big Hans begged to be allowed to call out "Fire!" she would never let him, and though she explained the meaning of the drill to them, it is to be doubted if they attached much importance to the explanation, as she herself did not care to talk about it long.

One fine, windy Thursday—it was the second Thursday in March, and the last Thursday the Imp would be able to spend with his new friends, for he was going back to the country—they started out a little depressed in spirits: the Imp because it was his last visit, Miss Eleanor because she was afraid her children were in danger of a hard week. The hands of three of the largest factories were "on strike," and though they were quite in the wrong, and were demanding more than any but the ringleaders themselves felt to be just, they were excited to the pitch of rage that no reasoning can calm, and as the superintendents had absolutely refused to yield any further, affairs were at a dead-lock. One or two of Miss Eleanor's friends had grown alarmed, and urged her not to go there till the matter was settled, but she would not listen to this.

"Why, this is the very time I want to keep the children out of the streets!" she said. "They all know me—nobody would hurt me. They know I love the children, and I have nothing to do with their quarrel. I should be willing to trust myself to any of them. They have always been very polite and respectful to me, and they 've been getting ready for this for two weeks, for that matter."

Her father agreed to this, and assured the Imp's mother that any demonstration that might take place would be at the other end of the town, near the mills, and that it was very unlikely that anything further than a shut-down for a few days would result, at most.

"They 're in the wrong, and the most of them know it, I hear," he said. "They can't hold out long; nobody else will hire them."

This may have been true, but it did not add to their good humor. As the Imp and Miss Eleanor walked up through the village, the streets were filling rapidly with surly, idle men. Dark-eyed Italians, yellow-haired Swedes, talkative, gesticulating Irish, and dogged, angry English jostled one another on the narrow walks, talking loudly. Miss Eleanor hurried the Imp along, picking up a child here and there on the way, and sighing with relief as she neared the old hall.

Some of the excitement had reached the children, and though they had come in large numbers, for they knew it was the Imp's last visit for some time, and there had been hints of a delightful surprise for them on this occasion, they were restless and looked out of the windows often. There was a shout of applause when, the Imp suddenly becoming overwhelmed with shyness, Miss Eleanor invited them all out to his home for one day in the summer; but that excitement died down, and more than one of the older children glanced slyly at the door. The men from that end of the town were filing by, and most of the women were following after.

Miss Eleanor racked her brains for some amusement. It was cold in the room, for the boy who had charge of the clumsy, old-fashioned stove was sick that day, and there was no fire. So, partly to keep them contented, and partly to get them warm, she proposed a game of blindman's-buff. There was a shout of assent, and presently they were in the midst of a tremendous game. The stamping feet of the boys and the shrill cry of the girls made a deafening noise; the dust rose in clouds; the empty old building echoed confusingly. The fun grew fast and furious; the rules were forgotten; the boys began to scuffle and fight, and the little girls danced about excitedly.

Miss Eleanor called once or twice to quiet them, but they were beyond control; they paid no attention to her. With a little grimace she stepped out of the crowd to breathe, and took out her watch. "Twenty minutes!" she said to little Olga, who followed her about like a puppy. "I 'll give them ten more, and then they *must* stop!"

Little Olga began to cough, and looked doubtfully at the old stove, which was given to smoking.

"It smell bad just the same, don't it?" she called. They had to raise their voices to be heard above the noise.

"No, child; it 's the dust. Is n't it dreadful?" Miss Eleanor called back, coughing herself. "But it smells just like smoke. How horrid it is! And how hot!" she added after a moment. "With the windows open, too! We 'll all take cold when we go out. They *must* stop! Boys, boys! Hans, come here to me!"

She rang a little bell that was the signal for quiet, and raised her hand.

"Now I 'm going to open the door, to get a thorough draft, and then we 'll quiet down," she said, and pushed through the crowd to the door.

As she opened it wide a great cloud of brown, hot smoke poured into the room, a loud roaring, with little snapping crackles behind it, came from below, and Miss Eleanor suddenly put her hand to her heart, turned perfectly white, and half fell, half leaned against the door.

For a moment the children were quite still—so still that through the open door they could hear the roar and the crackle. Then, suddenly, before she could prevent him, little Pierre slipped through and started down the hall. With a cry she went after him, half the children following her; but in a moment they crowded back, screaming and choking. The stairs at the end of the long hall were on fire!

Miss Eleanor tried to call out, but though her lips moved, she could not speak above a whisper. She shut the door and leaned against it, and the look in her eyes frightened the children out of what little control they had.

"Call," she said hoarsely, "call 'Fire!' out of the window. Quick! Call, all of you!"

But they stumbled about, crying and gasping, some of them struggling to get by her out of the door. She was trembling violently, but she pushed them away and held the door-knob as tightly as she could. Only Olga ran to the open window, and sent a piercing little shriek out into the quiet street:

"*Fire! Fire! Come along! Fire!*"

For a moment there was no answer, and then a frightened woman ran out of her house and waved her hand.

"Come out! Come out, you!" she called.

"Our stairs is burnt all up! We can't!" screamed Olga.

The woman ran quickly down the empty street, calling for help as she ran, and the children surged about the door, a crowd of frightened little animals, trying to drag Miss Eleanor away from it.

"Wait," she begged them, "wait! You can't go that way—they 'll bring ladders! Oh, *please* wait!"

Her knees shook beneath her, the room swam before her eyes. The smell of the smoke, stronger and stronger, sickened her. With a thrill of terror, she saw big Hans drag a child away from the window, and deliberately pushing her down, prepare to climb out over her, almost stepping on her little body.

Suddenly she caught sight of the Imp. He was pushing his way through the crowd valiantly, but not toward her.

"Come here, Perry!" she said weakly. But he paid no attention. He had been dazed for a moment, and, like all the other children,

her terror had terrified him quite as much as the fire. Now, as he caught her eye, and saw the helpless fear in her face as she watched Hans, something sent him away from her to a farther corner, and as the smoke began to come up between the boards of the floor, and the same deadly stillness reigned outside, while the confusion grew greater in the hot, crowded room, a new sound cut through the roar and the crackle.

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrm, brrrm, brrrm!

The children turned. Big Hans, with one leg out of the window, turned back. There was a little rush, half checked, for the sides of the room, and Olga instinctively looked about for her small charges.

But they wavered undecidedly, and as the sound of steps outside and the clattering of horses' feet reached them, a new rush for the door began, and Miss Eleanor's hand slipped from the knob, while she half fell beside it.

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrrr—*um* dum!

That familiar long roll had never been disobeyed; the habit of sudden, delighted response was strong; and with a quick recollection that he was to be head boy, big Hans slipped from the window-sill and jumped to the head of a straggling line. Olga was behind him in a moment, and Pierre, proud of his position as rear-guard and time-keeper for the little boys, pushed them, crying and coughing, into place.

Miss Eleanor must have been half unconscious for a moment. When she struggled to her feet, no scrambling crowd, but an orderly, tramping line pushed by her, and above the growing tumult outside, above the sickening roar of the fire below, came the quick, regular beat of the faithful drum:

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrm! brrrm! brrrm!

The children marched as if hypnotized. The long line just filled the sides of the room, and they were squeezed in so tightly that they forced one another on unconsciously. The Imp in his excitement beat faster than usual, and his bright red cheeks, his straight little figure, as he walked his inside square, his quick, nervous strokes, were an inspiration to the most scared laggard. Big Hans, elated at his position,—his for the first time,—never took his eyes off the black sticks, and worked his mouth excitedly, keeping time to the beats, the Imp frowning at his slightest misstep.

Miss Eleanor, the door hot against her back, forced her trembling lips into a smile, and cheered them on as they tramped round and round. Was nothing being done? Would no one come?

Suddenly there was a thundering, a clanging, and a quick, sharp ringing gong came closer with every stroke; the sound of many running feet, too, and loud, hoarse orders. The line wavered, seemed to stop. She summoned all her strength, and called out aloud for the first time:

"Don't stop, children! Keep right on! Stand straight, Hans, and show them how well you can lead!"

Hans tossed his head, glared at a boy across the room who had broken through, and forged ahead. There was a succession of quick blows on the sides of the room, a rush, and in another moment three helmeted heads looked through three windows. At the same moment a sharp hissing sound interrupted the roaring below, and though the door was brown behind her now, and a tiny red point was glowing brighter in the wall near by, Miss Eleanor's strength returned at the sight of the firemen, and she stood by the side of the Imp and encouraged the children.

"Don't stop, Hans! Remember, little ones first! Olga's children first!"

And with a grunt of assent Hans marched on, the line following, closing up mechanically over the gaps the men made, who snatched out the children as they passed by the windows, and handed them rapidly down the long ladders. In vain the firemen tried to get the boys. They wriggled obstinately out of their grasp, as they went round, till every girl was lifted out, Olga standing by the window till the last of her charges was safe.

The door fell in with a bang, and in spite of the hose below the smoke rolled up from

between the cracks in the floor, thicker and thicker. As the plaster dropped from the walls in great blocks, Miss Eleanor dragged the line into the center of the room, and motioned one of the men to take the Imp as he passed by. For so perfect was the order that the men never once needed to step into the room, only leaning over the sills to lift out the children. The Imp felt a strong grasp on his arm, but tried to pull away; the man insisted.

THE CHILDREN ARE RESCUED WHILE THE IMP BEATS THE DRUM.

"Hurry now, hurry; let go!" he commanded gruffly. The despair in the Imp's eyes as he drummed hard with his other hand grew to rage, and he brought down his free stick with a whack on the man's knuckles. With a sharp exclamation the man let go, and the Imp pressed on, his cheeks flaming, his eyes glowing. His head was high in the air; he was panting with excitement. The line was small now: another round and there would be but a handful. The floor near the door began to sag, and the men took two at a time of the bigger boys, and left these to scramble down by themselves. With every new rescue a shout went up from below; and as Hans slipped out by himself, and two men lifted Miss Eleanor out of one window, a third meanwhile carrying out the Imp, kicking in his excitement, and actually beating the drum as it dangled before him, while a fourth man took a last look, and crying, "O. K.! All out!" ran down his ladder alone, the big crowd literally shouted with thankfulness and excitement.

As for the Imp, he felt tired and shaky, now that somebody had taken away his drum; and he watched the blackened walls crash in without a word. His knees felt hollow and queer; Miss Eleanor had quietly fainted, and they were sprinkling her with water from the little pools where the big hose had leaked.

They took them to the station in a carriage, and the Imp sat in Miss Eleanor's lap in a

drawing-room car, and she cuddled him silently all the way home. Her father, half crazy with fear, passed them in an express going in the other direction, to find out that they were safe, and that the strike was off. The recent danger had sobered the men, and their thankfulness at their children's safety had softened them, so that their ringleaders' taunts had no effect on their determination to go back to work quietly the next day.

It was at his request that they refrained from any more costly gift to Miss Eleanor than a big photographic group of the children, framed in plush, "as an expression of their deep gratitude for her presence of mind in keeping the children in the room away from the deadly flames beneath." But the Mill Town Drum Corps and Military Band formally presented "to Master Perry S. Stafford the drum and sticks that he used on the occasion when his bravery and coolness made them proud to call themselves his true friends and hearty well-wishers."

CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING.

NINTH ARTICLE: THE DYNAMITE-WORKER.

APPARENT CARELESSNESS IN HANDLING HIGH EXPLOSIVES—UNCERTAINTY WHETHER DYNAMITE WILL EXPLODE BY CONCUSSION—WORKMEN SUFFER FROM DYNAMITE SICKNESS—BRAVE ACT AT A NITROGLYCERIN MILL—HOW JOSHUA PLUMSTEAD DID HIS DUTY—HEROISM OF A MILLIONAIRE POWDER-MAKER.

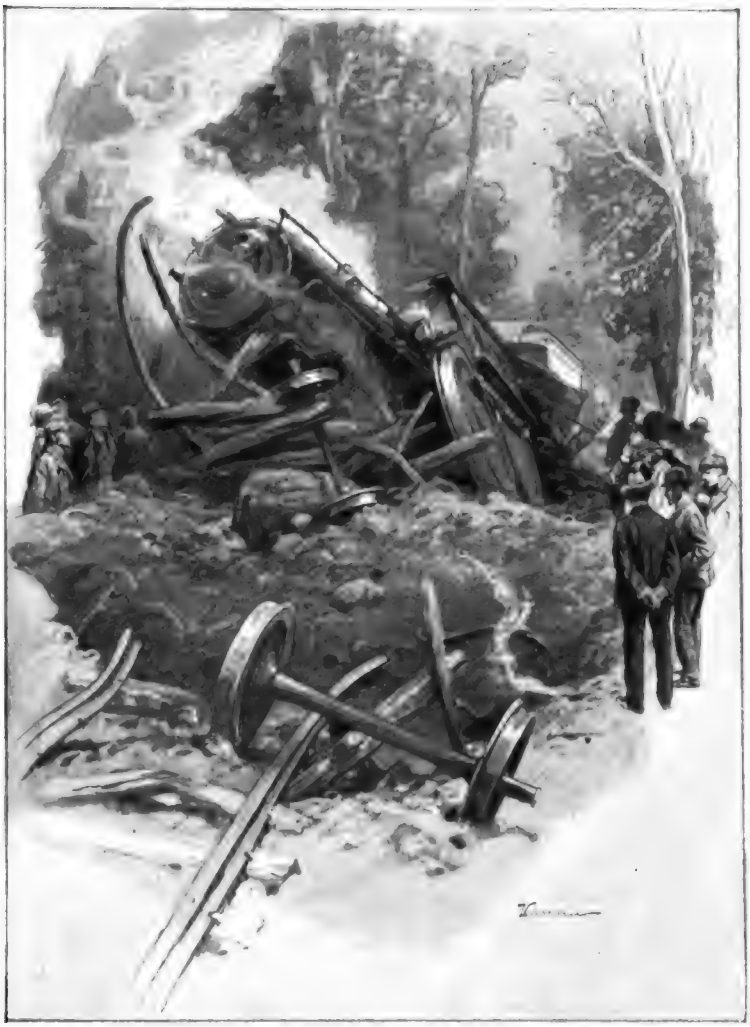
BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

EFFECT OF DYNAMITE EXPLODED UNDER WATER.

ON a certain pleasant morning in June, I set out from New York to visit a dynamite-factory, and to see, if might be, some of the men who follow this strange and hazardous business. As the train rushed along I thought of the power for good and evil that is in this wonderful agent: dynamite piercing mountains; dynamite threatening armies and blowing up great ships; a teacupful of dynamite shattering a fortress, a teaspoonful of the essence of dynamite, that is, nitroglycerin, tearing a man to atoms. What kind of fellows must they be who spend their lives making dynamite! And what sort of courage must they have! Here, indeed, it would seem, is a daily life fillled with danger and with deeds of daring.

In due course I found myself back in the hill land of northern New Jersey, where everything is green and quiet, a lovely summer's retreat with nothing in external signs to suggest an industry of violence. Stop; here is a sign, though it does n't seem much: two sleepy wagons lumbering along the road between these cool woods and the waving fields. Farm prod-

uce? Lumber? No. The first is loaded with a sort of yellow meal, and trails the way with yellow sprinklings. That is sulphur. They use it at the works. The second is piled up with crates, out of which come thick glass necks like the heads of imprisoned turkeys. These are carboys of nitric acid, hundreds of gallons of that terrible stuff which is so truly liquid fire that a single drop of it on a piece of board will set the wood in flames. This nitric acid mixed with innocent, sweet glycerin (it comes along the road in barrels) makes nitroglycerin, and the proper mixing of these two is the chief business of a dynamite-factory.



"EVERYTHING WAS BLOWN TO PIECES." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Farther down the road I came to a railroad track where a long freight-train was standing on a siding. Some men were busy here loading a car with clean-looking wooden boxes that might have held starch or soap, but *did* hold dynamite neatly packed in long fat sticks like huge fire-crackers. Each box bore this inscription in red letters: HIGH EXPLOSIVES. DANGEROUS. I looked along the train and saw that there were several cars closed and sealed, with a sign nailed on the outside: POWDER. HANDLE CAREFULLY.

In this case "powder" means dynamite, for the product of a dynamite-factory is always called powder. I think the men feel more comfortable when they use that milder name. There was "powder" enough on this train to wreck a city, but nobody seemed to mind. The men laughed and loitered. They might have been laying bricks, for any interest they showed.

I asked one of them if it is considered safe to haul car-loads of dynamite about the country. He said that some people consider it safe, and some do not; some railroads will carry dynamite, while others refuse it.

"Suppose a man were to shoot a rifle-ball into one of these cars," I asked, "do you think it would explode?"

This led to an argument. One of the group was positive it *would* explode. Concussion, he declared, was the thing that sets off dynamite. Another knew of experiments at the works where they had fired rifle-balls into quantities of dynamite, and had only concluded that sometimes it exploded and sometimes it did n't.

Then a third man spoke up with an air of

authority. "You 've got to have a red spark," said he, "to set off dynamite. I 've handled it long enough to know. Here 's an experiment that 's been tried: They took an old flat-car and loaded it with rocks; then they fastened a box of dynamite to the bumper, and let the car run down a steep grade, bang! into another car anchored at the bottom. And they found that the dynamite never exploded unless the bumpers were faced with iron. It did n't matter how much concussion they got with wooden bumpers, the dynamite was like that much putty; but as soon as a red spark jumped into it out of the iron, why, off she 'd go."

Then he instanced various cases where powder-cars had gone through railroad wrecks without exploding, although boxes of dynamite had been smashed open and scattered about.

"How about that car of ours the other day up in central New York?" said the first man. "Everything was blown to pieces, and six lads were killed."

He smiled grimly, but the other persisted: "That collision only proves what I say. The red-hot locomotive plowed through a car of dynamite, and of course she went up. But it was n't the concussion did it; it was the sparks."

All right, the other man said, his friend could sit on a dynamite-car whenever anybody began shooting rifle-balls into it. The friend was positive it would be a safe enough place to sit, if the rifle-balls did n't strike iron.

"You say that it takes a red spark," I observed, "to set off dynamite. Do you mean that a white spark would n't do it?"

"That 's what I mean," said he. "It seems queer, but it 's a fact. Put a white-hot poker into a box of dynamite, and it will only burn; put in a red-hot poker, it will explode."

Pondering this remarkable statement, I continued on my way, and presently, not seeing any big building, I asked a farmer where the Atlantic Dynamite Works were. He swept the horizon with his arm, and said they were all about us; they covered hundreds of acres—little low buildings placed far apart, so that if one exploded it would n't set off the rest.

"The dynamite-magazines are along the hillside yonder," he said. "If they went up, I guess there would n't be much left of the town."

"What town?" said I.

"Why, Kenvil. That 's where the dynamite-mixers live. It 's over there. Quickest way to works is across this field and over the fence."

I followed this advice, and presently passed near a number of small brick buildings so very innocent-looking that I found myself saying, "What, *this* brick barn with a queer chimney blow up, or *that* little sputtering shanty wreck a town?" It seemed ridiculous. I learned afterward that I had walked through the most dangerous part of the works.

I paused at several open doors, and got a whiff of chemicals that made me understand the dynamite-sickness of which I had heard. No man can breathe the strangling fumes of nitric acid and nitrated glycerin without discomfort, and every man here *must* breathe them. They rise from vats and troughs like brownish-yellow smoke; they are in the mixing-rooms, in the packing-rooms, in the freezing-house, in the separating-house, everywhere; and they take men in the throat, and make their hearts pound strangely, and set their heads splitting with pain. Not a workman escapes the dynamite-headache; new hands are wretched with it for a fortnight, and even the well-seasoned men get a touch of it on Monday mornings after the Sunday rest.

The next strange thing that I noticed in walking about the works was that the several buildings, representing different steps in the manufacture of explosives, are united by long troughs or pipes sufficiently inclined to allow the nitroglycerin to flow by its own weight from one building to another, so that you watch the first operations in dynamite-making at the top of a slope, and the last ones at the bottom. Of course this transportation by flow is only possible for nitroglycerin while it is a liquid, and not after it has been absorbed by porous earth and has the name of dynamite and the look of moist sawdust. As dynamite it is transported between the buildings on little railroads, with horses to haul the cars.

I noted also that most of the buildings are built against a hillside or surrounded by heavy mounds of earth, so that if one of them blows up, the others may be protected against the flight of debris. Without such barricade the shattered walls and rocks would be hurled in all direc-

tions with the energy of cannon-balls, and a single explosion would probably mean the destruction of the entire works.

At one place I saw a triangular frame of timbers and iron supporting a five-hundred-pound swinging mortar, that hung down like a great gipsy kettle under its tripod. In front of this mortar was a sand-heap, and here, I learned, were made the tests of dynamite, a certain quantity of this lot or that being exploded against the sand-heap, and the mortar's swing back from the recoil giving a measure of its force. The more nitroglycerin there is in a given lot of dynamite, the farther back the mortar will swing. It should be understood that there are many different grades of dynamite, the strength of these depending upon how much nitroglycerin has been absorbed by a certain kind of porous earth.

In a little white house beyond the laboratory I found the superintendent of the works, a man of few words, accustomed to give brief orders and have them obeyed. He did not care to talk about dynamite—they never do. He did not think there was much to say, anyhow, except that people have silly notions about the danger. He had been working with dynamite now for twenty-five years, and never had an accident—that is, himself. Oh, yes; some men had been killed in his time, but not so many as in other occupations—not nearly so many as in railroading. Of course there was danger in dealing with any great force; the thing would run away with you now and then: but on the whole he regarded dynamite as a very well behaved commodity, and much slandered.

"Then you think dynamite-workers have no great need of courage?" I suggested.

"No more than others. Why should they? They work along for years, and nothing happens. They might as well be shoveling coal. And if anything does happen, it 's over so quick that courage is n't much use."

Having said this, he hesitated a moment, and then, as if in a spirit of fairness, told of a certain man at the head of a nitroglycerin-mill who on one occasion *did* do a little thing that some people called brave.

He would n't give the name of this "certain man," but I fancied I could guess it.

This nitroglycerin-mill, it seems, was on the Pacific coast, whence they used to ship the dynamite on vessels that loaded right alongside the yards. One day a mixing-house exploded, and hurled burning timbers over a vessel lying near that had just received a fresh cargo. Her decks were piled with boxes of explosives—wooden boxes, which at once took fire. When this "certain man" rushed down to the dock, the situation was as bad as could be. There were tons of dynamite ready to explode, and there was a hot fire eating deeper into the wood with every second. And all the men had run for their lives!

"Well," said the superintendent, "what this man did was to grab a bucket and line, and jump on the deck. Yes, it was burning; everything was burning. But he went to work lowering the bucket overside and throwing water on the flaming boxes. After a while he put 'em out, and the dynamite did n't explode at all; but I guess it would have exploded in a very short time if he had kept away, for the wood was about burned through in several places. I know that 's a true story, because, well—because I *know* it."

"Don't you call that man brave?" I asked.

The superintendent shook his head. "He was brave in that particular instance, but he might not have been brave at another time. You never can tell what a man will do in danger. It depends on how he feels or on how a thing happens to strike him. A man might act like a hero one day and like a coward another day, with exactly the same danger in both cases. There 's a lot of chance in it. If that man I was telling you about had been up late the night before, or had eaten a tough piece of steak for breakfast, the chances are he would have run like the rest."

I drove over from the works to Kenvil under the escort of a tall, red-nosed man who discoursed on local matters, particularly on the prospects of his youngest son, who was eighteen years old and earned three dollars a day.

"What does he do?" I asked.

"He 's a packer," said the red-nosed man.

"What does he pack?"

"Dynamite. Guess there ain't no other stuff he c'd pack an' get them wages. Jest the same,

I wish he 'd quit, specially sence the big blow-up t' other day."

"Why, what blew up?" I inquired.

"Freezing-house exploded with an all-fired big lot of nitroglycerin. Nobody knows what set her off. Reg'lar miracle there wa' n't a lot killed. Man in charge, feller named Ball, he went out to look at a water-pipe. Had n't been out the door a minute when off she went. Say, you 'd oughter seen the boys run! They tell me some of 'em jumped clean through the winders, sashes an' all. If ye want to know more about it, there 's my boy now; he was right near the house when it happened."

"HE WENT TO WORK THROWING WATER ON THE BURNING BOXES."

We drew up at the Kenvil hotel, where a young man was sitting. Here was the modern dynamite-worker, and not at all as I had pictured him. He looked like a summer boarder who liked to take things easy and wear good clothes. Wondering much, I sat down and talked to this young man, who is, I have learned since, one of the most skilful dynamite-workers in the company's employ, and who happened at the time to be taking a day off, as it were, for my especial benefit.

"They put me at machine-packing a few days ago," he said, "and it 's made my wrist lame. Going to rest until Monday."

After some preliminaries I asked him about the process of packing dynamite, and he explained how the freshly mixed explosive is delivered at the various packing-houses in little tubs, a hundred pounds to a tub, and how they dig into it with shovels, and mold it into shape on the benches like so much butter, and ram it into funnels, and finally, with the busy tamping of rubber-shod sticks, squeeze it down into the paper shells that form the cartridges. One would say they play with concentrated death as children play with sawdust dolls, but he declared it safe enough.

"How large are the cartridges?" I asked.

"Oh, different sizes. The smallest are about eight inches long, and the largest thirty. And they vary from one inch thick up to two and a half. I know a man

who carried one of the thirty-inch fellows all the way to Morristown in an ordinary passenger-car. He had it wrapped in a newspaper, and under his arm like a big loaf of bread. But say, he took chances all right."

At this another man informed us that people often carry nitroglycerin about with them, and take no risk, by simply pouring it into a big bottle of alcohol. Then it can do no harm; and when they want to use the explosive, they have only to evaporate the alcohol.

The talk turned to precautions taken against accidents. In all powder-mills the workmen are required to change their clothes before entering the buildings, and to put on rubber-soled shoes. There must be no bit of metal about a man's person, no iron nail or buckle, nothing that could strike fire; and of course the workman who would bring a match on the premises would be counted worse than an assassin.

"Just the same, though, matches get into the works once in a while," remarked the young packer. "I found a piece of a match one day in a tub of dynamite; it had the head on, too. Say, it 's bad enough to find buttons and pebbles, but when I saw that match-head—well, it made me weak in the knees."

This brought back the old question, When does dynamite explode, and when does it not explode? I mentioned the red-spark theory.

"I think that 's correct," agreed the packer. "I 've watched 'em burn old dynamite-boxes, and if there are iron nails in the boxes they explode as soon as the nails get red-hot; if there are no nails they don't explode."

"You mean empty boxes?" I asked.

"Certainly; but there 's nitroglycerin in the wood, lots of it. It oozes out of the dynamite, especially on a hot day, and soaks into everything. Why, I suppose there 's enough nitroglycerin in the overalls I wear to blow a man into—well, I would n't want to lay 'em on an anvil and give 'em a whack with a sledge."

There was a certain novelty to me in the thought of a pair of overalls exploding; but I was soon to hear of stranger things. By this time other workmen had drawn up chairs, and were ready now with modest contributions from their own experience.

"Tell ye a queer thing," said one man. "In that explosion the other day,—I mean the freezing-house,—a car loaded with powder (dynamite) had just passed, not a minute before the explosion. Lucky for the three men with the car, was n't it? But what gets me is how the blast, when it came, blew the harness off the horse. Yes, sir; that 's what it did—clean off; and away he went galloping after the men as hard as he could leg it. Nobody touched a buckle or a strap. It was the dynamite unhitched that animal."

"Dynamite did another trick that day," put in a tall man. "It caught a bird on the wing. Dunno whether 't was a robin or a swaller, but 't was a bird, all right. Caught it in a sheet of tin blowed off the roof, an' jest twisted that little bird all up as it sailed along, and when it struck the ground, there was the bird fast in a cage made in the air out of a tin roof. Alive? Yes, sir, alive; and that shows how fast dynamite does business."

So the talk ran on, with many little details of explosions. The expert explained that the air waves of a great concussion move along with crests and troughs like water waves, and the shattering effect comes only at the crests, so that all the windows might be broken in a house, say, half a mile from the explosion, and no windows be broken in a house two hundred yards nearer. The first house would have been smitten by a destructive wave crest, the second passed over by a harmless wave trough. And, by the way, when windows are broken by these blasts of concussion, it appears that they are usually broken *outward*, not inward, and that the fragments are found on the ground outside the house, not on the floors inside. The reason of this is that the concussion waves leave behind them a partial vacuum, and windows are broken by the air *inside* houses rushing out.

"How about thunder-storms?" I asked.

"There is always danger," said the expert, "and all hands hurry out of the works as soon as the lightning begins to play. If a bolt struck a lot of dynamite it would set it off."

Then he explained that the policy of dynamite manufacturers is to handle explosives in small quantities, say a ton at a time, each lot being finished and hauled away in wagons before another lot is started. This is possible

"HE KNEW THAT A SECOND EXPLOSION MIGHT COME AT ANY MOMENT."

because of the short time occupied in making dynamite. He assured me, for instance, that if there were only raw materials at the works on a certain morning when the seven-o'clock whistle blew, it would be perfectly possible to have a ton of dynamite-cartridges packed in boxes and loaded on freight-cars by nine o'clock.

While there is danger in every step of dynamite manufacture, it appears that the center of peril is in the nitrating-house, where the fresh glycerin is mixed with nitric acid, or, more correctly, is nitrated by it. This operation takes place in a great covered vat about which are many pipes and stop-cocks. A man stands here like an engineer at the throttle, watching his thermometer and letting in fresh glycerin. These are his two duties, and upon the right performance of them depends the safety of the works. Every hour he must let in some seven hundred pounds of glycerin upon the deadly acid, and every hour he must draw off some fifteen hundred pounds of nitroglycerin and let it go splashing away in a yellowish stream down the long uncovered trough that leads to the separating-house yonder. From this separating-house runs another trough to the freezing-house, and a third to the distant mixing-house. These three troughs inclose an oblong space, on the corners of which stand the nitrating-house, the separating-house, and the freezing-house. In each one of these, at any hour of the day, is a wagon-load of pure nitroglycerin, while in the three troughs are little rivers of nitroglycerin always flowing. Fancy spending ten hours a day in such a place!

The arrangement of buildings in this part of the works makes clearer what was done at the nitrating-house by a certain Joshua Plumstead in the recent explosion. Joshua is a veteran at dynamite-making. He has worked at the nitrating-vat for twenty-five years, and has probably made more nitroglycerin than any one man in the world. He has been through all the great explosions; he has seen many men killed; he has stood by time and again when his own nitrating-vat has taken fire: and yet he always comes through safely. They say there

is no man like Joshua for nerve and judgment when the demons of gas and fire begin to play.

This explosion took place at the freezing-house, which is the one place in all the works where dynamite is never expected to explode. Yet it *did* explode now, with a smashing of air and a horrible grinding underfoot that stifle all things in men but a mad desire to flee.

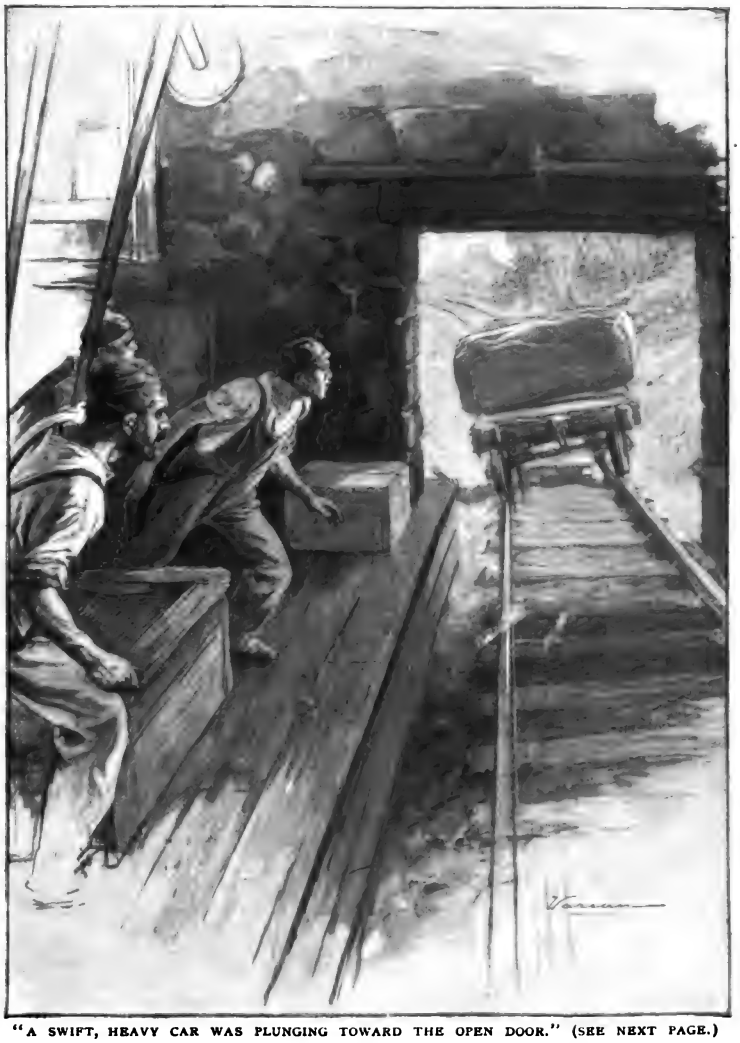
Joshua Plumstead was in the nitrating-house alone. His helper had fled. The roof timbers were crashing down about him. He heard the hiss of fire and the shouts of workmen running. He knew that a second explosion might come at any moment. There was danger from fire-brands and flying masses of stone and iron, danger from the open troughs, danger from the near-by houses. A shock, a spark anywhere here, might mean the end.

Plumstead kept his eyes on the long thermometer that reached up from the furious smoking mass of oil and acid. The mercury had crept up from eighty-five to ninety, and was rising still. At ninety-five he knew the nitroglycerin would take fire, probably explode, and nothing could save it. The vat was seething with a full charge. Ninety-one! He shut off the inflow of glycerin. Ninety-two! Something might be wrong with the coils of ice-cold water that chill the vat down to safety. He opened the cocks full. Crash came a beam from overhead, and narrowly missed the gearing of the agitating-blades. Were they to stop but for a single second the nitroglycerin would explode. He eased the bearings, turned on compressed air, watched the thermometer, and waited.

There was no other man but Plumstead who *did* wait that day; there was none but he whose waiting could avail anything. *He* had to fight it out alone with that ton of nitroglycerin, or run and let an explosion come far worse than the other. He fought it out; he waited, and he won. Gradually the thermometer dropped to eighty-five, to eighty, and the danger was passed.

But—well, even the superintendent admitted that Joshua did a rather fine thing here, while the workmen themselves and the people of Kenvil declare that he saved the works.

They told me of another case, where four men remained at their post in the mixing-house; but it was from a different reason. In this



"A SWIFT, HEAVY CAR WAS PLUNGING TOWARD THE OPEN DOOR." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

mixing-house stands another great vat, wherein nitroglycerin is mixed with porous earth, called dope, and becomes dynamite. Over this vat four men work continually, two with rakes, two with hoes, kneading half a ton or more of explosive dough to the proper consistency.

One day a powder-car loaded with heavy stone got loose on its track a quarter of a mile up the slope, and started down the steep grade. The tracks ran straight into the mixing-house. The switch was open, and the first thing these men knew, there was an angry clang at the switch, and then a swift, heavy car was plunging toward the open door, with every chance that it would set off twelve hundred pounds of dynamite there. Workmen outside shouted, and then stared in horror. Not a man in the mixing-house moved. All four kept their places around the vat, held tight to their rakes and hoes, and stood motionless, while the car, just missing the dynamite, hurled its mass of two tons through the back wall of the building, and spent its force against a tree-trunk. There was no explosion, and nothing happened, which was something of a miracle; but what impressed me was that these four men stood still, not from courage, but because they were frozen with fear!

During my stay at the works I heard various stories showing what uncertainty there is as to the behavior of dynamite in the presence of fire. Workmen who handle it constantly in blasting operations say you can put fire to a stick of dynamite without danger and it will simply burn away in bluish flame. On the other hand, they admit that in every fifty or a hundred sticks there may be one where the touch of fire *will* bring explosion.

It is quite certain that this was the case in New York's recent tunnel accident near One Hundredth and Eightieth Street, and I have some facts of interest here, obtained from a workman who was in the main gallery at the time. This man heard a shout of warning, and, looking down the rock street, saw a puddle of blazing oil from one of the lamps lapping at the side of a heavy wooden box. He knew that the box was full of dynamite, and as he looked he saw the yellow oil flame turn to blue. That was enough for him, and he started to run for his life. But the blast caught him in the first step, lifted him off the ground, and bore him along, while his legs kept up the motions of running. He was running on the air.

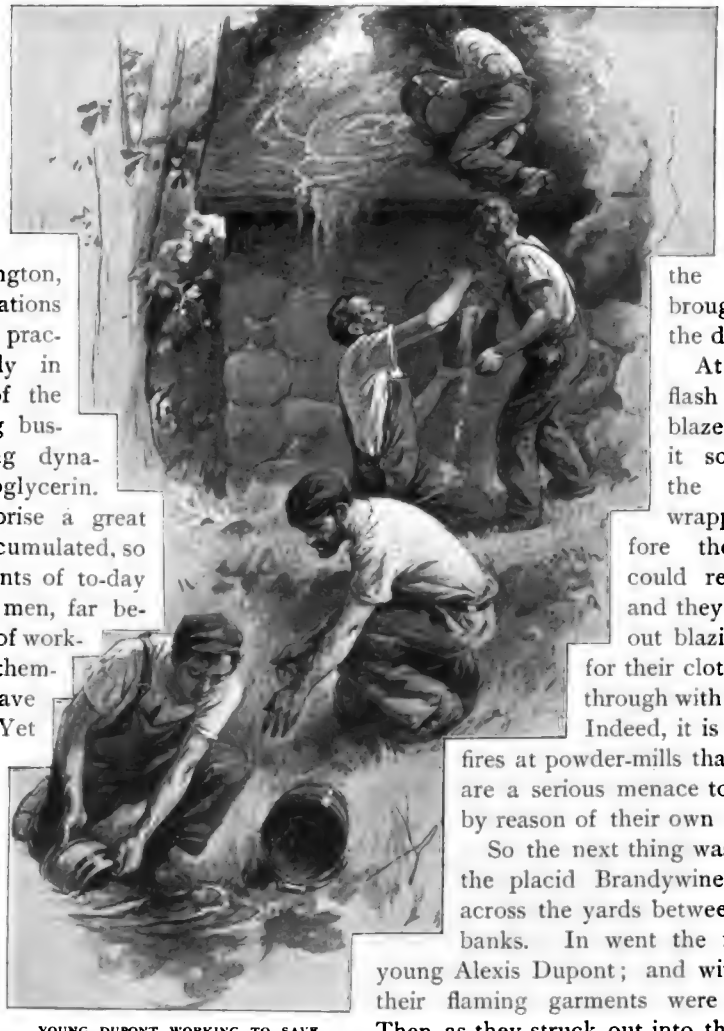
As he was thus hurled along his knee struck a large stone between the siding and the north heading, and he fell on his face, half dazed. The air was thick with strangling fumes, and there was a frightful din about him—yells and crashing stones.

Every lamp had been blown out, and in the utter darkness he could see the glaring eyeballs of fleeing negroes. He pressed his mouth close to the ground and found he could breathe better. He felt some one step over him, and seized a leg. The leg kicked itself free and went on. He groped about with his hands and touched an iron rail; it was the little track for hauling the dumping-cars. He

THE EXPLOSION IN THE NEW YORK CITY TUNNEL.

crept along this painfully to the siding, then down the siding to the shaft, where in the darkness he found a frantic company, wondering why, oh, why, the elevator did not come, and several men stretched on the ground, quite still or groaning quietly.

Let me conclude with the mention of a remarkable family of explosive-makers, the Duponts of Wilmington, who for generations now have had practical monopoly in this country of the powder-making business, including dynamite and nitroglycerin. In this enterprise a great fortune has accumulated, so that the Duponts of to-day are very rich men, far beyond any need of working in the mills themselves, and have been for years. Yet work in the mills they do, —all of them practically, — and direct in detail all the processes of manufacture, and face continually, day by day, in their own persons the same terrible dangers that the humblest mixer faces in his tasks.



YOUNG DUPONT WORKING TO SAVE THE POWDER-MILL.

There has grown in their hearts through the century a great pride of courage, like that of the officer who leads his men into battle—a pride far stronger than any longing for pleasure. And they cannot, if they would, leave these slow, grinding mills, where any day a spark may bring catastrophe to make the whole land shudder.

There came a day, for instance,—this was a long time ago,—when a swift flame swept through one of the mixing-rooms, nearly empty of powder at the time, yet so permeated with the stuff in floor and walls that the building was burning fiercely in a few seconds. No man can say what started it, although it was believed that a heavy box, slid along the wooden floor, brought a flash out of the dry timbers.

At any rate, the flash came, and the blaze followed on it so swiftly that the building was wrapped in fire before the men inside could reach the door, and they presently burst out blazing themselves, for their clothing was sifted through with explosive dust. Indeed, it is always true in fires at powder-mills that the workmen are a serious menace to the buildings by reason of their own inflammability.

So the next thing was a plunge into the placid Brandywine, which winds across the yards between willow-hung banks. In went the men; in went young Alexis Dupont; and with a little hiss their flaming garments were extinguished. Then, as they struck out into the stream, they looked back and saw that the wind was carrying a shower of sparks from the burning building to the roof of a cutting-mill near by, where tons of powder lay. For one of the sparks to reach the tiniest powder-train would mean the blowing up of this mill, and, it might be, the blowing up of another and another by concussion.

All this young Dupont realized in a single glance. Here would be an awful disaster pres-

ently, and many lives imperiled, unless those falling firebrands could somehow be kept off that roof. To know this was to act. Millionaire or not, peril or not, it was his plain duty as a Dupont to fight those sparks; and, without a moment's wavering, he turned back and scrambled up the bank.

"Come on, boys!" he cried. "Start the bucket line." And a moment later he was climbing to the roof of the threatened mill. And there he did all that a brave man can do: he stamped out the falling embers; he dashed water again and again upon the kindling fire as the men passed up full buckets; and for a time he seemed to conquer. But presently the fire flamed hotter, the sparks came faster, and the water came not fast enough. He saw—he must have seen—that the struggle was hopeless, that the mill beneath him was doomed, that the explosion must come soon. They called on him to save himself. He shouted back an order that they pass up more water, and keep passing water.

The men below did their best, but it was a vain effort, for in those days the roofs of powder-mills were made of pitch and cement,—not of iron, as to-day,—and by this time the fire had eaten its way nearly through. Alexis Dupont, working desperately, stood there with flames spreading all around him. It was plain to every one that the minutes of his life were numbered. Again they shouted, and—

The explosion came like an execution, and out of the wreck of it they bore away his crushed and broken body. The last thing he knew was that he had played the game out fairly to the end—he died like a Dupont, said the men.

(THE NEXT AND LAST ARTICLE IN THIS SERIES WILL BE "THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.")

A BOY OF A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

(*A Historical Romance.*)

BY HARRIET T. COMSTOCK.

[*This story was begun in the July number.*]

CHAPTER VI.

THE bugle sounded through the grim castle. The courtyard was ablaze with gaily decked horses and gorgeously arrayed courtiers. All was bustle and confusion, for the king and his son Alfred were about to journey forth.

The banners fluttered in the summer breeze, and gay laughter filled the air.

Again Ethelred and Ethelbald stood apart, gazing at a brilliant scene in which they had no share. This time they stood alone, and their faces were gloomy and anxious. Great, stalwart fellows they were, looking older by far than their years warranted. Already they had borne the brunt of many a battle.

"Again are we left to guard the kingdom, while *he* goeth forth to safety and pleasure." Ethelbald spoke bitterly. "And in the end *he* will reign over what we die to save."

Ethelred looked. He saw it all, but he saw more. He saw the bonny prince glance at him, and then hastily dismount. He saw the slow-moving cavalcade halt while Alfred ran back to where the brothers stood.

"Brothers,"—the smile had fled from the gay face,—"one word: I have not forgotten our vow." He touched the bracelet. "I go now, for our father wills it. Next time I remain to watch, and you, dear Ethelred and Ethelbald, shall go to conquer. I go—for what? Naught but to bear the king company on a weary journey. I go to see sights of desolation as well as beauty. When ye go forth it will be as mighty warriors at the head of a host."

The brothers smiled again. For a moment they had forgotten the vow!

"My Lord Harold! Dost remember that other journey?"

The knight laughed gaily.

"Ay. Thou wast but a forlorn baby then, my poor prince. A sadder little object I never saw than thou didst present that night. Crying

"'BROTHERS,'—THE SMILE HAD FLED FROM THE GRAVE FACE,—'ONE WORD: I HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN OUR VOW.'"

in thy horse's mane, thy little knees quaking in fear, and thy sobbing voice pleading for me to carry thee because thy horse might be weary. Weary, forsooth! It could have borne thee to the world's end and never felt thy feather-weight."

Alfred laughed aloud.

"Thou wast so good," he murmured. "I shall never forget." Then, lowering his voice, he added: "Dost remember what I promised thee?"

"Yea, my prince."

"Well, even if I am not the king *all* the time, the others will do as I said. I have told them. It is a covenant among us."

Harold bowed his head.

A knight might well serve these little princes who never forgot. The future looked rose-tinted indeed for my Lord Harold.

As on the other ride, he fell a-thinking. He saw a battle-field—always a battle-field. Upon that must he prove his loyalty and valor, and receive his reward from these unforgetting ones. So far could he see, but no further. God was again merciful to the light-hearted young noble.

On, on they went. The nation did them honor as they passed. Oh, but it was a triumphant march from beginning to end! But dark shadows flitted over the gorgeous scene; sights that turned the old king's face a grayer tint, that made young Alfred sick at heart, met them as they wandered on.

Time and again they came upon a desolated spot where but recently the Danish foe had laid low a monastery or retreat.

Tales of the awful cruelties which these barbarians practised reached Alfred, and turned him sick at heart.

He saw the ashes of the ruins, many of them but recently burned, and once they came upon a group of sad-faced monks who had come out of hiding, after the massacre, and were now burying the bones of their murdered companions. Alfred heard their low-chanted dirges as they worked, and wept openly.

Again, in a rude hut they discovered a little band of nuns. Their faces were horribly mutilated, and they were almost starved. Their retreat had been burned; but they, when they heard that their brutal foe was near, had disfigured themselves in the hope of escaping what would otherwise have been their fate, for, were they found beautiful, as many of them had been, they would have been taken into hideous slavery. As they knelt at the feet of their king, and sobbed out the tale of their wrongs, Ethelwulf seemed to shrink and age as all eyes beheld him.

But Alfred swore upon his lately won sword that he would redress these terrible deeds in that day when *he* should be the king.

Gifts and gold were given freely to these unfortunates. In many cases the retreats and monasteries were rebuilt, and in after years the memory of the little prince, giving priceless offerings as the tears flowed from his childish eyes, was a memory that warmed many an aged monk's heart, and drew blessings from the lips of time-worn women.

And so, in due time, they came to France, and King Charles did greatly honor his noble guests.

The scenes of misery and gloom were forgotten. Music filled the air. Brave men and beautiful women danced and laughed and sang. Alfred looked and pondered in his old, old way, and wondered why he was merely an onlooker, and not a partaker of all the fun and frolic. Sometimes it saddened him. He felt older than any one else, older, even, than the king. For, strange to say, in that land of gaiety and flowers, King Ethelwulf grew younger and merrier. Alfred heard his father's laugh, and it made him start. Not since the dear mother left them had the king laughed like that.

In all the round of great events the little prince was sometimes overlooked. Even Ethelwulf appeared to forget him. When that happened, Alfred strolled away, his hands clasped behind his back, and wondered whether he was glad or sorry to see his father so changed.

The favorite haunt of the little prince, when these gloomy moments came upon him, was in a rose-garden near the palace.

It was the most beautiful spot the boy had ever seen. Roses grew in a wild disorder that was yet the highest art. Fragrance filled the air, and birds—for they loved the spot as well as he—made music so sweet that one could but

be joyous and happy. A marble fountain was in the midst, and around it were embowered seats where one could sit and watch the silvery water splash in the great bowl, and forget everything but the perfect scene.

Sitting so one day, Alfred heard steps. He was lonely, and it was a welcome sound. He turned, and saw coming down the path a beautiful young girl. Her eyes were full of merriment, and her curls rippled about her glowing face as she tripped along. She was singing a gay little song in a sweet, clear voice, and Alfred thought her the most bewitching creature he had ever seen. As she spied him she feigned great surprise and alarm.

"'T is his Majesty the King of England!" she said, making a sweeping curtsy, and hanging her lovely head.

"Nay, nay," Alfred hastily replied, quite seriously; "I am naught but the king's son, my lady."

She drew herself up at once.

"Thou dost relieve me. If thou wast the king I needs must kneel at thy feet, and my gown is but just donned. Since thou art naught but the king's son, with thy gracious permission, I will sit and chat with thee. The house is dull; all this celebration tires me, especially since I seem to be forgotten."

Alfred had been standing gazing at this brilliant young creature, and as she seated herself in his old seat, he leaned against a tree, and continued gazing at her.

"Oh, sit thee down," she laughed at last. "Even a king's son may become rude if he stare too long."

Alfred sat down opposite, and tried to turn his eyes away. But do what he would, again and again they would fix themselves upon that laughing face.

"I have but just returned from a visit. I was detained, and missed greeting thee," said the girl, at length, "and I find the castle all in commotion. Kings and their sons are very upsetting to a household."

"I am sorry, my lady. But may I ask who thou art?"

"Oh, only Judith."

"Judith?"

"Ay; I am naught but the king's daughter—not worthy of thy notice. Just Charles's Judith."

The mocking laugh rang out above the birds' song, and was sweeter even than that.

Alfred had heard of the king's expected daughter, but it had made little impression upon him. To see her now before him, almost as young as he, merrier than he had ever been, was a sight that made him glad.

"How old art thou?" Judith asked, after gazing long at him, much to his discomfiture.

"Twelve."

"Twelve? Thou hast the serious face of a man of thirty. I am sixteen. Old and very wise, yet am I not so solemn."

Again she laughed, and Alfred blushed.

"What have they taught thee?—I mean, besides teaching thee to be a king in thy brothers' stead?"

"Naught, my lady. But I am not to be the king alone; they and I are to rule together. 'T is a covenant. They understand."

"Oh, indeed? I humbly beseech thy pardon. The world has not heard of this covenant."

"It will some day." Alfred's brows grew dark.

The girl looked at him long, and the laugh left her sweet mouth.

"I believe they have taught thee the one thing well," she murmured to herself. "But they have forgotten to teach thee to be a merry child. That, sweetheart, is better than to be a king." Her voice was infinitely tender, and her lovely eyes very soft.

Alfred drew nearer.

"But when one is just a merry child one is selfish. A king thinks of others, and does much good. It takes a long time to learn how to be a king—a good king."

"Ay, ay. Sometimes I fear me that it takes longer than one short life. See, little covenant-maker, wouldst thou enter into a compact with me? If I will teach thee to be a merry child, wilt thou teach me to be a queen?"

"A queen, my lady?" Alfred started back in surprise.

"Yea, a queen or a king, what difference? A king governs his subjects, the queen governs them *and* the king—a *good* queen, I mean."

"And wilt thou be a queen?" Alfred's tone was full of interest.

The girl looked afar over the roses, and sighed gently.

"Ay, little lad," she said at last, "I fear that I *must* be. I must forget to be a merry child; I must learn to be serious, learn to sigh and look wise, and to give sage advice. Is n't that being a queen?"

"My mother was merry. She was the only queen I ever knew. We used to play games together. Thou seest, she sometimes forgot she was a queen."

"She did?" The girl drew closer and rested her hand on Alfred's arm. "List thee, little Alfred. They say that I must go and be England's queen. At first I thought my heart would break. That was ere I had seen thee. But now, hearken, I have much to learn and much to teach. Thou wilt teach me to be a queen, thou little king; and I will teach thee to be merry, and sometimes, in that gray old castle beyond the sea, thou and I, when none are by, will forget what we are, and we will romp and laugh, and make the grim old turrets take up the echo of our joy."

Alfred drew himself away and gazed at his companion, wonder and amaze filling his childish face.

"Queen of England!" he faltered. "Thou? Why, how canst thou? There is no queen, and my father is king."

"I am to be thy mother, my Prince Alfred!" The thought brought a laugh with it. "Thy mother! For this came you into France, with all your pomp and splendor—just to take a little girl back to England, and change her into a homesick queen."

"'QUEEN OF ENGLAND!' HE FALTERED. 'THOU? WHY, HOW CANST THOU?'"

The bright head bowed, and the laugh ended in a sob. A long silence followed. The birds sang, the fountain splashed, the roses breathed their sweetness, and France's pretty princess wept softly because she must be a queen.

Alfred put his arm about her in his old, protecting way, and, in his wise fashion, thought many things. He thought of his mother, and, strangely, that thought made him half withdraw his arm. Then he thought of his noble father, and wondered why any one should weep who could be with him.

Lastly, he thought, oddly enough, of his first separation from home, and all that homesick suffering.

At that memory he put his arm closer about the sobbing princess, and bending over her, kissed the curls which fell upon his shoulder.

"No longer Judith art thou," he whispered, "but Leotheta.

That is thy Saxon name. Thou shalt be our queen and our mother. We will love thee always."

Judith looked up into the kind, boyish face. A great light spread over her own, and she said huskily: "They spoke not idly. In truth, thou art a king indeed. My king! For thy dear sake will I even try to be a queen, a *good* queen, little brother!"

Chapter VII.

And so they journeyed back. The return was more magnificent than the going forth had been.

The old king seemed to have left years behind him, and, with eyes of interest and amusement, the childish queen sat beside Alfred, and questioned him as to what this and that meant.

When scenes of recent battle and bloodshed came before her, she shuddered and clung to Alfred or Ethelwulf.

"Oh, but my heart breaks, my lord," she would moan; and they would try and divert her by promising that, once within the kings' domain, naught distressing should offend her.

And at last they reached the castle gray. Its stern walls frowned down upon the little French queen as if they meant to warn her that once within their shelter her life was to be a serious matter. To the king and Alfred they bade a welcome home, but to Judith the welcome was lacking.

The halls were crowded with lords and ladies to do homage to the king's new wife; but all eyes were cold and unfriendly, and the poor little queen turned to Alfred.

"I freeze," she whispered. "They pierce me with their steely eyes. Give me thy hand, dear child, or I may forget and turn their coldness to horror. Suppose I danced for them, now, what thinkest thou, Alfred, would they like me better or less?"

"I pray thee, dear queen, do it not; think not of such a thing! Smile upon them, and nod thy head."

So she smiled and nodded. The women stared only the harder, but here and there a man thawed to the beauty of the bright, smiling face, and gave back a friendly glance.

For days and nights the king's castle feasted a goodly host, then the knights went forth to renew their everlasting warfare, the unbending women went back to shiver from cold and fear in their own defended castles, and Judith began the life of queen, with Alfred for her friend and guide.

Ethelred was not at home when the travelers returned; he was leading a band far north: and Ethelbald alone greeted the party.

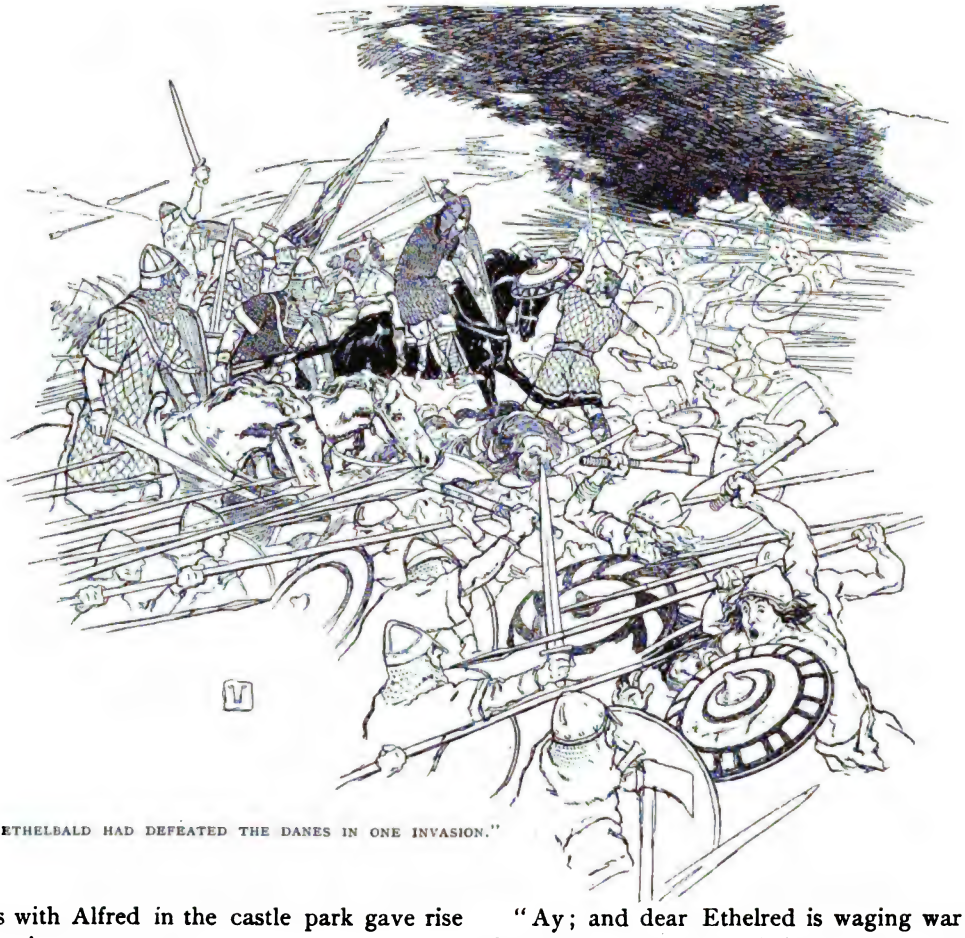
Judith's youth and beauty took him by storm. He had known for some time what Alfred had not known—that Ethelwulf had asked King Charles's consent to his marriage with Judith; but Ethelbald had not thought of what manner of woman the foreign princess was, and this mocking child, with her exquisite beauty, shook him quite out of his usual gloomy self.

He, too, had had his hands full during his father's absence, and had defeated the Danes in one invasion, and had so gained the gratitude of the people within the attacked quarter that they were anxious to form a little principality of their own, and have him for their leader; and Ethelbald was nothing loath. He had long fretted under Alfred's superior claims, and now he recognized a new enemy in the field.

With this girl wife, who, day by day, was creeping deeper into the old king's heart, and who had won Alfred entirely, what chances had he and Ethelred? She would sway the present sovereign, without a doubt. Already her every wish was granted. Then, if Alfred succeeded to the throne, her reign would be even more secure. He felt sure that under her smiling, childish manner she was a plotting woman. What he expected ever to have he must grasp now. Ethelred would have to deal with the ruling powers later.

So, possessed by greed and a feeling of injustice, Ethelbald planned to raise a revolt even against his own father, if need arise, and to hold the little he had wrenched from the Danes for his own. But first he would sue for it peacefully, resorting to extreme measure only should pleadings fail.

Day by day he filled his father's ears with tales of discontent from the people, all on account of the new queen. Her madcap ways were not to their sober tastes. Her childish



"ETHELBALD HAD DEFEATED THE DANES IN ONE INVASION."

plays with Alfred in the castle park gave rise to carping comments.

And the old king, whose heart glowed at the sound of the merry laugh ringing through the silent house, sighed softly, and longed for peace on any terms.

The young queen herself heard Ethelbald's tales. They made her laugh and sigh. It was none too easy learning to be a queen!

Ethelwulf was kindness itself, and his noble bearing had won her respect and liking. Alfred was a comrade who turned the hours to love and gaiety. But the others? Ah! why should they hate her, and warn the people against her? She would not harm them; she would make them joyous if she could.

"List thee, sweetheart," she whispered one night, as she and Alfred nestled on a bearskin before the fire in the great hall, and listened to the howling of the wind. "'T is a bitter night."

"Ay; and dear Ethelred is waging war on the coast. I heard my father say so. He is trying to save the people, while we sit here in comfort. I wish that I might fight beside him. I am old now."

"Oh, very!" Judith laughed. "Thy beard speaks for thy great age."

Alfred smoothed his pink cheeks, and flushed.

"But I need thee here, my prince. That other dear brother of thine is waging war within the castle walls. Yesternight he called me a plotter to the young Lord Harold. True, my lord did frown upon the surly prince; but if I am called such names, how long shall I be able to call my head my own, I pray thee? 'T is but a silly head, but 't is all I have, and I 'd look odd enough without it." She sighed, then shivered as the gale swept by.

"'T is the loveliest head in all the world," vowed Alfred, earnestly as well as gallantly.

Judith waved him a kiss.

"But if it falls it will look much like any other head in a year's time. Dear heart, I pray thee, tell me how queens keep their heads?"

Alfred laughed.

"Fear not, little mother. Ethelbald but wants a bit of empire for himself. He long hath struggled for others' good. I do not wonder that he wants his own."

"Why doth he not take it, then, and be courteous?"

"But he wants what is my father's."

Then, as the wind howled and roared, Alfred told her of the long past of struggle and unequal power. He told it in the frank, guileless way that carried conviction with it, and made Judith see how innocent he had ever been in planning the doubtful position which had been his.

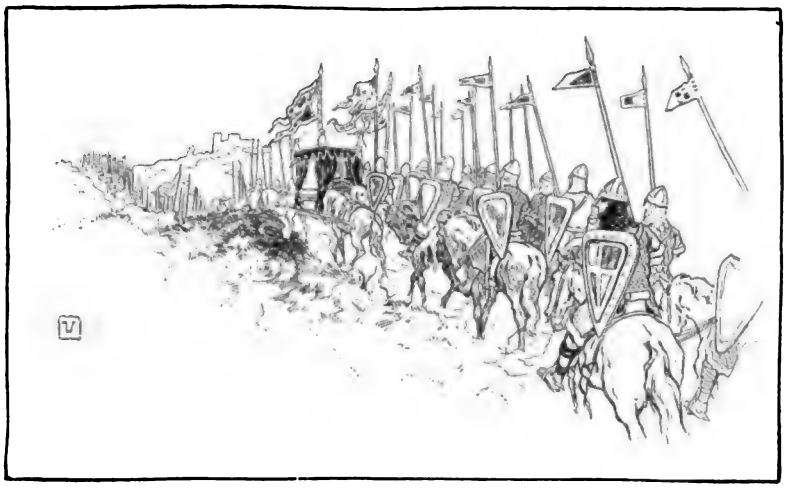
As she listened, she nodded her pretty head and smiled. She understood, and was plotting again. When the tale was finished, she sprang up suddenly and, coming to his side, took Alfred by the hand.

"Dost trust me, Prince Alfred?" she questioned, laughing into the sober face which was nearly on the level with her own.

"Yea, my sovereign," the boy replied without hesitation.

"Then follow. I have a favor to ask of the king. If it be granted, I shall feel surer of my head and of thy future. Oh, Alfred, dost thou remember the rose garden in sunny France? Sometimes, when I am tired of being queen, I wish that I were the merry girl who sang with the birds, and once more was beloved just because she *was* merry! Ah, me!"

(To be continued.)



THE GIRL IN THE WELL.

THERE is a little girl I know,
Down in our well, and, from below,
When I look in the curb to see,
That little girl smiles up at me.

And when I laugh or throw a kiss,
She does the same, that merry miss;
And when I scowled at her to-day,
She looked so fierce I ran away.

But when, sometimes, the water drips
Into her face, away she slips,
And stays away awhile, and then,
When all is still, comes back again.

A. B. P.

THE WATER-ANTELOPE.

TWO STRANGE ANIMALS.

By John R. Coryell.

Of course the air belongs to the birds, and the water belongs to the fishes, and the earth belongs to the mammals; but notwithstanding this easy division of the elements among the animals, it seems as if no species was willing to stay always in the element best suited to it.

There are fish, for example, which not only fly in the air, but even take long walks overland. Birds, as everybody knows, walk on land and swim on and under water. As for mammals, there are the whales, which live always in the water, the seals, which live most of the time in the water, the hippopotamuses, which live on land or in the water, as they please, and the flying squirrels, which fearlessly invade the air.

But besides these instances, which are so well-known that they no longer surprise us, there are others which are new and unexpected.

Who can imagine the antelope otherwise than slender of limb, graceful of movement, and fleet of foot? Why, we never think of the

creature but as timidly pricking up its ears ready for flight, or as bounding like the wind over the plain. Its whole life seems motion.

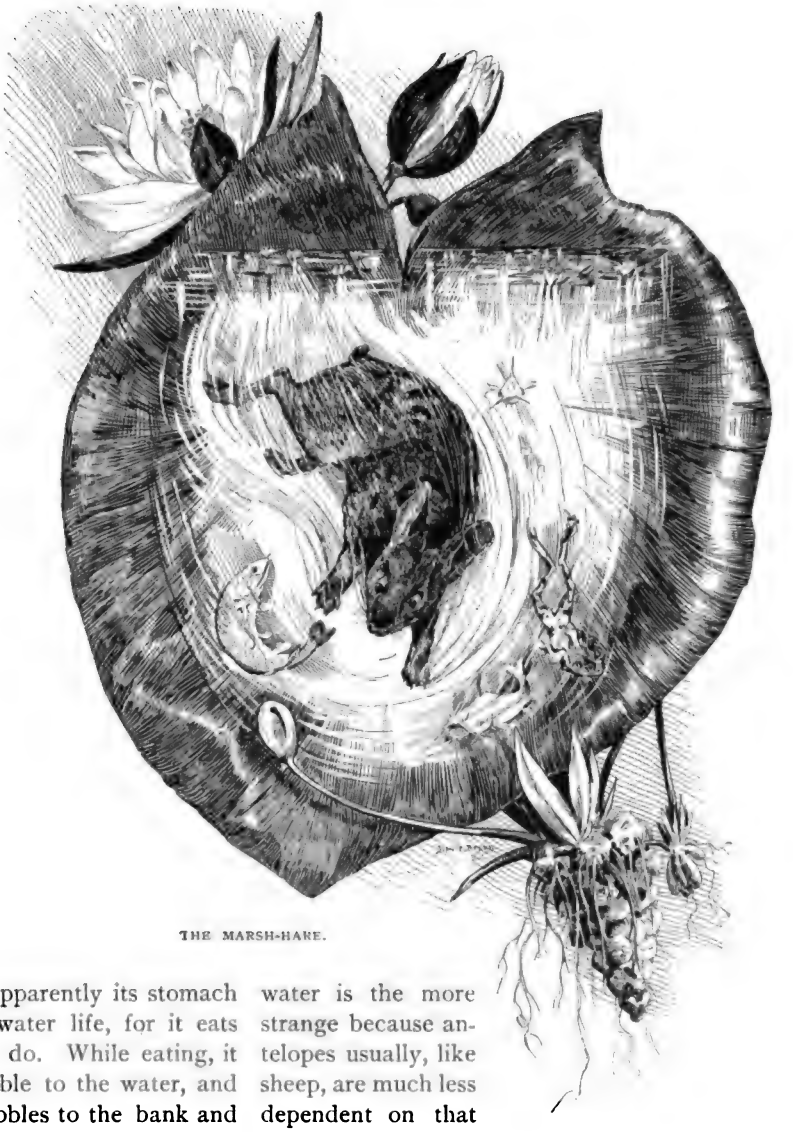
It seems quite in order for the heavy-limbed, slow-moving, large-jawed hippopotamus to be at home in the water; but for an antelope to abandon the land, and give up all that grace and fleetness which are its birthright, seems like flying in the face of nature. Nevertheless there is an antelope in Central Africa which is as ill at ease on land as a "fish out of water."

Major Serpa Pinto, a celebrated Portuguese explorer, came upon this singular animal while on his way across the continent of Africa.

The water-antelope has the appearance of an ordinary antelope that has changed in order to suit itself to its new element. Instead of the short hair of its kind, it has long hair, which, being thick and oily, prevents the water from wetting the skin. The hoofs have grown so long that they turn up, and so the creature moves about on land in a very slow and awkward manner.

In the water, however, it is swift and agile—so much so that it is almost impossible to shoot it unless it be caught on land. It would probably never go on shore at all if it were not that hunger compels it to do so. Apparently its stomach is not yet suited to a water life, for it eats grass, as other antelopes do. While eating, it remains as near as possible to the water, and at the slightest alarm hobbles to the bank and plunges headlong into the lake. It swims rapidly under water to a considerable distance, and then slowly approaches the surface and cautiously thrusts out its nose in order to breathe. It even sleeps in the water, and then only shows a portion of the head and horns above the surface.

As it needs deep water to insure its safety, it is found almost always in the lakes; and the species is probably not very common, for Major Serpa Pinto is the first traveler to mention the animal. The liking of this antelope for the water is the more strange because antelopes usually, like sheep, are much less dependent on that element than most other animals, being able to go for a long time without drinking.



THE MARSH-HARE.

Since we have the word of only one man to prove the existence of this antelope, we might be inclined to doubt, for even the most trustworthy traveler may be misled or deceived, were it not that we have here at home quite as odd a creature — one whose existence makes credible the existence of the water-antelope.

The marsh-hare (*Lepus palustris*) is to hares what the water-antelope is to antelopes; for it is out of place on land and quite at home in the water. Everybody connects the idea of fleetness with the hare, and most kinds of hares are very fleet; but the marsh-hare was never intended to find safety in running, for it is so slow that if found in an open field, it can easily be captured even by a slow runner. For this reason the knowing little creature seldom leaves the moist land of the marsh or swamp where it dwells. Here it is so much at home that the best of dogs are soon at fault in pursuit of it. For a dog, besides being quickly tired by running over mud, soon loses the scent, as the cunning hare plunges into and swims across every pool it comes to. At last the tired and disgusted dog is obliged to give up the chase; for when a large pool is reached, the hare plunges in and swims under water to the middle of the pool, and there, thrusting its little nose out, quietly remains until danger is past.

It is not danger alone that drives the marsh-hare into the water, however, for the duck itself does not find more pleasure in that element than this little creature. Just as a score of boys cannot come together without a game of baseball, so, when a jolly little marsh-hare meets his comrades he immediately proposes water-tag.

"Come on, fellows!" he seems to shout; and "come on" they certainly do, for, with a rollicking rush and tumble, all leap into the water and commence diving and splashing and chasing one another as noisily as boys at recess-time. Should a man chance to come along, however, presto! the play ceases, the long ears are flattened down, and only a lot of little noses can be seen poking up out of the quiet water.

The Indians say that if you catch a grizzly bear by the tail he will not harm you, which is only a joking way of saying that he has not enough tail to catch hold of. Little *Lepus palustris* is hardly better endowed; for it has less tail than any of the hare kind, and none of them has enough to be proud of. The whole body is little more than half as long as that of the ordinary hare, its legs are short, and it is of a very sober color; so that altogether the marsh-hare is not sought for as a pet. However, it is not likely to regret its lack of attractiveness, for it does not like to be deprived of its liberty. A gentleman in South Carolina tried to tame one once, but at the first opportunity the independent little creature ran away.

The marsh-hare has a big half-brother called *Lepus aquaticus*, or the swamp-hare, which is found in Louisiana and the neighboring States; but though it is larger and handsomer, swims as well, and has a longer tail, it is not so interesting an animal as the smaller one.

A MODEL SPELLER.

By Charles Battell Loomis.

A teacher whose spelling 's unique
Thus wrote down the "Days of the Wique":
The first he spelt "Sonday,"
The second day, "Munday"—
And now a new teacher they seek.

AT THE FORTUNE-TELLER'S.

THE JUNIOR CUP—AFTERWARD.

(In Six Chapters.)

By Allen French.

Chapter III.

Chester was correct in his conclusion that Marshall was no longer his former self. The lad was changed indeed. Still capable of strong resentments, as we have seen, he was less self-confident and more humble.

Had Ben been awake on that first night, he could have gathered much from the sounds from Marshall's bed. Marshall tossed and could not sleep, caught his head in his hands, thought of the past, and groaned. The word "Mother!" came often from his lips, as if begging forgiveness. Then, "Why did I do it?" and, "I was mean to you, Chester." Then, finally: "I promised mother. I 'll be as patient as I can."

Marshall drew a long breath, quieted himself, and began to think collectedly. His most recent experience was his mother's illness, when his expulsion from his last school, coming at a time when she was very weak, plunged her into brain-fever. He still shuddered at the thought that her death would have been through his fault.

CHESTER AND RAWSON ON TOP OF THE SUMMER-HOUSE. (SEE PAGE 1031.)

Sitting at her bedside, he had learned from her delirious speech how deeply his escapades had wounded her. One sudden cry, "Marshall, you are killing me!" rang in his ears for days. Her recovery he regarded as a reprieve, a chance given him to reform. He came to the school with a deeply rooted purpose to do better.

Then he thought of Chester, and turned in upon himself the light of frankest self-criticism. Again he shuddered. He remembered every incident at the camp, how first he had had Chester's friendship, and then lost it. That loss and Chester's horror at him—the pure-minded boy starting away from him—had stung Marshall into a series of acts that he never could think upon without the deepest shame. Had ever one boy been so mean to another? How natural for Chester to wish revenge!

And yet how strange it was to think that Chester had made that summer a turning-point in Marshall's life! For of all the boys Marshall ever knew, no other had forced from him such unwilling admiration. Of all his enmities,—and he had had many,—none ever filled

his mind with such regrets. He carried away with him from camp the memory of Chester; he remembered in spite of himself the purity of Chester's standards; constantly he found himself criticizing his own actions in the light of what Chester would have thought. He dreaded to meet the other again, but when he saw him he realized anew how much he had lost with his friendship. His anger passed; the thought came to Marshall that this was a punishment, and a proper one, for all he had done that was bad. "I deserve it," he said aloud. "But oh, if Chester only knew that I have never been bad, never really bad, since the camp! Mischievous—yes, and fond of scrapes; but never again like that."

But if this were punishment, he told himself, he ought to bear it. If he could restrain himself from passionate outbursts, could be patient, perhaps he could show Chester that he was changed. That would be worth while, worth working for. And Marshall made his resolve. "I will hold out," he said, "so long as any one stands by me." Then, with a last thought of his mother, he turned on his side and slept.

On the following Monday the baseball squad assembled in the gymnasium. Big boys and little boys, tall and short, thin or square, some thirty in all, put on their clothes for the preliminary training. Stukeley was there, and Jeremy Taylor; Chester and Rawson, and more whom Marshall did not know. He felt that he was a mark for many glances. Thin Jeremy came and surveyed him openly. "Well!" he said, "look at that, now!"

"What?" asked Marshall.

Jeremy called Stukeley. "Look at this fellow's arms and chest," he said. "No wonder he could climb down that spout!"

Stukeley felt of Marshall as of a horse. "No wonder," he agreed. "I understand it now. You 're in good training, Marshall. But were n't you a little stiff after that?"

"Oh, no." Marshall felt pleasure at their admiration. Other boys, coming closer, nudged and spoke among themselves. He heard one sentence: "I tell you, he 's an athlete."

Practice began. The gymnasium instructor divided the boys into squads, and at chest-weights, dumb-bells, and the running-track they began the work of the year. Marshall, inspirited by the feeling in his favor, joined with the rest with vigor. At the end of an hour the work was finished. Stukeley called the boys together and took their names. Then he asked the positions they were trying for.

"What," said Stukeley, presently, "no pitcher? Here 's Jack Bray. Pitcher, Jack? All right. Now I must have a substitute."

But no one else said "Pitcher" until the last, when Marshall's name was called. He said "Pitcher," boldly. Jack Bray turned and looked at him critically, but the rest of the boys murmured approval.

"Good," said Stukeley, decidedly. "You have an arm for it. Well, every day at the same hour for the rest of the term."

So began Marshall's school year, in some respects favorably. He possessed two elements of popularity—evident strength of character, and athletic powers. His split with Chester was not really known. Yet he thought it was, which caused him to keep to himself. And Ben was at hand, still ready to stir up trouble.

Let us be just to Ben, and recognize that his mischief-making was comparatively innocent, or, at least, that it was thoughtless. But the heedless maker of trouble is often more hurtful than the deliberate, and this Ben should have known. A greedy devourer of novels, delighting in the old-style stories crammed full of villains, Ben of all boys ought to have been familiar with the results of prying into private matters. And Ben should have considered that he brought to his pursuit trained faculties which other boys did not possess. Sent into the world with a genius for acting, he was constantly playing little parts all by himself, going around with his head in a cloud, enacting mysterious dramas. He had so often invited ridicule, in the school and out, that he had learned to accommodate himself to circumstances and to conceal his pastimes from other boys. With such a skill as this he had Marshall, who was quite unused to him, completely at his mercy.

Thus, in the character of the Benevolent Friend, he welcomed Marshall on his first return from the baseball practice. "Aha, my boy," he cried, in literary phrase, "how went

the day?" He listened to Marshall's account of the work, and nodded his head at the conclusion. "All goes well," he said wisely. "We shall be able to disregard Chester's latest insinuations."

Marshall cried at once: "What, has he been saying anything more?"

And Ben answered, as one who would shield another from unpleasantness: "Oh, nothing to speak of."

Ben could do this so well that sometimes he could deceive those who were well used to him. Marshall was new to it. He went silently and got out his books.

For a while he sat thinking, unable to fix his mind upon his work. He saw in daylight the difficulty of what had seemed easy in the dark. He had felt the pleasure of being with the other boys, of sharing their pursuits and working with them for the same object. It was harder to be cut off from them than it seemed that other night; Chester had less justification for revenge. And if Chester kept on speaking against him, it would be difficult to bear it long. But at the present there was nothing to do, and with the sensitiveness of a boy who had many times failed, Marshall determined to withdraw into himself. It was a hard conclusion to arrive at; he was sociable, and loved good times. But he saw no other thing to do, and at last he braced himself firmly, refused to think again either of the past or of the future, and resolved to work as for his life. While Ben sat reading the "Mysteries of Udolpho," Marshall began on his lessons in earnest.

From that day he followed his routine. In so doing he was accomplishing more than ever before in his life. "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." For the first time in his life Marshall was ruling himself.

He had never cared for books; he had never bound himself to regular hours; he had never, among boys, submitted to authority. But now he studied his lessons—not without groans, but he studied them; now he was punctual at his classes and observant of all the school rules; and now he was Stukeley's loyal and obedient servant, submitting as patiently as any of the others to the drudgery of training.

It was hard for Marshall. To fix his attention, day after day, upon things he had always despised, was a severe test of his purpose. Even to follow the slow and mechanical evolutions of the baseball squad required self-control. But he stuck to his tasks, whether lessons or drill. His reward came when finally he worked himself into some enjoyment of his gymnasium work, and when his mother, receiving the report of his studies for the first month, wrote to praise him.

One thing surprised him—that Chester was steadily kind. For when Rawson, himself angry enough, brought away from Marshall's room Chester boiling with rage, the two had the wisdom to shut themselves in their own study and wait till their feelings cooled. Rawson was the first to say, "We promised his mother," and Chester, after a full minute's pause, "Then we 'll keep the promise!"

Therefore, according to agreement, and with Mrs. Moore in their minds, they spoke to him always pleasantly, and did no more than to avoid provoking another outburst against them, which if it were public they knew would injure him. For their position was secure in the school, Marshall's was yet to be won, and anything he said against them would be to his own hurt.

Mr. Holmes questioned Chester one day. "Marshall, I see, does not let you be very intimate with him," he remarked. "Does he still have a prejudice against you?"

Chester wondered at the master's keenness in noticing so small a matter among so many boys. "Yes, sir," he answered regretfully; "I am afraid he does. But Rawson and I are doing our best, sir."

Mr. Holmes knew of Marshall's work in class and training, and was satisfied. "Well," he said, "keep on trying. The signs are good. Remember, Chester, it is a fight worth winning." Chester went and reported the words to Rawson, to the great encouragement of them both.

Marshall, in the meanwhile, had one little controversy with his room-mate. Ben, one day, with great secrecy, showed Marshall a package of cigarettes. "If you take a stroll with me after dark," he said, "we can have a smoke."

Marshall regarded him steadily. "See here, Ben," he said. "I 've smoked a hundred times. I 've broken the rule against smoking in half a dozen schools. Every time I 've got caught, and punished. It does n't pay, Ben."

Ben was crestfallen. "But it 's such fun," he said.

Marshall had a new feeling and new thoughts. "I don't think it 's fun, Ben," he said slowly. "It 's against the rule in every school I ever heard of; therefore it looks as if the rule were good. And let me tell you this: in other schools I did it sometimes to spite the masters; but here, where Mr. Holmes trusts us and the masters are n't spying every minute, I don't see the fun in deceiving them. We 're upon honor; we hurt our own selves if we prove we can't be trusted. Put away the cigarettes."

Ben put them away on that occasion, but he used them later. Marshall smelled tobacco in his clothes one day. "You 've been smoking, Ben," he said.

"Well, if I have?" demanded Ben.

"You won't learn by my experience?" asked Marshall. "Well, go ahead and learn by your own." It would have been well for Marshall if Ben's manner of learning had not involved his room-mate in trouble.

Time passed along. The baseball squad was sifted down to eighteen members. Then Stukeley called them together one day after gymnasium, and announced that on the morrow the training-table would begin. He stated the rules briefly: "After this it 's to be understood that we 're on strict training. We 're to eat only what they give us at the table. No soda nor drinks are to be bought at the store. Of course no beer nor spirits, and no smoking. And though nothing of the sort will happen, any boy breaking the rules will be sent away from the table and will lose his chance of the nine."

The next day the training-table was set in the dining-room. The picked boys sat at it and were served with special food. Marshall, as he took his place with the rest, felt happy.

A few days afterward, the ground being clear of snow, outdoor practice began. Then it came out, of course—the various assignments that Stukeley had arranged for the boys.

He himself was catcher. The bases went to First Class boys. Jeremy was to play in the field. Of members of the Second Class, Rawson was short-stop, Chester was left-field. Right-field was not yet settled. But as for pitcher, Stukeley put Marshall there in the first practice-game, saying, "We 'll try you." Jack Bray pitched on the second nine, but Marshall had no fear of him.

He had never been beaten in any competition—never except once. Whenever he thought of that time his ears tingled; whenever he saw Chester Fiske he thought of it. But Chester, in that great race so long ago, had not beaten Marshall—not Chester alone. Marshall's conscience had beaten him. On sudden temptation he had done an unworthy thing. His heart had failed him at the thought of it; he had left the field almost fainting. But now, in a fair struggle, he meant to win. And he pitched so well, studied his art so earnestly, trained so steadily, that the hope of Stonefield centered on him for the great game against the Woodstock School. For of all the positions, that of pitcher is perhaps the most important.

So more days passed, and life grew brighter, happier, and easier for Marshall. But one evening, when he went to his room, Ben greeted him with a piece of news that took him off his feet. "Stukeley is going away!"

"Going away?" repeated Marshall, in astonishment.

"Yes. His father has failed; Stukeley must leave the school. And what do you think? Chester is to be captain in his place!"

"How do you know?" demanded Marshall, with a sinking of the heart.

"Oh, I heard," answered Ben. He did not say he *overheard*. "Now, Marshall, how about your pitching on the nine? Chester 's very chummy with Jack Bray."

When, on the following day, Stukeley went away, having persuaded the team to elect Chester captain in his place, and when Marshall on that very afternoon found himself playing second base on the second nine, Ben's forebodings seemed to have come true.

"There," said Ben to Marshall, as he came in after practice. "There! I told you so!"

Chapter IV.

"If you don't beat Woodstock this year," Stukeley had said to the team, when he left, "don't let me ever see one of you again. Three years running they 've beaten us now. I meant to give them one good drubbing before I graduated. You must do it for me."

"I would shake the teams up for a few days," had been Stukeley's parting advice to the new captain. "Change the positions about. The boys will get stale, especially Marshall. He 's been using his arm too much. Don't let him pitch again till next week." Chester, busy with many things, neglected to inform Marshall of the reason of the change. This was the real beginning of Marshall's troubles.

They followed closely on. In the first game with an outside team, one from a city school, Marshall pitched indeed, but not to his satisfaction. The game was lost; he had been batted heavily. Chester laughed when it was over. "Don't you care, Marshall. They were too much for us, anyway. It was n't your fault. They were all older than we." But Marshall saw that Chester was really disappointed in losing his first game. He had caught faultlessly, but Marshall could not forget his own two wild pitches. He dreamed of them that night, and awoke in a tremor as he imagined a steady stream of runners, passing from third to home.

Something more real came next day. As Marshall was going to the store for shoelacings, Ben, from his customary position on the window-seat, asked him a favor. "Buy me some cigarettes," he said.

"Look here, Ben," said Marshall; "do you expect me to buy your tobacco for you, when I don't approve of your smoking?"

"You need n't be so smart," answered Ben. "Mr. Hunnewell asked me to get some for him to use this evening."

Now, Mr. Hunnewell was the English teacher, and a special protector of Ben's. His friendship for Ben was known to the school, as was also known his fondness for tobacco. It did not seem so very unnatural, therefore, that he should have made such a request of Ben. Marshall, not realizing that a master would never have asked such a thing of a boy, and overlooking one other smaller matter, was satisfied. "All right," he said, and went away on his two errands.

Now, the store was a place of many nooks and corners, and a boy who went there for forbidden things was wise to make sure who was there before he stated his wishes. When Marshall boldly asked for the cigarettes, the storekeeper indicated caution, spoke in a low tone, and gave him his package hastily. Marshall, who saw no one, and would not have done differently if he had, smiled and left the shop. But he had not gone half-way on his return when he heard his name called, and turning, was confronted by Chester and Rawson.

Both had been hurrying, and were short of breath and pale. Marshall saw that their changed appearance was from excitement as well as exertion. He thought of the cigarettes in his pocket, and grew pale himself. "Well?" he demanded.

Rawson left the matter to Chester. Chester hesitated before he spoke. But he said finally: "We were in the store when you bought the cigarettes. We could n't help hearing."

Marshall was still sore from his recent failure to win the game. "Well?" he asked again.

"I think," said Chester, mildly, "that you 'd do better to give those cigarettes to me."

Marshall drew them from his pocket and handed them to Chester. "What will you do with them?" he asked.

There was in his voice a challenge to destroy them. Chester was no boy to fail in his duty. Just beyond the road ran a brook, and he tossed the package in. "They are best there," he said, and waited for what Marshall would say.

Marshall still eyed him quietly. "What did you do that for?" he inquired.

"Oh, Marshall," said Chester, reproachfully, "when you are a member of the nine!"

Marshall's anger began to burn. "I know too much," he said, "to suppose that I 'll ever be a member of the nine."

"What do you mean?" demanded Chester, quickly.

"Oh, Marshall!" cried Rawson. "Shame!"

"And besides," went on Marshall, unyield-

ing, "those cigarettes were not for me, but for somebody else."

The others were taken aback. They looked at each other. "But if you were bringing tobacco into the school—" began Chester.

"You had no business to interfere with me, if I was."

"For another boy," Chester went on weakly. He saw that he had done wrong.

"It was not for another boy," cried Marshall. "Now what will you say? It was for a master."

They stared at him, unbelieving, all their suspicions again aroused. He saw, and flushed.

"It was for Mr. Hunnewell," he said.

"Oh!" cried Rawson. "Oh! Mr. Hunnewell never smokes cigarettes. Why, he 's said to the boys, 'Smoke a pipe if you must smoke, but never cigarettes'!"

Marshall knew that it was true. He had heard the words himself. This was the smaller matter which he had forgotten. His mouth opened, but he could utter no sound. Dismay came into his face. Quickly he turned and left them. He knew that they stood still in the same place, and he felt that they believed him a liar.

"Well," said Rawson, presently, in a low voice, "how can we help him if he acts so?"

"Wait," answered Chester. "Sit down here." They sat on the wall by the brook, watching Marshall's hurrying figure. "Rawson," Chester said again presently, "there is something queer in this—"

"Decidedly queer!" interrupted Rawson.

"Let me finish. I am inclined to think that Marshall believed those cigarettes were for Mr. Hunnewell."

"Oh, come now!" Rawson looked at Chester, who, still watching Marshall, was thoughtfully tapping the ground with his foot. Such charity was astonishing. "You don't mean it?"

"I do," answered his chum. "When he said the tobacco was for a master, he meant it. And I was frightened then, I can tell you, at interfering where I had no business."

"Yes," admitted Rawson, doubtfully.

"So we 'd better forget this matter. And as soon as I see Marshall I shall beg his pardon."

But Marshall, almost desperate, went straight to Ben. "Ben!" he cried, and his room-mate was startled at his face. "Did you really want those cigarettes for Mr. Hunnewell?"

Ben was frightened enough to tell the truth. "No," he stammered.

"For yourself, then?"

"Why—yes."

"Then," and Marshall sat down and dropped his face in his hands, "you have got me into trouble."

"Why, I did n't expect you would believe me; I winked." Ben almost wailed. He asked what was the matter. Marshall would say nothing. "Oh, oh!" cried Ben, and in tragic despair he wrung his hands.

Marshall waited in silence. He expected Chester to come soon and say: "You are dropped from the training-table." He could not shield himself by naming Ben; one can no more tell on a boy to another than to a master. Sure enough, there was a knock at the door, and Chester entered.

Marshall shivered, and stood up. Chester hesitated on seeing Ben. Marshall spoke: "Well, I 'll go."

"Where?" asked Chester. Ben listened open-mouthed.

"Back to the Second Class table."

"Nonsense!" and Chester smiled. "I came to say I 'm sorry I was so hasty, and to pay you for the cigarettes."

"What!" cried Marshall.

"You will excuse me, won't you, Marshall? And here is the money." Chester laid it upon the table. He wished to say more. This was his opportunity to explain everything, to become friends. Both boys were deeply moved. It was the opportunity—if gaping Ben had not been there. Chester said nothing but "Good day," and went away.

"Well, upon my soul!" cried Ben, as soon as the door had closed. "What has he to do, I 'd like to know, with you or my cigarettes? He took them, did he?" Ben was injured. "He 'd better ask pardon. Why did n't he give them back? What did you give them up for?"

"I can't tell you," answered Marshall. Ben teased and begged, but got no answer, till he was wild with curiosity. Then he grew cross.

"Well," he said sulkily, "you are easy on Chester, but I 'll tell you what, he is n't easy on you. You don't tell things, but he does!"

He again left Marshall in pain.

But Ben, aside from all the trouble he was making for Marshall, gave him good times of another sort, and actually won his affection. Ben was, in truth, a delightful fellow. He could play on the harmonica, could sing to the banjo —and songs, as well, of his own making. Boys often came to the room to "get Ben going," when jokes, comic songs, or absurdly extravagant stories would keep the room in laughter. Ben was a generous boy, too. Mr. Hunnewell was proud of him; the masters joked with him; and Jeremy demanded once a month a contribution to the school paper, which was considered by the school incomplete if not graced by something signed "B. F." Ben's particular weaknesses, therefore, of curiosity, pretense, and "manliness," were easy to be overlooked in the good companion. Yet the last of these faults was the next thing that brought Marshall into trouble.

Ben waited for his room-mate one day after baseball practice. "Come on," he said. "Let 's take a walk. Let 's go down to the village." So Marshall and he went off together.

They passed through the village, and came to a path that led down into the valley of a little stream. Ben was about to enter upon it, but Marshall stopped. "Is n't this out of bounds?" he asked. "We 'll be punished if we 're caught."

"Oh, no," answered Ben. "Come on. See how lovely it is down here." It did look lovely below among the trees, and they went on. The path followed the stream, and the arching trees that overhung, the sunbeams that streamed through the fresh foliage of the spring, were wonderful to Marshall's eyes. He lingered, but Ben urged him forward. "Oh, come on," said Ben. "I 'll show you something. There, see that?"

Before them, in a dell among mosses, stood a little mill, so old and weather-beaten that it seemed like a growth of the place. Water was rushing down a sluice, a great green wheel was turning, and the sound, the color, and the shadowed place, all were beautiful. "Come on," said Ben, and dragged Marshall to the door.

They entered the mill, open like a barn, and Marshall took his stand above the mill-race to watch the rushing water. A man came to answer Ben's call, and stood surveying the two boys.

Ben said something to him quietly.

"You don't want," said the man, "the stuff I keep—mere boys like you!"

"Indeed!" answered Ben. "That 's my business, if you please. A glass at once, and here 's a quarter for it."

The man grumbled. "I don't know if I 'm justified in selling it to you." But he took the money and went away, presently returning with a glass of amber-colored liquid in his hand. "Here," he said, "if you think you can venture to drink it."

Ben received it haughtily. "That 's all right," he said, and the man went away.

Marshall turned. "Ben," he asked, sniffing, "what 's that?"

"That?" responded Ben. "Oh, that 's apple-jack."

Marshall reached and took the glass. The smell of it was unmistakable. "That is whisky!" he declared.

Ben admitted it. "The man is a miller," he said. "He makes whisky of the corn. I want to see what it 's like." (Curiosity again.) "I heard some one say it was the finest—oh, Marshall, don't!"

Marshall was holding the glass over the sluice. "This is the best place for it," he said.

"Give it back!" cried Ben, angrily. "I 've paid for it."

Marshall unwillingly held his hand.

"Have some yourself," tempted Ben.

"And I on the nine!" retorted Marshall. "But, Ben, you must n't drink this full strength; it will be too much for you. Pour out some, and fill up with water."

"Well," agreed Ben, "pour out some. I 'll fetch a dipper for the water."

He went away, and Marshall poured a generous portion of the whisky into the sluice. Then, as he stood waiting for Ben, he lifted

the glass to his face, and drew in the odor. He did not know that at that moment both fate and the warder-off of fate were coming toward him.

That afternoon it had happened that the two cronies, Chester and Rawson, had climbed to the top of the hill that stood within the school grounds. Upon its summit stood a summer-house whence one could see the view; but no school-boy in years had been content with that. The proper thing was to climb to its roof; and there Chester and his friend sat, holding to the flagpole, and rejoicing in the fact that they could see everything that went on within a mile. Near the school buildings the other boys looked small; farther away, in the village, the people were like dolls. The two watched Ben and Marshall as they wandered along the street. Then they saw them hesitate at the opening of the path. "That 's out of bounds," said Rawson.

But boys, when mischievous, sometimes intentionally strayed; the two on the summer-house were not shocked as the two in the valley disappeared in the path. They turned their eyes again to the village street, watching the idlers there, and thought no more of the others until they saw Mr. Holmes, with a quick step, go through the village and in his turn disappear in the path. Then they stared at each other. The path had but one ending; Marshall and Ben would be caught!

"Can't we warn them?" cried Rawson.

"I can try," answered Chester, promptly. He thought only of Marshall as he slipped to the ground and dashed down the hill. Rawson stayed; he could not keep up with Chester.

The way was all downhill; Chester had never run so fast in his life. He took the shortest way across the fields; the pasture grass was firm to his feet, and he met no obstacles until he plunged into the wood at a point beyond the opening of the path. There, slipping, sliding, leaping, he made as straight as possible for the mill. He had but the thought to warn Marshall and save him the loss of a fortnight's recess. When he saw the mill before him he paused and looked back along the path. At a distance was Mr. Holmes, now lingering, like Marshall, above the brook. Chester took advantage of a thicket and dodged into the mill.

There before him was Marshall—but doing what? Chester saw the liquid in the glass, and remembered what he had recently heard of the making of whisky at the mill. The odor in the air was unmistakable. And Marshall, when he saw Chester, started, and put down the glass.

Chester's face was strained, but, as in duty bound, he gave his warning: "Marshall, Mr. Holmes is coming. Run!"

They heard the sound of running feet. Ben had seen Mr. Holmes and fled. Marshall did not understand. "Why—" he began.

"This is out of bounds," said Chester, impatiently. "I saw you from the summer-house. Marshall, go!"

Surprised though Marshall was, he took the advice, and Chester followed him. Their darting figures left one door before Mr. Holmes entered at the other. Mr. Holmes came to arrange, and did arrange, a bargain by which the man agreed, for an annual payment, to sell no whisky to any member of the school. The man said nothing of the boys, and the fugitives got away safely.

Climbing wearily, Chester went back to Rawson on the hillside. "Were you in time?" asked Rawson, eagerly.

"Just."

"Then you 've done something for him, at any rate," said Rawson, with pleasure.

But Chester wished he had not gone. He supposed he had found Marshall drinking whisky, the most serious fault that a member of the nine could commit, for which he should be dropped from the team.

Chester was captain. What was he to do?

(To be continued.)

BOOKS AND READING.

SUMMER READING. DURING the really hot days, the days when your whole mind is taken up with the idea of keeping cool, do not feel obliged to read improving books—or, in fact, any kind of books at all. There is nothing more comfortable in friendship than the permission to sit together in quiet without any need of making conversation. There is a time for talk and a time for silence, and the truly tactful friend is that one who knows when to leave you in peace and quietness. Books may be the best of friends, but in order that they may be such, do not force them to "talk" to you at times when you are in no fit state to hear their words, and to profit by them. If for light recreation you choose reading, let the books chosen be those adapted for your state of mind. Good books are worthy of the consideration shown in choosing them according to your mood, and theirs.

INTRODUCTIONS. IT is natural for all of us to think that others will find pleasure in what has delighted ourselves. With this thought we often recommend books to our friends without due reflection. We do not stop to consider whether the acquaintance will be agreeable. The mere mention of a book to a friend can do no harm; but to urge a favorite volume upon another reader is to take a responsibility, especially if the urging be followed by a persistent inquiry whether the book has been read and enjoyed. Such inquiry may put our friend in the embarrassing dilemma of either despising our advice, or of taking it and finding it not good.

Is n't it wiser to make our introductions—whether of friends or of books—less insistent?

BOOKS THAT MUST BE READ. THERE are certain classics so well known and so well established that references to them are constantly made, and an acquaintance with them is taken for granted among all well-educated persons. Reading other books with understanding is impossible unless we know these. First among such—even without considering its religious character—comes the authorized version of the English Bible. Its phrases and its language, its ways of thought, its metaphors, similes, stories, proverbs, parables, meet us everywhere. A follower of Mohammed, if educated in America and England, would be forced to acquaint himself with the Bible in order to appreciate much that he read or heard. Shakspere's plays, of course, though to a less extent, likewise contribute parts of nearly all English literature. "Pilgrim's Progress," though less often quoted than formerly, yet remains the source of many characters that must be met and understood by the well-equipped reader. "Paradise Lost," too, will fully repay the time spent upon its twelve books, and should not be neglected through the mistaken idea that it is not interesting to a modern boy or girl.

But these are given only as illustrations. We all know the books that form the treasury from which minor books have enriched themselves, the schools in which other writers learn their art. Do not let foolish remarks about "dull classics" keep you from forming your own opinion about these tried friends.

"TREASURIES OF KNOWLEDGE." How many of you know that excellent little series of books originally edited by Samuel Maunder, and known as "The Treasury of Natural History," "The Treasury of Biography," and so on? They are well edited, and form an interesting little library of general information. They have been brought down to date, from time to time, and are particularly adapted to young readers, since they are simply written, and contain shorter and less pretentious articles than those usually found in encyclopedias.

READING TOGETHER. Two friends can often find an added pleasure in reading by taking two copies of a book and going through it during the same time. Let each take notes, and write an account of the

things that impress him or her in the book—say, in each chapter. When each has finished, let the notes taken be compared and discussed. Often it will be found that the readers have been most impressed by entirely different features of the work. The two may take very opposite views of the same occurrence described, and may reach different conclusions as to the book's value.

There is no reason why more than two readers should not try a similar plan; but it is well to choose a book that will repay the care necessary in such close reading.

An account of such an experiment (if not too long!) might be found interesting if shown to readers of this department.

IN THE COUNTRY. THERE is no end to the interesting old books you may find during your visit to country libraries. Usually it is well worth while to examine the local histories of small towns, in the hope of coming upon incidents not elsewhere recorded. Under the guidance of the "town clerk," if there be such an official, you may also look into the early records. Not all such old documents have been brought to light, though the recent interest in colonial history has left fewer opportunities than would have offered themselves to young antiquaries some years ago.

MAGAZINES. IF you do not bind old magazines, you may at least desire to save certain articles treating of subjects that especially appeal to you. When you have collected a number upon related topics, send these to the binder, and you will have made a book well worth preserving, and a book which will have a personal value, since the selection and grouping are entirely your own work.

A BOOK-MARK. PERHAPS not every one of us remembers that the corner of an envelope (an old one will do) makes the best of book-mark, since it readily stays in place, does not injure the book, and makes it easy to find your place at a glance. Clip off the corner of the envelope, and then fit it to the right-hand upper corner of the page you are reading. This will be found especially good in the case of borrowed books, which must be kept neat and unmarred.

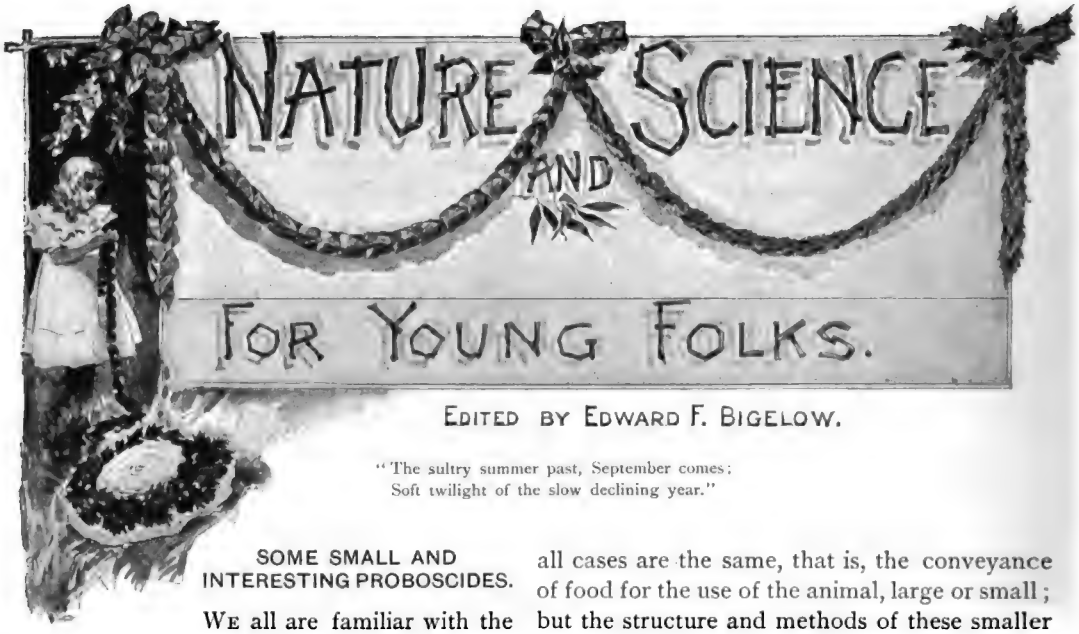
LISTS OF NEWER BOOKS. WE have published in this department a number of lists of chosen books for young readers. But these lists have contained mainly well-known titles and included volumes published during many years. We should like to hear from young readers about more recent works, say those that have appeared during the last two or three years. Let us know what is worth reading in your opinion, so that other boys and girls may not lose sight of anything both good and new. So many books appear every year, only to be pushed aside by the newest, that there is danger that really excellent work has been overlooked. Do not include anything that you have not found worthy of notice. The object is to secure readers for deserving books, even if they are new and not yet recognized as standard.

We do not mean to exclude the older readers from this worthy work, and we should be grateful if the parents, teachers, and librarians would help to make up a really useful record. The space in this department is limited, but we shall try to make room for the best letters we receive. September brings the promise of cooler days, and sees the beginning of school work. To be useful during the coming winter, lists should be sent in promptly.

YOUR OWN LIBRARY. THERE must be among the readers of this department many who take pleasure in keeping their books together, in arranging and caring for them. Let us hear from those who can make suggestions of plans that may prove useful to other boys and girls. Tell us whether you catalogue your books, whether you number them, whether you have a book-plate, how you mark them. The grouping of various kinds of volumes and their classification is another subject sure to interest book-lovers. Do you have shelves of your own, or use a part of the family bookcases?

Among the thousands of children who are book-owners there must be many who can find something to tell about their book-treasures.

Possibly a list of the books you own will contain some good suggestions to aid other young readers in selecting additions to their stock of literary ammunition.

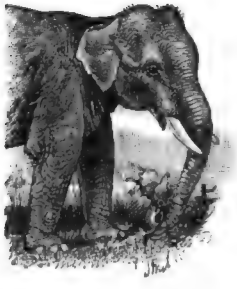


EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW.

"The sultry summer past, September comes;
Soft twilight of the slow declining year."

SOME SMALL AND INTERESTING PROBOSCIDES.

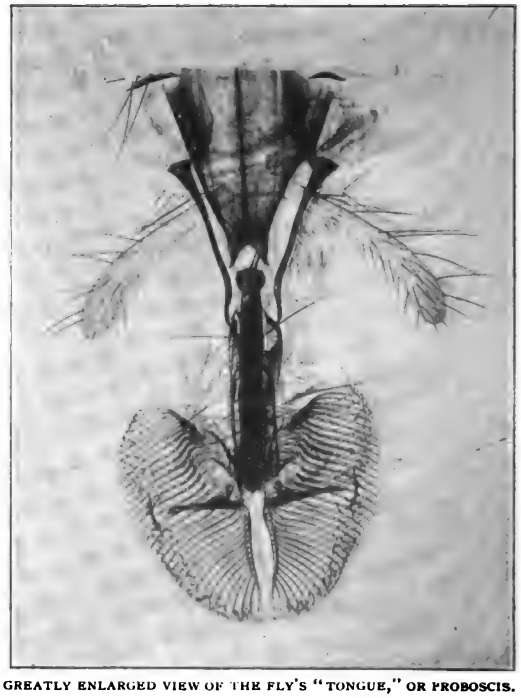
WE all are familiar with the long, flexible extension of the elephant's nose, through which the animal breathes, and by which it lifts food to its mouth. This we often call a "trunk." The word, in this sense, has been obtained from the French *trompe*, a trumpet. A much more accurate and expressive term is proboscis, from two Greek words that mean "feeding before." That is exactly what it is; not a trumpet, but an organ on the forward part of the head, to assist in feeding. We have often seen the huge, swaying elephant in the tent writhing his proboscis before and over his head and feeding himself on hay. Occasionally he pulls up bits of turf or picks up wisps of hay and throws them over his head to keep away the flies.



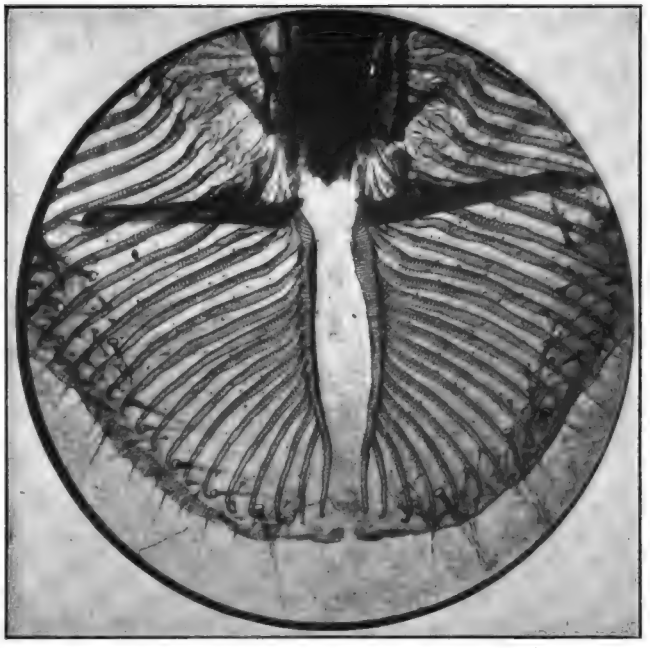
SMALL VIEW OF THE ELEPHANT'S LARGE PROBOSCIS.

Each of these flies, like those which we are familiar with elsewhere, has a proboscis that is used for conveying food. The proboscides of flies, butterflies, bees, and of some other insects are considered by many persons as far more intricate in structure and more wonderful in use than are those of elephants. The results in all cases are the same, that is, the conveyance of food for the use of the animal, large or small; but the structure and methods of these smaller proboscides are much different from the larger one of the elephant.

The elephant breathes through his proboscis, thus giving it a nose use. With it he lifts food to his mouth as you would do with your hand. He also draws water into the proboscis and



GREATLY ENLARGED VIEW OF THE FLY'S "TONGUE," OR PROBOSCIS.



GREATLY MAGNIFIED VIEW OF THE TIP OF THE FLY'S "TONGUE," OR PROBOSCIS.

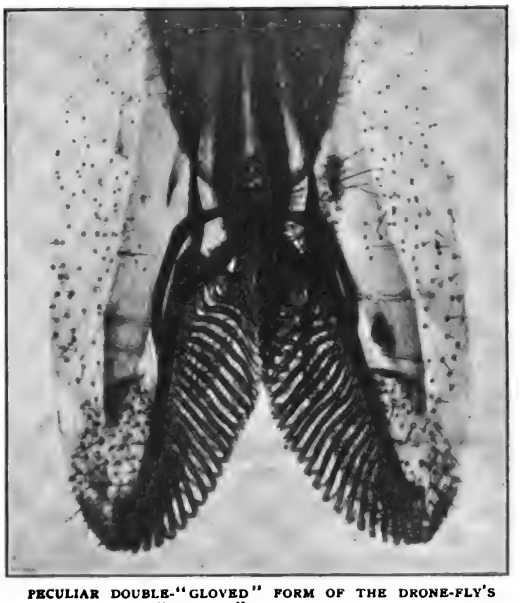
blows it out, which is a sort of squirt-gun use.

The insect does not breathe through its proboscis, but through tiny holes called spiracles, placed in a row along each side of the body.

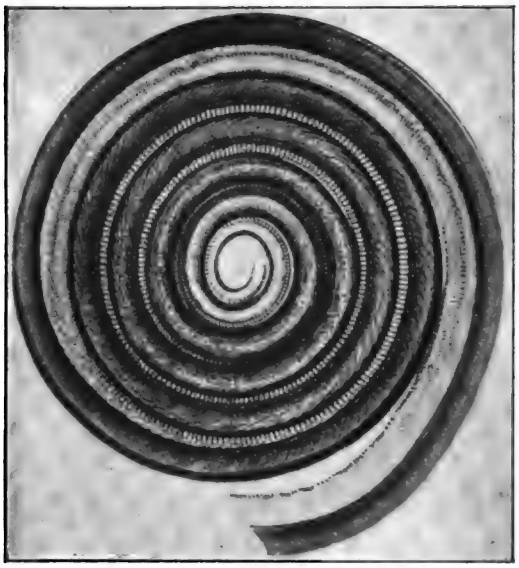
What increases our interest in the elephant and his curious "trunk" is the great size of the animal. Let us suppose that he appeared much smaller to us than he really is, as objects do when we look at them through an opera-glass with the big lenses next to our eyes and the small lenses toward the object. Then suppose that we have much enlarged views of the "tongues" (proboscides) of the insects. In such a small view of the big elephant, and such a greatly enlarged view of the small insects, we should readily see how important a part of our interest in the proboscis of the big animal is the greater size. When all things are taken into consideration, we would all admit, I think, that in structure and mode of use these smaller proboscides are at least as wonderful as is the trunk of the elephant, if not more remarkable.

In watching the elephant, even the youngest boy or girl would not mistake the proboscis for a tongue, for the tongue is in the mouth, as usual. In insects, the relations of the parts are not so easily seen, and it is for this reason that we often incorrectly speak of the "tongue" of the butterfly or moth. A butterfly's proboscis was seen uncoiled on the finger, in the picture "Feeding a Pet Butterfly," on page 369 of Nature and Science for February. A proboscis of the hawk-moth is shown in the illustration at the bottom of the next page, as it ordinarily appears in the act of uncoiling from the moth's head. A magnified view of it when coiled is also shown.

This proboscis, which scientific people call a *haustellum* (an adopted Latin word meaning a drinking-sucking apparatus), when not in use is coiled up like a watch-spring. It is an extremely beautiful object when magnified by a microscope, owing largely to a peculiar banded arrangement of the muscles and tissues of the proboscis. These muscles uncoil and direct the graceful and interesting organ. The nectar deep in the flower is taken up with great rapidity through this very wonderful tube, the length of which, in different kinds of butterflies and moths, varies greatly.



PECULIAR DOUBLE-"GLOVED" FORM OF THE DRONE-FLY'S "TONGUE," OR PROBOSCIS.



GREATLY MAGNIFIED VIEW OF THE HAWK-MOTH'S "TONGUE," OR PROBOSCIS, OR HAUSTELLUM.

The nectar is drawn up by the alternate opening and closing of the "sucking-stomach" (or "pharyngeal sac," as grown-up observers call it) within the body.

There is an interesting difference between the action of the muscles in the butterfly's proboscis and in that of the elephant. With the butterfly, the muscles uncoil and direct the proboscis; they do not coil it, nor hold it coiled. The coiling takes place naturally and spontaneously by the spring-like character of the tissue itself. In interesting contrast, when the muscles of the elephant's trunk are not acting, the trunk hangs straight, not tending to coil.

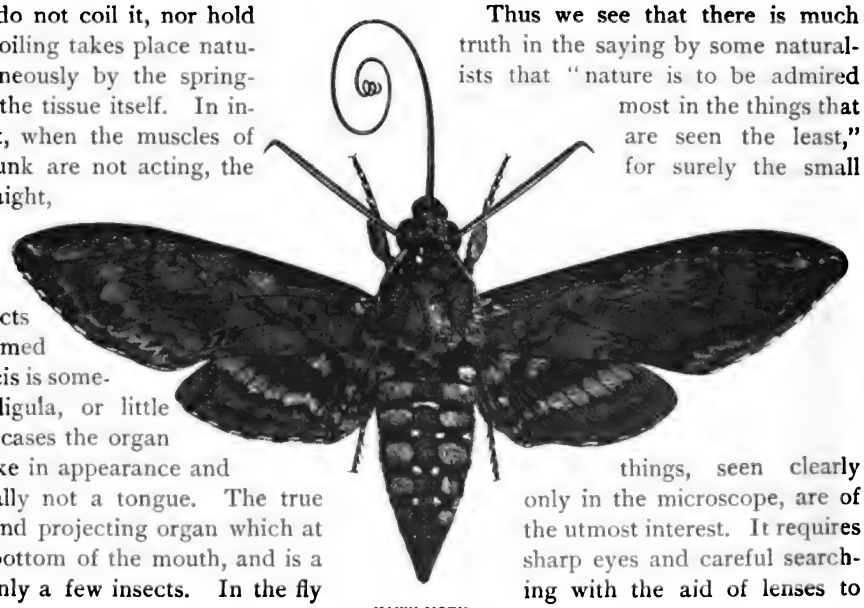
In flies, and some other insects of similarly formed body, the proboscis is sometimes called a ligula, or little tongue. In such cases the organ is more tongue-like in appearance and action, but is really not a tongue. The true tongue is a soft and projecting organ which at times forms the bottom of the mouth, and is a distinct part in only a few insects. In the fly this ligula is well developed and of remarkably intricate and interesting structure.

The fly pours saliva through its proboscis, and the fluid dissolves the food. The insect sucks the solution up through the same proboscis, and passes it into the stomach without the need of another mouth. In the picture showing a magnified tip of the tongue, on page 1035, notice the very small whitish teeth at the upper ends or bases of the false tracheæ, as the branching parts are called. Each species of fly seems to have teeth of a special form. With these many teeth the fly scrapes solid food, and the particles are mixed with the saliva that comes from these false tracheæ, and then the whole fluid-mixture is sucked up through the proboscis down which the saliva flowed.

The proboscis of the honey-bee is perhaps the most curious of all. It is made up of a large number of ring-like sections. When taking the nectar from the plant, the proboscis is extended from the mouth to the bottom of the flower and is rapidly contracted and extended.

It would require many pages of ST. NICHOLAS to explain all the amusing wrangling of learned microscopists, notwithstanding all their appliances, for many years over the exact structure and action of these very interesting proboscides of insects.

Thus we see that there is much truth in the saying by some naturalists that "nature is to be admired most in the things that are seen the least," for surely the small things, seen clearly only in the microscope, are of the utmost interest. It requires sharp eyes and careful searching with the aid of lenses to find some of nature's most wonderful objects, just as it



HAWK-MOTH.
(Showing proboscis uncoiling.)

PROBOSCIS OF THE HONEY-BEE.

requires much effort and perseverance—perhaps the aid of rubber boots and long sticks!—to obtain the most beautiful flowers of the ponds, meadows, marshes, and swamps.

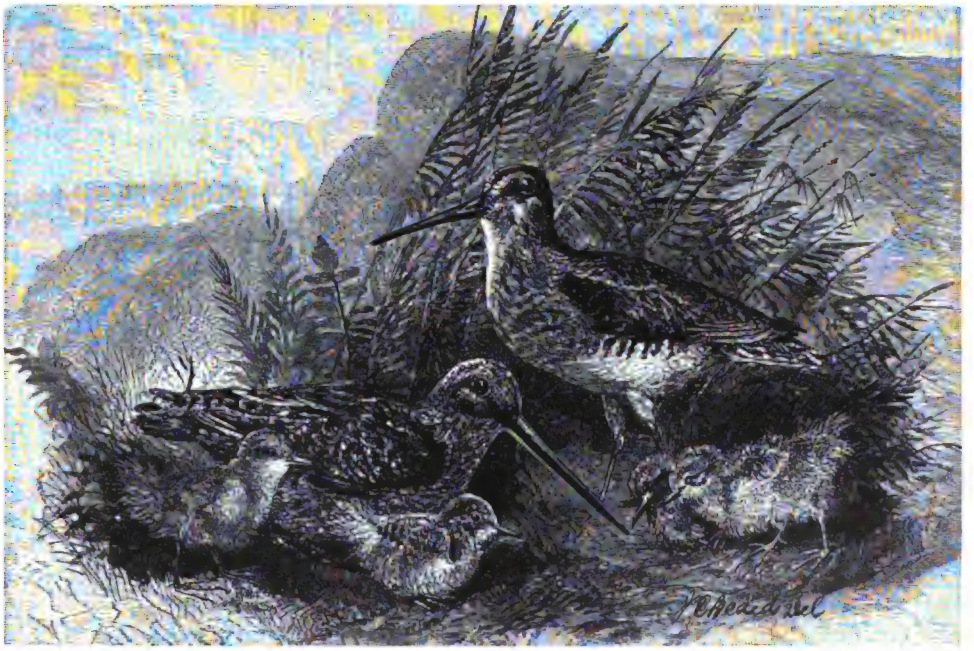
EXTENDING TONGUES AND PROBING BILLS.

THE manner in which butterflies, moths, and bees extend their proboscides, or "tongues," as we commonly call them, to secure the nectar in the bottom of flowers, reminds one of some interesting tongues and bills of birds. Thus

THE WOODPECKER'S TONGUE. (EXTENDED.)

the tongue of the woodpecker is remarkably long, with a horny end, and a series of barbs on both sides for spearing insects.

Snipe and woodcock probe in rich and moist soil of meadows and swamps. The *upper* part of the bill is sensitive and flexible near the tip. It is adapted for finding earthworms and then pulling them out of the ground, as might be done by a boy's finger.



A FAMILY OF WILSON'S SNIPE. (Showing the long bills for probing in the mud for earthworms.)

SOME INTERESTING RESEMBLANCES.

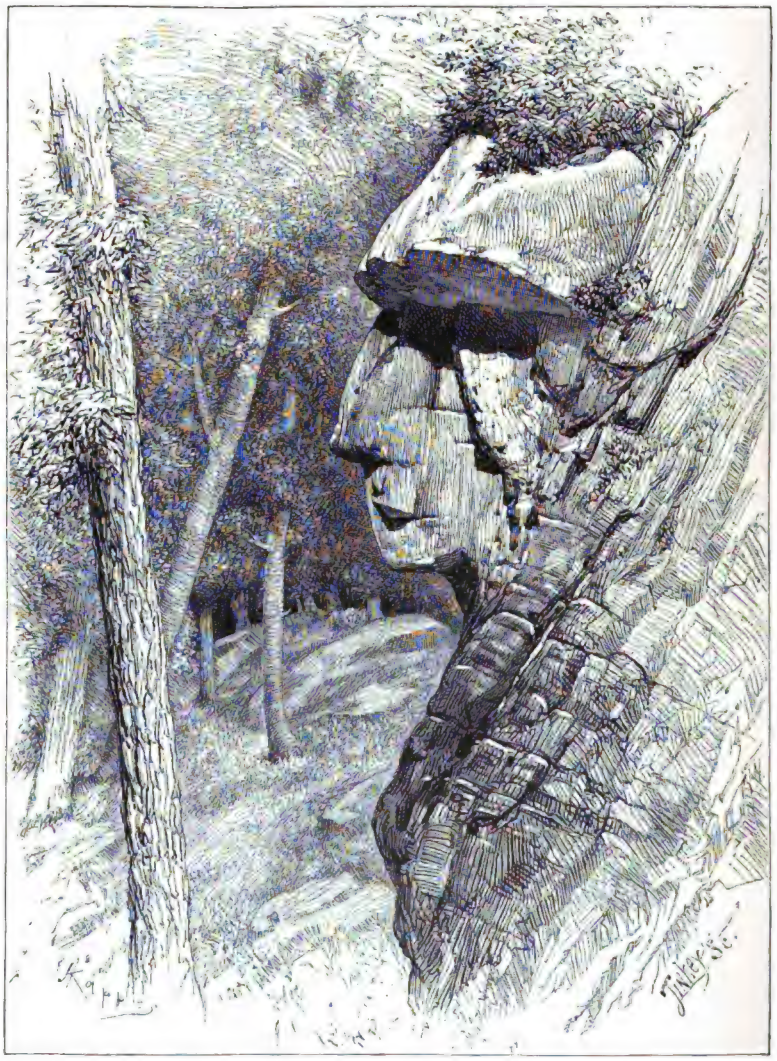
NATURE very frequently imitates for a purpose, as was explained regarding the moths, butterflies, and other insects mentioned in "Protection by Deceiving," on page 1122 of Nature and Science for October, 1900.

Sometimes, however, the resemblance is without purpose or advantage, as if it were "one of nature's little jokes," but of course really with no thought of joking on nature's part, as was explained on page 647 of Nature and Science for May, 1900, in describing the monkey-face resemblance of a chrysalis.

Such strongly marked cases of resemblance without a purpose are rare in plant or animal life, but very common among inanimate objects, as we may recognize—at least with the aid of a little imagination. We all are familiar with many forms wherein we can easily fancy a close resemblance to other forms. How entertaining it is to look into an open fire and to fancy that parts of the flame and embers resemble landscape and water scenes, trees, houses, castles, and, indeed, people. Such fancies were a favorite amusement of our grandfathers and grandmothers when they were young folks and the houses were warmed by huge open fireplaces like that of Whittier's boyhood, as described in "Snow-Bound."

Resemblances, similar to those seen in the fire, are familiar to us all in clouds that look like a person's head, like various animals, or like houses and castles. Sometimes frost formations, especially on store show-windows, closely resemble forests and meadows, with brooks and lakes. Thus in things large and in small we see resemblances that are purposeless but always interesting and sometimes laughable.

As an example, see this solemn and grotesque face on the stony cliff. By the way, will some of the young folks who have seen this tell us where it is? May all who love to stroll in fields and forests keep on the sharp lookout for similar resemblances. Photographs or drawings of them are especially desired.



THE SIDE OF A CLIFF THAT SOMEWHAT RESEMBLES A FACE.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

INTERESTING UNDERGROUND ANIMALS.

REGINA, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in a very lonely sort of town, although it is the capital. There are no trees, just the bare prairie, but I like it very much. Above all things I like nature. I like to watch the gophers. One day I was behind a little mound, and Mr. Gopher came up out of the hole and gave a little squeak and went down again. In a few minutes he appeared with two dear little gophers. I watched them very carefully. I was looking so eagerly that I made a noise. The old gopher stood up on his haunches and gave an alarmed squeak, and dodged into his hole.

I remain your loving reader, ARTHUR BENSON.
(Age 10.)

POCKET GOPHERS.

Older observers also have watched eagerly for the gophers, and were not able to learn all their habits, because the little animals keep so closely underground. A learned naturalist says: "By patient watching, a little brown head may sometimes be seen for an instant, and on rare occasions the whole animal appears above the ground, but disappears again so quickly that the eye hardly catches its form."

Gophers have no lovable traits to strongly attract us. At least, when untamed, they are very vicious. When caught in traps they fight with astonishing ferocity, biting the steel so fiercely as to break off their teeth. They can easily bite through a shoe, and will attack a foe with utmost fury, never manifesting fear in a fight. The fierce little animals can lay no claim to beauty except in the perfect fitness to the life they lead, for there is no grace of form, nor pleasing contrast of colors. However, their coats of fine hair harmonize in color with the soil, and are so smooth and glossy as to repel the dirt, which keeps the animals bright and clean.

In making the underground tunnels, a gopher uses its front teeth as a pick to loosen the soil, which it throws back by the front feet. Occasionally the little digger turns in its burrow and places the palms of its "hands" under its chin and pushes the accumulated loose earth out, thus forming a little "gopher hill." It adds to the burrows year by year, one animal digging

as much as a mile in length of the crooked tunnels. The eyes of a gopher are small and the sight is not very keen. The large teeth grow so long as actually to prevent shutting the mouth, thus adding greatly to the unattractive appearance.

UNDER SIDE OF HEAD OF GOPHER, SHOWING EXTERNAL CHEEK POUCHES.

On each side of the mouth is a big hairy pocket that is used for carrying food. As you all know, squirrels can take food in their mouths and with their tongues push it out between their teeth into elastic pouches as boys put marbles in their cheeks. But with the gopher the pouch opens from the *outside* and extends back to the shoulders. In emptying these pouches the animal brings its fore feet along the side of its head to the rear of the pouch, and then the "hands" are pressed firmly against the head and carried rapidly forward, thus squeezing out on the ground the contents of leaves, stems, and roots, to be eaten at leisure. Sometimes several such strokes are necessary, "like a boy playing a jews'-harp," as the young folks would describe it, except that both hands are used in the forward strokes.

Gophers have never been known to drink. Evidently no water is needed other than that contained in the plants that are eaten. If a gopher is captured when very young it may become tame and gentle.

QUEER CUSTOM IN NEST-BUILDING.

GRASMERE, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some birds make rude nests of sticks, lined with grass; some line their nests with cotton and string and scraps of cloth; some make their nests soft with feathers and down: but the queerest taste in nest-making is shown by the great-crested flycatcher. I noticed a train of ants going up the tree where there was a flycatcher's nest, and I climbed up and looked in through a hole in the hollow trunk of the tree, where the nest was, and there was the body of a whole snake, coiled round to help make a lining for the nest, and that was what the procession of ants was after. Do the birds kill the snakes themselves, or just find dead ones? Do you think the birds have any particular reason for using snakes in making their nests?

Your friend, PLEASAUNCE BAKER.
(Age 14.)

The great-crested flycatcher almost invariably lines its nest with a snake-skin, if one is to be had, but I have never seen nor previously learned of its using a whole snake. It seems, however, quite consistent with the habits of the bird for it to use a whole snake, instead of the cast skin, provided the dead snake found by the bird was small enough to be carried in the flight to the nest. Have any other young folks seen a whole dead snake thus substituted for a cast skin? For what reason do you suppose the bird uses a snake, either in whole or in part?

GREAT-CRESTED FLYCATCHERS AND THEIR NEST IN A HOLLOW TREE.

Do you think it is to frighten intruders, for the same reason that the mother bird on the nest makes a hissing sound at any intruder?

GROTESQUE LITTLE INSECTS.

HILO, HAWAII.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is a very strange little insect that lives here. Sometimes it is a dark green, but generally it is a very light green. This little bug has six legs, and when it walks, it teeters from one side to the other. I do not know the name of it. There is a scientific man here who does not know the name of it either. The little insect has wings, that he folds on his back in such a funny shape. I have drawn a little picture of him. The rim of his wings and the edge of his feet are pink. The picture on the same piece of paper is the same kind of an insect when it is little. He is then pink. This is the first letter I have written to you. I am twelve years old.

FORM OF INSECT SHOWN IN DRAWING BY THE WRITER OF THIS LETTER.

Your loving friend,
MAUDE L. MASON.

From the colored outline drawings accompanying this letter, I am confident that the insect described is a member of the strange family of tree-hoppers, that contains a large variety of ludicrous forms, a few of which are shown in the accompanying illustrations.

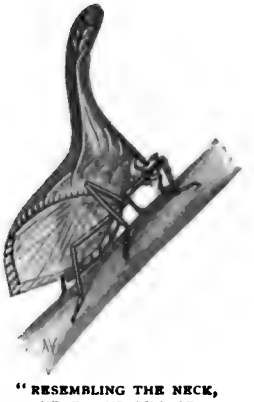
Nothing could be more comically grotesque in appearance than these little creatures. When you want a good laugh, find one of these tree-hoppers and look at its face through a hand lens. "Nature must have been joking!" you will be apt to exclaim.

Various colors, forms, and droll expressions are represented in the many varieties. Some found on rose-bushes so closely resemble the thorns as to deceive the young folks or the bird that may be looking for them.

In some varieties there is an extension above the head "like a peaked night-cap," as Professor Comstock describes it. In others this extension reaches backward over the body, completely covering it like a roof.

In others the forward projection is curved and pointed, thus resembling the neck, head, and bill of a bird. William Hamilton Gibson, in "My Studio Neighbors," has a very interesting chapter entitled "A Queer Little Family on the Bittersweet," in which, after telling of the thorn forms, he refers to those with the bird-like projection as a "whole covey of quail."

Look, quick! Turn your magnifier hither on this green shoot. No thorn, this. Are they not a family of tiny birds with long necks and swelling breasts and drooping tails, verily like an autumn brood of "Bob Whites"?



"RESEMBLING THE NECK, HEAD, AND BILL OF A BIRD."

On a warm day, look closely for these tiny insects among the stems and leaves of the rose-bushes, grape-vines, Virginia creeper, or small shrubs. Some forms, but perhaps not always the most grotesque and interesting, are easily and surely obtained by "sweeping" the tall grass in a sunny field with the insect-net. Gibson also tells us in "Sharp Eyes" to "open the netted folds carefully. Here are the queer green triangular tree-hoppers looking like animated dock seeds."

One form has stripes of red, white, and blue. Another has projections like horns, one on each side, and is called the "Buffalo" tree-hopper.

VARIOUS FORMS OF THE GROTESQUE LITTLE TREE-HOPPERS.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY MARJORIE GARRISON, AGE 15. (WINNER OF GOLD BADGE IN APRIL.)

THE school-boy lingers in his boat,
The school-girl drowses on the sands,
Unmindful that the school-bell's note
Will echo soon across the lands.

NOW that vacation is nearly done, and we are all going back to the round of study and home duties that, after all, make up the best and most genuine part of our lives, we will take just a moment to talk about the League, and what we are going to do with it this winter.

For one thing, we are going to keep right along in the path of progress we have been following for nearly two years, making only such changes and departures as promise to improve our plans or broaden our field. We are constantly receiving suggestions from different members, and these we are always glad to have, and to adopt when our limits of space and purpose will permit.

For another thing, we are going to double our numbers. We are already by far the largest organization of young people the world has ever seen, and the most progressive. The League work as shown from month to month in this department has amazed every one connected with art and literature. But we are not going to stop: we are going to be a larger and better organization than ever.

And this is how we may do it. Every member who believes in the League has at least five friends who ought to know about it and who ought to belong—five boys and girls who are interested in writing and drawing and photography, or puzzle-making, and who would enjoy reading a magazine like ST. NICHOLAS.

Knowing this to be true, we ask every member of the League to send us on a postal-card the names of these five boys and girls, or more than five, if they like, with the addresses carefully written, and we will see that a sample copy of ST. NICHOLAS is sent to each address, with a leaflet explaining all about the League, and asking every reader to join.

It will not be much trouble to do this, and it will make our League so great and powerful that nothing can ever weaken or destroy it. We do not believe there is any member of the League that would want to see it come to an end, and it never will if we each strive properly to maintain it with a membership of the best and brightest of America's boys and girls.

"A SUMMER DAY." BY WENDELL R. MORGAN, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 21.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

VERSE. Gold badges, Oscar R. Graevé (age 16), De Kalb Jct., St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., and Mabel B. Ellis (age 15), Olivet College, Olivet, Mich.

Silver badges, Irma Louise Herdegen (age 14), 129 25th St., Milwaukee, Wis., and William R. Benét (age 15), Watervliet Arsenal, West Troy, N. Y.

PROSE. Cash prize, Caroline Clinton Everett (age 14), 53 Pearl St., Worcester, Mass.

Gold badge, Florence Loveland (age 15), 23 East 37th St., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, Jean Olive Heck (age 15), 632 Barr St., Cincinnati, O., Rose Edmands (age 14), Devon Road, Chestnut Hill, Mass., and Florence C. Ingalls (age 11), Marblehead, Mass.

DRAWING. Gold badges, Pauline Vanderburgh (age 16), 2609 Sycamore

"A SUMMER DAY." BY MARGARET MARSH, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

St., Cairo, Ill., and Monica P. Turner (age 13), Lonsdale, Belstead Road, Ipswich, Suffolk, England.

Silver badges, Irene R. Tucker (age 17), 207 Dearborn St., Mobile, Ala., and Allison More (age 12), 1023 Pearl St., Sioux City, Ia.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Cash prize, Wendell R. Morgan (age 16), 23 Watkins Ave., Oneonta, N. Y.

Gold badge, Margaret Marsh (age 13), 349 W. 85th St., New York City.

Silver badges, Frederick Brandenburg (age 12), 22 Langdon St., Madison, Wis., and Margaret R. Pratt (age 11), Seamoor, Glen Cove, L. I.

WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY. First prize, "Squirrel," by Henry Ormsby Phillips (age 15), 489 Bellefontaine St., Pasadena, Cal. Second prize, "Wild Fowl," by Dudley B. Valentine (age 11), 13th Ave. and 20th St., East Oakland, Cal. Third prize, "Squirrel," by Herbert R. Stolz (age 13), 778 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

"A SUMMER DAY." BY FREDERICK BRANDENBURG, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, Zane Pyles (age 10), 115 Monroe St., Anacostia, D. C.

Silver badges, Janet Boyd Merrill (age 12), 11 Gray St., Portland, Me., and Arthur J. White (age 11), 3329 Powelton Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, Eleanor R. McClees (age 15), Toms River, N. J.

Silver badges, Philip S. Beebe (age 13), 1154 E. Long St., Columbus, O., and Elizabeth F. Wheeler (age 14), 121 Amity St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prize badges are usually sent within fifteen days after the announcement of the winners' names.

DON'T FAIL

To read the League introduction this month. It tells how we make the League so large that it will never die.

"A SUMMER DAY." BY MARGARET R. PRATT, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

A HARVEST SONG.

BY OSCAR R. GRAEVÉ (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

BEFORE the laggard sun had e'en
Shot forth its foremost crimson arrows,
Ere yet the tarrying robin's call
Was answered by the loit'ring sparrow's,
Arose the harvest song.

It wavered o'er the golden wheat;
It sank into the corn-field's furrows;
Alarmed the lark, disturbed the hares,
So that they sought their hidden burrows—
Rang forth the whole day long.

But when the sun in brazen flame
Lit all the west with purpled red,
It slowly sobbed itself away,
And, dying, found a fragrant bed
The bleeding fields among.

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY PAULINE VANDERBURGH, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

TO RUTH IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.

BY MABEL B. ELLIS (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

WOULD I had seen thee, maiden, gleaning there,
The morning sunbeams kissing thy fair face;
Had seen thee follow, distant but a pace,
The reapers with their rough and matted hair,
Their faces brown, their brawny arms all bare,
Swinging the sickle with a sturdy grace;
Had seen thee put the scattered ears in place,
In all thy golden burden not a tare!

Would I had seen the master gaze on thee,
The morn of love slow dawning in his heart;
Had heard the lark sing, as he soared above,
Filling the whole wide world with melody,
As all the wide, wide world was filled with love
Because, one day, thou simply didst thy part!

TOLD BY A KITTEN.

BY CAROLINE CLINTON EVERETT (AGE 14).

(*Cash Prize.*)

I AM a little yellow kitten named Theodore Roosevelt and commonly called Teddy. I am at present in a horrid dark place down cellar, with only a saucer of cold milk for supper, instead of the warm bread and milk I know my brother William McKinley is enjoying. And because I—but let me begin where I should.

This afternoon I saw Jip, our dog, bring something queer and fuzzy and lay it at my mistress's feet. "Good doggy," she said, "to catch the horrid mouse." And my little master Malcolm said, "Nice doggy!" I made up my mind immediately to catch one, too, so I began to prowl around looking for a mouse.

Soon I found a little soft, fuzzy thing on the ground, which I took up and carried to my mistress. As soon as she saw it, she cried: "Oh, you naughty kitty to kill a dear little baby robin." And Malcolm said, "Naughty kitty!" He began to swing me by my tail, though my mistress took me away and slapped his hands.

Then she carried me down cellar, and here I am puzzling my brain over these three things: Why is it right for Jip to kill a soft, fuzzy thing called a mouse? Why is it wrong for me to kill a soft, fuzzy thing called a robin? Why am I punished by being put down here, when Malcolm only has his hands slapped?

But then, many things puzzle little kittens. I suppose I will understand better when I am older.

The puzzle is solved. My mistress took me out of

THE HARVEST TIME.

BY IRMA LOUISE HERDEGEN (AGE 14).

Illustrated by the Author.

(*Silver Badge.*)

IT was late in the month of August,
When all the world is still,
Save for the lowing of cattle
Or clank of an old windmill;
Save for the rustling of tree-tops
Or bowing of waves of rye
As it makes its deep obeisance
To a zephyr stealing by.

As I sat on a lawn in the country.
And gazed at the verdant hills,
I thought of the poor in the cities
With their many wants and ills;
And I thanked the God of the harvest,
That season of the year,
With its crop of grain so golden
It cannot find a peer.

"ITS CROP OF GRAIN SO GOLDEN." (SEE POEM.)

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY KATHERINE E. FOOTE, AGE 16.

the cellar and explained everything. A soft, fuzzy thing is horrid and ought to be killed when it is called a mouse, but when it is called a robin it is nice and should not be killed. Malcolm was punished, after all. My mistress told me in our talk that kindness should be shown by kittens as well as toward kittens.

But one thing still puzzles me. When is a soft, fuzzy thing called a mouse, and when is it called a robin?

HOW A KODAK GAINED A FRIEND FOR THE BIRDS.

BY FLORENCE LOVELAND (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

JOHN was fond of having fun (as he called it) by trying to kill the little birds, who chirped in the trees until suddenly interrupted by a shot from his sling.

Sometimes he would kill one of the feathered tribe, but generally he inflicted a severe wound in the little ones, causing great pain.

One day his Uncle George came to visit John's people.

After a few days' stay he asked John to accompany him while he went into the woods to take pictures. John ran in to get his cap, and came back fixing his sling-shot for use.

"You do not need that, my boy," said Uncle George.

"WILD FOWL." BY DUDLEY B. VALENTINE, AGE 11. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

"SQUIRREL." BY HERBERT R. STOLZ, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

"I am going into the woods to take pictures of the birds as they live happily and undisturbed by that cruel instrument. These pictures are to illustrate a book on birds which will be published in the fall. If you were to take the sling, you would prevent not only my work but that of the publishers. I am sure you would have a better time if you were to walk through the woods and have the birds carol sweetly to you from the branches of some tree in your path than if they were all to run from you with a disgusted air, and as much as saying, 'There is a boy! Oh, how I hate boys; they are all so cruel!'"

John had never looked at it in this light; he had only thought of the

"SQUIRREL." BY HENRY ORMSBY PHILLIPS, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

fun in being able to shoot correctly enough to kill.

The two went into the forest, but the sling-shot did not accompany them.

When they returned at dusk with loaded cameras, John was greatly excited at whether the pictures he had taken would be usable in the new book.

The next day when the negatives were developed it was found that John had obtained some really excellent photographs.

Uncle George left behind him a kodak in the hands of the overjoyed John, and a *burnt* sling.

In the fall a check reached John as his commission in furnishing bird views for the book.

He is now a famous photographer of birds and their happy "nest" life.

FRIENDS.

BY ROSE EDMANDS (AGE 14).

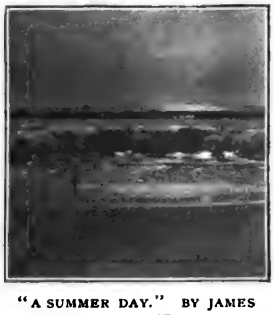
(*Silver Badge.*)

THE air was warm and balmy, the azure sky was dotted with soft, downy clouds, the sun shone brightly, and the meadow was white with nodding daisies lifting their golden hearts up toward the sunlight.

"Bobolink! Bobolink! Spink, spank, spink!" called a little gentleman in black and white from the grass-blade where he was swinging. Young Mr. Goldfinch cocked his black head on one side and gazed at a

"A SUMMER DAY." BY J. PARSONS GREENLEAF, AGE 13.

little boy in a blue sailor-suit who had stopped to pick daisies on his way to school. "Sweet, sweet, sweet," piped up a voice from an alder on the bank of the brook. A cat-bird scolded and a little warbler flitted in and out among the bushes that overhung the silvery water where the fishes swam lazily to and fro. The little boy looked up to listen and talk to his little friends. The cat-bird, who was a new arrival, eyed him suspiciously, but he did not need to be troubled, for Philip would not have hurt him for all the world. The bobolink and the goldfinch had no fear. They knew that Philip never would harm them; they had made friends with him, and knew he loved them and would always be kind. A chipmunk ran down a tree and peeped around the trunk, trying to play peek-a-boo. Some cows, grazing in the meadow, lifted their heads, lowing softly for the clover which they expected. A bee lit on his bunch of flowers. Philip did not shake it off, but let it gather honey.



"A SUMMER DAY." BY JAMES GAMBLE, AGE 13.

"Hollo, chipmunk; don't fly away, bobolink; dear little goldy, please stay and sing to me—I will not hurt you; here is your clover, bossies." Gently he talked to his friends, and they had no desire to flee away. He had been in the meadow many times before, but was always just as gentle, just as kind, and left joy and sunshine when he went away.

The birds, the cows, the chipmunks, the fishes, bees, and flowers were all his friends, because he was good to them all, every creature, no matter how tiny. If only more of us would try to be like this little boy and not seek to destroy or kill, what a happy world this would be!

THE HARVEST.

BY WILLIAM R. BENÉT (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

YON lie the fields all golden with grain,
(Oh, come, ye Harvesters, reap!)
The dead leaves are falling with autumn's brown stain.
(Oh, come, ye Harvesters, reap!)
For soon sinks the sun to his bed in the west,
And cawing the crows fly each one to his nest;
The grain soon will wither, so harvest your best.
(Oh, come, ye Harvesters, reap!)
Swift sweep the scythes o'er the mellowing ears,
(Reap on, ye Harvesters, reap!)
And soft falls the grain like a fond mother's tears.
(Reap on, ye Harvesters, reap!)
The sun sinketh down, and the day's work is done,
And slow go the harvesters home one by one.
Night now is at hand, but the harvest 's begun.
(Reap on, ye Harvesters, reap!)

L'Envoi.

Bare lie the fields which of late shone like gold!
(Farewell, O Harvesters all!)
For the scythes were well handled with arms that were bold.
(Farewell, O Harvesters all!)
The sunset is lighting the sky with its glow,
A crow's harsh note sounds from the meadow below,
And home from their labors the harvesters go!
(Farewell, O Harvesters all!)

ETHEL AND HER KITTEN.

BY FLORENCE C. INGALLS (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ETHEL lived in the country. When her ninth birthday came round, although she had many pretty presents, she liked none so well as what her father gave her, a little Maltese kitten.

When he gave it to her he told her that if she should ever forget to give the kitten any of his meals somebody who was more careful would take care of him.

One day Ethel's brother Bob and his friend Will and Will's sister Emma and Ethel were all going to stay all day with Ethel's grandma, who lived in Boston, and they knew that they would have a grand time. When they were half-way down to the station, Ethel suddenly stopped.

"Well, what is the matter?" said Bob.

"I did n't feed my kitten," said Ethel.

"A SUMMER DAY IN THE BLACK FOREST." BY MAY GRUENING, AGE 16.

"Well, no matter now," said Emma; "there is no use crying over spilt milk, and of course you would n't go back now—you might miss the train."

"Yes, Emma Hardy; how would you like it if your mother forgot to give you your breakfast? No; I am going back and feed my kitten, even if I miss a dozen trains."

Nobody could stop her; she ran like a whirlwind toward home. She lost no time in going to the closet and getting a saucer of milk and a little meat.

Then, without a word to any one, she raced down to the station again. The train was slowly moving, but the conductor, seeing her, lifted her in his arms and put her on the platform. She quickly ran into the car, feeling very happy to think that kitty was enjoying his breakfast.

THE HARVESTERS' SONG.

(LADY OF SHALOTT.)

BY MARGUERITE STUART (AGE 13).

As the sun sinks swiftly, swiftly, from the blue September sky,
As the moon arises slowly, slowly, to the stars on high—
While the harvesters are binding, binding golden sheaves of grain,
And the swollen, sullen river breaks the stillness to complain—
Comes a voice so sad, so wistful,
Sweet, so sweet, although so low,
That they pause amid their labor,
And their upturned faces glow,
While they whisper to each other,
'Neath the white moon's silvery light,
"'T is the fairy Lady of Shalott
That sings that song to-night."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BIRD.

BY CAROL SCUDDER WILLIAMS (AGE 11).

I AM the father bird of a large family. My mate is the sweetest sparrow that ever lived, as you would all agree if you saw her. We mated early in the spring, before the time for building nests, and selected a place for our home. We went to a great many places, until finally we saw a roomy house with a large piazza, and under the eaves we found the best place for a nest that you can think of. It was large enough for a good-sized nest, and we decided to take it. We saw that there were house children in the family, and perhaps they would be kind to us. And then, the branch of a big maple-tree stretched out quite near it, and made a good place to sit and watch the babies. (Perhaps you think that father birds don't care much for their children, but they do.)

Well, we built a cunning little nest, and pretty soon we had five little speckled eggs. One day, after we had been waiting and waiting *so* long, and tending them *so* faithfully, those eggs broke, and out came five featherless, hungry little birds. Then there was great excitement below. The house children got a step-ladder, and peeped into the nest, but did not touch the birds. They were so gentle and kind, and never made a noise on the piazza, for fear of "frightening the birdies away." I have had a great deal of experience with house children, and never have seen any as kind as these were. You don't know how happy it makes us feel to know that *somebody* cares enough about us to want us. And a great many house children have thrown stones at me. It is autumn now, and time to emigrate. The babies are full grown, and fine birds they are!

"A SUMMER DAY IN MEXICO." BY ALAN SEEGER, AGE 12.

"A SUMMER NIGHT." BY HELEN DICKENSON, AGE 12.

"A SUMMER DAY IN GERMANY." BY PAUL H. PAUSNITZ, AGE 15.

WHAT KINDNESS CAN DO.

BY MEDORA STRONG (AGE 13).

THEY were handsome St. Bernard puppies when they were first bought. One was no prettier than the other, and, what is more, they were brothers. There were two of them, and one, who was afterward named "Leo," fell into the hands of a master whom he learned to love. His brother, more unfortunate, was bought by a man with a hard heart, and who named him "Rex." When asked why he bought dogs, Mr. Hunt (for that was his name) replied that he wanted company, and that was all the satisfaction his questioner could ever get.

As the weeks wore on—slowly for Rex, swiftly for

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY RUTH FELT, AGE 13.

Leo—the two dogs became strangely different. Leo was big and healthy, while his brother was thin and cowardly.

When Rex was spoken to, he would put his tail between his legs, and crouch down at the speaker's feet, looking up with the frightened eyes that betray so much of a miserable dog's life.

But Leo would raise his bushy tail and wag it all the time, looking up with those fearless brown eyes that it is always a pleasure to look into.

Yes, Rex was fast becoming a coward under the harsh words of his hard master.

Mr. Richards, the owner of Leo, feeling sorry for the once handsome brother of his own dog, bought Rex and proceeded to cure him.

By slow degrees the dog, so used to harsh treatment, gradually became his old self under the kind and steady influence of his new master.

Oh, kindness is magic, and every one has the power to use it.

HARVEST TIME.

BY LYDIA C. GIBSON (AGE 9).

THE harvest time is coming,
And now we see and hear
Flowers brightly blooming,
Bird-songs far and near.

The harvesters are gleaning
Within the field of corn,
And merrily we 're singing,
On this bright summer morn.

"ZIP'S" LETTER.

BY MARJORIE SEVERANCE (AGE 13).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am only a little dog, called "Zip," and I am writing to tell you about my mistress Laura.

She is so kind-hearted that she hates to see anything suffer, and when we go for a walk, if she sees anybody whipping a horse, she always whispers to me, "Oh, if I can't stop him, Zip, I 'll have to run away so I can't see him beat the poor thing." Then she would go and ask the driver please not to whip his horse so hard, and generally they would stop, and say, "All right, miss." But sometimes they would pay no heed, and we would run away together.

One day I saw her out in the wood-pile, and ran to her joyfully. She was rummaging around in a barrel full of tin cans, and she said laughingly, "I 'm going to make a house for the birdies, Zip." And sure enough, she had brought forth an old can that was in the shape of a little house, and she set to work with a pair of old shears and made a little door. Then she climbed up a tall pepper-tree and set the house firmly between two crotches. She was very happy after doing this, and was happier still when in a few weeks she found a nest and eggs.

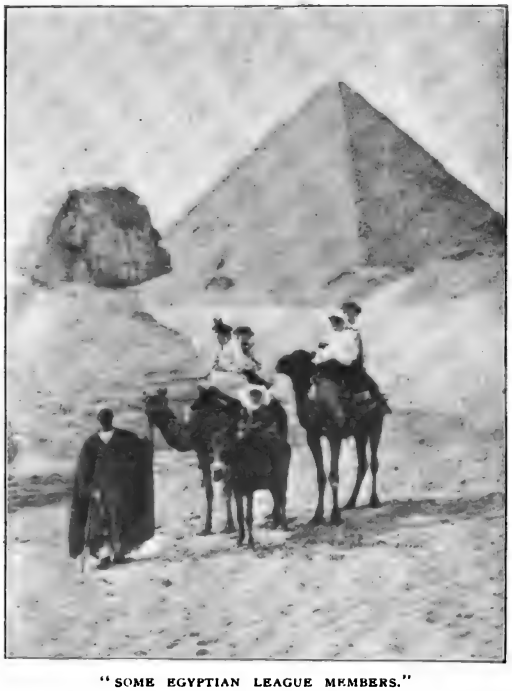
My little mistress often has a lot of boys and girls over to her house, and they talk about how to stop people from beating their horses and ill-treating their animals. They have a round blue button with a white star in the center, and the words "Band of Mercy" about it.

Would n't it be nice if the different boys and girls that live in the same city would form a "Band of Mercy" to protect poor dumb animals like myself?

Every year Laura builds little houses for the birds, and she and her friends do a lot of good in trying to stop cruelty in their little town.

Your very true little friend,
ZIP.

"JACKSONVILLE, FLA., DURING THE FIRE." BY HARRY H. BUCKMAN, JR., AGE 14.



"SOME EGYPTIAN LEAGUE MEMBERS." (THE LITTLE LANSINGS OF CAIRO.)

HARVEST TIME.

BY MURIEL COLLIS (AGE 9).

THE men were busy mowing,
The birds were in the trees,
The children laughing gaily
Were helping like busy bees,
For it was harvest time.

Sing, little children, sing;
Loud let your voices ring.
Your happiness and mirth
Will gladden all the earth,
For it is harvest time.

HORSES.

BY ELSIE FLOWER (AGE 14).

YOU can always tell what sort of a master a horse has by the horse's actions.

I go up to this black horse and try to pet him. See how he lays his ears back. He trembles and tries to bite! We know that this horse is accustomed to hard blows and loud words.

When you speak to a horse it is not right to shout;

and neither is it right to hit a horse every time you harness him.

Now look at this horse. I pet him, and he rubs his nose affectionately against my arm. Rub your hand over his back. There are no marks where the whip has cut him. His coat is smooth and glossy, betokening good care. This horse has a kind master.

Which horse would you rather have, the one that trembles and looks wild when you approach, or the one that trusts and loves you for kind treatment?

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY MONICA P. TURNER, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE DOGS OF ST. LÉGER.

BY MARGARET G. HART (AGE 13).

IN this little French village every man has his particular dog pet. All varieties of dogs abound in the streets. One that I am very fond of is a queer little white poodle. "Phino" is much loved, and no man would dare harm one hair of his small body. He comes to our door and stands gazing at us with such wistful eyes, perhaps wondering how we happen not to have a dog.

Mme. Rosa, who lives near us and owns the grocery store, delights in animals. In her barn-yard she raises chickens, guinea-pigs, rabbits, and on her cottage wall

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY ALLISON MORE, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

hang bird-cages—in one a jackdaw. Smaller cages hang above, containing a lark and canary-birds. But her chief love is "Phanore," a fine water-spaniel. Madame often brings him in the evening, and before leaving she insists upon his saying "Good evening." "Dis bon-soir aux dames," she will cry over and over again. Sometimes he gives a sharp bark, but he is always treated the same, whether he will or not.

The mayor of the town does not seem to have very much to do, and his time is generally occupied in taking his dog walking down the village street and stopping to talk with every one he meets. "Lou-Lou," not caring to wait, runs off in some other direction, and when called will *not* come. Monsieur leads a hard chase, and puts a threatening tone in his usually gentle "Plus vite." Thereupon Lou-Lou appears, and after several pettings and sweet words like "Mon mignon, mon petit," condescends to follow.

On the path to one of our favorite meadows we have to encounter three large dogs, who used to bark and growl at our heels, but now, like all the others, they smile and wag their tails as we pass by. Here in France they make playthings of their dogs. In Paris there are whole shops devoted to them: muffs, trimmings for tails, fur-topped boots, everything one can think of that could be of any ornament or comfort for them.

The French people seem very kindly, and nothing shows a person's kindness better than their treatment of animals.

THE HARVEST OF THE WEST.

BY BERTA HART NANCE (AGE 17).

(*Winner of Gold Badge in 1900.*)

WE have no fields to reap or sow;
Our land with flowers is drest;
We gather herds of cattle in—
The harvest of the West.

They come from many a distant plain,
From many a mountain lone,
The cow-boys whistling at their backs
In loud and merry tone.

Through golden dust the great red sun
Stares gravely at the scene;
The cattle's lowing shakes the earth,
Its hills and valleys green.

So, where no grain is ever sown,
And all the land has rest,
We gather herds of cattle in—
Our harvest in the West.

KIND TO ALL.

A True Story.

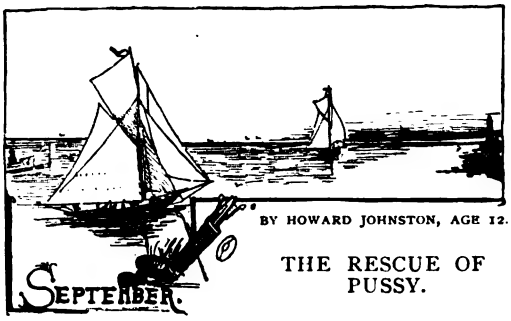
BY RICHARD M. KENDIG (AGE 9).

I HAVE a friend who has a great many pets. She has a cat, a tame white rat, and a great many birds.

If a bird is injured anywhere in the neighborhood it is sure to be brought to her, and she takes care of it. Her home is sometimes called the "Birds' Hospital." The birds fly all about the house, and "Taffy" (the cat) never attempts to injure any of them. "Billy" (the rat) knows a great many tricks.

But what makes them so tame and kind? It is because their mistress is kind to all.

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY KIRTLEY B. LEWIS, AGE 13.



BY HOWARD JOHNSTON, AGE 12.

THE RESCUE OF PUSSY.

BY DAVID MACGREGOR CHENEY (AGE 16).

IN a pine standing in a swamp is a small, cup-shaped hollow, where the ancient tree stretches a massive arm out over the earth.

The sharp barking of a dog and the loud voices of boys break roughly upon our ears. There they come, tearing through underbrush and tangled mercury-vine, straining every nerve to keep pace with their panting dog. Scarcely a foot from the cruel, gleaming teeth of the animal, a beautiful cat dashes. The pine is her only chance! A rush, on which a life depends, and kitty is seen scrambling up the ragged bark of the old pine-tree. And now she cowers in the hollow of the trunk, and safely watches every movement of the boys and dog below.

"Let 's build a fire under her!" one of the rascals exclaims.

What is that? Is it the crackle of fire? A filmy mass of gray suddenly curls upward, and a bright red glow throws a strange, flickering light over the little clearing where the pine-tree stands.

Poor pussy! Now is the most critical moment of her life; for, standing as high on his toes as he can without losing his balance, the rascal called "Chick" endeavors to knock her from her perch into the furnace of heat below! Back and forth he swings his long pole; but it is dusky up there, in spite of the firelight, and the cat escapes.

Once again voices reach our ears, and there suddenly appear on the scene a dozen or more boys returning home very late from a long ramble.

"Well," exclaims one, catching sight of the cat in the dim light, "what are you trying to do with the cat?"

"We 're goin' ter kill 'er—ain't we, Chick?"

"Yep," Chick briefly responds.

"Well, we 'll see about that," a long-legged individual in the crowd replies; and a chorus of approvals arise from his friends.

Just now two boys separate themselves from the others, and advance to the foot of the pine. One seizes the hunting-dog by the collar, the other exhibits five copper cents on the palm of his hand.

"Will you sell the cat?" he questions.

"What say, Chick?"

"Guess so!"

So the bargain is closed, the five pennies duly handed over to Chick and his companion, the dog whistled away, and pussy is saved.

THE HARVEST MOON.

BY CAROLYN PUTNAM (AGE 13).

ROUND and fair in the heavens,
Spreading her light over all,
Shines the harvest moon above us
In the pleasant early fall.

The earth seems like the fay's land,
So white and clear the light;
It does n't seem like daytime,
Yet neither like the night.

This is the time for picnics;
Jack Frost will be here soon;
So, boys and girls, enjoy yourselves
By the light of the harvest moon!

ILLUSTRATED STORY. BY JEAN OLIVE HECK (AGE 15). (*Silver Badge.*)

"I 'M sure," said the new teacher, with a smile, "that you will all try to be present on time every morning this year." And Marjorie promised with the rest not to be late once. Who would not wish to win the good will of the young schoolmistress? She seemed like a fairy who had just stepped out of a story-book to become a teacher in the country school-house.

Yet, the very next day, Marjorie was tardy. She started from home early, but when she was in sight of the school-house, she heard a sharp, pitiful bark, and stopped to find the barker.

Now, Uncle Jim called Marjorie the dog-fancier, and she certainly fancied dogs. So her eyes filled with tears when she saw a little lost dog on the railroad track. He had been struggling up the "incline" toward her; but the short legs sank deeply among the cinders which filled the hollows, and down he fell.

The poor little fellow looked tired and discouraged, and Marjorie pitied him from the bottom of her tender heart. She whistled to him softly, but, try as he might, he could not reach her. Putting down her books, she tried to pick her way down the embankment over the cinders. She reached the bottom all in a heap and rather shaken, but bravely picked up the dog and started back to the top.

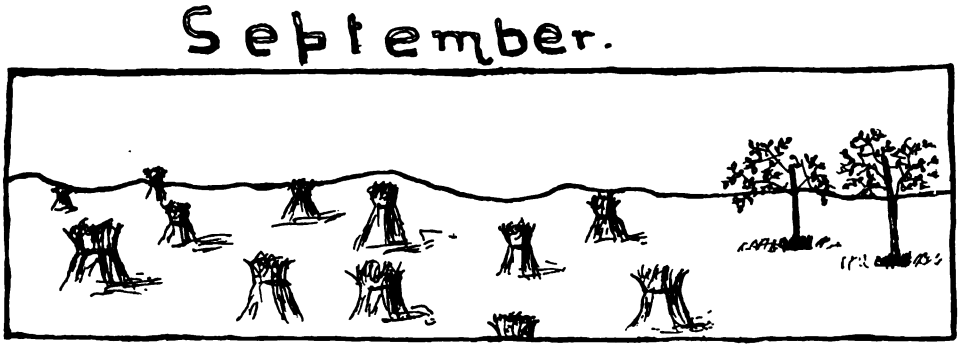
This was a hard climb for a chubby six-year-old, and Marjorie had to take it slowly. The September day was hot, and the stray dog was not the only little creature in distress that came to mama to be soothed and petted, as she sat sewing in the cool, quiet living-room. After all, as Marjorie said, the little fellow was not half as pretty as "Shepherd"; but she was n't sorry she took the trouble; no, no!

School had just begun when a freshly washed and dressed Marjorie reached the door. This is what she heard the teacher saying:

"Have any of you seen my little dog 'Dandy'? He strayed away yesterday. He 's a Dandie Dinmont, and I 'm willing to reward any—"

"Oh, Miss Elliott, he 's at our house," cried Marjorie, from the doorway. "I 'm sorry I 'm late, but I found him on the railroad track."

While Marjorie was being excused for her tardiness, the morning express whirled over the spot where she had found Dandy.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY NETTIE S. WILSON, AGE 10.

WHEN THE HARVEST TIME IS HERE.

BY RUTH B. MCKEAN (AGE 17).

WHEN the grapes are getting purple,
And the leaves are turning brown,
And the apples from the tree-tops
Are a-falling slowly down,
When the frosty nights of autumn
Loose the nuts from up on high,
When the corn is turning golden,
Then the harvest time is nigh.

HARVEST HOME.

BY DORIS WEBB (AGE 16).

Illustrated by the Author.

"AND NOW THEY TURN ALONG THE ROAD AND GAILY ONWARD COME." (SEE POEM.)

THE careful store of summer days
The earth with bounty yields,
And goldenrod, the fairies' torch,
Is glowing in the fields.

When early gentians peeping out
Reflect the heaven's dome,
Across the golden fields we hear
The cry of, "Harvest home!"

And now the farmer toiling on
His distant homestead sees,
And once again we hear them shout
Beneath the shading trees.

And now they turn along the road
And gaily onward come
To gather for the yearly feast,
The joyous harvest home.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

A GOOD many League members wish to know if pictures of wild animals in captivity will do in the wild-animal photograph competitions. No, indeed. The *object* of this competition is to encourage the freedom of wild animals, and the animal must be in its own native element. One little girl says her Catalina goat is "very wild when he gets out of his pen." No doubt he is, poor fellow. Being shut up in a pen would make 'most any of us wild.

League members whose contributions are not used sometimes send stamps later, and ask that their story, or poem, or drawing be returned. This cannot be done. Unless stamps are sent at the time, the contributions are destroyed as soon as the prize awards are decided. It would be impossible to keep them, as the quantity received is so great and our office room so limited.

Sometimes a good puzzle that might take a prize is sent without an answer. Such puzzles are destroyed at once, as the editors have no time to work out these problems. All puzzles to compete must be accompanied by a full and clear answer.

PASADENA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old, and I love you very much. I have three little brothers, Cecil, Allan, and Archibald. We were all born in China, and we had ST. NICHOLAS there. We came home on the "Rio de Janeiro," and we all liked Captain Ward very much. When the Rio sank it made us very sad to think of people that we knew being drowned. I should like to be a member of your League. I like to draw pictures.

WRECK OF THE RIO DE JANEIRO.

Sailing in one foggy morn,
The Rio struck a rock,
And loud the pilot shouted,
For he first felt the shock.

Yes, the Rio struck the rock,
And shook both spar and mast.
"Make haste," the captain shouted,
"For we are sinking fast!"

The Wildmans' boat lay broken
From the falling of a mast;
On deck few words were spoken
And every heart beat fast.

The waves rose up with sullen roar;
And never again,
As in days of yore,
Should the Rio plow the main.

WILLIAM BERGEN CHALFANT.
(Age 9.)

"THE RIO DE JANEIRO." BY WILLIAM BERGEN CHALFANT, AGE 9.

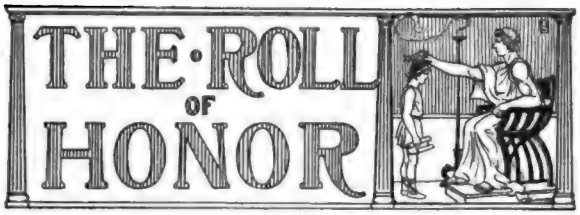
DORA CALL wants to know how the first queen was chosen.

Well, that depends. Some first queens have been chosen for their beauty, some for their goodness, and, alas! some through their wicked-

ness. There is no rule for choosing queens. We suspect that the fairies have a way all their own, and perhaps they vote with pink and white rose-petals. When Dora is a little older she will learn from history something about the choosing and making of queens, though perhaps then the subject will have lost its charm.

Florence Wilkenson wants a competition in which members select their own subjects. Quite a number have made this request lately, so this time we are going to grant it once more, and see what happens.

Other welcome and interesting letters have been received from Floyd Duvall, Ettie Steel, Ivy Walshe, Jeanette E. Perkins, Paul R. Caruthers, Gertrude Brown, Margaret E. Conklin, Peirce C. Johnson, Marguerite Wilmer, Thomas W. Saltmarsh, Irene Frederica Rau, C. Brewer Goodsell, Harry L. Howard, Grace B. Coolidge, Marion Prince, Jessie Harris, Dorothy Caldwell, Helen Ames, Mrs. A. Spaeth, Kendall Bushnell, Morrow W. Palmer, Helen Stevens, William D. Warwick, Jean Olive Heck, Eleanor Hollis Murdock, Marjorie Garrison, Laurence M. Simmonds, Matilda Klinzing, Phyllis Brooks, Lucia Koch, Ruth B. Hand, Lillian E. Wells, Elford Eddy, Alice Bacon Barnes, William Wesley Kurtz, Rose C. Huff, J. W. Swain, and Carlota Becerra.



BY FRED STEARNES, AGE 16. (WINNER OF GOLD AND CASH PRIZES.)

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found well worthy of honorable mention as well as encouragement.

PROSE.

Helen A. Monson
Carrie Bruce
William E. Pritchett
Julia W. Williamson
Ona Ringwood
Helen Van Nostrand
Winifred Dean
Elsa Hildenbrand
Blanche Baltzer
Jessie MacCurdy
Gertrude Kaufman
Alice Jane Barr
Grace R. Douglas
Nellie Carter Dodd
Helen Johns
Susie Franks Iden
Irene Powers
Nellie Stevens
Nina Starkweather
Denison H. Clift
Louise M. Haynes
Leonard Felix Fuld
Marie A. Kasten
Henrietta L. Work
Ruth M. Peters
Pearl Maynard
Marion S. Conley
Ivy Varian Walshe
Daisy Deutsch
Wynonah Brazeale
Grace Capron Johnson
Winifred F. Jones
Dorothy Mills
Bennie Butler
Theodora B. L. McCormick
David B. Van Dyck
Mary Edna Klauder
Bessie Swift
Phœbe Hunter
Helen Trom
Leotah Vince
Anna E. Holman
Newton Rosenbaum
Earl D. Van Deman
Florence Pfeifer
Carrie Harper
Edna Conway
Malcom S. Watson
Harry Uswald
Helen Gifford
Mabel B. Clark
Miriam L. Ware
Williamette Partridge
Elizabeth Chapin
Henriette Pease
Helen B. Angus
Esther Pickering
Agnes Sweet
Harriet B. Summers
Otto Freund
Bernhard B. Naumberg
Helen Arden Peabody
Winnifred Abbott
Hilda Larson
Ada Hilton Green
Mabel Stanley Bridges
Jessie N. Simon
Helen Scothan
Elisabeth Spies
Henry Goldman
Henry Sokoliansky
Alice C. Dean Thomas
Mary Ellen Derr
Walter Stahr
Bessie S. Dean
Helen Thoburn
Helene E. Dykeman
Louis J. De Pass
Gertrude R. Stein
Beatrice M. Walmsley
Eleanor Alexander

VERSE.

C. Brewer Goodsell
Florence L. Bain
Florence Fischer
Catherine Lee Carter
Grace B. Coolidge
Janet P. Dana
Katherine T. Bastedo
Alma Jean Wing
Alice Paul
Dorothea Posegate
Teresa Cohen
Elizabeth H. Sherman
Alice F. Hogeland
Ernest B. Pinkney
Adeline E. Stone
Eva B. Wood
Joseph Blechman
M. Shackleford
Stella Blount
Helen K. Stockton
Edna C. Ely
Marguerite M. Hillery
H. A. Miller, Jr.
Harriet A. Ives
Marjory Anne Harrison
Paul Shipman Andrews
Marion Prince
Edith Guggenhime
Anna H. Skelding
Virginia Underwood
Mildred M. Whitney
Esther Schmitt
Dorothy Andrews
Henry Webb Johnstone
Alberta P. Livernash
Thomas Casilear Cole
Robert W. Williams
William C. Engle
Katherine M. Schmucker
Kate Colquhoun
Mildred Elizabeth Johnston
Eva Levy
Inez Fuller
Agnes Drainsfield
Amalia E. Lautz
Harry Wood

DRAWINGS.

Howard L. Martinet
Elizabeth Otis
Edgar Pearce
Chesley K. Bonestell
Ward W. Smith
Frank A. Parker
Nancy Barnhart
Miles S. Gates
Muriel Murray
Helen Ely
Harry H. Parker
Melton R. Owen
Ruth Osgood
Louise E. Davidson
G. Michelson
Tina Gray
Madge Falcon
Edward C. Day
Alan McDonald
Clarke Barney
Henry T. Duer
Marion E. King
Harriet Stringham
Elaine Flitner
Margaret E. Conklin
Rudolf Weber
Helen Chandlee
Richard Farnsworth Hoyt
Henry C. McIlvaine, Jr.
Ora Winifred Wood
Charlotte Cook
Edward Louis Kastler
Philip Frederick
Jessie La Wall
David W. Barrow
Elizabeth Fuller
Laura Chanler
Stacy H. Wood
Richard de Charms, Jr.
Sophie Hodgkin
William Rellstab
Clara Ware
Sidney Moise
Helen E. Jacoby
Helena L. Camp
Edith C. Spofford
Robert Gastell Barton
Dimitri Romanowsky
Loulon Sloet van Oldruitenborgh
Rose Fenimore Gaynor
Raydia Squires
Theodora Kimball
H. de Veer
Jean Paul Slusser
Essa M. Starkweather
Margaret Kingman
Yvonne Jeguier
Meade Bolton
Graham C. Porter
Harvey Robinson
Pauline Croll
May Sydnor Morel
Florence E. Lahee
Nona M. Kingsbury
James C. McKell
F. W. Byrne
Oscar Iberg
Bertie Nichol
Douglass Ferry
Norman H. Shepard
Josephine Carter
Mildred Curran Smith
Florence Pearl Spaulding
Nina A. Wilkinson
Pleasaunce Baker
Joshua W. Brady
H. Livingston, Jr.
Bessie Barnes

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Sophie P. Woodman
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Constance Addington
Lilla A. Greene
Cheyney Stevens Wilson
Francis G. Fabian
George H. Plough
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Mildred S. Rives
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Louise De Vault McCormick
Rosamond Sergeant
Nana Swain
Anna Laurie McBirney
Alice Allcutt
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Horace Taylor
Conrad Lambert
Marion Faulkner
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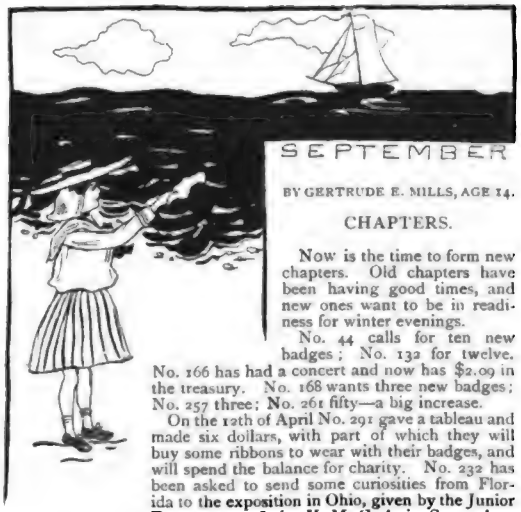
Caroline Gillis Sawyer
Edward MacDougall
Enid Maye Schreiber
Margaret Shaw
W. H. Patterson
Stanley Randall
Coleman Rogers
Leslie Leigh Ducros
Elsie Thompson McClintock
Marie Ortmayer
Frances Goldy Budd
Laurence Erickson
Ethel McFarland
Clara L. Cheesman

PUZZLES.

Helen F. Moloney
H. S. Wheeler
George Prochazka
George F. Parsons, Jr.
Alice Bushnell
Marie H. Whitman
Marie Wilmer
Omira D. Bailey
Isadore Douglas
James S. Hedges
Jennie S. Milliken
Marion Pond
Theresa G. White

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY IRENE R. TUCKER, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY GERTRUDE E. MILLS, AGE 14.

CHAPTERS.

Now is the time to form new chapters. Old chapters have been having good times, and new ones want to be in readiness for winter evenings.

No. 44 calls for ten new badges; No. 132 for twelve. No. 166 has had a concert and now has $2.09 in the treasury. No. 168 wants three new badges; No. 257 three; No. 261 fifty—a big increase.

On the 12th of April No. 291 gave a tableau and made six dollars, with part of which they will buy some ribbons to wear with their badges, and will spend the balance for charity. No. 232 has been asked to send some curiosities from Florida to the exposition in Ohio, given by the Junior Department of the Y. M. C. A. in September. No. 201 reports lots of fun at its meetings, and spends most of its time out of doors. No. 305, the Goldenrod Chapter, has two branches: one in New York City, one on Long Island. September is its favorite month, for then the goldenrod is in its glory.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 335. Marion Farnsworth, President; Mildred Coes, Secretary; seven members. Address, 14 Garfield St., North Cambridge, Mass. Meetings once a week at different members' houses. Weekly dues of two cents.

No. 336. Dorothy Harrison, President; Sara Kellogg, Secretary; four members. Address, Ridley Park, Pennsylvania.

No. 337. "Clover Naturalist Club." Miriam Swartz, President; Lilian Schurz, Secretary; sixty members. Address, Miss Fuld, 130 East 110th St., New York City. Club colors, pink and black.

No. 338. "Sunshine Chapter." Isabel Van Dyke, President; Mary Edson, Secretary; nine members. Address, Locust Grove, Md. "We are all very much interested in the chapters and think they are fine."

No. 339. "Happy Hours." Ethel Thompson, President; Bessie Bradford, Secretary; five members. Address, Britt, Ia.

No. 340. "Clover Club." Treasure Munro, President; three members. Address, 2143 Grand St., Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, O.

No. 341. "Daisy Club." Myrtle Rose, President; Matsy Wynn, Secretary; four members. Address, 506 Poplar St., Greenville, Miss.

No. 342. "Jolly Six." Ralph Stafford, President; Carrie Townsend, Secretary; six members. Address, Essex, N. Y.

No. 343. Julia Mikell, President; Clara Ware, Secretary; four members. Address, Hingham, Mass.

No. 344. "Athlete Club." Charles Church, President; Douglas Snow, Secretary; six members. Address, Hillburn, N. Y.

No. 345. "Chrysanthemum Club." Agnes Sweet, President; Nellie McKim, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 38 Tsukiji, Tokio, Japan. Will change officers every three or four months. Meet for an hour every other Saturday afternoon to read and discuss ST. NICHOLAS.

No. 346. "Onoto Yuki." Alice Richards, President; Harriete Pease, Secretary; five members. Address, The Elms, Kirkwood, Ill.

No. 347. "Twentieth Century Maids." Virginia Worthington, President; Margaret Hamilton, Secretary; eleven members. Address, 320 Lake St., Oak Park, Ill. Meetings at members' homes every other Saturday. When a ST. NICHOLAS comes "we read the League through." Then games and light refreshments. Would like to correspond with other chapters with members whose ages are from twelve to fourteen.

No. 348. "Sunshine Club." Katharine Dow, President; Helen Hastings, Secretary; nine members. Address, 347 Warren Ave. E., Detroit, Mich.

No. 349. "The Michigan." Jennie Clow, President; Alice Earnley, Secretary; seven members. Address, 696 Fourth Ave., Detroit, Mich. Meetings every two weeks, and if no business the time is spent in reading ST. NICHOLAS and playing games.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 24.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

Competition No. 24 will close September 15 (for foreign members September 20). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for December.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject to be selected by the author, and should be suited to the season.

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author, who may also select the subject, which should be suited to the season.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size or subject, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives.

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject to be selected by the artist. May be landscape or interior, with or without figures.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words expressing a Christmas offering.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 8.

A REPORT of this competition with a list of prize-winners will be found on advertising page 9.

RULES FOR ALL COMPETITIONS.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month.

Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square,
New York City.

BY EUPHAME C. MALLISON, AGE 6.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their manuscript until after the last-named date.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy of Galveston, where the terrible storm took place. I was not here when it occurred, but I want to tell you something about it.

We once had the prettiest beach and longest beach in the world, but the cruel Gulf has destroyed it. The houses and the fort that were on land are now in the Gulf. I could tell you many wonderful and sad stories, but will only tell you one in this letter. A woman had her little baby washed out of her arms; the woman took refuge in a school-house. As she was looking at the raging waves she saw a bundle of rags, as she supposed, floating by. She pulled it in, and found it was her little baby that had floated for two hours on a mattress asleep, and was not hurt.

We have been taking your magazine for twenty years, and it is my turn to read it now. I am nine years old.

Your devoted reader, ROBERT SEALY.

BOULDIN ISLAND, CAL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years of age.

ST. NICHOLAS is the nicest book I have ever read. Every spare moment I have I read your interesting stories.

I live on an island which is called Bouldin Island.

We have two immense canneries, and this island is said to have the best asparagus in the world. It is shipped all over the world. Last summer our canneries sent to the East fourteen cars of our asparagus. The cars were all trimmed with ribbons. They can one hundred thousand cases of asparagus here in one summer. There are twenty-four cans in a case.

Many thanks for ST. NICHOLAS.

Your little friend, ANNA.

RAWHENUA, BLACK BRIDGE, HUTT,
WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My godfather has sent you to me for ten years. I think your stories are splendid. We live in a valley with a river running through it. Nearly every year we have a flood and sometimes two or three. They do not come up as far as our house, but they are getting higher and higher every year. I collect stamps, and I wonder if any of your foreign readers would write and send me stamps of their countries in exchange for some of mine. My two sisters also collect, and if any one does write to me I would like them to send two or three of each kind of stamp.

Your loving reader, MARJORIE H. HUMFREY.

VILLA NOVA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One very cold night early in December the coachman in the lodge at the gate was awakened by hearing the bull-terrier dog "Bill" moaning and scratching violently at the door. Bill sleeps outside every night, but had never before been known to make a noise any louder than a gentle bark. The coachman was therefore very much frightened, and immediately got up and opened the door. To his surprise Bill would not come into the house, but ran toward the stable, looking around every now and then to see if the coachman were following him. Upon seeing that he was, Bill led him to the little field just outside the stable, where the polo-ponies had been pasturing for several days, and here, lying on the ground, with his legs tangled up in the wire fence, the coachman found one of the little polo-ponies, struggling in vain to free himself from the wire. He was taken into the stable, where his legs were rubbed and bandaged, and in three weeks they were as good as ever. Bill spent the rest of the night sleeping soundly in the kitchen, a happy dog.

Always your affectionate reader, A. L. BROWN.

Who can answer this interesting query?

WASHINGTON, D. C.

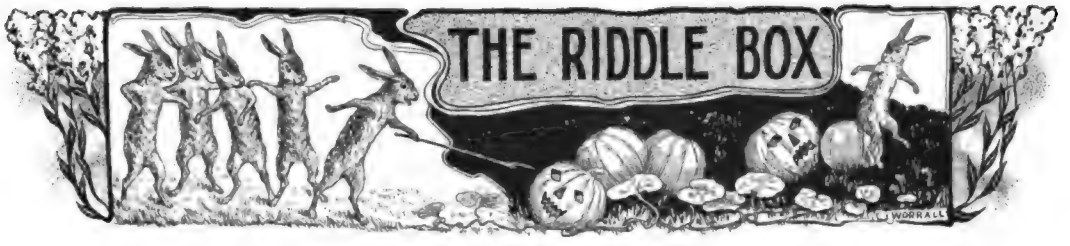
DEAR EDITOR: I am much interested (and I trust that you will be likewise) in a little paragraph which lately came to my notice. It is on page 122 of "The Annual Register, 1760; London: Printed for J. Dodsley," and refers to the destruction of Shakspere's house. I will give an extract.

"Extract of a letter from a lady on a journey, at Stratford upon Avon in Warwickshire, to her friend in Kent.

"There stood here till lately the house in which Shakespear lived, and a mulberry tree of his planting; the house was large, strong and handsome; the tree so large, that it would shade the grass-plat in your garden, which I think is more than twenty yards square, and supply the whole town with mulberries every year. As the curiosity of this house and tree brought much fame, and more company and profit to the town, a certain man, on some disgust, has pulled the house down, so as not to leave one stone upon another, and cut down the tree, and piled it as a stack of fire wood."

Does this mean that the house which we are shown now, one hundred and thirty-one years after this was written, is no more Shakspere's than any other Stratford-upon-Avon house? The writer and publisher of the foregoing letter did not seem to doubt that the demolished house was Shakspere's, and as they lived so much nearer his day than we do, it seems to me that they were fully as well (if not better) informed as to which was his house than we. I trust that you will give this a place in your Letter-box, and that it will be explained.

Your interested reader,
WILLIAM FORCE STEAD (age 16).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

A LABYRINTH OF LETTERS. By beginning at the upper left-hand letter, the following words may be spelled: ball, tennis, croquet, golf, sailing, boating, driving.

DOUBLE DOCKINGS. Tennis. 1. Re-tin-ue. 2. Cr-eden-ce. 3. Re-noun-ce. 4. Re-nova-te. 5. Un-it-ed. 6. As-so-rt.

DIAGONAL. Archery. 1. Apricot. 2. Arduous 3. Lachine. 4. Mothers. 5. Proverb. 6. Cistern. 7. Merrily.

FOUR ANAGRAMS. 1. Sainted. 2. Stained. 3. Detains. 4. Instead.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Farragut. 1. Forge. 2. Auger. 3. Razor. 4. Rifle. 5. Anvil. 6. Gavel. 7. Umber. 8. Tulip.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Marsh. 2. Agate. 3. Racer. 4. Steed. 5. Herds.

AN ARBOREAL ACROSTIC. Baseball. 1. Birch. 2. Apple. 3. Sumach. 4. Elm. 5. Butternut. 6. Ash. 7. Linden. 8. Locust.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Sad. 2. Ada. 3. Dan.

NOVEL CURTAILINGS. Outing. 1. You-th. 2. Sou-th. 3. Too-th. 4. Pi-th. 5. Mon-th. 6. Gar-th.

CHARADE. Smile-ax; smilax.

A DUMB-BELL ACROSTIC. From 1 to 2, cricket; 3 to 4, boating; 5 to 6, croquet. Left-hand triangle, error, pop. Right-hand triangle, cub, cheat.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from M. McG.— "The Thayer Co." — Elizabeth F. Wheeler — "Allil and Adi" — Courtland Kelsey — Breta Childs — Philip S. Beebe — Keys and Co.— Betty and the "Bird" — Eleanor R. McClees — P. W. White, Jr.— No name, Ridley Park — Pierre Gaillard — Ray E. Priestlay.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Gertrude G. Cheever, 2 — Ethel Luster, 3 — Daniel Milton Millet, 7 — G. and M. Faison, 2 — Fannie Murrell, 2 — Earl and Verne Covey, 6 — Eleanore Lovell, 9 — Frederika Doringh, 4 — Willie Naseth, 3 — Willie and Dotty, 7 — Thyrza B., 6 — Uncle George and Aunt Emily, 2 — Mary S. Wren, 4 — Alice Karr, 8 — Helen Webster, 2 — Helen Summy, 2 — Welles Baxter, 4 — Marguerite Fellows, 9 — Rachel Rhoades, 2 — Henry C. Berrian, 9 — Maurice S. White, 8 — Ernest Gregory, 7 — "Annabel Lee," 5 — Anita Runge, 2 — Cyril Black, 2 — Winnie Black, 4 — Helen A. Lee, 4 — Arthur H. Lord, 8 — Albert B. Crawford, 7 — Maud Borland, 6 — Grace L. Craven, 2 — Theresa G. White, 4 — Mary S. Pusey, 6 — Dorothy Winslow, 9 — Harriet Marston, 5 — Eleanor F. Murtha, 9 — Priscilla McK. Beall, 8 — Mabel, George, and Henri, 9 — Alice Newell Richmond, 7 — Peggy and Polly, 6 — Anne T. Piper, 6 — Rewey Belle Inglis, 9 — Louise Wadsworth Brown, 8 — Agnes R. Lane, 4 — Katharine M. Clement, 9 — Louise Atkinson, 9 — Sidonia Deutsch, 9 — Douglas Trowbridge, 5 — C. C. C., 9 — Alice T. Huyler, 6. (So many of our readers sent answers to only one puzzle that these cannot be acknowledged.)

NOVEL PUZZLE.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. BEHEAD an Arabian gulf, and leave a cave. 2. Curtail a fleet animal, and leave a certain river. 3. Syncopate (or take out) a letter from narratives, and leave packs away. 4. Behead a fish, and leave a defeat. 5. Behead a pronoun, and leave a common verb. 6. Syncopate a famous city, and leave a deer. 7. Curtail a European country, and leave a coin of that country. 8. Curtail a large organ, and leave to listen to. 9. Syncopate an Asiatic country, and leave a masculine nickname. 10. Behead to study, and leave a common preposition.

ZANE PYLES (League Member).

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

THREE strangers marching through the town,
With a banner very upside down
(A negro and a Japanese
And a girl named Eva Denby Dease),
Sold simon-pure new elbow-grease.

ANNA M. PRATT.

DIAGONAL.

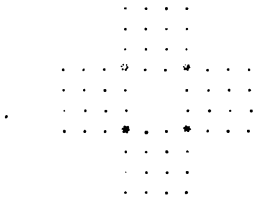
(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter, and ending at the lower right-hand letter) will spell what every one wishes to acquire.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To free from all blame. 2. Excellent. 3. The class to which lobsters and crabs belong. 4. A gender. 5. Murdered. 6. A person of no account. 7. A fossil oyster. 8. Distrust. 9. An actor of tragedy.

JANET BOYD MERRILL (League Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Warmth. 2. Therefore. 3. Periods in history. 4. To throw upward.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A common vehicle. 2. In the distance. 3. A genus of batrachians, including the common frogs. 4. A snare.

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Bushmen. 2. A title given to French priests. 3. Competent. 4. Want.

IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. An ache. 2. A piece of land containing a hundred and sixty rods. 3. The rainbow. 4. A habitation.

ROGER E. CHASE, JR. (League Member).

AN ANIMAL PUZZLE.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the animals in the accompanying picture have been guessed the initials of the eleven names will, when rightly arranged, spell the name of a famous siege which occurred a great many years ago.

Designed by ARTHUR J. WHITE.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

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1 . . 4
. * * .
. * * .
3 . . 2
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CROSS-WORDS: 1. To listen. 2. A fresh-water fish. 3. Part of an apple. 4. A division of a hospital.

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 spell the secret of success at school.

ELFORD EDDY (League Member).

THREE WORD-SQUARES.

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. . . .
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                . . . .
                . . . .
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I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. To press. 2. Uncommon. 3. Extent. 4. A repast.

II. MIDDLE SQUARE: 1. To conduct. 2. The religious book of the old Scandinavians. 3. An entrance to a mine. 4. A kind of fruit.

III. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Epochs. 2. To revolve. 3. A plant found in warm countries. 4. A winter plaything.

By taking two letters from each of the first words in the three squares and properly placing them, the name of a great ruler may be spelled. SHIPLEY W. RICKER, JR. (League Member).

ANCIENT HISTORICAL DIAGONAL.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of a summer diversion.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The first king of Rome. 2. A city of Palestine. 3. A celebrated Roman general who was put to death in Carthage. 4. An island of ancient Greece, near which a famous naval victory was gained by the Greeks. 5. A city on the Latmic Gulf, famous for its great temple. 6. Pertaining to Samnium. 7. A country of ancient Greece.

REG. CAIN-BARTELS (League Member).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-five letters and form a quotation from "The Princess."

My 33-13-29-8-22-31-5-33-16-4 is an American poet. My 1-20-27-26-11 is an English poet. My 2-32-26-24-19-6 is one of Emerson's works. My 25-21-3-17-28 is a woman mentioned in the Bible. My 14-23-18-7-34-12 is a kind of wedding. My 35-10-15-9-30 is partakes of food.

FLORENCE HOYTE (League Member).

RIDDLE.

(To be answered by a word that may be spelled in three different ways.)

1. Briefly resting in children's pockets;
2. Sweetest gift of the fields of May;
3. Though often rare, I am best when common,

And used by each person every day. ANNA M. PRATT.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals each name a word that is often heard during September.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To grieve. 2. A kind of fur. 3. A Roman Stoic philosopher who was born at Corduba. 4. Pertaining to scenery. 5. Like an oaf. 6. To observe. 7. A tar. GERTRUDE H. SCHIRMER (League Member).

A STORY IN RHYME.

(All of the omitted words rhyme.)

A STRAPPING youth (his name was ——)
Went out upon the ice to ——;
His fortunes I will now ——.
"Don't go to-day," said sister ——;
But no, the youth was ——,
And so he tempted unkind ——.
The ice was rough, and so his ——
Was speedily quite ——
With surfaces as hard as ——.
(This tale I don't ——.)
He said, "This kind of ice I ——;
I 'm sure it would ——
The mildest person in the ——."
He loosed his skates and started ——
For home at no uncertain ——;
But said, "I guess I 'd better ——
Till dark, then sneak up to the ——,
So that those silly girls can't ——."
He loitered till 't was very ——.
In fact, the clock had just struck ——,
Crept up the walk (his care was ——),
But met his father, quite ——;
Ah, then his case was ——!
I 'll not describe their ——.

M. E. FLOYD.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR!

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVIII. OCTOBER, 1901. NO. 12.

CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING.

TENTH ARTICLE: THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

STORIES OF ACCIDENTS AND ESCAPES—FAST RUNS AND FAMOUS TRIALS OF SPEED—BEATING THE RECORD—GOOD-TEMPERED AND CRANKY ENGINES—CAPTURING A LOCOMOTIVE—HOW A WOMAN SAVED A TRAIN—EVERY-DAY HEROES AND THE HABIT OF COURAGE.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

THERE is a place in New York—the very last place one would think of—where stories without end may be heard about locomotives and the men who run them. It is not a place of grime and steam, but a quiet and luxurious club spreading over the top floor of a very tall building on Forty-second Street, and here every day at luncheon-time railroad officials gather: superintendents, managers, and various heads of departments, men who may have grown prosperous and portly, but are always proud to talk about the boys at the throttle, and recall experiences of their own in certain exciting runs.

In the wide hall near the entrance of this Transportation Club is a driving-wheel, green painted, from the "De Witt Clinton," the first locomotive that drew a passenger-train in the State of New York. It is scarcely larger than a wagon-wheel, though it is of iron, and an inscription sets forth how it made the historic run from Albany to Schenectady on August 9, 1831. The walls show many pictures, famous locomotives, scenes of accidents, and there are thrilling memories here in abundance if one have with him some veteran of the road to recall them.

"It is not always the most serious accidents that frighten a man most," remarked a high official of the New York Central, one day, while the rest of us listened. "One of the worst scares I ever had was on a freight train when there really was n't anything to be scared about. We had just pulled out of Ottumwa, Iowa, one dark night, with a caboose full of passengers, when rump—ump—bang—rip! You never heard such a racket. First one end of the car was lifted up off the rails and slammed down again, and then the other end was treated the same way; up and down we went, bump, bump, bump! and smash went a window, and out went the lights. Now what do you suppose it was?—Well, it was n't anything alive, but it got us into a panic all right. We waved a lantern like fury to the engineer ahead, but it seemed an age before he

saw it, and we just bumped along, expecting every second to be split into kindling-wood.

"We stopped at last, and found it was a beer-keg—yes, sir, an empty beer-keg that had got caught under the caboose between the rear axle and the bolster of the truck and had rolled along over the ties with the car balanced on it like a man riding a rail. It was n't broken, either; no, sir, not a bit; and we had to chisel through every separate hoop before we could get it out. Talk about making things strong! That beer-keg was a wonder."

"I had a more exciting experience than that," said another official—he was in the freight-handling department. "It was a long time ago. I remember getting out at a station near Cincinnati for a hurried lunch, and before I knew it the train started. I was up by the engine, and as the drivers began to turn I jumped on the pilot. You see, I had often ridden there, being a railroad-man, and the engineer knew me.

"Everything went well for a few miles, and I sat on the bumper enjoying the rush of air, for it was a hot summer's day; but presently, as we swung around a curve, the engine gave a fearful shriek, and just ahead I saw an old white horse on the track. He seemed not to hear the whistle; at all events, he paid no attention to it until we were right on him, and then he was too dazed to do anything. I saw it was too late, and I drew my legs up off the bumper and leaned back against the end of the boiler. I must have made a picture as I crouched there. And the next second—"

"Well?" said somebody.

"Well—I think you would n't care to hear how things looked the next second. We struck the white horse, and, wonder of wonders, it did n't hurt me, but it was an awful experience. I can tell you this: I 've never ridden on the pilot of a locomotive since that day, and I never shall again."

There followed some talk about fast runs, and all agreed that for out-and-out excitement there is nothing in railroading to equal a man's sensations in one of those mad bursts of speed that are ventured upon now and then by locomotives in record-breaking trials. The heart never pounds with apprehension in a real accident as it does through imminent *fear* of an accident. And so great is the nerve-strain and brain-strain upon the men who drive our ordinary fliers that 3 hours at a stretch is as much as the stanchest engineer can endure running at 50 or 60 miles an hour. And the same is true of firemen, and, indeed, of locomotives, so that the fast mail and express service between New York and Chicago requires relays of fourteen engines and fourteen engineers and fourteen firemen for a single round trip of a single train. And many a time, it appears, when an engineer has faced the rush of one of these terrible fliers to the end of his relay, say 150 miles, you will sometimes see him climb down from the cab weak and unstrung. He has been under a tension there at the throttle like that of an athlete springing from the high trapeze, or that of a pilot as he turns his craft into some furious rapids, only *his* tension has lasted for hours. What wonder, then, that three days are counted a full week's work for the men who drive such trains as the Empire State Express! Every alternate day they *must* spend in resting, and even so it is only the flower of a company's engineers who can stand the strain at all.

"So you see," said one of the officials, "the problem of higher speeds than we have at present involves more than boiler power and strength of machinery and the swiftness of turning wheels: it involves the question of human endurance. We can build engines that will run 150 miles an hour, but where shall we find the men to drive them? Already we have nearly reached the limit of what the eyes and nerves will endure. I think we 'll have to find a new race of men to handle these 'locomotives of the future' that they talk so much about."

He went on to consider the chance of color-blindness in an engineer, and told how the men's eyes are tested at intervals by experts, who put before them skeins of various-colored yarns and make them pick out green from red, and so on. It is not pleasant to think what might happen if an engineer's eyes should suddenly fail him, and he should mistake the danger light for safety and go ahead at some critical moment instead of stopping.

After this one of the group gave his memories of the famous speed trial on the Lake Shore road, when five locomotives in relays, driven by picked men, set out to beat all records in a run of 510 miles from Chicago to Buffalo. This was in October, 1895, and I suppose such elaborate preparations for a dash over the rails were never made. All traffic was suspended for the passage of this racing special; every railroad-crossing between Chicago and Buffalo was patrolled by a section-man—that alone meant thirteen hundred guards; and every switch was spiked half an hour before the train was due. The chief officials of the Lake Shore road proposed to ride this race in person, and, if possible, smash the New York Central's then recent world's record of 63.61 miles an hour, including all stops, over the 436½ miles between New York and Buffalo. They had before them a longer run than that, and hoped to score a greater average speed per mile; but they wished to come through alive and were taking no chances.

It was half-past three in the morning, and frosty weather, when the train started from Chicago, with Mark Floyd at the throttle, and various important people, general managers, superintendents, editors, etc., on the cars behind. There were two parlor-coaches, weighing 92,500 pounds each, and a millionaire's private car, one of the finest and heaviest in the country, weighing 119,500 pounds, which made a total load, counting engine and train, of something over 200 tons.

MAKING A RECORD.

The first relay was 87 miles to Elkhart, Indiana, and the schedule they hoped to follow required that they cover this distance in 78 minutes, including nine "slow-downs." Eighty-seven miles in 78 minutes was well enough; but the superintendent of the Western Division had set his heart on doing it in 75 minutes, and had promised Mark Floyd two hundred

good cigars for every quarter of a minute he could cut under that time. But alas for human plans! Between up grades and the darkness they pulled into Elkhart at five minutes to five, 85 minutes for the 87 miles—not bad, but 7 minutes behind the schedule, and Mark had to console himself with his pipe.

ACROSS THE VIADUCT AT NIGHT.

One hundred and thirty-one seconds were lost at Elkhart in changing locomotives, and it was three minutes to five when big "599," with Dave Luce in the cab, turned her nose toward the dawning day and started for Toledo, 133 miles away. Great things were expected in this relay, for about half of it was straight as

a bird's flight and down grade too, so that hopes were high of making up lost time, especially as Luce had the reputation of stopping at nothing when it was a question of "getting there." He certainly did wonders, and 5 minutes after the start he had the train at a 62-mile gait, and 10 minutes later at a 67-mile gait. Then they struck frost on the rails and the speed dropped, while the time-takers studied their stop-watches with serious faces.

At ten minutes to six they reached Waterloo and the long straight stretch. As they whizzed past the station Dave pulled open his throttle to the last notch and yelled to his fireman. Here was where they had to *do things*. Butler was 7½ miles away, the first town in the down grade, and they made it in 6 minutes and 40 seconds—nearly 68 miles an hour. In the next 7 miles Dave pushed her up to 70 an hour, then to 72½, and then he let her out in a great burst which made the passengers sit up, and showed for several miles a top-notch rate of 87 miles an hour. Nevertheless, taking account of frost and slow-downs, they barely finished the relay on schedule time, so that for the whole run they were still 7 minutes behind time, and the schedule they had set themselves called for such tremendous speed that it seemed almost impossible to make up a single lost minute.

The third relay was 108 miles to Cleveland, and they did it in 104 minutes, including many slow-downs and a heartbreaking loss of 4 minutes when a section-hand red-flagged the train and brought it to a dead stop from a 70-mile gait because he had found a broken rail. The officials were in such a state of tension that they would almost have preferred chancing it on the rail to losing those 4 minutes. There is a point of eagerness in railroad racing where it seems nothing to risk one's life!

The train drew out of Cleveland 19 minutes behind the time they should have made for a world's record. Every man had done his best, every locomotive had worked its hardest, but fate seemed against them, and hopes of beating the Central's fast run were fading rapidly. The fourth relay was to Erie, 95½ miles, and some said that Jake Gardner with "598" might pull them out of the hole, but the others shook their heads. At any rate, Jake did better than those who had preceded him, and he danced that train along at 75, 80, 84 miles an hour, so the watches said, and averaged 67 miles an hour for the whole relay.

"It 's the kind of thing that makes you taste your heart, and packs a week into 10 minutes," said the superintendent, telling about it. "You may take *one* ride smashing around curves at 70 miles an hour, but you 'll never wish to take another."

Still, in spite of these brave efforts, they pulled out of Erie 15 minutes late, and started on the last relay with gloomy faces. It was 86 miles to Buffalo, the end of the race, and they must be there by eleven thirty-one to win, which called for an average speed of over 70 miles an hour, including slow-downs. No train in the world had ever approached such an average, and their own racing average since leaving Chicago was much below it. So what hope was there?

There was hope in a tall, sparely built man named Bill Tunkey, about whom nobody knew much except that he was a good engineer who ran a rather clumsy ten-wheel locomotive not considered very desirable in a race. All the other locomotives had been eight-wheelers. Still, the new engine had one advantage: she carried water enough in her tank for the whole run, and need not slow up to refill, as the others had done. She had another advantage: that she carried Tunkey, one of these men who rise up in sudden emergencies and *do* things, whether they are possible or not. It was not possible, everybody vowed, to reach Buffalo Creek by eleven thirty-one. "All right," said Tunkey, quietly, and then—

Within 40 rods of the start he had his engine going 30 miles an hour, and he pressed her harder and harder until 11 miles out of Erie she struck an 80-mile pace, and held it as far as Brockton, when she put forth all her strength and did a burst of 5 miles in 3½ minutes, one of these miles at the rate of 92¼ miles an hour, as the watches showed. "And I never want any more of that in mine," said the superintendent.

The next town was Dunkirk, where a local

ordinance put a 10-mile limit on the speed of trains. Tunkey smiled as they roared past the station at more than 80. A crowd lined the tracks here, for the telegraph had carried ahead the news of a hair-raising run. That crowd was only a blur to staring, frightened eyes at the car-windows. The officials were beginning to realize what kind of an engineer they had ahead this time. Whisssss! How they did run! Wahr! Wahr! barked the little bridges and were left behind! H-o-o-o! bellowed a tunnel. And rip, whrrr! as they slammed around a double-reverse curve with a vicious swing that made the bolts rattle in the last car. Men put their mouths to other men's ears and tried to say that perhaps Mr. Tunkey was getting a *little* over-zealous. Much good that did! Mr. Tunkey had the bit in his teeth now and was running the race alone.

At eleven-six they swept past Silver Creek with 29 miles to go and 25 minutes to make it in. Hurrah! They had made up time enough to save them!

At eleven-twenty they passed Lake View.

"Twelve miles more, and 11 minutes," yelled somebody, waving his hat.

"Toboggan-slide all the way," yelled somebody else. "We 'll do it easy. Hooray!"

They passed Athol Springs at eleven twenty-four, all mad with excitement. They had 7 minutes left for 8 miles, and were cheering already.

"We 'll make it with half a minute to spare," said the only man in the private car who was reasonably cool. He was 4 seconds out of the way, for they crossed the line 26 seconds before eleven thirty-one, and won the race by less than half a minute, beating the New York Central's record per mile on the whole run by the fraction of a second, and beating the whole world's record in the last relay by several minutes, the figures standing —*Tunkey's* figures—86 miles from Erie to Buffalo in 70 minutes and 46 seconds, or an average speed of 72.91 miles an hour.

"Do?" said the official. "What did we do? Why, we—we—" He paused helplessly, and then added, with a smile: "Well, if you 'll excuse the slang, we did n't do a thing to Tunkey!"

Another fine place to pick up lore of the engines and stories of the grimed men who drive them is the "Young Men's Christian Association Car," which stands near the roaring roundhouse at Mott Haven, and is not a car at all, but a dingy shed built of four cars, and serving as lunch-room, wash-room, reading-room, and sleeping-room for men of the trains. This is a homely refuge spot, where any morning we may meet veteran engineers resting after a hard night's run or making ready to go out again. Let us drop in and join one of the groups.

Here is a man telling about the mad run "Big Arthur" made the other night down from Albany. We get just the tail of the story: "So the superintendent he ripped around about how they were 27 minutes late, and Big Arthur he sat in the cab and never said a word. 'Now,' says the superintendent, rather sarcastic, 'I suppose you know this is the Empire State Express you 're running?' 'Yep,' says Big Arthur. 'Well, do you know what time she 's supposed to pull into the Grand Central?' 'Yep,' says Big Arthur again, and that 's all he did say; but, holy smoke! how they went. Had those porters on the private car scared green! A hundred miles an hour some o' the way, and they came in on time to the dot. Oh, you can't beat these new engines with the fire-box over the trailer; but say, was n't that great when Big Arthur snapped out 'Yep' to the 'old man'?"

I asked if I might see Big Arthur, and one of the engineers said he 'd be along pretty soon, and in the meantime he told me about the individuality of locomotives: how one is good-tempered and willing, while another is cranky; how the same locomotive will act differently at different times, just as people have whims, and how some locomotives are fated to ill luck, so that nobody wants to drive them.

"Take these ten new engines the company 's just put on. They 're the finest and strongest made, a whole lot better than the ones we 've thought were wonders on the Empire State. They 're beauties, and all exactly alike, measurements all the same; but every one of those ten engines has its own points, good and bad. One will go faster than another with just the same steam. One will pull a heavier load

IN THE ROUNDHOUSE AT NIGHT.

with less coal. And very likely there 'll be some kind of a hoodoo come on one of 'em. Takes time, though, to find out these things. It 's like getting acquainted with a man."

Some other men came in then, and the talk changed to accidents. I asked if an engineer plans ahead what he will do in a collision. It seemed reasonable that a man always under such menace would have settled his mind on some prospective action. But they laughed at the idea, and declared that an engineer can no more tell how he will act in an emergency than the ordinary citizen can say what he would do in a fire, or how he would meet a burglar. One

engineer would jump, another would stick to his throttle, and the chances of being killed were as good one way as the other. The only thing a man *would n't* do is reverse his engine, for that would make the driver slip and set the whole business to skating ahead instead of stopping.

The mention of a burglar led one of the new-comers to tell of William Powell's adventure with some Sing Sing convicts. Powell was the oldest engineer on the New York Central. He died a year ago, and this thing happened back in the seventies. It seems there was a trestle over the track about half a mile below the Sing Sing station, and on this trestle the convicts working in the quarry used to run little cars loaded with stone and dump them into the larger cars underneath. Of course, they worked under the surveillance of well armed guards.

On one occasion, however, four or five convicts outwitted the guards by dropping from the trestle upon the tender of a moving locomotive, and the first thing the engineer knew he was set upon by a band of desperate men, who covered him and his fireman with revolvers. At the same moment half a dozen shots rang out and bullets came crashing through the cab sides. These bullets came from the rifles of the armed guards who were firing at random after the fleeing engine. Altogether it was quite the reverse of pleasant for William Powell.

"Out you go now, quick," said the convicts to the engineer; "we 'll run this engine ourselves."

The engine was No. 105, Powell's pride and pet, and he could not bear to have unregenerate hands laid upon her, so he spoke up very politely: "Let me run her for you, gentlemen; I 'll go wherever you say."

They agreed to this, and some distance down the line left the engine and departed into the woods. "And the joke of it was," concluded the narrator, "that the revolvers those convicts had were made of wood painted black, and could n't shoot any more than the end of a broom! It was a big bluff they had played, but it worked that time all right."

"Was n't any bluff when Denny Cassin got held up at Sing Sing," said another engineer. "Convicts had revolvers all right that trip, and Denny threw up his hands same as any man would. That was twenty years ago, on engine 89. It was right at the Sing Sing station, and three of 'em jumped into the cab all of a sudden and told Denny to open her up, and he did—indeed! Then they told him to jump, and he jumped; but first he managed to fix her tank-valves so she 'd pump herself full of water and stop before she 'd gone far. That was Denny's great scheme, and he walked along, laughing to think how mad those convicts would be in a few minutes.

CONVICTS CAPTURING A MOVING LOCOMOTIVE.

"It turned out, though, that Denny spoiled a nice trap they 'd laid up at Tarrytown to

catch those fellows when they got there. You see, the telegraph operator wired up the line that a runaway locomotive was coming with three escaped convicts on her, and the train-despatcher at Tarrytown just set the switch so the locomotive would sail plump over a twelve-foot stone enbankment down into the Hudson River. That 's what would have happened to those convicts if Denny had left his tank-valves alone, but of course 89 got water-logged long before she reached Tarrytown; she just kicked out her cylinder-ends a few miles up the track and stopped. Then the convicts climbed down and skipped away. Two of 'em got caught afterward, but there was one they never caught."

Presently somebody reported that Big Arthur was out in the roundhouse getting "2994" ready to take out the Empire State. It was clear enough that Big Arthur was an important figure in the eyes of these begrimed men, and I set forth across the yards to find him. What a strange place a roundhouse is to one who approaches it unprepared, especially at night! —a place where yellow eyes glare out of deep shadows, where fire-dragons rush at you with crunchings and snortings, where the air hisses and roars! Here in this demon-menagerie I found Big Arthur, torch in hand, looking over his deep, purring locomotive against the dangers of the run. Another engineer was discussing a theory of some of the boys that a man can run his locomotive by his sense of time as well as by a watch.

"Denny Cassin says he 'd agree to take the Empire State from Albany to New York and keep her right on the dot all the way, and bring her in on the minute, just by *feeling*. What d' ye think of that?"

"That 's possible," said Big Arthur. "A man can feel how fast he 's going. He 's *got* to judge big speed by feeling, for there ain't any speed-recorder that 's much good, say above 90 miles an hour."

I had an opportunity presently to explain to Big Arthur and his friend that I would very much like to draw upon their experience for some thrilling incidents in engine-driving.

"Tell him about the time when you went in the river," suggested Big Arthur.

"That was way back in '69," said the other, "when I was firing for 'Boney' Cassin, the brother of Denny. It was in winter, a bitter cold day, and the Hudson was so gorged with ice that part of the jam was squeezed over the bank and tore away our tracks. So pretty soon, when we came along with a train of merchandise, twenty-three cars, in we went, and the old engine 'Troy' just skated ahead on her side into the river, smash through the ice, down to the bottom, and pulled thirteen cars after her.

"You could n't see a piece of that engine above water as big as your hand, and how I got out alive is more than I know. Guess I must have jumped. Anyhow, there I was on the broken floe, and I could hear the old Troy grinding away in the river, churning up water and ice like a crazy sea-serpent. She struggled for nearly a minute before her steam was cold and her strength gone. Then she lay still, dead.

"I looked around for Boney; and at first I did n't see him. I thought he 'd gone down sure, and so he had; but just as I was looking I saw a big black thing heave up through the ice and I heard a queer cry. Well, that was providential, sure! It seems the engine had ripped her cab clean off as she tore through the ice, and here was the cab coming up bottom-side first, with Boney inside hanging on to a brace and almost dead. I hauled him out, and then we scrambled ashore over the wrecked cars. They were full of flour, and the barrels were all busted, so by the time we reached the bank we looked like a twin Santa Claus made of paste, and three quarters drowned at that."

"But Boney stuck to his throttle," I remarked.

"Yes," said the other; "he stuck to his throttle. We generally do."

Here Big Arthur's fireman whispered something to him, and the engineer nodded: "That 's so; that 's a good story"; and then he told how an old lady of seventy-five saved a New York Central express some years ago at Underhill Cut, about a mile south of Garrisons.

"She 's a relative of my fireman, so I know the thing 's true; besides that, the company gave her three hundred dollars. You see, it

all happened one winter night, and this Mrs. Groves — that 's her name — was the only person near enough to do anything She lived in a little house beside the Underhill Cut, and about four o'clock in the morning she heard a fearful crash, and there was a freight-train wrecked right in the cut, and cars piled up three or four deep over the tracks! She knew the express might come along any minute, and of course it was a case of everybody killed if they ever struck that smash-up. So what does she do, this little old lady, but grab up a red petticoat and a kerosene lamp and run out as fast as she could in her bare feet, right through the snow. That 's the kind of a woman *she* was.

"Well, she went down the track until she heard the express coming, and then she took the red petticoat and held it up in front of the lamp so as to make a red light. And, what 's more, it worked. The engineer saw the danger signal, slammed on his brakes, and stopped the train a few car-lengths from the wreck — yes, sir, only a few car-lengths!"

Big Arthur nodded thoughtfully and climbed into the cab; it was time to go.

In ending this article now, and with it the present series, I venture the opinion that the men who follow these Careers of Danger and Daring, the divers, steeple-climbers, and the rest, are very little different from their fellow-men except as they have developed certain faculties by their exercise, and established in themselves the *habit* of *courage*. They were not born with any longing to do these daring acts, nor with any particular aptitude for them. They have been guided nearly always by the drift of life and by opportunities that presented. As to fear, they have the same capacity for it that we all have, and are serene in their peril only because they feel themselves (by their patience and skill) well armed against it. The steeple-climber would be afraid to go down in a diving-suit, the lion-tamer would be afraid to go up in a balloon, the pilot would be afraid to swing on the flying bars; and so on.

I will go even further and say that the average good citizen who is sound of body has as great capacity for courage as any of these men. He could develop it if he cared to; he would develop it if he had to. That is the main point, after all: these men *must* be brave, they *must* conquer their fear, and the only trouble with the average man is that nothing ever occurs to show him and those who know him what fine things he could do if the pressure were put upon him. Yet any day the test may come — pain to bear, losses to bear, bereavement to bear. And then the *great* test.

Well, perhaps these every-day heroes whose lives we have glanced at may give us a bit of their spirit for our own lives, the brave and patient spirit that will keep us unflinchingly at the hard thing (whatever it be) until we have conquered it. And perhaps we too may feel impelled to cultivate so far as we may the habit of courage. That would be a fine inspiration indeed, and I can only hope that my readers may feel it.

THE END.

A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE

By David M. Steele.

Every boy who is as "boyish" as he ought to be has had, at some time in his life, an overwhelming desire to be a locomotive engineer. The size of the engine, the speed of its course, the mystery of the signals, the lifelike motion of the iron creature, and the element of danger involved in running it—all these appeal to his imagination. They combine to persuade him that the only profession worth choosing is that of the man who sits with his hand on the throttle, his eyes fixed on the track before him, and his hair streaming to the wind, while, with coaches coming after him like riders on a bob-sled, he swings round curves and dashes down grades at fifty miles an hour.

I confess that although far past the age of a boy, I am not yet beyond the fascination of all this. That is the reason why, before starting on a trip to New York last summer, I applied to a friend of mine, an officer of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, for an "engine permit" to ride on the engine over the Western Division of the main line between Pittsburg and Altoona.

I rode on the fireman's side of the cab. From there I watched the engineer. He was a sturdy man of forty-five, with strong muscles, clear eyes, and cool nerves, who looked as if nothing ever could excite him. He attended strictly to his work, and during the first five hours of the run, that is, until we had gone through the Gallitzin Tunnel and started down the eastern slope of the mountains, he spoke only once to his fireman and not at all to me. Then, at the very time when we were running fastest, and at the point where I least expected it, he took his hand from the throttle, leaned back, and began to talk to me.

"Everything here depends, not on me, but on the men in charge of the track," he explained, when I expressed my surprise that he should appear so careless here. "I am almost helpless now if anything should be on the track—but nothing will be on the track. This section is carefully 'walked,' and the switches are in charge of 'old reliables.' We are running without steam, on block signals, and have automatic brakes. There is little for me to do except to *wait* while we drop down, down, down to the foot of the mountain.

"'Running pretty fast?' Not so fast as once." Then, prompted either by reminiscence or by that spirit of mischief which causes Arab guides to tell tales of people falling while they

lead tourists down the sides of the Pyramids, he chose that as the time and place to tell me the following story:

"It was during the first month that I was on the Pennsylvania, twenty years ago. The thing had happened before and it has happened since, but I had learned my trade on a prairie railroad, where we did not have grades, and I had never heard of such an accident.

"I was 'freighting' then. Jim Gardner was my fireman, and we two had charge of a big, old-fashioned, seventy-six-ton Mogul 'pusher.' Our business was to help freight-trains from Altoona to the top, and run back empty on the east-bound track.

"That morning we went up with a load of heavy cars, cut off at Crestline, and started to drop back. We had 'turned the Shoe' and were well out on the hill when I heard something snap. I looked down at my drivers and then across at Jim. Without looking he had known what the trouble was, and jumped. To this day I can hear his yell, 'A runaway!' as he leaped into the bushes forty feet below.

"The trouble was this: The brake was badly worn, so that one sprag pressed more tightly than the other on its tire. The undue friction heated it until it cracked. The broken piece flew into the frame and tore away the king-pin. This let the whole attachment drop to the ties and it was jerked away. The iron horse, freed from this restraining hold, sprang forward like a stallion from a broken tether, and started wildly down the mountain. Before I realized that I could do nothing, and that it was useless for me to stay, it was too late to jump. There I was, helpless and alone, in a runaway engine.

"And how that engine did run! It seemed as if the drivers were racing to catch the pilot-wheels, and neither could run fast enough to satisfy the piston-rods. They bounded on the tracks till every inch of gearing shook and rattled. The smoke-stack toppled like the head of a dizzy man, while the boiler staggered like his body about to fall. The steam-valve of the whistle was jarred open now and then, and it gave little cries of fiendish glee; while every minute we kept going faster and faster.

"We had gone perhaps a mile before I could draw my wits together sufficiently to think just what was the real danger. As I reasoned the matter out it appeared to be threefold: we would either run into something on the track; or some switchman, in order to save other trains, would open a siding and 'ditch' us; or else we would run on until the grade became so steep and the speed so great that we would fly the track.

"We passed a block-station. The operator hung far out of the window to watch us. Then I saw him turn to his instrument. He was sending the word ahead, and the track would soon be cleared. The first of the three dangers might be counted out.

"I reflected, too, that the second became less real inasmuch as he had seen *me;* for I guessed, from the astonishment he showed at seeing an engineer still riding, that I would have been expected to jump. Now I reasoned that the switchmen would be less likely to throw out the engine when warned that it carried human freight. So I counted out that possibility.

"Still we ran. We passed two more block-stations, with operators at the windows; but we went so fast I scarcely caught a glimpse of them. The trees flew away behind us as if trying to escape from something, while telegraph-poles stood so close together that they looked like upright bars across the window of the cab.

"So far we had no sharp curves, and although the road ran in and out, I could see portions of it for three miles ahead; but only portions, for sometimes it hid itself. You see how all the way down here the road is built against the side of the mountain, and that we are on the outside track. You see, too, if an engine jumped the track where it would go. Well, I was looking away off yonder when I saw an engine coming, head on, full speed up the mountain. It disappeared after a little, then came in sight a half-mile nearer. We had passed several trains, either running or standing still, on the west-bound track, but what was my horror when, on swinging into line with this, I saw that *it was on the outside track!*

"It disappeared again round a curve, and I tried to estimate the distance. It could not be

two miles off. I concluded that they had decided to wreck my engine for the safety of the road, and that to do this, another one, without an engineer, had been sent against mine, and that the two would meet and be thrown over the cliff at a point that was still out of sight.

"'I WAS HELPLESS AND ALONE IN A RUNAWAY ENGINE.'"

"What could I do? I tried to think. Once I decided to make a wild leap for my life, but when I looked down the gorge my courage failed me. I simply sat still,—dazed,—waiting for the awful crash.

"How long would it be? I waited what I thought was time enough. Nothing happened. Then I waited again. Then I caught my breath, and, when the strain became too great, I sprang to my feet and looked ahead. There *was* an engine in sight, but *it was running from me.*

"There was an engineer also, but he had come to save me, not to wreck me. He had run as near as he dared, then stopped, thrown his reverse lever, turned on full steam, and was now running backward, at almost my own rate, ahead of me. It was desperate work, but he gradually allowed my engine to catch up with his, received the shock as easily as he could, then put on his brakes and brought both under control."

That was before the days of air-brakes. "Runaways" do not occur now; but when they did, that is how they were caught—when they *were* caught. When they were not, they either wrecked themselves, or something else, or both; and for many years they were the most serious menace to railroaders on the steep grades of the Alleghanies.

THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

By William Hurd Hillyer.

There 's a light at last in the sable mist, and it hangs like a rising star
On the border-line 'twixt earth and sky, where the rails run straight and far;
And deeply sounds from hill to hill, in mighty monotone,
A distant voice—a hoarse, wild note with savage warning blown.
'T is the night express, and well 't is named, for behold! from out the night
It comes and darkly adown the rails it looms to the startled sight—
Larger, nearer, nearer yet—till at last there 's a clang and roar,
A wave of heat, and a gleam of red from a closing furnace door;
Then the crash and shriek of the rushing train—and our hearts beat fast and high
When sudden and swift through the shadowy mist the night express goes by!

TOM, JR., TOMBOY.

By Izola L. Forrester.

"I don't give a continental hang rap, of course, but it 's a shame all the same. Now, don't you dare answer back, Scot. You know as well as I do what a perfect duffer of a father I 've got. What?" And the figure sitting on the corral-fence bent forward slightly. "I ought to be proud of him? Proud just because he happens to be *Senator* Tom Crittenden? Well, I guess not. What 's the good of being a senator when he only comes back home once a year, and then don't give a continental hang rap about any of us, the ranch, or the cattle, or you or me either?"

"You said that before." Scot Crittenden's brown eyes were full of laughing, good-natured tolerance as he looked from under the brim of his gray felt hat up at the girl on the fence.

"Said what?"

"Continental hang rap."

"Well, I don't care if I did. That is n't the point at all. The point is that here are both of us, you 're going on twenty-seven and I 'm 'most seventeen, and we 're both right smart children, as old Uncle Peckham used to tell us before he went off on the range and got himself too near a steer and had to die. And here we are, buried alive up here in Big Horn Valley, on an old joke of a ranch that 's going to everlasting smash under your hands—now do keep still, Scot, and let me talk. And our own dear blessed man-parent is planted down there in Washington, clear up to his eyebrows in miserable old politics. He 's forgotten the whole thing, you and me and the ranch. He does n't write to us once in a dog's age, except to send money. Much good money is—plain, every-day money—when you 're just 'most dying to see your father, and get acquainted with him, and love him to death."

Silence for half a minute. Scot patted the sleek, russet-colored flank of the yearling beside him, a shy, wild young thing that had been gored in a herd fight up on the butte, and brought down to be tended and kept quiet for a while.

"Ain't crying, are you, Tom?" he asked finally.

"No, sirree. I 'm not a bit teary—only cross. Oh, Scot, honest and true, can't you see how it is? Can't you see what I 'm aiming at? It 's over eight years since he first started in, first sheriff, then representative, then senator. He went off and left you and Uncle Peckham to manage the ranch, and mumsie would n't leave me, so she stayed, too. And then, say, Scot,—" Tom's happy laugh rang out clearly on the still, sleepy noon air, her head thrown back, showing the round, tanned throat,—"do you remember how he came back the first year, silk hat, and a badge and a cane, and goodness knows what all? Seemed so funny to see him up there on the platform in Cheyenne, dressed to kill, and full of big flary words, talking away for dear life to the same boys who had heard him two years before in top-boots and flannel, and had sent him on East just the same."

Scot smiled, a rather bitter smile for him.

"Guess the senator has n't much use for us folks now," he said. "It 's all silk hat and cane."

"I don't believe it." The laugh was gone. Tom's face was aglow with indignant protest.

"They could n't spoil him altogether, Scot; not a man like dad! Just think how brave he was, even before he was sheriff, when he ran the old Bear Trail stage route; and afterward, don't you remember that night when they got up the big posse and went up the gulch looking for Bud Davis and the horses? Mother said it was the bullet in his shoulder from Bud's rifle that won him the vote for legislature that year. All the silk hats and canes and things in the world could n't make him anything but dad; don't you know they could n't?"

Scot left the sick yearling and came slowly toward the fence. There was a long splinter

loose on the top rail beside Tom. He broke it off and chewed it reflectively before answering, avoiding the direct, anxious gaze of her eyes.

"They say they 'll send him to Cheyenne next," he said softly. Scot was always soft spoken and gentle. Under the direction of his uncle he had run the ranch fairly well, but now not a day passed but what Tom lifted up her voice in lamentation and protest against the state of chaos into which Scot's easy-going ways had brought matters. But then, as she used to say in fine scorn, what on earth could you expect of a boy who stopped in the middle of a steer-chase to look at a sunset behind Big Horn, and drove the herd as if they were a flock of butterflies? Tom stared at him now as if she thought him off in one of his day-dreams.

"Send dad to Cheyenne?" she repeated. "Dad for—for governor?"

"That 's what they say."

"But why?"

Scot's face was non-committal.

"Girls don't know anything about that sort of thing," he returned teasingly, and Tom flushed hotly. But she was silent. Close lips and deep thought, not quick words, was her law in anger. One saved time and energy so. She waited for him to go on, but it was not until the last of the splinter had been chewed and tossed aside that he spoke:

"They say if there 's a new governor the W. & P. Company will get the reservation slice all right. That 's why the Shoshones are stirring, you know."

Tom's manner was alert and interested.

"Yes, yes; of course I know," she said quickly, eagerly; "and it 'll be the meanest, lowest piece of business if they dare to steal that land—"

"They don't just call it stealing," interrupted Scot, slowly; "but, anyway, yonder in Sundance they say if Tom Crittenden runs for governor it will mean the railway people are paying his campaign expenses. See, Tom?"

The girl was silent. Two wrinkles narrowed the space between her straight dark brows, and her lips were closed firmly. She knew well enough what Scot meant. For two terms the W. & P. had been straining every effort to win their point and build a branch line over the old stage route from Carlisle over the range. That meant the possession of the southern boundary land of the reservation, the land which the Indians had clung to so tenaciously through many a battle—not a healthy, free-handed battle like the old border ones, but a strange, silent struggle, with miles between the combatants, and the battle-field a bloodless one in far-off Washington.

The railroad had sought to impress on the ranchers along the line the advantage of probable new cities springing up, and of consequent wealth; but, somehow, its policy had failed. Whether it was a vague feeling of loyalty to the friendly tribe who had played fair with them year in, year out, or whether it was simply a disinclination to break away from the old channels and traditions, one could not say, but they had withheld their support when the W. & P. slice was made an issue at election.

All this Tom knew. Had she not sat during the long winter evenings, perched on the table beside Scot, while the cow-boys argued the matter over and over? Had she not stood up heart and soul for her old friends, and cordially hated the idea of trains whizzing over the sacred ground of the range? Why could n't they stay south, with their old rails and branch roads and things, and leave the dear old trail leading on through valley and gulch as it always had? And now—

"Scot, it 's because they know dad 'll win, even if he stands for a Mormon settlement here in Crook County!" she exclaimed at last. "Won't Governor Bradley go against the Indians?" She caught her breath quickly as she waited for an answer.

"No. And then, you know, it 's all his party in Washington now. He could fix the reservation claim, they say."

"But of course he won't!" cried Tom, her head held high, her honest eyes full of righteous indignation. "Scot, he would never do that!"

Scot sighed, and pulled his hat further over his eyes to shield them from the noonday sun. Before him the valley sloped easily from the golden-bedded shallows of the river to the low butte-land ridges, fringed with pines here and there, the outposts and pickets of the splendid

hosts on the distant mountain-sides. How he loved every glittering, snowy crest, every dim ravine and cleft mountain gully! His eyes were half closed, and his tone speculative:

"It would be a mighty nice thing for dad to be governor of Wyoming; and the Shoshones could move farther on."

"They 're always moving on!" burst forth Tom, passionately. "And they 're all right, if you leave them alone."

"So 's a rattlesnake."

"Well, they 've never hurt us, and if it had n't been for them that winter in '97, I 'd like to know where the herds would have been? Oh, Scot, you can talk and talk until round-up time, and it won't do a bit of good! It 's all a mixed up mess, and I don't believe—"

"Mighty nice thing to be governor."

But Tom did not notice him. All at once a new light came in her eyes. The compression of her lips relaxed, and she whistled softly.

"I would n't bother my head over it," called Scot, as he turned away and walked down toward the sheds. "He won't come back."

And Tom looked after him in silence, then swung herself to the ground and started on a run toward the long, low house east of the corral. The light of battle was in her eyes.

"'THEY COULD N'T SPOIL HIM ALTOGETHER, SCOT; NOT A MAN LIKE DAD!' SAID SHE."

The doors of Senator Crittenden's suite were closed. There was audible a hum of voices in conference, and the senator's orders were, "No admittance."

The new bell-boy told the red-haired one, as they hurried down the broad corridor with

cigars, that he bet there were high goings on in there; and the old-timer, who had seen senators come and go for several years, scorned to reply. How was a kid like that, fresh from Jersey, to know what marvelous state affairs were shaped and had their source in those suites?

The senator was troubled. He sat beside his broad mahogany desk, his keen, kindly gray eyes watching the faces about him, laughing now and then at some political quip or jest, but joining little in the conversation.

"Bradley is down, in any event," a stout, military-looking man was saying who sat next to the senator. "The Routledge Bill killed him. And there 's not a man they can put up who would stand against you, Tom. Hexton, the second vice-president, says the road will pay any—"

"You 're too sure of the ranchers falling in line, and you don't know how largely the boys control the small-town sentiment," the senator said quietly, as he flecked a speck of white cigar-ash from his sleeve.

"They need not know of this affair. It goes no farther than here."

Crittenden laughed.

"Colonel, you are a clever old campaigner, but you don't know the Wyoming cow-boy. The W. & P. slice is an old story up there, and they know that the man who is elected for governor on our ticket has been looked after by Hexton. It is a tricky thing. Frankly, I don't like to be mixed up in it."

"It is only a side issue," protested the colonel, "dropped in a month once you 're elected, and only affects Crook County."

"Yes," responded the senator, slowly; "but my home is in Crook County. I don't like to go back on my own."

"Getting a trifle sentimental after all these years, are n't you?" sneered the other. "Case of distance lending enchantment? You are not the same man who came down here eight years ago, Crittenden. Maybe ranch-life would n't exactly agree with you again."

There was an uneasy movement in the group about the desk, and some glanced at the senator to see whether the shaft of sarcasm had disturbed him. He was idly marking the broad desk-blotter with a blue pencil, but there was a distinctly annoyed and perplexed look on his face. Finally, as the silence grew awkward, he took the cigar from his mouth and rose.

"Gentlemen—"

"Please, sir." It was the new bell-boy's head stuck in the doorway.

"Go away," called the colonel, in a deep, threatening tone; but the boy never quailed.

"There 's some one wants to see the senator."

"Get out, and shut that door!" commanded Crittenden, sternly. But all at once the door swung wide open; the bell-boy was brushed carelessly to one side by a strong young arm, and an apparition stood in his place.

"It 's only me, dad," said Tom's clear voice. "Can't I come in?"

The blue pencil dropped from the senator's fingers, and he stared at the stranger in open-eyed astonishment. But Tom was not at all abashed at the fire of masculine scrutiny turned on her. She started to cross the room, but the senator recovered himself and met her half-way.

"Gentlemen," he said with dignity, facing his colleagues with Tom's hand on his arm, "my daughter, Miss Tom Crittenden, from Wyoming—'Tom, Jr.,' they call her in Crook County. We will call our little conference at an end."

"I 'm so sorry to have disturbed you all," said Tom, in her breezy, frank way. "But when you 've come all the way from Sundance to see your very own father, why, you just can't wait a minute, you know!"

And even the colonel smiled and bowed as he passed out with the others. There were some points of sentiment that eclipsed even the W. &. P. issue for the moment.

The door closed on the last figure, and Tom faced the senator joyously.

"You dear!" she exclaimed. "Is n't it a surprise? Have n't I grown? Are n't you awfully glad to see me?"

"Why—why, certainly," returned the senator, vaguely, returning her hearty embrace in a perfunctory manner. "You see, it has been so long, I did not quite realize what you would look like. In fact, I hardly—"

He paused, avoiding the direct gaze of her eyes, and sank into his arm-chair, while Tom laid aside her white sailor-hat and jacket, and made herself at home.

"There!" she exclaimed, with a sigh of relief,

as she carelessly pushed back a pile of documents on the desk and seated herself in their place; "now I can talk to you. Only—"

There was a moment's hesitation, and she glanced about the rich apartment dubiously.

"SHE TOOK THE BLUE PENCIL AND RECKLESSLY MARKED A CHART OUT ON THE BLOTTER."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Only I 'm 'most starved. Do you ever eat in Washington?"

"At times." The senator rose and pressed the electric button. After the bell-boy had appeared, and an order had been given, he returned to his old place. The wrinkles of perplexity had not left his forehead. The sudden descent of this tall, stalwart young person from the far West into his political life was disconcerting, to say the least; and yet he was conscious of a strong, loving pride as he gazed up into the sweet, bright face with its coat of tan and flushed cheeks. She was not stylishly dressed, he noticed. The fashionable canons of Crook County were not those of the capital.

Senator Crittenden's daughter should make a different appearance, he mentally decided; and then he became aware that she was talking, and he forgot her dress.

"And, anyway, the ranch is just going to smash. Scot 's nice and good, but he does n't know how to manage things any more than a two-year-old. And even Uncle Peckham did n't do things the way you used to. Why, you know the old Texas herd? Well, they took it off the old upper buttes beyond Wolf Head Rock, you know, and swung it 'way down by the turn of the creek, right where the floods sweep up first thing in spring. You know, dad, how that jut of land comes out—this way."

She took the blue pencil and recklessly marked a chart out on the blotter. The senator bent forward until his curly iron-gray hair touched the brown curls, and as he heard the old familiar names, with their hosts of associations, something stirred to life within him—something that had lain dormant and listless for years.

Tom rattled on, telling of the disasters which Scot's heedlessness had brought upon the ranch, telling all the cow-boy gossip that lay at her tongue's end. It seemed as if she had brought a whiff of the mountain breezes with her, and the senator's head was held high, and one foot tapped the floor restlessly, as the old longing swept over him to be home, to be free, to be king in his own domain, caring for no man's fear or favor, asking patronage of none. To be in the saddle again, not for a ride down Massachusetts Avenue, but on one of those glorious, helter-skelter whirls in God's free country, with the grandeur of plain and hill around, and the sweet, pure air in one's nostrils.

"And that is why I came," went on Tom, adding truthfully, "at least, nearly why. It 's time you came back to us, dad. You 've had lots of fun down here, but it all does n't amount to a row of crooked pins, really,—I mean the fuss and fight for nothing except to push ahead of the next one to you. And there 's the W. & P. slice, too. Dad," she raised a warning finger, "you can't be governor forever; and some day, when you 're old and worn out, and nobody wants you round except us home folks, and you want to come back, every one will remember how you beat the reservation and went against your own, and they 'll hate and despise you. They 'll do that now, if you run. Do you know what they say about you in Sundance?" She was on the floor now, arms akimbo, eyes flashing. The senator's head was bowed. "They say you 're going to be bribed to push the W. & P. slice through. Oh, dad, dad, come on home with me, won't you? Just think how proud they all were of you when they sent you down here because you were the bravest, truest man in the whole county. Scot says it 's all silk hat and cane now. It is *not!*—is it, dad? Don't you ever feel as though you would like to be back to the buckskin? Are you tired of it all and of us? Oh, and, dear,"—she knelt beside the chair and laid her cheek against his coat-sleeve,—"there 's mumsie. She has n't been real well this spring, and she 's getting old, and—and—oh, come on home with me. I never told any one I was coming; just took the money you put in the bank at Sundance for me, and came. Are n't you glad one bit?"

There was no sign from the bowed head, and at last the senator rose, and paced the room to and fro, while Tom sat on the floor and watched him in silence. She felt that she had said all she could to further her cause, but as she watched the frowning brow and close lips, it seemed a hopeless one.

And the senator was undecided. On one hand lay the goal for which he had worked and longed for years. To be the official head of the dearest spot on earth to him, to feel that he bore the fullest trust his people could give him, and to strive to bear it worthily—it had been his ambition even back in the old days when he stood only for Crook County in the legislature. But since that first term in Washington, some of the old high ideals and standards, that had been so easy to stand by in Crook County, had gradually slipped away from him. He had found that the inner machinery of politics was not a thing fashioned for ideality, had become accustomed to the little petty shadows of its dealings, until the W. & P. question had not seemed so terrible a thing in his eyes, merely a necessary evil. If he did not support it another man would.

But it was not easy to consider his position so with those gray eyes watching him gravely, and somehow Tom's words had seemed to change the entire aspect of things. He sighed uneasily, and Tom sighed, too. She wondered whether he would send her right back home to-morrow—alone.

A knock came at the door, and the senator received a telegram from the colonel. As he read it he flushed hotly, and in a moment had scrawled across the back his answer:

Have decided not to run. Am going West.
CRITTENDEN.

The colonel's threat turned the balance.

"Tom," said the senator, when the message had gone, and he turned, holding out his arms to the forlorn figure on the floor beside his chair, "Tom, Jr., you 're a brick! We 'll shake the dust of Washington off our heels, girlie, and go back to the ranch to-morrow, if you say so. And if there is n't any other way, why, we 'll give the W. & P. a right of way through our own place to save the reservation slice."

"You dear!" cried Tom, ecstatically, as she flung her arms around his neck and gave him a royal bear-hug. "I 'm so proud of you. If you only knew how afraid—"

She was interrupted by the coming of her impromptu lunch. When it had been placed on a table between them, and she had delved successfully into the mysteries of deviled crab, a sudden idea occurred to her.

"Did those gentlemen want anything important of you, dad?"

Tom Crittenden's eyes twinkled. He had forgotten the State committee and their errand now.

"No, girlie," he answered quickly. "Nothing of importance—to a rancher."

And Tom joined in his laugh, and went on chatting happily of how the little black mustang had gone over Wolf Head in a snow-storm, and of other things most important—to a rancher.

A PRODIGY.

By E. L. SYLVESTER.

I 've a clever little friend
I would like to recommend,
In case you need a picture
of your dog, or cow, or cat;
Or a drawing of a house,
Of a lion, or a mouse,
Or a portrait of a lady in
her new spring hat.

Almost anything you will
She 'll draw with patient skill,
From a ship upon the ocean
to a bear with awful claws.
And when her work you see
I 'm sure you must agree
It really is remarkable the
way my artist draws.

"'GOOD-BY, BEN,' AND MARSHALL CLAMBERED OUT." (SEE PAGE 1085.)

THE JUNIOR CUP—AFTERWARD.

(In Six Chapters.)

By Allen French.

Chapter V.

That evening, after supper, Marshall sought Chester and found him walking by himself. "Chester," he said, "I want to thank you for what you did this afternoon."

It was Chester's turn to receive the approach with coldness. He had been struggling with himself, remembering his promise to Mrs. Moore. Was Marshall now not going to admit his breach of the rules?

"Is that all?" Chester asked.

"What else should I say?" inquired Marshall, in surprise at Chester's question.

"I found you drinking whisky," answered Chester.

"No!" cried the other. He turned white as he saw the situation. For the second time he found himself where he could not clear his name except by accusing Ben.

"Had n't you been drinking?" asked Chester.

"No; and I was n't going to."

"Very well." Chester felt disappointment deeper still. The fault was bad; the denial worse.

"You don't believe me?" asked Marshall.

"If you say so, I am bound to believe you."

A group of boys came to interrupt. Marshall went to his room, almost sick. Chester, as he went with the others, felt no better.

Marshall saw that he was in a hopeless tangle. When next he took his place at the training-table, where Chester sat at the head, he believed that the other thought he had no right there. He could not see how Chester could think anything else. When he went out to practise the question came to him, "How many of the others has Chester told?" Rawson, of course. Marshall was afraid to go near him. In his room, his trouble came between him and his books, and he could not drive it away. Days long this lasted; this was no matter that would wear off in time. He brooded over it, kept to himself, exercised less, ate less, and studied harder. To this there could be but one result. He fell off in his practice, his pitching became poorer, and by his mistakes the school lost the next game that was played.

Chester watched Marshall. He had his own natural explanation of what was going on in the other's mind. What could trouble him but a bad conscience? One thing, however, he did, which Marshall never expected: namely, he kept to himself the occurrence at the mill. The hints which Marshall supposed his comrades dropped of it were accidental; the meaning glances he believed he intercepted were harmless. Yet they were as hard for him as if Chester had not refrained from telling his thoughts even to Rawson.

As captain and catcher, however, Chester could not ignore Marshall's falling off. Perceiving that Marshall was actually growing thinner with his brooding, he knew that he would best prepare Jack Bray for the place, in case Marshall should give out altogether.

This at least was seen by the boys, and discussed freely. Finally Jeremy went to Marshall. "Look here," he said. "This does n't go. You 'll lose your place on the nine. Do you know that Chester is coaching up Jack Bray?"

"I know," said Marshall, gloomily. "Let Jack have the place."

As if matters had to be worse before they could be better, now entered Ben more deeply into the piece. With patience which he would never apply to his studies, Ben still kept, like an Indian, on the trail of Marshall's secret. Marshall one day innocently encouraged him to fresh endeavors. "Chester," he said, opening the subject voluntarily, "is n't so hard on me as he might be." Thinking how much Chester might have done against him, he meant what he said.

Ben saw his chance. "Indeed?" he remarked. "Even though he has told the school all about the Cup?"

Marshall answered, "Yes, even then."

"But what," asked Ben, slyly, "if I should say that he has told Mr. Holmes?"

"Mr. Holmes," replied Marshall, calmly, "saw it all as it happened."

"Oh!" said Ben, blankly.

"Look here," cried Marshall, with a sudden suspicion, "none of the boys have ever spoken to me of this but you. Have you been making it all up, Ben?"

Ben, flurried by the attack, sparred for time. "I?" he inquired, needing no art to appear astonished. "I?"

"Yes, you," insisted Marshall.

"Let me ask you this," returned Ben, with the simplest and usually the neatest way of turning a subject. "Don't you suppose Chester has been telling Mr. Holmes other things besides? About the cigarettes?"

"No!" exclaimed Marshall, "he would n't be so mean."

"Well," answered Ben, "some day I 'll prove it to you." And glad to effect his escape, he marched out of the room. He went to the reading-room, and fell into talk with Mr. Hunnewell, his indulgent teacher. While they sat together a boy came with a handful of notices, and handed Mr. Hunnewell one. "From Mr. Holmes," he said, and went away.

Mr. Hunnewell, after reading the note, held it so that Ben could almost read the words. "Would n't you like to see?" he asked.

"Oh, let me!" begged Ben. Something new was better to Ben than a week's allowance.

"It 's only a notice," said Mr. Hunnewell, unwilling to tease Ben long, "to call a meeting of the masters for to-morrow morning. It 's customary, you know, before the game."

"Why?" asked Ben.

"We give our consent for the members of our classes to play on the nine. It 's usually merely formal, but no idle boy can have the privilege."

"But I see Marshall's name there. 'Especially Marshall Moore,' it says. Why is that?"

"That," explained Mr. Hunnewell, regretting that Ben had managed to see, "is because Marshall has seemed so tired lately. It 's his physical condition, in this case. You don't realize, Ben, how closely Mr. Holmes watches the boys. Well, I must go to my room."

"But it says next," persisted Ben, "'A case for expulsion.' What 's that?"

"That 's in the lower class," replied Mr. Hunnewell. "Good-by."

He rose and went away. Ben presently wandered into the corridor. He had not gone far when he saw, lying on the floor, a paper which he recognized as one of the notices which were being distributed to the masters. He picked it up, read it again, began to smile, and then started for his room. With this he could tease Marshall. He found his room-mate studying, and handed him the paper. "There!" he said. "If you don't believe that Chester tells about you, read that. Why else should you be expelled?"

"Expelled!" cried Marshall.

"Read that!" repeated Ben.

Marshall read:

Meeting of masters to-morrow morning at 8.30, to grant permission to members of nine to play in the match game. Especially Marshall Moore. A case for expulsion. Various minor matters. J. R. Holmes.

"If Chester has n't told about the cigarettes and the whisky," asked Ben, "why should they want to expel you?" He saw that Marshall had grown pale, and knew that he accepted the idea that the expulsion was aimed at him.

The blow at Marshall's composure was hard and shrewd. A friend had suddenly fallen away from him: Mr. Holmes had given him up. But no one could have read in Marshall's face a sign of the pain he felt. His features became firmer, that was all, as he reminded himself of his resolution to stay in the school so long as he had a friend there. He looked up from his study of the paper. "Ben," he asked, "you 're my friend still, are n't you?"

"Oh, yes," cried Ben, surprised.

"Take that back," said Marshall, giving him the paper. "Take it away."

Ben's effort had entirely failed. "But, Marshall," he stammered, "won't you tell me about that trouble between you and Chester—your side of it, I mean?"

"Not now," answered Marshall, gently. "Some day, perhaps. Go quickly, Ben." And Ben, ashamed to acknowledge what he had done, went and returned the paper to the boy, now unhappily searching for it.

Before he could go back, the bell resounded in the corridors, calling the classes to their last lessons of the day. Ben and Marshall saw each other next in the class for mathematics, and received the always unwelcome news that there was to be an examination. Paper was handed round, questions were written upon the board, and the boys were presently hard at work. In the room, for a long while, there was to be heard nothing but the scratching of pens and the shuffling of shoes. But toward the end of the hour the master descended upon Ben. "I 'll relieve you of this," he said. There was a stir in the class as the boys saw him pick up from the floor near Ben's desk a folded paper, the familiar school-room note. At the end of the hour reluctant Ben carried the note, within another note, to Mr. Holmes.

Mr. Holmes, seated in his study, read them both, and his countenance grew grave. "Shut the door, Ben," he said. Ben, sullen-faced and dejected, obeyed. "Ben," began Mr. Holmes, "you understand that Mr. Gillett accuses you of cheating in examination?"

"I did n't do it, sir," said Ben.

"The note reads: 'What 's the answer to the third question?' Did you not write it?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know who did?"

"I can't tell you, sir."

"I did n't ask you to tell me," answered Mr. Holmes. "But you say that you did not write the note, and are unwilling to tell who did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well done, Ben," commented Mr.

Holmes, in a tone that made Ben uneasy. He had chosen his ground well; he believed that he could not be reached; but as Mr. Holmes sat and studied the note he felt that more was to come. The gravity of the head-master's face, his lengthened silence, portended a good deal. But Ben waited until Mr. Holmes spoke.

"I am not a handwriting expert," began Mr. Holmes. "Besides, this scrawl is like any other boy's scrawl. Your stand is very clever, Ben. You defend yourself; you shield the rest of the class. And yet," Mr. Holmes's voice was very quiet and gentle, "for the first time in my experience I find it necessary to tell a boy that I don't believe him. Partly for this reason: no boy would ask you the answer to any question in mathematics; but partly, Ben, from what I know of your character. Do you still say that you did not write this?"

"I do, sir," muttered Ben.

"Then," said Mr. Holmes, rising, "I am going to submit this question to your classmates. You have put it out of my power to judge you myself."

Ben saw that the tables were turned. He had a wild desire to cry out as Mr. Holmes opened the door. But it was too late. Mr. Holmes stopped a boy that was passing, and sent him to summon the second class in mathematics. Again Ben sat in silence, while the boys assembled in the room. Rawson, Marshall, Chester, Jack Bray, and all the rest were presently together.

"Boys," said Mr. Holmes, "Ben has denied that he wrote this note, which was found near his desk in the examination. That leaves an accusation upon the class in general, a matter in which I feel that I would best not interfere. I am going to leave you alone with Ben. You can look into the question yourselves; you can report to me what you decide, and suggest to me, if you come to any conclusion, the punishment you think proper. I shall be in the next room."

He went out and closed the door behind him. The boys in silence looked at Ben, and he, stealing glances at them, saw on their faces strong indignation. He remained seated till one of them should speak. All, after a while, looked at Chester to take the matter up; but he, as Ben was Marshall's room-mate, signaled to Jack Bray. Jack therefore spoke.

"We won't ask Ben," he said, "to say anything about the note. Mr. Holmes told us what he said; if Ben has told a lie, he need n't tell it again. It comes to a matter of truth between Ben and us. If any boy here wrote the note, let him say so."

There was silence.

"Ben," began Jack, again, "says he did n't write the note. I say I did n't write it."

"I did n't write it," said Rawson.

"I did n't write it," said Chester.

So said the other boys, one after another, till the turn was Marshall's. He, with a glance of pity at Ben, finished the circle: "I did n't write it."

There was another silence, while the boys waited for a word from Ben. But they waited in vain. "Some one call Mr. Holmes," said Jack, at last.

Mr. Holmes came in, and looked from one to another of the boys. "Well?" he asked.

"We can find out nothing, sir," reported Jack.

Mr. Holmes sat down. On his forehead was a frown of pain, and his voice, when he spoke, expressed the deepest disappointment. "Very well, boys," he said. "I shall consider the matter for another twenty-four hours. You may go."

One by one the boys filed out, Ben last of all. Taking heart, he plucked Jack's sleeve.

"Jack—"

"Don't speak to me, Ben," said Jack.

"Oh, I say!" protested Ben. He turned to another boy, forcing a smile. "Charlie—"

"Don't speak to me," said the other boy. With the others he walked on, but Ben stopped short.

The weight of his punishment came down upon him suddenly. Nothing could have more completely expressed the boys' complete confidence in one another, their absolute disbelief in him. They walked along together, and Ben turned away by himself.

He wandered miserably about alone. He began to perceive where too great cleverness could lead him. He saw that to be a good companion, a witty writer, a merry singer, were

nothing to the fact that his word could not be trusted. Going back again to the school, he saw that his classmates, espying him, went away before he could come near. He answered the bell for supper, but could scarcely eat. After supper Ben noticed that the members of his class went together, as by agreement, to one of the empty class-rooms, and shut themselves in.

Curiosity and fear together drew Ben to that door. He hung about, but dared not enter, or even to go close. What were the boys planning? He went away, but was drawn back again irresistibly. At last, gathering courage, he opened the door and went in.

"Here he is now," said some one. Ben winced.

The boys had been sitting together, talking quietly. Now they rose, and the face of every boy was serious. Ben stood before a company of judges, and as a trembling came over him, Jack Bray spoke.

"Ben," he said, "I guess you know what we 're thinking. We think we know who wrote that note. The class is disgraced, Ben, unless *some one* owns up." Jack laid much stress upon the *some one*. "And I think the school will feel itself disgraced, too, when it knows. No boy has ever yet lied to a master here."

He paused a moment, and shrinking Ben saw from his face that something more was to come.

"The school does n't know yet," went on Jack; "but it has got to know, and we have decided to tell all the boys to-morrow at twelve. If before then *some one* does n't own up, we have promised one another not to speak to *you* until *some one* confesses. Marshall has asked to be allowed to speak with you, and we 've granted it. None of the rest of us will. And what we do, I think the school—"

The school would do as well! Ben knew it, and he quailed. No more dreadful punishment could be devised than to cut him off from speech. To avoid that punishment, to shift the disgrace, he had only one frightened thought: to put the blame upon some one else.

"I 'll tell you now who wrote the note," he cried. "It was the boy who sat behind me!"

The boys looked at one another. Presently Marshall spoke: "I sat behind you."

"Then you did it," accused Ben. "You know you did it." He forgot the many weeks of companionship with Marshall, forgot all but the surest way to get further evidence against him and in favor of himself. Believing firmly that Chester would seize the opportunity to injure Marshall, Ben cried: "Chester saw you do it."

Marshall, his head bent forward, during the accusation watched Ben's face with gleaming eyes. Since the afternoon he had carried about with him the thought that expulsion was hanging over him, the belief that Chester had told to the masters tales about him. He had trusted in Ben as his last friend in the school. Now he saw that last friend turn against him. Too long tortured by Ben's insinuations, too confused by this attack to think clearly, anger and despair crowded together in his breast. While the boys stood astonished, he turned to Chester.

"Speak up, Chester," he said. "Tell the boys that I 'm not to be trusted. Tell them more. Tell them that I smoke tobacco. Tell them I drink whisky. Tell them that you saw me write the note."

"Marshall!" cried Chester.

"Won't you tell them?" asked Marshall, bitterly. "Do you prefer to speak behind my back? Well, then, I 'll go. Tell the boys when I 'm gone."

He turned and went away, leaving behind him a breathless group. He went to his room and sat there. All was a whirl in his brain, a black confusion. His last dependence was gone. Ben's desertion left him utterly amazed, and almost prostrate. Marshall sat while the boys in the corridors, warned by the bell, went to their rooms. Last of all, like a whipped dog, Ben slunk into the room.

"Ben," said Marshall, quietly, "I saw you write the note."

Ben burst into passionate sobbing. He implored forgiveness. "I forgive you," answered Marshall, with a lifeless calm. Ben could not get him to say more. They remained so, Marshall and the boy who had so terribly injured him, until the last bell rang. Then they went to bed in silence.

In the first daylight Marshall rose, dressed

himself completely, gathered a few things together, and put them into a bag.

"What are you going to do?" cried Ben, who had waked and watched him.

"Ben," replied Marshall, "I am going away. I 've failed in everything here. Chester is against me; it is n't like him, but he 's been telling tales. Mr. Holmes must be against me, as he 's considering expelling me. Chester believes he found me drinking whisky in the mill; that 's enough to expel any boy. It was your whisky, Ben. I have done nothing wrong; I will not wait for the disgrace."

Ben could only gasp and sob. Marshall knotted a fish-line to his bag; opened the window, and lowered the bag to the ground. Then he turned to Ben. "Ben, good-by."

"Marshall," cried Ben, struggling with the remnants of his wretched pride, "wait; I—"

"It 's after five, Ben," said Marshall. "I must be going. Good-by, Ben." He would not stay to hear further words, but clambered out upon the gutter. Then, as on the first night of his stay at the school, he climbed down the spout to the ground.

Chapter VI.

Marshall took one look at the long school building, and then began to walk away.

Behind him Ben—as Marshall had done that year, as Chester had done two years before, as every boy sooner or later must do—fought with himself. He saw himself for what he was, saw all the harm he had done, and was ashamed. But he perceived, as well, that there was yet time to remedy the evil, and with every moment precious, Ben did not struggle long. The good in him conquered. He dressed quickly, and, half sobbing, ran to Chester's room.

Chester and Rawson were already awake, discussing the events of yesterday. While they listened in complete surprise, Ben told them everything: his unlucky guess on the first night of the term, his unwillingness to let the matter rest, the affair of the cigarettes, the whisky at the corn-mill—one by one he told these. At the story of the whisky Rawson turned to Chester.

"And you never told me!" he exclaimed.

"I could n't," answered Chester. "Till I was sure, it was n't fair." And Rawson forgave him.

Then, hardest of all, Ben confessed his latest faults—that he had deceived Marshall with the masters' notice, had written the note in examination, and accused Marshall to shield himself. "And oh," he finished, "Marshall has run away! But he has done nothing wrong. Can't you bring him back?"

While he spoke, Chester and Rawson had been dressing. Now they went to the window and looked out. Still visible, trudging dejectedly away, was Marshall's figure.

"We can!" exclaimed Chester. "We can! Rawson, come on!" They left the room, ran down the stairs, let themselves out at a lower window, and at once, at a quick trot, set themselves upon Marshall's path.

It was plain where he was going. Electric cars passed within a mile of the school, and he meant to take them as far as to the railroad. But Marshall, apprehensive of pursuit, from time to time glanced behind, and presently saw them. "He 's running!" they cried together.

Now it was a chase. He had a long start, but was weighted by his bag; they overhauled him rapidly. Yet the road was not far off, and suddenly, skimming the bank beside it, Chester saw a flat roof with a long pole slanting up. "Oh," he gasped, "the car! We 'll lose him!"

"Come on!" responded Rawson.

They ran on. Marshall disappeared from their sight at the same time as the car dipped down into a cut. They could not tell if he were in time to stop it. But when they reached the bank above the road, the car was speeding away in the distance, its conductor mindless of a figure that stood waving, and despairingly shouting. The boys descended to the road. Marshall was ready to drop; but he checked the angry sobs that were rising, and faced them defiantly. "I sha'n't go back to school," he declared.

"Marshall," answered Chester, "will you let us speak with you?"

He saw that Marshall was swaying as he stood, shaking with his deep panting. But Marshall turned away. "I 'm going on," he

said, and started after the car. Chester and Rawson followed behind him for a little while; then they ranged up beside him.

"Marshall," began Chester, again, "Ben has been telling—"

"Don't speak of Ben," commanded Marshall.

"I must," answered Chester, gently. "Ben—"

Marshall stopped abruptly and set down his bag. He faced the two boys once more. "Well, then," he said, "let us talk. But let me speak first. No," as Chester would have spoken again, "let me speak. Chester, you are not the fellow I took you for."

"Ben—" began Chester, again.

"Leave Ben out of it. I came to the school, Chester, with an admiration for you. Are you surprised? I did. Two years ago I treated you shamefully. I acknowledge it. All this time I have been ashamed of it. All this time you have been a kind of ideal to me: I never did anything without asking myself what you would think of it. Do you want to know why? I was sorry for what I did; I believed you were a good fellow; I was trying to make myself like you. Astonishing!"

There was a world of irony in his voice, but Chester smiled.

"You smile? I wish I could. Chester, on the very first day I came you began to set the fellows against me. You missed two chances to put me off the nine. I did n't know why, at first. Yesterday I discovered. You were working to have me expelled from the school. Oh, I am glad that I have found you out! Yet sorry, too!" In his voice, irony gave way to reproach.

"Marshall," began Chester, for the third time, "Ben—"

"What has Ben to do with it?" demanded Marshall. "Ah!"

A singing began in the wire overhead. A second car was coming. Chester suddenly saw that he might be too late. "I never did these things against you," he cried. "It was Ben—he invented it all. We saw him just now; he told us; he is sorry for all he has done."

Marshall looked upon him unbelieving. "You never told any one about the Junior Cup?" he asked, after a short silence.

"Never!" Chester answered firmly.

"Nor Mr. Holmes about the tobacco? Nor the whisky?"

"Never! Never!" answered Chester.

The car was drawing near. Marshall took up his bag. "Perhaps," he said scornfully, "you will even say I am not to be expelled?"

"No!" cried Chester. "That was Ben's story, again."

"Ben has told us," asserted Rawson. "And Chester never told even me about the whisky."

The car was about fifty feet away. Marshall held up his hand to the motorman, and said no more. "Marshall, Marshall!" cried Chester, in despair; but Marshall's face was of iron. The car slackened speed, the brake ground heavily, then the car stopped near the boys. Marshall turned one look on each of the others. "Good-by," he said, and stepped toward the rear platform.

But a figure, and then another, descended from the car, and Marshall stopped short. Chester's heart leaped. There was Mr. Holmes, with shame-laden Ben.

"Go on," said Mr. Holmes to the conductor. The car started on. Mr. Holmes faced Marshall. "I have brought Ben," he said, "to testify to the truth of Chester's story."

Ben, fearing that Chester would not succeed in catching Marshall, had gone to Mr. Holmes and once more made his confession. The head-master, foreseeing just where Chester's mission might fail, namely in proof, had hastened with Ben, and caught the car higher up the line. Standing there, all five together, Ben for the third time acknowledged his deeds, down to the very smallest. "And if I am expelled for it," he finished, "it 's all true."

Confusion whirled in Marshall's brain. Old prejudices, obstinate beliefs, struggled against new light and truth. But they were beaten. His eyes began to shine, his mouth to smile. He turned to Chester and held out his hand. "Then we shall be friends!" he cried.

"Friends!" responded Chester, clasping hands gladly.

"But how," asked Marshall, looking into Chester's face, "can I pay you for all your patience with me, Chester?"

Patience Chester had had—wonderful pa-

tience; but he laughed the praise away. "Win the game to-morrow," he answered. And then, amid smiles that hid tears, they started back toward the school.

Mr. Holmes studied Marshall's face. The strain of the last fortnight was visible upon it; the boy was thin and pale. "How much he has had to bear!" he thought. "Marshall needs rest." He waited until they had reached the school, now just awaking, and then spoke.

"Marshall," he said, "I should like you to go down to the hotel this morning at nine; never mind lessons for to-day. You may stay at the hotel until bedtime, if you choose."

"I?" asked Marshall. "The hotel—until bedtime?" Then he understood. "Oh, Mr. Holmes, my mother is coming?"

"To see you pitch in the game," he answered.

There was no baseball practice that afternoon; all the players were resting for the great game. Who was happier that day than Marshall? more satisfied than Chester? more quietly pleased than Mr. Holmes? more thankful than Ben, to have done no more harm than he did? Marshall went to the hotel at nine, and spent the day with his mother. The story which he had to tell her was so long, and so frequently interrupted, that it lasted until bedtime. In the morning all the characters of this story, even Stukeley, were on the baseball field, to play or to watch the game.

But oh, the sad hearts of the Stonefield boys as they saw the game begin to go against them! Marshall was batted, batted, batted. Run after run came in. "He has no control of the ball!" cried the boys. Mrs. Moore almost wept as the boys on the benches near her scolded angrily. The Stonefield nine scored, in truth, but they were so far behind that it seemed hopeless. Yet Mr. Holmes came to her and said: "Wait. The game is not lost till it 's won. Marshall is pitching better every inning."

How badly he was pitching, he knew. The stress he had been under had worn him long; the desperate hour of his running away had told on every nerve; and when that was past the happiness of understanding had almost finished him. His mother had petted him; the explanation with Chester had been sweet beyond words. He had scarcely slept in the night. And now, in the stress of the game, it took him a long while to recover himself.

The rest of the nine played faultlessly; they saved many a run by their fielding. Twice long-legged Jeremy gathered in liners that promised to be home runs. Twice Rawson stopped fierce grounders, touched the runner, and made double plays. Chester let no ball pass, caught at the plate all the time, threw marvelously to second, and terrorized the base-runners. "They 're saving me from myself," thought Marshall, and struggled to do his best. No one reproached him. "Don't speak," warned Chester, "to the man at the wheel." The nine appeared cheerful. "All right," they said to Marshall. "It 's going all right. We 're only a little way behind. A home run with the bases full would even put us ahead."

"Ah," groaned Marshall, "but we sha'n't get it!"

It came. In the fifth inning Marshall made a base hit. By Woodstock errors the bases were filled. Then Chester came to the bat. He was the best batsman. The crowd at the benches ceased to shout. This was Stonefield's chance; would Chester take it? He stood at the plate quietly and let balls pass till strikes were called on him—once, twice. Then he got the ball he wanted, and swung at it. Crack! Oh, the confusion, the exhilaration, the mad, mad racing and shouting, of that short minute! The left-fielder ran and ran and ran. Chester passed first and second bases, and neared third. Then the ball began to travel back. Chester saw and took the risk. The ball reached the catcher's hands as the Stonefield captain, with a long slide, touched home base. Stonefield was one run ahead.

And then for three long innings steadily they struggled. Marshall at last began to pitch as he should. Neither side scored. They stood as they were through the sixth and seventh and eighth innings. The ninth began. The Stonefields were first at bat; the Woodstocks shut them out. And then, when the Woodstock batters took their turn, it seemed as if Marshall had once more lost himself.

The first man made a base hit. The fear of

Chester kept him from second, but the second man got his base on balls. Then the third, by a bunt, took first, and the others moved around. The bases were full, no one was out; all Stonefield groaned. An accident, a passed ball, a base hit, and two men could come in. "Wait, wait!" said all the Woodstock coaches. The game was almost certainly theirs. And when Marshall began to pitch, the umpire called three balls, and not a single strike.

Chester walked with the ball half-way to the pitcher's box. Marshall met him. The Woodstock players smiled. "Too late. There is no trick now that can save the game." Chester, as he handed the ball to Marshall, looked his new friend in the eye. He gave a smile of confidence. "Now, old boy," he said. He walked back to his place, adjusting his mask.

And Marshall felt like a giant at the words. There was still time. He and Chester could yet win the game together. One thing more was wanting. He looked among the spectators until he found his mother's face. The umpire was impatiently calling "Play!" when he stepped to the box again.

Then Marshall pitched nine balls.

Do not read, you who have no interest in the mystery of curves. The first ball sped for the plate; the batter struck, but the ball shot in and dropped. The second was so straight and swift that the batter had no time to move. "Two strikes!" the umpire called. The third seemed straight again; the batter struck. The ball rose beautifully over his bat, and the man was out.

The second came. Marshall threw his first ball almost at him. He started back; the ball curved out over the plate. "One strike!" The second ball seemed to be going far to the other side; the batter stood at ease till it shot in and passed him, too late. "Two strikes!" The third ball came straight and slow; he gathered himself to strike, and the field held its breath. As he struck, the ball seemed to stand still in mid-air, then fall. Chester caught it at his ankles. The second man was out. Only one more.

Only one man more, but he was the most dangerous—the Woodstock captain. If he were put out, the game was won, but should he hit the ball squarely—! Marshall coolly beckoned the fielders in,—"Play for the batter,"—and he pitched his last three balls. The first—ah, sickening it was to the batter as he saw it change direction as he struck. He tried in vain to reach it; it shot beyond the end of his bat, where Chester was standing to receive it. The second seemed about to go low, lower than his knees. He stood still. It shot up almost to the level of his hips, and the umpire called the strike. The whole field stirred and murmured as Marshall made ready for his last. The Woodstock captain braced himself. Marshall signaled the out-drop, and threw a slow and easy ball. The batter waited; he was no man to strike too soon. Then he almost threw himself off his feet as he struck. But the ball, twisting downward and outward, passed safely into the waiting hands—and the game was won!

The school exhausted itself cheering. Marshall was chaired and shouldered till no one had strength to lift him. They carried him round the diamond, to the school, and along the whole front of the building. They stopped at the spout that he had climbed, and shouted till they were hoarse. They carried him to the chapel door and sang the school song. They brought him into the building, and along the echoing corridors bore him in spite of his protests. They would not let him down. They took him to the dining-room, hung with the trophies of former years, and telling him that he had won another silver cup to decorate the walls, they cheered him till they could cheer no more. And then they let him down, and he slipped away.

Mr. Holmes and Chester, as head-master and captain of the nine, did the final honors to the departing Woodstock team. When they were gone, Mr. Holmes sought Mr. Fiske, to tell him another story of his boy. And Chester found Rawson, who had been waiting.

"Come," said Chester, "we have n't had our chance at Marshall. Perhaps he 's in his room. Let 's go there." They went and knocked. No one answered, but they opened the door. There sat Mrs. Moore, bending over her boy, who knelt at her feet. They saw that his frame was shaking with sobs, that her

MARSHALL CHEERED BY HIS WINNING NINE AND THE SCHOOL.

tears were falling on his head. Very quietly, they started to withdraw.

But she saw them and stretched out her arms. "Oh, dear boys," she cried, "you have kept your promise! Let me thank you. Come in come in!"

And Marshall, with a happy face, sprang up and brought them to his mother.

THE END.

THE RUBY-THROATED HUMMING-BIRD.

By Henry Hales.

The brilliant little humming-birds are the most exquisite of all birds. They are called the gems of bird life. They are more. No gems in any diadem sparkle as they sparkle. They flash with a radiance and brilliancy not equaled by any other of nature's brightest jewels, even among the gaudy butterflies. Every change of light or movement reveals a new color on their iridescent feathers, changing like the glint of light on a diamond, but with stronger effect in color. Not known outside of the American continent and its islands, what a surprise they must have been to the early explorers! And they still keep surprising us as new species are discovered. Not many years ago one hundred and fifty species was supposed to be about the number; now it is nearly four hundred—about as many as all the species of birds breeding in the United States. What a variety of lovely forms and delicate, fantastic, eccentric freaks in feather, as well as color—like the unique tropical orchids! Nature seems to exhaust herself in fascinating, delightful oddities. Had they been known in the old-world fairy-lands, we think they must have figured as ariel sprites, so quickly do they present themselves, so quickly disappear.

We of the chilly North must be satisfied with this one representative of this numerous little family, and be thankful for that; and as there is a great similarity in their habits of living, flying, building, and feeding, our little Ruby-throat must, in a degree, stand as a deputy for all his Southern brethren, whom he visits every winter. He sips the charming flowers of the tropics, returning in the spring. He arrives in Florida early in March, gradually going north as the flowers open before him, then going farther north, passing the northern boundary of the United States about the 1st of June, breeding as far north as the Saskatchewan plains, west to the Missouri Valley and Texas. Some of them remain in Florida.

The flight of this little bird is more remark-

able than that of the eagle. We can understand the flapping of the eagle's immense wings supporting a comparatively light body. But our little bird has a plump body; his wings are not wide, but long, so he must move them rapidly to sustain his weight; and this he can do to perfection. The vibrations of his wings are so rapid as to make them almost invisible. He can use them to sustain himself in mid-air, with his body as motionless as if perched on a twig. In this way he can sip the nectar of the delicate, fine-stemmed flowers without alighting for a moment. He never alights while so engaged. He moves from flower to flower with a graceful and rapid movement, sometimes chasing away a bee or humming-bird moth, of which he is very jealous; nor is he much more favorably impressed with any small birds that seem in his way. He knows his power of flight, and he has no fear of any other bird.

The humming-bird builds on the upper side of a branch, a branch generally about the size of the nest. The nest is beautifully felted with fine white vegetable down and studded on the outside with fine lichens and minute specks of bark like the branch itself.

They do not seem to retire to secluded places to build; they are as eccentric in their choice of a nesting-place as in their nature and habits. Some suppose their nests are near the gardens or vines they visit; but that is not often the case. A few magic vibrations of the wings, and they are far away in a few seconds.

The last nest I found was on the outer end of a branch of silver poplar that hung over a public road; every carriage-top that passed under it was within a few feet of the nest—the last place in the world where I should have expected to find such a nest. I should not have seen it except that I was accidentally looking up into the tree, and I saw, protruding over the side of the nest, the long, fine bill that happened just then to stir. The nest might have been passed hundreds of times and been taken for a small knot unless thus betrayed.

These birds lay but two eggs—tiny white morsels. The young birds when first hatched are curious little things, and feed by inserting their bills in the mouths and throats of their parents. As the food of the parents is composed of nectar and fine insects, it is easily made ready for the little ones' tiny stomachs.

Every year one or more pairs live near my house, there being many flowers, especially honeysuckles and the trumpet-flower variety, of which they are extremely fond. After the young ones fly, I see no more of the flashing ruby breast of the male, but I see a bird having a brownish-red breast. I take him to be the male with his brilliancy laid aside till another spring; but his metallic green back is just as bright as before.

The young ones came every few minutes during the day to a honeysuckle trellis to sip and rest; for the first two weeks after leaving their nest they came often, frequently hanging on a vertical piece of dead stem with as much apparent ease as on a horizontal one, but never two birds at one time. The one resting was ever on the alert for another coming, and before it got very close the resting bird would perceive it, fly to meet it as if attacking it, uttering a few light chirps, and the two would disappear like a flash, so quickly, indeed, that the eye could hardly follow them; yet, with a quick eye, one could see that they threaded their way through the foliage, even at such marvelous speed with unerring precision. They would be gone but a few seconds when one would return to rest, only to wait for another game of tag. Sometimes one of the birds left its perch to catch a small insect and return, like a fly-catcher. As they got stronger they came less frequently to rest.

The flight of the humming-bird requires great muscular exertion to sustain the rapid vibrations of its wings, and keeping so much on the wing with such rapid flight, perhaps no bird is more exercised. Not the least remarkable fact about the structure of the humming-bird is its long, double-pointed tongue, as long as its bill; it can be put out very far, enabling it to reach the fine insects and nectar inside the flowers. It is while so engaged that the humming sound of its wings is best heard; but the eye must quickly turn toward the sound, sometimes only to get the last glimpse of our little hummer.

TALL yellow lilies wave and blow
  Along the water's edge;
Like bits of sunset light they glow,
  Caught in a reedy hedge.

I see them shine where one by one
  The boats unladen lie,
While I come into shore alone,
  For little spoil have I!

The little stars will soon peer out,
  The little moon mount up,
And every lily all about
  Must close its golden cup.

But with the morn they will awake,
  To shine their best by day,
Although the yellow sun can make
  A brighter light than they.

And with the morn my little boat,
  The river's edge beside,
Must go to fish, while great ships float
  Out seaward with the tide.

For I must do my best by day,
  And never idle be
Because I cannot sail away
  With great white ships to sea.

THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

By John Bennett.
(*Author of "Master Skylark."*)

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XXIX.

THE RISING OF THE MOHEGANS.

But though a little time of peace had come to Barnaby Lee, it was anything but a time of peace that had come to New Amsterdam.

On a morning at the end of July, between St. James's and St. Anne's days, when everything was so quiet that the city seemed asleep, when the mill-sails twirled in the sea-breeze, but even they creaked softly, and the shadows of the eaves hung down like a cloak upon the walls, there came a distant crying out up the Bowery road, and a man white with dust came spurring his horse down the hill into the city. "The savages have risen!" he cried, as he passed the city gate. "The Mohegans are up beyond Claverack, and are butchering the people!" and so he went spurring on again, with his horse nearly falling under him from exhaustion.

There was hurrying through the streets, and crying in the houses; white-faced burghers came running out, shouting, and staring after the messenger as he lashed and urged his weary steed across the market-field into the fort. Gerrit Van Sweringen gathered his cattle as soon as the tidings reached him, left them in charge of his herders at a steading on Long Island, and galloping to the ferry at the top of his horse's speed, crossed instantly to the town.

"Well come; well come!" cried Stuyvesant, as the envoy came hurrying in. "Well come, mynheer; we need thee again!" As he spoke he caught up his pistols and belt, and took down his sword from the armory. "What! hither, Joseph!" he shouted. "Fetch me my jacket and breast-piece; find me a strap for my steel cap; do not be so slow!"

Then, as he hurried to and fro, gathering his arms together and making ready for a journey, "Mynheer Van Sweringen," he continued, "I have just had word from Kiliaen Van Rensselaer that the savages have arisen. Jan Tyssen Van de Langendyck, the trumpeter from Fort Orange, hath just come down by the Mohawk trail, bringing the news to me. The Mohegans beyond the Winterberg, set on by the English, have overrun the country east of Rensselaerwyck, have slaughtered the cattle at Greenbush, and falling on Claverack village, have burned the house of Abraham Staets, with his wife and two servants in it, have slain him and a neighboring farmer, whose name is not reported, and have plundered their boweries. The Mohawks have given them battle, but are repulsed with heavy slaughter, and the colonists at Fort Orange implore us for assistance, and for my advice and presence in these so great and sudden straits. Joseph," he called loudly, "Joseph, go tell the gunner to box me sixty firelock matches, to parcel me out some gunflints, to load three hundred bandoleers, and to hurry them all down to the landing and give them in charge of Maet Seeu, the skipper of the 'Trouw.'"

Then turning again to Van Sweringen, "Mynheer, I must go to Fort Orange," he said; "the colonists call unto me for aid, and I cannot refuse. And yet I scarcely dare to go, although the need is imperative. A young man by the name of Lord hath brought me word from Boston that an English fleet of war hath daily been expected there, with troops and armament, to reduce this port to the English crown, and to seize New Netherland."

"What!" exclaimed Van Sweringen, "still harping upon that same old string? Why, Governor Charles Calvert himself assured me that there should be no invasions."

"Upon *his* part, he promised. This is not his part. King Charles hath granted the Duke of York the whole colony, with all the islands on its coast, from Connecticut to Maryland."

"It is not his to grant."

"He will make it his if he can."

"But there is peace!"

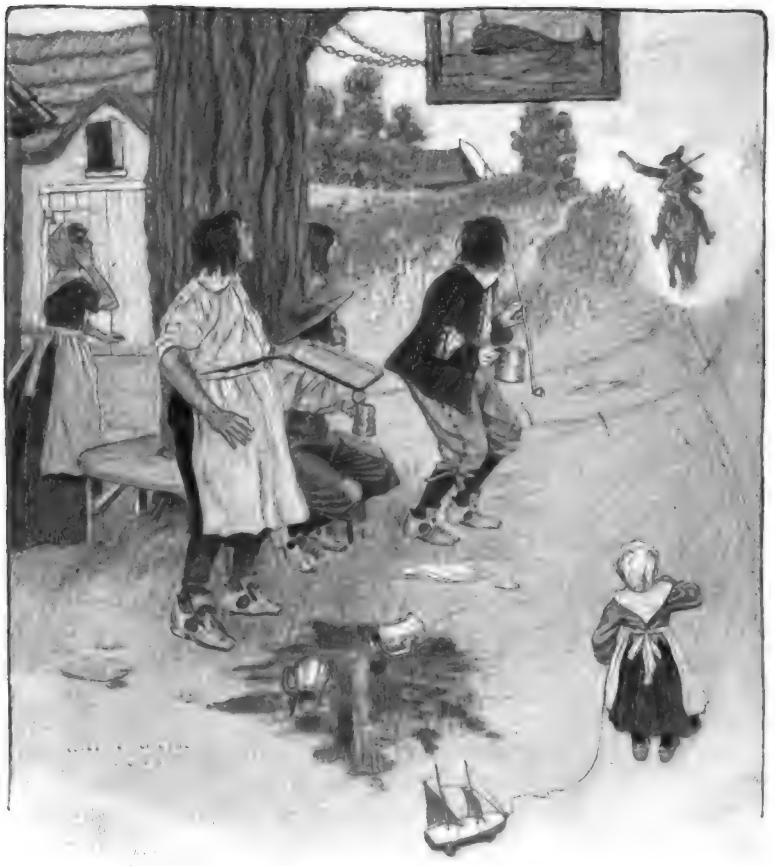
"I told thee once to make thy breakfast on it. The English are determined to have these lands of ours, by hook or by crook, fair means or foul."

"But thou wilt resist?"

"To the last; but, alack! with what resistance? They will bowl my little garrison over like a row of toppling ninepins. Dost know what a pitiful state is here? We are a house divided against ourselves; mynheer, we cannot stand. The West India Company's credit is gone; they have lost thirty thousand guilders; the States-General will not harken to me, and the burghers will not obey me. Of fifteen hundred people here, not one will lift his hand to render me assistance, or to aid in his own defense. Things which should have been done four months ago stand unfinished, as if it were a holiday instead of—a day of judgment. I summoned the burgomeisters to fortify the city, requisitioned Rensselaerwyck for a loan of five thousand guilders, and sent to New Amstel for powder, if there were any powder there. But on the heels of it now comes a message from Amsterdam, from the Chamber of Deputies, saying that we need fear nothing at all from the Duke of York and his fleet; that it is but coming to set up the church of King Charles in the English colonies. Ach! the blind, the lunatic folly! Do they believe such tales? Even idiots and simpletons can see through a hole in a millstone. Nay, they do not believe it. Mynheer, they do not care; they would trade us off for three beaver-skins, or for a cargo of peppercorns."

"But, your Excellency, the burghers?"

"Pah! they believe what the deputies say.



"A MAN WHITE WITH DUST CAME SPURRING HIS HORSE DOWN THE HILL INTO THE CITY."

'There is no danger; 't is peace,' they say, and go back to their dirty trading. They will neither furnish me money or men, nor fortify the city. Van Rensselaer hath refused me the loan, and New Amstel hath sent us no powder. We shall be taken like rats in a trap; what dost thou think of this?"

"If I were to say what I think of it," replied Van Sweringen, "I should burn the end of my tongue. What will ye do?"

"'T is not what will I do, but what must I do," said Stuyvesant, bitterly. "I must go to

Fort Orange, whatever impend; their need is immediate. With God be the rest; his will be done!"

"Amen!" said Van Sweringen. "Is there aught I can do?"

"Is there aught? Indeed, yes. Canst thou go with me to Fort Orange? Somebody must go to share the command; but there is nobody left to go: Kregier is on Long Island, Dirck Smidt on the Esopus; I have no one to aid me unless thou wilt."

"Then will I," replied Van Sweringen, and laid his hand on his sword. "I will go where the colony calls."

"Well spoken; well done!" said Stuyvesant. "I can say no more, mynheer; there is no time for parleying; we must be off at the turn of the morning tide."

At daybreak, with the turning tide, they were off for the northern frontier, and at their backs went forty men, one half the garrison, soldiery used to hard campaigning, who never grumbled nor flinched, but smoked their pipes the more when the food ran short, and at need would fight like forty demons.

And when they were gone, New Amsterdam fell back to her daily round as if the blue hills in the north were barriers of peace.

The mill-sails twirled in the summer wind, and the shadows of the eaves seemed fallen asleep on the walls. From morn till night the days ran by in sweet tranquillity. All day the rose-cheeked girls, with gray eyes as bright as their water-jars of polished, gleaming brass, came and went from the market-field well, beyond the old fort gate; the little Dutch boys trotted by along the dusty roads, with whirligigs of paper made from their daily exercises, or thrashed blue tops through peaceful lanes in grave serenity. The snow-white linen bleached on the grass by the pond upon the hill; the fruit-trees whispered over the roofs, and dropped blue windfalls on the tiles; among the quiet houses in the purlieus of the town the sunlit gardens basked in plenitude. Thus the untroubled time sped by.

A fortnight passed, so calm, so fair, so careless and serene, that the burghers of New Amsterdam, with all their apprehensions lulled, put by their ancient fears. Trouble seemed a stranger, peril remote, war impossible. The rivers went whispering out to the sea, the bay lay blue before the town, bright as with a myriad dancing sword-blades; the busy little city went its busy little way, and the summer sun lay over it all, a flood of golden glory.

But oh, how soon a dreamer wakes from his visions of fair delight!

On the night of the 15th of August, at the close of a long, hot day, as Barnaby Lee sat in the windmill loft, with his feet dangling carelessly over the sill, the herring-boat of Cors Roelandsen, the deep-sea fisherman, came in from the grounds off Sandy Hook like a crippled water-beetle.

The wind had gone down with the sun, and the bay lay smooth as oil, the water glowing in the dusk like a mirror of polished copper.

The boat crept slowly into the anchorage, a black, laggard hulk, for the crew were working her in with sweeps, and a herring-boat is heavy. Two men were pulling on one side, and one upon the other. The two would pull a long, slow stroke, and then rest upon their oars, that they might not too much out-pull their mate who was pulling alone against them. Cors Roelandsen lay in the stern of his boat with a cruelly broken head.

As soon as their weary tongues could speak, the fishermen told their story.

They had been taken by an English ship, which they judged to be a privateer, as they lay upon the fishing-ground. Their net had been cut to pieces, their fish taken from them, "and ye see what they did unto me," said Cors, with the blood running down his cheek. "Well, they said I might deem it a mercy that they did not cut my throat! They vow that if any Dutch ship whatever runneth across their bows, they will sink her, cargo, crew, and all, like a kit of shotten herring. They are come to take New Amsterdam. The Duke of York's fleet is behind them; the admiral's ship of thirty-six guns is lying at anchor in Nyack Bay; the vice-admiral's ship of forty-two guns is coming from Gardiner's Point, and with her comes the rear-admiral's ship and a transport of sixteen guns, with three companies of the King's soldiers, and volunteers from Virginia. They say they will take Fort Amsterdam and after that will tear the town into shreds!"

Chapter XXX.

NEW AMSTERDAM BESIEGED.

A wise man, long since dead, has said that life and liberty when safe are very little thought of, because they are taken as matters of course; but let them be once endangered, and they are instantly overrated. The truth of this was evidenced by Cors Roelandsen's misfortune. At sight of the blood on his face, and by the intelligence he bore, New Amsterdam was awakened as if by a thunderclap, and all the town seemed instantly taken by frenzied dismay.

The arms of the windmill were at once made fast, so that they stood erect like a cross, as a warning to the entire country-side that the enemy was at hand; and Jochem Hart, on the fastest horse from Mynheer Van Cortlandt's stable, was despatched in a flying cloud of dust up the Mohawk trail into the wilderness, his steel cap glancing now and then like a dragon-fly over the hill-tops, lit by the gleam of the fading sky. "Return, in God's name," was the message he bore; "the enemy is upon us!" And far away in the troubled north was the sturdy old patriot Peter Stuyvesant.

"THEN THE BURGHERS CLIMBED TO THEIR ROOFS, AND STOOD UPON THE GABLES, STARING AWAY TOWARD NYACK."

Then the burghers climbed to their roofs, and stood upon the gables, staring away toward Nyack, where the English frigate lay, or wrung their trembling hands and walked the streets in impotent despair. The throngs in the crowded taverns, with black bottles and hot schnapps, grew loud with patriotic rage and thick, tremendous tones, calculated to fill a foe with dread, if he could only hear them. But it was seven miles to Nyack, and the English could not hear; voices do not carry so far, and the foe remained unaffrighted. At dawn the frigate's topsails hung drying against the southern sky like a little patch of orange light in a mist of smoky rose and ashes, without a sound or motion, like a mute, unspoken threat.

Six days of dumb dismay sped by; yet it seemed that they would never end. Then the Director-General came. There was a crying out at the landing-place, and a running in the streets; the fort blazed bright with torches. Stuyvesant was come.

"Oh, the time, the time that is lost — the golden, precious time!" he groaned. "It will never come back — no, never, never!" and he wrung his strong brown hands. He had come down by yacht from Fort Orange, leaving Van Sweringen behind him, battling with the Mohegans in the forest beyond Beverwyck. Before another night came, the entire British fleet lay at anchor off New Utrecht. The news came in as thick and fast as rain upon a roof.

The burgomeisters were convened; the Nine were called into council; spies were sent by sea and land to Milford and Westchester. Dirck Helleyne, the woodman, with his two half-breed sons, was sent as far east as the Duke's trees, although that was no station then, to apprehend any English who might be lurking in the forest. Then Stuyvesant sent to the villages on the west end of Long Island, asking their assistance against the enemy. But the villagers replied that they could not leave their families to the mercy of the English, nor their homes to be destroyed by flames; he might have no assistance from them; and Jan Van der Grift, the corporal, who had gone to Jamaica and Flatbush, came back dripping from head to foot, and with blood upon his clothing; he had been set upon by the English at Flatbush, beaten, stunned, and thrown into the mill-pond. "The farmers have been forbidden," he said, "to furnish either supplies or aid to the fort, on pain of having their property plundered, and their houses burned over their heads!" Hearing which, Derrick Jansen, the blacksmith, went and hanged himself in his stable, for fear of being slain by the English. That night, Claes Verkaeck, the coast-trader, was taken, with his sloop and its crew, by a troop from an English frigate, as he was coming up from Achter Koll.

Thereupon Stuyvesant sent a commission to inquire of the English what they meant by their violent deeds, and by their presence without permission in waters ruled by the Dutch.

To this the English commander, Colonel Richard Nicolls, a man of stately presence and a fair, open face, with deep-set, pleasant, fine gray eyes, and fair hair, curling at the ends, replied in blunt, soldierly terms that he was come to reduce the port to the English crown, in the name of King Charles of England, and of James, Duke of York, to whom the province was granted. He demanded the immediate surrender of Fort Amsterdam and the town.

Stuyvesant protested, in the name of the States-General, that the King of England had no right to grant New Netherland to the Duke of York, or to any one, nor to send armed ships against her; that the Dutch had bought the country, and had held it for forty years; that England and the Netherlands were at peace with one another; that his orders were to continue in and to maintain that peace; and that, on his soul, before God and man, he would maintain that peace, by force of arms and very war, while he had a man left who could stand to a gun, or one stone upon another; and in case that Richard Nicolls did by force of arms, being strong, in any wise molest or seek to dispossess the Dutch, it would be an act of unjust violence and a breach of the treaty of peace solemnly sworn and agreed to by his Majesty, King Charles. As for himself, he feared nothing but what a just and merciful God should see fit to lay upon him; and that, by God's grace, in the olden time, a small force, armed with right, had more than once prevailed against the

armies of the mighty in the wrong; and to Colonel Richard Nicolls, ay, or to any other, he absolutely denied the right of King Charles II. of England to send forces against New Amsterdam.

To this Colonel Nicolls at once replied that he came not to argue King Charles's rights, nor to consider the claims of the Dutch; he cared not whether they had or had not either title or right to the province; he left such quibbles to the King, and simply obeyed orders. "Had his Majesty bade me take Amsterdam, in the heart of Holland," he said, "I should not have made a scruple about undertaking the business: I leave the justification of my doings to my masters. I am sent to reduce New Amsterdam, and I shall certainly do so; ye may tell your governor this, sirs, with my compliments!"

Then Peter Stuyvesant walked the floor, with his hands so clenched together that his finger-nails cut into his palms; by times his head was lifted up and his eyes seemed to be on fire; and by times his chin sank into his breast: for he was in desperate straits.

He had only ninety soldiers, although he had ordered in his outposts; and there were neither trained artillerymen nor gunners, save one, in the fort. The fort itself had been built only as a retreat against savages, and had never been calculated to withstand the assault of a disciplined army. It mounted but twenty-four cannon, some of them only demi-cartoons, and was unprotected by palisades or ditches anywhere. Its wall was no more than a bank of earth some eight or ten feet high, commanded on the north and west at less than pistol-shot by hills so high that from their summits could be seen the feet of the men in the fort and on the floors of the corner-bastions. And more, the fort walls were almost encircled by dwellings which overtopped them, and the cellars from these buildings ran to within a rod of the fort, which could thus, with little trouble, at once be galled by a cross-fire, escaladed and captured, or undermined and blown up.

The city itself lay open on both sides; the cannon of the English fleet could rake it from end to end; and its only protection on the north side, in event of a land attack, was an unfinished palisade, already half rotten, which could not have stopped a goat.

There was little hope of sustaining a siege, none at all of withstanding a storm; yet Peter Stuyvesant made up his mind that he would defend the town.

"If Fort Amsterdam and the city fall, the colony is lost; how then shall I have fulfilled my trust? Nay, I will stand the assault," he said, and forthwith sought to bring into play every practical means of defense; for although he knew all hope of the sort to be futile, he still hoped against hope for relief, still hoped that the right might in some wise prevail, and, for the sake of his duty and his honor, as he saw them, he prepared to defend the city.

He summoned the burgomeisters, and demanded a loan of five thousand guilders, giving for security a mortgage upon his cannon. He collected bundles of willow withes and osiers from the marshes, and summoning the basket-makers from the neighboring village of Haarlem, he set them to weaving gabions with which to establish a wall upon the crest of the seaward rampart of the fort, to protect his artillerymen from musket and harquebus fire. A squad from the garrison fetched earth from the fields to bank and to fill the gabions as fast as the weavers finished them and sent them to the rampart. Every third man from the town was called out to work on the palisade; new guards were set at the city gate; a breastwork was begun.

Stuyvesant pushed the construction forward with unwearying energy. Men who had seldom sweat before ran streams of perspiration as they labored in the trenches or wrought on the palisade. "Ach!" sighed Mynheer Van Cortlandt's clerk, "my hands are so full of blisters that I cannot tell fulled linen from common Flemish baize; and as to handling a goose-quill pen, I might as well write with a poker!" And "Tut!" groaned Mynheer Cornelis Van Brugh, wringing his hands, "palisades cost fifteen florins a thousand; 't is very expensive, this war!" The odor of freshly cut cedar and the smell of the swampy ground, which the trench and the breastwork traversed, filled the city from end to end.

(To be continued.)

OLD RAGAMUFF.

By Anne Cleveland Cheney.

Oh, he was the funniest bogy man that ever fooled a young crow!
His legs were wibbly-wabbly things,
His arms went flippety-flop, like wings,
And he hunched up one shoulder—so!

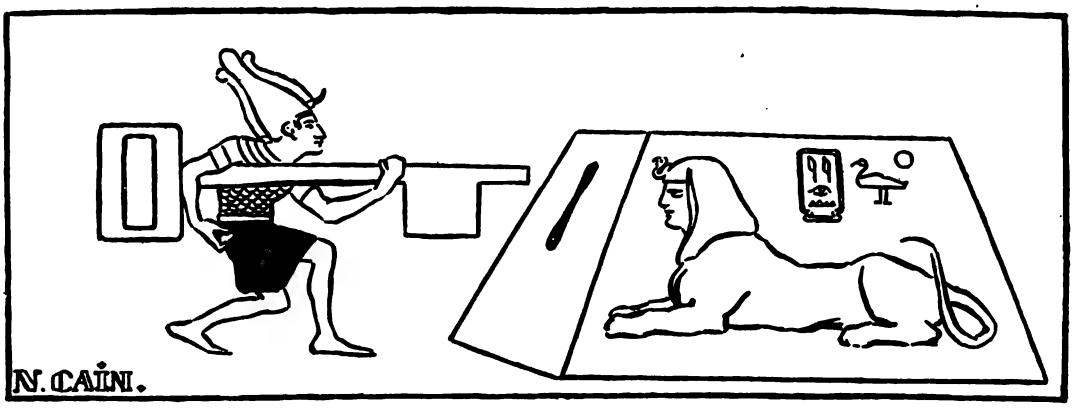
He wore such a rusty, raggedy coat, it was just one jagged rip;
His tall old hat had a hole and a dent,
And he looked *so* queer and twisty and bent,
With a dislocated hip!

He was such a frump of a bogy man, the old crows would n't scare;
They scrabbled for corn whenever they chose;
They said, "Pshaw, pshaw!" right under his nose;
"Ho, Ragamuff, shoot if you dare!"

And nobody loved the bogy man—he was n't a bit of good;
The neighbors laughed and chaffed at him so
The farmer said, "Then down he shall go!
He 's better for kindling-wood."

But when they went out to the bogy man, what under the sun did they see?
A dear little birdling had built her a nest
Right there in Ragamuff's poor old breast,
As cozy as cozy could be!

So they let old Bogy stand his ground, to guard that little nest;
And the sun shone bright on the waving corn,
And Ragamuff is n't so *very* forlorn
With a song-bird in his breast!



THIRTY CHARADES.*

By Carolyn Wells.

1

The vast hosts of Egypt, at Pharaoh's decree,
All blazing in armor marched down to the sea.
The plot was devised, in a moment of rage,
By my last, who committed my first 'gainst a sage.
A dry way through the sea for the hosts was revealed;
But this availed naught, for their dark doom was sealed;
The furious billows no power could control,
And 'neath the dark waters they soon were my whole.

2

Clad in his ermine and his robes of state,
The haughty king in pomp and splendor sate.
And 'mong the crowds which thronged the regal chair,
My first approached, and looked upon him there.
She, too, with white-furred robe and gentle mien,
And noble air and countenance serene.
"What does she here?" grumbled a doughty knight.
The king replied, "The world hath said she might."

I walked across a sunny field one day,
And saw an old man working by the way.
"How is my last, old man?" I gaily said.
"My last?" said he, and bent his grizzled head.
"How is my last?" I said it o'er again.
"My last?" he said (he seemed perplexed), and then —
"Is my last good?" I asked of him once more.
"Fine, sir," he said; "better than e'er before."
Across the ocean's wave my total lies;
And, as Lord Tennyson in verse implies,
Is dull and undesirable; but still,
I 'd gladly travel there, had I my will.

3

My first, a graceful shape, a lady fair,
Walking the earth, suspended in the air;
Shrill-voiced and brazen-tongued, low-toned and sweet,
Shining and dull, discordant and discreet.

The jolly fisherman, his day's work o'er,
Walks with his string of fish along the shore;
Knowing they 'll make a bountiful repast,
He proudly takes them homeward to my last.

Once in my whole a lovely maiden swung,
And ever since we 've heard her praises sung.

* The answers are given in the Letter-box of this number. See page 1150.

4

A WELL KNOWN ballad has rehearsed
The placid waters of my first.
The hero bold, his noble friend,
The heroine's sad, untimely end,
Who by a traitor was immersed
Beneath the waters of my first.
Another ballad I could name
Describes the doings of a dame;
Her home-life, and her walks abroad,
And her companion. We are awed
At all the tales her memories tell,
And what strange happenings befell.
'T is said that she went to my last.
Now this we know: that if she passed
Into my last, and did n't hand
My last, according to demand,
'T was not my last, and we may say
She was a deadhead in her day.
My whole 's desired by every one
From day to day, from sun to sun.
For it we pray, we work, we earn;
Look out for it at every turn.
And when at last we 've had our day,
My last my first we 'll have to say.

5

I MET my whole in a far-distant land,
Shiftless and wild he roamed upon the sand.
"Are you my last?" with sudden fear I said.
He only said my first, and wagged his head.
Yet but reverse the letters of my whole,
A friend we see, a noble loving soul.

6

THE banners were waving, gems glittered and shone,
When my first and second ascended the throne,
And peacefully reigned with a merciful sway
In glory and splendor. But one summer day
A message was brought to the court and the state
That the king was not coming, the session must wait.
A great consternation o'er all faces spread;
They whispered in sorrow, "Alack for his head!"
And the courtiers echoed, "Alas for his poll!
Oh, who can now help him, his head is my whole!"

7

I KNOW a boy; he 's named my last.
And yet he is my first,
Because of all the scamps I know,
He really is the worst.

I saw him tumble down to-day
And on the pavement roll;
I saw him fight another boy,
I saw him get my whole.

His old cap was my whole, I think;
A tattered coat he had,
And yet, withal, he seemed to be
A very merry lad.

8

MY first, untidy though thou art,
A noted writer, and a scribe,
This trait of thine hath won my heart:
Thy kindness to the feathered tribe.

My second dwells among the hills,
Or lives on India's coral strand;
And many hearts with fear it thrills
When marching in a mighty band.

Sailing upon the summer seas,
I watch the yachts and pleasure boats
Spurred on by the propelling breeze—
How gracefully my total floats!

9

MY first is good when it 's alone;
The best ones are our mothers';
And though we have it of our own,
We 're apt to take another's.

In many devious paths we stray
When by my first we 're beckoned;
And by my first we 're dragged away,
Or else we are my second.

Sometimes my second may be shot,
Which brings much grief and dole;
But when my second 's very hot
It cannot be my whole.

10

FIRST sign of Liberty! My first has stood
For half a hundred years, and still is good
For half a hundred more. My last, though thin,
Though old and bent, yet lithe and strong, has been
Strung up for killing U. S. Army men,
Perhaps deprived them of my whole; and when
My whole is lacking, he would be a goose
Who said most stovepipes are of any use.

11

WHEN hunting my last in the forest I heard
In my first, as I passed, the song of a bird;
If you seek in my whole you 'll discover the word.

12

MY second once again is running clear,
The young green of my whole begins to appear,
All things my first to show that spring is here.

13

MY whole was a queen
Of disconsolate mien
Who built a large pile in the past;
In sorrow immersed,
She vowed to my first,
And that 's what she vowed to my last.

14

IF my last could be placed upon my first,
The world would be the better;
My whole must be carefully rehearsed
If you 'd write a perfect letter.

My last has been laid upon my last;
Bad men in my first are living;
My whole 's a doctor who may be classed
Among the pleasure-giving.

15

MY first is the well known historical home
Of a noted historical lady;
My first in strange countries is oft known to roam,
Or along a green path cool and shady.

My first is my lady's great pride and delight,
Yet they say the fair sex cannot do it;
My first stamps the home, though 't is oft out of sight;
When I was a child I went through it.

My last is a very queer book, so men say,
So scarce that we rarely can find it;
A most welcome caller, a place far away,
'T is twisted, yet still we can wind it.

My whole, a great healer, thy power I allow,
Though others thy help may be scorning;
For ere I go worldward, to thee I must bow,
And beseech thine assistance each morning.

16

WHEN brave Leander was immersed,
And through the waters passed,
We 're very sure he was my first,
But he was not my last.

And my whole garments which he wore,—
This young enthusiast,—
Laid in my first upon the shore,
Would have become my last.

17

MY first is my last, and my first is my whole;
My whole is my last and my first;
My whole is a ball I attempted to roll,
But I think of all balls 't was the worst.

18

My first is old and yellow,
Withered and seamed by age;
A most discerning fellow,
Oracular and sage.

My last comes in the winter,
But not in storm or blast;
The sluggard and the printer
Will often take my last.

My whole is a goddess of fabulous fame,
Or a long line of articles, somewhat the same.

19

A KING had many wives,
Of whom my first was one;
He spoiled their happy lives,
Apparently for fun.

And some he sent away,
Of home and friends bereft;
Of some, ere they could pray
The steel my last had cleft.

With each, successively,
The king found some pretext
To banish them; and he
Would then my whole the next.

20

A TRAVELER rode hard and fast,
Shivering with cold and dread.
"If I can but reach my first in my last,
I shall then be safe," he said.

The way was rocky and dark and steep,
My last was flying past;
He sought for an inn where he might sleep,
Sheltered from storm and blast.

He traveled on, through mud and mire,
When, to his great delight,
He saw an inn and a friendly fire,
And went there for the night.

And from him shouts of laughter burst —
He reveled in my whole,
Which quickly made my last my first,
And cheered his lonely soul.

21

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are,
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!

He was my first, a mighty man, a warrior for the right;
He showed my whole, and went my first when he my last to fight.

Although my last is duty's cry, with some it goes for naught;
In all adventures have my whole, if you would not be caught.

22

HIGH in my first they waved the flag,
'Mid shouts of wild applause;
And soldiers brave marched to my first,
And fought to win the cause.

Without my second we could not
Assert that "Right is might,"
Nor "Virtue is its own reward,"
Nor other proverbs trite.

My last we all admit to be
A blessing unsurpassed;
Though some would give my last for all,
Some give all for my last.

We often pass my total by
With but a hurried look;
And though we cannot read it, yet
We find it in a book.

23

I WAS sitting in my study —
In my first the fire was ruddy,
And I watched it as I idly clasped my whole;
Though a sober man I 'm reckoned,
To my lips I raised my second,
For I never was addicted to the bowl.

I was waiting for my daughter,
And at last I went and sought her —
She has tresses like a golden aureole;
But she hastily retreated,
For her face was flushed and heated,
And her pretty curls were clustering round my whole.

24

MY first did my last
To make my whole;
His day is past,
Poor, restless soul!

25

SOME things we could well do without;
In my total we gather with care.
If my last ever lived, I 've no doubt
That he is my first, now, somewhere.

26

MY whole 's very narrow, but oft it may be
A way of escape that is welcomed with glee.
My first, although swift, sometimes loses the race;
It is seen when we look a friend in the face.
My last we may estimate, measure, or guess,
The width of a coat and the length of a dress.

27

ALTHOUGH his course the captain could my whole to a degree,
Called to my first, he was my last upon a stormy sea.

28

YOU can turn my first, and it gives a nod;
You can turn my last if you will;
But the more you try to turn my whole,
The more it stands stock-still.

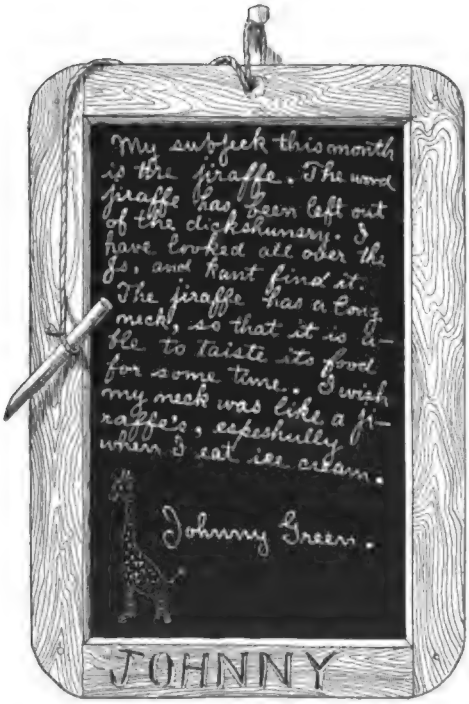
29

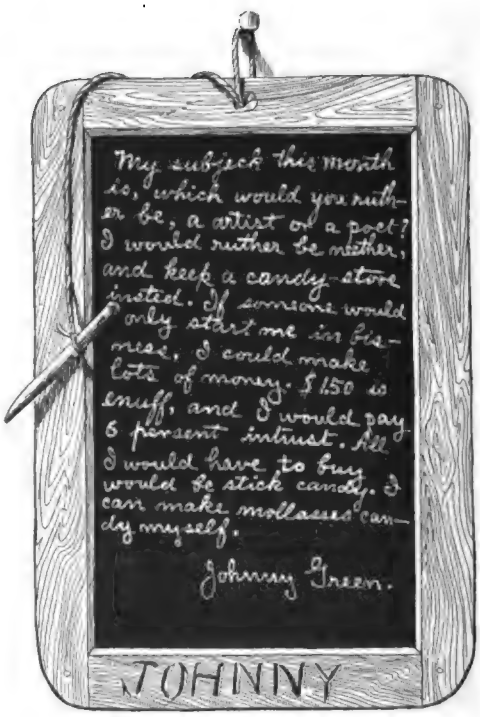
WHEN the story about looking backward we read
We learn of a strange human being
Who turned to my first; unlike many a deed,
The trouble was caused by far-seeing.
In my second (though flowing with honey, I 've heard)
I hope I shall ne'er be a dweller;
And yet from my first to my second and third
Is as far as from attic to cellar.

My whole comes in pairs, and is useful to all,
Though its style may be out of all reason;
Its fashions are changing, now large and now small,
And we 're glad if it holds but a season.

30

THE sparkling wine was bright and red;
't was tempting, but, alas!
Full well I knew my whole, unseen, was lurking in the glass.
And when, with wily argument, they offered it to me,
I said I would not drink, and what I one, two, three!





THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

By Mary M. Parks.

Across the way there 's a merry-go-round. I can see it where I lie.
I can see the hobby-horses glide across the twilight sky.
And when the merry-go-round goes round, the music begins to play,
And the people laugh, and the children sing, and all are blithe and gay.

And the merry-go-round goes round and round.
And the horses never tire;
And the bright lights blaze,
And the music plays,
And the mirth rolls higher and higher;
As the merry-go-round goes round and round;
And round and round goes the merry-go-round.

A BOY OF A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

(*A Historical Romance.*)

By Harriet T. Comstock.

[*This story was begun in the July number.*]

Chapter VIII.

Smiling merrily at their secret, the supplicants presented themselves before the king. It was a serious group within the room, but Ethelwulf's sad face lightened as he bent upon his child-wife and Alfred a questioning glance.

"I have a favor to ask of my lord," said Judith.

"Another?" muttered Ethelbald.

"I have been hearing a tale this night, my lord," she continued, turning to the king, and holding Alfred closer; "a tale of courage and self-forgetfulness. And I think, my lord, that they who have figured in that tale have not been duly rewarded."

"Thou hast but to name thy request, and it is granted, dear lady. Once I know of the oversight, I will right the wrong."

The nobles looked with curious eyes upon the king, and then upon the smiling queen. Ethelbald continued to scowl, and Lord Harold laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

"I make my request, sire, to reward one who hath served thee long and well. Alfred and I pray thee, our king, that thou wilt bestow upon Ethelbald that part of thy domain which he hath ably defended during thy absence, and which he hath unselfishly striven to hold against a bitter foe. If thou wilt bestow this, my lord, we believe that he will trust anew his father's goodness and his sovereign's justice."

She knelt at Ethelwulf's feet as she ceased speaking and Alfred stood smiling down upon her with a look of reverence on his boyish face.

The request had fallen like a thunderbolt on the throng. No one spoke for a full minute. Then the king laid a loving hand upon the girlish head bowed at his knee, and glancing into Alfred's face, questioned: "And thou, my son, dost thou indeed join in this request?"

"Yea, father."

Ethelbald now drew near. A strange light was shining in his eyes, and his voice shook.

"Her Majesty," he faltered—"her Majesty in making that request doth make me her slave."

Judith arose and faced him. Her eyes were full of merriment, for she knew that through the king's love and Ethelbald's ambition she had won the day.

She knew, as perhaps only she, a homesick wayfarer, could know, that while Ethelbald might rule over England's empire, Alfred, the gentle and good, would ever reign in the hearts of all.

Chapter IX.

"Methinks my foolish head is safe for the moment. My Prince Ethelbald rides forth to take possession of his longed-for province, and my Prince Ethelred comes not back to hate his queen; so thou and I, Alfred, may sit in comfort and enjoy the fruits of our labors. Ah, me! how old and queenly I am growing!" Judith threw herself into a deep oaken chair, and, leaning her bright head against the carvings, gazed long and steadily at Alfred.

He was lounging near, a look of discontent on his usually bright, happy face.

"What aileth thee?" queried Judith. "Art plotting a revolt? Dost want a province and a little crown?"

"Nay, Leotheta; but I weary of being a child. I long to go forth with my brothers. Or, failing that, I thirst for knowledge. I hear strange tales of wondrous things abroad. When I am king I shall invite all travelers to my court. I will learn of them, and reward them if they will impart to me their knowledge," was Alfred's reply.

"I trust that I may be in favor at that time. 'T would be a gay and merry court. One need not sit and mope then, my prince."

"Nay, but I know naught now. My father doth unwisely keep me too near him. I am oft ashamed."

"There is a fairy key, dear Alfred; I know of it. With it thou canst unlock the treasure-house of learning. For thyself thou canst find out all knowledge. Wouldst thou have it?"

Alfred turned a gleaming face to her. "Talk no longer in riddles," he implored.

"Nay, Prince Sober-sides, I jest not. Beyond the castle gates there lives a monk; I know him well. He hath instructed me in thy language, and he hath the key in keeping."

Then Judith unrolled a scroll of parchment which Alfred had not noticed. It was a collection of illuminated poems in the Saxon tongue, exquisite in workmanship, and of priceless value.

Alfred gazed enraptured.

Judith laughed gaily.

"'T is a beauteous thing, I vow!" she exclaimed. "I wonder not at thy delight. Now, harken. The monk hath promised me to teach thee to read, and I will give this to thee when thou canst read it all!"

"Read?" Alfred started back. He had committed to memory poems and stories which the minstrels had repeated; his mind was stored with such rich treasure: but to learn to read had never been thought needful for him, and now at the thought his heart bounded within him.

"Oh, Leotheta! I will neither play nor follow the chase until I have claimed thy reward and possessed myself of that fairy key."

She smiled, and came toward him with the coveted prize.

"Take it, my prince," she murmured gently. "'T is thine. Thy promise is enough, for thou dost love thy queen, and she trusts thee."

"Not until I have won it will I claim it," he whispered. "I may fail; I have failed before: but I will try!" He gazed eagerly at the priceless parchment, then turned away.

"And now," he sighed, "lead me to this magician who will unlock the door that leads to the treasure-house of knowledge."

Ere long the prize was his, and Judith bestowed it with a wondrous pride in her little companion. Then she urged him on to games of endurance and strength. His health, never of the best, improved; and as his mind awakened and greedily grasped the knowledge of hitherto unknown subjects, his wise director planned bodily training, so that he became filled with an ambition and energy that surprised and delighted all who loved him.

Judith stood demurely aside and beheld the awakening with a half-scornful, half-admiring laugh.

"I shall be forgotten when he reaps it all," she thought. "Perchance even he will forget the hand that set him free." But Alfred never forgot. In all the dark and troubled times that lay before, the memory of the little foreign queen was ever a sweet memory. Half child, half world-wise woman that she was, he blessed the voice and hand that roused him from the lethargy which enveloped him.

But while he studied and grew apace, and while Judith watched silently and applauded openly, a grim messenger was approaching the castle gates. The warlike sons were away, intent upon their country's business; but had they been within call they could not have prevailed against the one who now drew near. No one seemed to be aware of his approach but my Lord Harold, and he alone watched and waited.

One night, while the storm raged and the castle was full of gloomy echoes, King Ethelwulf and Harold were together in the great entrance-hall. The king shrank into his carven chair and drew a heavy mantle about him. Harold, leaning against the massive chimney-corner, watched him.

"Where is the queen?" Ethelwulf asked, at last.

"Her Majesty and Prince Alfred are with the minstrels, sire. Shall I summon them?"

"Nay, let them laugh and be merry while they may. I am but a dreary companion for the young and gay. I claim too much from thee, my son. Wilt thou not go and join the others?"

"I know no better company than my king's." Harold's voice rang loyal and true.

"THE YOUNG QUEEN KNELT AT ETHELWULF'S FEET AS SHE CEASED SPEAKING."

The king sighed wearily.

"Thou hast been a faithful friend," he murmured; "thou shalt not go unrewarded."

"I have my reward in my king's approval." His voice trembled. He knew that his day of service by the king's side was nearly over; and while his youthful blood thrilled at the thought of freedom and adventure, his faithful heart misgave him at the sight of the lonely old king.

"My thoughts have been with my sons to-night," Ethelwulf was murmuring on, "my sons who are afar. Hark!"

"'T is but the queen, sire; she is singing a French song to Prince Alfred. It is a song he greatly fancies."

A smile passed over the wan face. "I did not hush forever that joyous voice when I brought the child from her sunny skies. But I am an old man now. The future looks dark, my Lord Harold, I fear, for Alfred. The times are dangerous and the foe more treacherous. Should I not be here to counsel when need arise, I bid thee remain with this child of my heart. At least see to it that he never lacks a true friend."

Harold knelt and kissed the wrinkled hand upon the chair-arm.

And then, while the merry queen sang her song, and Prince Alfred smiled in praise, England's king quickly passed away from all the joys and trials of this life.

Chapter X.

Ethelbald reigned in his father's stead. Ethelred came back from his successful campaign, and joined in the universal grief of the people for their king. Alfred was dazed and shocked. The suddenness appalled him. To think that while he and Judith had made merry in the gallery the dear father had died, with only Harold near, made his heart heavy within him.

A deep gloom settled upon him. A new king ruled, and Alfred could not shake off his despair and grief.

Silently Judith roamed alone through the ghostly castle. She felt that now indeed she was a stranger in a strange land.

Where should she go? To whom turn? How could she establish her rights among these stern and warlike people? And who was there to stand for her and uphold her in her position? The mocking laugh died from her quivering lips. She withdrew in silence, and while the court mourned, she sat within her lonely apartments, and wept for him who had loved her, and for pity of herself. Poor little queen! Better indeed were the roses and the singing birds in the old merry days!

And now Ethelbald wore the crown, and all the people looked to him for strength and favor.

He was not wholly selfish or forgetful. In those new days of power and majesty he thought upon his brothers, and bade them make known their desires, that he might show his good feeling and remembrance of the childish covenant. But they desired only to serve him, and secure to him that which was in daily peril of being wrenched from him by the untiring Danes.

Alfred and Harold longed to join Ethelred and renew the fighting on the coast; but Alfred, with an awakening of his childish loyalty, bethought him of Judith.

She, dethroned and neglected, needed him more than ever. How could he leave her to her cruel fate while he rode off to win glory for himself? In doubt and perplexity the weeks slipped by.

Ethelred departed, but Alfred and Harold remained within the castle gates, and tried to coax the queen back to life, she who had ever been life itself.

"Nay," she would say, looking over the castle park; "I know not myself; I cannot be a child. The laugh seems gone. And they will not let me be a queen. These cruel ones dared not to show their dislike too plainly while I was the queen. They feared. If one cannot be loved, my Prince Alfred, then one must be feared, or life is useless. Ah, me!"

Alfred took her hand.

"Leotheta," he murmured, "I love thee. Thou hast been the dearest friend to me. Thou shalt rule ever in my heart, *my* queen!"

She smiled through her tears.

"Ever a king!" she said. "But thou hast

no kingdom, my poor prince. Thou rulest in the hearts of all, but there I cannot share. I know not where to go. Think you I should return to France? Tell me."

Over this Alfred pondered, and often discussed it with Lord Harold; but ere they reached a conclusion, an unexpected event occurred which shook the nation and caused Alfred to stand aghast.

Judith suddenly wedded Ethelbald, and became, within a few months after Ethelwulf's death, for a second time the Queen of England!

"Come," said Alfred, when this abhorred thing occurred, "let us go hence, my Lord Harold. We will join Ethelred; no longer are we needed here."

Nothing loath, Harold accompanied him; and with a bewildered and bitter heart, Alfred turned his back on the castle turrets and faced the life of a soldier on those rugged battlefields. He was but a child in years, but life meant something very earnest in those dark days, and suffering was a stern teacher.

Harold was ever beside him to guide and admonish, and Alfred was eager to learn, and full of bravery and endurance. No amount of physical suffering could wrench a groan from his young lips. Privation and discomfort were his daily lot, but he endured them nobly.

Day after day the comrades and their few retainers journeyed on. At night they pitched their tents in dark forests, or often lay uncovered beneath the stars. And lying so, sleepless and suffering, Alfred saw visions and dreamed dreams.

He remembered the past. He saw those who had loved and sheltered him draw near in the mystic night watches, as if even yet they guarded and protected him. The cry of wild animals was drowned in the lullaby he used to listen to as his mother hushed him to sleep. He heard naught of the excitement and horror aroused by Ethelbald's marriage; but among those long-lost ones, Judith too walked. Night after night she came to him in half waking dreams. There was ever a look of entreaty and sorrow on her childish face. He could not shake off the impression that she needed him. And even in his abhorrence of her last act of disrespect to his father's memory, he could not forget her years of faithful companionship to him when his life was dull and hopeless.

One day a messenger arrived from the court, and was full of news and scandal. He had ridden hard to overtake them, and now burst, with his tale, upon their resting-place.

Ethelbald must renounce the woman Judith, or the people would put Ethelred in his place! Never had they been so torn. The indignity to Ethelwulf was bad enough, but to bow down

"THEN JUDITH UNROLLED A SCROLL OF PARCHMENT."

to this French queen a second time was unbearable!

Alfred sat apart and listened.

"And what saith the king?" asked Harold.

"He awaits the decision of the Bishop of Winchester," answered the messenger, "and what that will be is well known."

Alfred withdrew and sadly thought over this last serious news. Judith was alone in the midst of a cruel conflict—she, the little helpless queen.

The world might see in her the wrong-doer and the evil plotter; but *he* had loved her.

She had been his friend. There seemed, to his kingly mind, but one thing to do—to leave his hopes; they could wait; to go back to Judith and stand by her until the future was settled and the dark cloud shattered.

"My Lord Harold," he said simply, "wilt thou return with me to Wessex? I have work to do. Let our men go on to Ethelred; we will join them later."

Harold gazed long in the boyish face. It seemed illumined from within.

"Where thou leadest, my prince, I follow."

So they journeyed back.

Chapter XI.

Lord Harold blew a blast on his bugle-horn. No welcoming reply came. A long, shuddering echo rang out, but that was all.

Worn and weary, Prince Alfred rode on.

"Blow not again, my lord," he said softly. "Let us enter unannounced."

It was early morning, and but few were astir. The king was with the Bishop of Winchester, and the palace household took little heed of the deposed queen. The bishop's advice had been taken. Whether for the nation's good, or to sustain his own position, was not known, but Ethelbald had decided to put his young wife away, and until her plans were made he stayed without the castle gates.

"Where is the queen?" Alfred's young voice startled the attendant who first drew near.

"The—the—queen, my prince?" stammered the man.

"Ay, the queen!" The words came sternly, and even Lord Harold gazed in wonder.

"The queen—the queen, Prince Alfred, is arranging a journey abroad. Hast thou not heard the news?"

"Where is the queen now?" The voice grew sterner, and scandal died on the man's lips.

"I know not; I will summon another." He hastened away. Another came. He, in his turn, gazed upon young Alfred's face, and quickly withdrew to summon yet another. They came and went. The queen had not gone, but no one knew her exact whereabouts. She had requested that they leave her in peace.

"See to thine own comfort, Lord Harold," Alfred said at last; "I will seek her Majesty, and rejoin thee later."

Through the vaulted passages the young prince went.

Silence everywhere.

Had she slipped away like a little beggar maid flouted from the castle gates?

"Leotheta!" he called softly.

Past the king's apartments, down winding stairs, and through gloomy chambers he went, ever and anon whispering, "Leotheta, where art thou?" until at last he came to the dim chamber where his mother had died. It was a room rarely opened. Why should he wander there? But on the floor, her little head pressed against the carven bed, knelt Judith. A sunbeam was playing over the kneeling figure.

"Leotheta!" She started, and turned a haggard, drawn face to the speaker. It was the first kindly word she had heard for many a day, and in that ghostly place it sounded like a spirit call from one who had left her life forever.

"Alfred!" No smile broke over the thin, grief-worn features. She did not rise, but sitting forlornly on the bare floor, she clasped her little hands together, and looked into the gentle face before her as a sinner might look into the face of him who had come to comfort instead of to threaten.

"Hast thou come to say farewell, my prince? I am going home."

The low voice thrilled and quivered through the silence.

"I have come to bear thee company, my queen, until thou dost go hence to happier climes."

"Nay, nay; no queen, no queen!" she groaned, swaying to and fro. "They would neither love me nor fear me, Alfred, and they have driven me from their shores."

"Poor Leotheta!"

"Nay, *Judith*, my prince. Only Judith once again."

"Thou hast suffered, little one."

"Yea, I have suffered, my Alfred. Oh, so deeply have I paid for the indignity which I did put upon thy father!"

Then her mood changed. A wraith-like

shadow of her former self returned. She arose, her plain robe falling in straight folds about her girlish figure.

"Thou didst indeed teach me, Alfred, to be a queen, though I was but a poor pupil. Better didst thou learn thy lesson, dear heart! Thou wast, for a time, merry. But I—what manner of queen was I? I danced and sang while my lord was dying; I mocked his subjects and scorned them for their cold, unfeeling manners; and then—ah, then did I do the last great wrong; and because I have failed to be a queen I am going out a lonely, heartbroken woman."

"Leotheta,—to me thou wilt ever be Leotheta,—tell me, *why* didst thou bring this dishonor on thy dear head, and upon the heart that loved thee?"

Alfred spoke earnestly and low. His whole being awaited her answer. Upon its nature must his future thought of her depend, and while he waited his love pleaded for her.

She paused, and a long, deathlike silence wrapped them as they stood. Then Judith raised her face, and putting forth her little hands, laid them on his shoulders.

"List thee," she murmured; "I will speak from my heart, and some day thou wilt judge me from thine. Not now, my prince, but some day, when poor Judith troubleth thee no more. I was but a woman. I was weak, helpless, and forlorn. He, thy brother, sought me, strong, powerful with all that dazzles a woman's eye. I had never loved. I had reverenced, but loved not until he broke upon my sad life, and then I loved. I forgot respect to thy father; I spurned old traditions; I thought but of myself, Prince Alfred,"—the young voice rang bitterly,—"and I have received my reward. Men *never* forget all else, and King Ethelbald doth think on many things."

"DAY AFTER DAY THE COMRADES AND THEIR FEW RETAINERS JOURNEYED ON."

A sob choked her; then she went on in the same bitter tone:

"Oh, ay!—he is a great king. He thinks

first of others. Was not that thy teaching, little one? Of others—but he forgets not himself. I go that he may reign. Perhaps I yet may be a queen, my prince—a queen after thine own heart; for I too think of others, but I think not of myself, so I go that they may be happy."

The tears blinded the sad eyes, and Alfred clasped her hand.

"Ay; a queen forever!" he breathed. "My heart gives homage to thee. Forgive my cruel judgment of thee, Leotheta; thou hast erred, but thy punishment has been greater than thy wrong-doing."

She raised her head. The tears ran unheeded down her face.

"Thou hast saved me!" she moaned. "I go back to my sunny France—to my flowers and the hearts that love me. But I bear thy image with me, dear prince. Thou hast been my one unshadowed joy in this cold, hard land. God bless thee, Alfred the Great—for great thou shalt ever be. When these little kings are turned to dust, and blown from the world's memory, thy name shall be called blessed."

The look of the seer was again in the soft eyes, as Alfred so oft had seen it.

"And when that day shall come, my prince, and the nation shalt claim thee for its own, remember the one who leaves thy shores to-day with an undying memory of thy goodness in her heart."

That night Judith departed. Alfred and Harold journeyed with her to the coast.

And so she faded from his life and England's history—a puzzling and a many-sided character, but one which left upon Prince Alfred a deep and lasting impression.

Chapter XII.

The camp-fire burned luridly. The black forest shadows closed in on every side. Ethelred's army slept the restless sleep of weary bodies and anxious brains.

Around the fire sat Ethelred, Alfred, and Lord Harold. The red glow shone on their faces and showed them grim and worn.

"Thou art the king!" It was Harold who spoke, and his musing eyes rested on Ethelred's.

Alfred laid his hand upon Ethelred's arm.

The new king smiled doubtingly. "In six short months," he murmured, "two kings have laid down their lives for England. Kings last not long in these stormy times. Is that best, my brother, which ends a young life ere its work hath begun?"

"Yea; if in going he teacheth others to do better work."

"True," sighed Harold; "what matters? If the work goeth on, the doer must not spare himself."

"Dost remember the old covenant, Alfred?"

"Ay, ay." A boyish smile flitted over the prince's face.

"I claim thy promise now." Ethelred spake sternly.

Alfred started.

"But thou alone art the king. The people have chosen and crowned thee. How can I share thy throne?"

"We rule together! Too heavily rest the nation's cares upon my heart. I am but a slow man, prone to ponder ere I act. Thou art all fire and energy. While the people have deemed it wise to put me in our brother's place, thou, Alfred, dost reign now, as ever, in the hearts of England's subjects. The times are dark and threatening. A king's place is not upon the throne to-day, but upon the field of battle. I dare not bear the burden alone. Share with me, brother. Let us strive for England's glory side by side. Thy promise stands; wilt thou redeem it in this my day of trial?"

"Ay, Ethelred, that will I, with the help of God!"

The brothers arose and clasped hands silently. Thus by the camp-fire within the gloomy forest, under the stars, and with but the faithful Harold as earthly witness, did young Alfred assume an equal share of the ruling power of the empire.

It seemed then but a sorry empire, tottering under the awful and continuous blows dealt it by the savage Danes on sea and land. Since Ethelbald's recent death, and the later death of a brother whom they had barely known, and who had worn the crown but a few short weeks, Ethelred and Alfred had heard naught but tales of slaughter and bloodshed and cruel wrong. Now it was their turn to strive against

the enemy, and to offer their lives on the altar of their well-loved country.

"And now Godrun the Dane doth rule over East Anglia," said Harold. "He is a most brutal sea-king."

After a pause Ethelred continued, "Their next step is toward Wessex. They feel that once they overpower that province, the rest would be an easy task. Alfred, we must save Wessex!"

Lord Harold arose restlessly. "There lies the greatest conflict."

"There lies home!" sighed Ethelred.

"Bloodshed, ever bloodshed!" half groaned Alfred. "I have sometimes dreamed, brother, of a time when man shall lift up his kind, not hew them down—of a time when knowledge shall enlighten the world, and the sword be laid aside."

"'T is a wild dream, my prince," quoth Harold. "The time is not yet come. Rather let might prevail—might with right. When do we proceed, your Majesty?"

"To-morrow, my lord." The new king spoke wearily.

On the morrow, while the day was yet young, the host advanced. The banner floated on the breeze, and the brothers, marching with their equal divisions, led the way. Before they reached Berkshire the Danes had taken possession of Reading. The inhabitants seemed paralyzed by the advance of their enemies. They surrendered to the fierce Northmen almost without a struggle.

Once in control, the Danes threw up intrenchments to strengthen their new position; but ere they had completed their defenses, the West Saxons attacked them. The Saxons fought bravely, but in the end the Danes drove them from the field.

Hope fled. They retreated from before the arrogant foe, and just as despair was settling upon them, King Ethelred and Alfred appeared with their strong reinforcements. As they advanced through the towns and villages, they bore in their hands the naked sword and arrows, and cried as they went: "Each man leave his house and land, and come!" And come they did! Following their royal leaders, gaining numbers each day, they mustered at Ash-tree Hill, and from that height looked down upon the plain from which many of them would never return.

"'T will be a mighty struggle," quoth Lord Harold, his fine eyes blazing.

"Ay, my lord," and Alfred spoke sadly. "Many a brave heart will be stilled ere to-morrow's sun set. If we fall, let us fall side by side, my good friend. Dost thou remember the ride when I was but a babe, and how thou didst comfort me upon the way? To-morrow thou dost lead with me. Afterward we will assign thee to a division of thine own. Later, when this cruel conflict is over, we will appoint thee ruler of a province near Wessex."

Harold knelt and kissed Alfred's hand.

"Thy kindness doth overpower me," he tearfully murmured. "I have but done my duty to a noble line of kings."

"'T is not given to every one to see his duty as thou hast seen thine, my Lord Harold."

"And I, my prince," answered Harold, "have few to mourn me; but should I fall, take this bracelet"—he unfastened it as he spoke—"and give it to my little maid at home. It was her mother's. Tell her to remember her father as one who loved her second only to his king."

Alfred took the token, and murmured, "The king will ever claim her as a sacred trust, my lord."

In silence the friends walked back to the camp.

On the morrow the Danes, seeing such a mighty army advancing, knew that they must muster all their resources. They divided their forces into two divisions, each commanded by two kings and two earls. And early in the morning the great armies faced each other in deadly conflict.

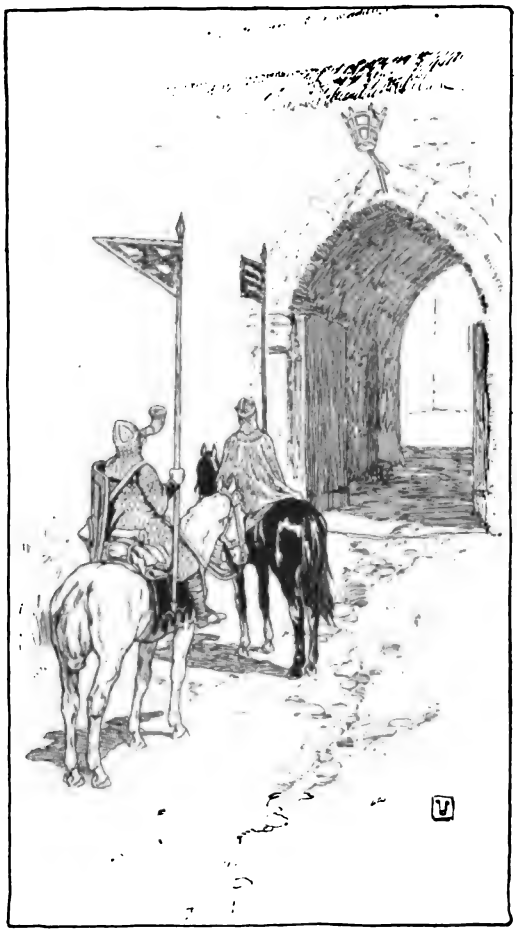
Now that the moment for action had come, Alfred was on the alert, and with that wonderful force which endeared him to all who came within its power, he led his men bravely forward.

Down the hillside came the infuriated Danes. They saw Alfred's division, but counted not upon Ethelred's, for that was not yet in the field. Near the ash-tree the contending ranks closed. It became a hand-to-hand fight. Wild yells filled all the space. Alfred felt the terrible

position in which he was placed without the king's aid, but he faltered not. Harold kept abreast of him, and cheered and urged him as on they rushed.

"The day will yet be ours!" he cried, as Alfred fell but rose again. "For home and the king!"

"Where is the king?" gasped Alfred, as he



HAROLD AND PRINCE ALFRED AT THE CASTLE GATE.

seized a huge Dane, Sidroc by name, and tried to throw him.

"The king is with his priests, my prince; they pray within the tents."

"'T is better to pray upon the field, I ween, when the nation so loudly calls!"

Alfred and the Northman swayed in a deadly grasp.

"My prince," shouted Harold, as the foe bent Alfred backward, "thou art done for!"

He sprang to his friend's aid; but the spirit which possessed him when, as a child, he fought with Felix seized Alfred now.

"For the king!" he cried, and blindly struck out again.

Then a mighty roar filled his ears: "Sidroc the Dane hath fallen!" It was Harold's voice, mad with joy. Then, "Ethelred, the king, advanceth!"

The Danish ranks swayed and faltered, and a heavy mist enveloped the plain.

Alfred felt Harold's arms about him. From a little distance Ethelred's voice could be heard shouting out orders as he pursued the fleeing foe.

Then the tumult faded into a monotonous song—fainter and fainter, until at last silence rested over all. How long he lay unconscious, Alfred never knew. When he awoke, it was night, and the moon and stars were shining on the field of death.

In the pale light he saw the form of Sidroc close at hand. Alfred tried to touch the dead hand in a forgiving grasp, but something lay heavily across him. He raised himself partially, and there, by that ghostly gleam, he saw the upturned face of Lord Harold lying on his breast! He had given his life for his king. He had died fighting by the side of his beloved prince. Could his faithful heart have asked more?

Alfred raised him in his arms and gazed upon the dear dead face.

"My friend!" he moaned. "Oh, thou wert dearer than a brother!"

The tears fell unheeded, and bending low, Alfred pressed a kiss upon the marble brow.

"No earthly province was ever to be thine, O my Lord Harold, but on this battle-field didst thou prove thy courage, and win thy reward."

Chapter XIII.

King Ethelred lay dying in his tent. He had received his death-wound at that fearful battle of Ash-tree Hill. For a few weary months he had lingered, patiently awaiting the end. Alfred was ever beside him.

"Ah, my brother," the king would often say, "with thee as ruler I see a brighter future for the kingdom. Thou wert ever a king."

"Say not so," Alfred returned. "How can I lead the armies when my soul revolts against war and cruel butchery? *Thou* art the warrior-king!"

"Nay." Ethelred smiled feebly. "Our father knew whereof he spoke when he said that thou shouldst be the king after him. Thy kingdom needs thee."

"Thou hast been a brave, good king, my brother," Alfred whispered, "and a faithful friend to me."

"I serve thee best by giving thee thine own. Brother, I go to my reward; into thy hands do I intrust the work of the kingdom."

Alfred was weeping bitterly, his head resting on the worn hand he held within his own.

And so, after a troubled reign and a few months of painful waiting for the end, Ethelred the Unready was gathered unto his fathers.

Young sons remained, but it was no time to intrust the welfare of oppressed England to untried hands.

So, most unwillingly, Alfred accepted the crown, and took upon his boyish shoulders the weight of a nation's sore trials.

He stood alone. Brother and dearest friend were gone. A waiting people looked to him as one sent of God to deliver them. Every act of his was watched by straining eyes. As in the old days, he knew that more was expected of him than had ever been of his brothers, and his heart sank under the load. He yearned for solitude and books.

He longed to end the terrible warfare and be at peace. But how could he accomplish these ends? He saw brave men falling around him, and homes laid desolate; his ears were filled with the cries of a suffering people; and his hand, always ready to give bounteously, was helpless to relieve the woes of his subjects.

To lighten the awful strain that was upon him, he turned to the brighter side of life, and strangely tried to enliven the sad hours with pleasures which never before had tempted him.

He filled his castle at Wareham with a jovial throng. He was oftener at home than on the field. Travelers from abroad brought knowledge and interests from afar, and were honored guests within the court.

The people were aghast at this behavior.

Was this the king to whom they had long looked forward?

Was this Alfred, the serious, tender-hearted prince—this gay, apparently uncaring, king? While they bled and died on the battle-fields, he, who should have led them, dallied at Wareham, in the midst of men of learning and brilliant women. And one woman, more beautiful and gracious than all the rest, won his love and fancy, and set his restless life to sweetest music.

This was the young Lady Elswitha, Earl of Gaini's daughter.

Alfred had assumed charge over her upon her father's death, and her winning sweetness had won his heart.

She was about the age of Judith when Alfred first knew her, and not unlike that unhappy princess in appearance and manner. She recalled the joyous past to the young king, like a happy memory, and forgetting all else, apparently, he lived for her alone.

A cousin of Alfred's, St. Neot by name, was also a guest at the castle during this time, and he saw and realized the danger hovering near, and warned in gentle tones the smiling monarch. "Thy place, cousin," he would plead, "is at the front, cheering, by thy presence, thy heartsick people. The Danes press too near. 'T is thy duty to harken to the call."

Then Alfred roused partially from his indifference. He would try to end the struggle, but in a new way. He bought, with gold, promises from the enemy to depart from Wessex; he, in turn, pledging himself not to interfere elsewhere.

This was a shock under which the army staggered. The people were torn between their loyalty to the man whom they loved, and their indignation toward their king. The Danes, beginning to think they had overestimated Alfred's character, grew more insolent. Promises were broken. They beset the province by land and sea. Alfred made an attempt to begin a navy, but the kingdom was so broken and unsettled that little was accomplished.

The castle of Wareham became to the Danes the objective point of conquest. There dallied the king.

They had but to take the castle, and Eng-

land's fair isle was theirs! It seemed an easy task to complete their conquest.

The heathen horde came on. Nothing opposed them. The people, with saddened hearts, believing that their beloved king had deserted them, either succumbed to the enemy or fled to foreign parts. During a long, terrible winter the Danes held Chippenham, and about Christmas marched on toward Alfred's stronghold.

"'SIDROC THE DANE HATH FALLEN!'"

At last the sounds of merriment were hushed. Young nobles and gay women of the court turned pale, anxious faces toward their king, and he, holding the beautiful Lady Elswitha by the hand (he had lately wedded her), gazed back at them with a quivering smile frozen on his lips. Like an awful thunderclap the knowledge was borne in upon him that while he had been living his careless, loving life, putting matters of dire importance aside, tremendous inroads had been made by the Northmen, and that his best and truest warriors had fled from him, leaving him alone to face disaster so appalling that he turned sick at the prospect.

It was not personal fear which swayed Alfred then: *that* he had never known; but deep despair and remorse claimed him for their own. He saw himself at last unworthy and debased in the eyes of those who had once adored him.

He seemed to himself unfitted to be a king.

All the belief of a lifetime was shattered, and he, a weak man, shorn of glory and a nation's regard, was no more than an object for the world's pity.

"Cousin Neot," he said sadly, when the Danes were near, "thy words were true words. Had I heeded thee this would not have happened. I have yet to learn to be a king."

"Nay, cousin," returned St. Neot; "all may yet be saved. Many have fled, but they who remain will rally at thy call."

"Too late, too late! But I have one last favor to ask of thee. What I have in mind to do I must do alone. If thou dost love me, do as I bid thee. Let us keep the Christmas-tide as in years gone by, and when the feast is over, take my Elswitha to a place of safety, and there bide until I call."

"But I would remain with thee, Alfred," was the reply of his loyal kinsman. "Let me take the queen where thou sayest, and then may I return and share thy fortunes?"

"Nay; I must act alone." Suddenly Alfred clasped his cousin's hands.

"In the days to come,"—he spoke eagerly,—"others will blame and censure the king. St. Neot, deal gently with me in thy tender heart, and sustain her whom I love, until I come again."

The cousins clasped hands, and silently went their ways.

For a day and a night the castle-folk made merry over the Christmas feast; shrinking at heart, they yet followed the king's example. Then he sent them forth on various pretenses, and bidding St. Neot and the girl-queen a tender farewell, he set about the doing of what would shake his shattered kingdom to its tottering foundations.

Without a word of explanation, and casting aside all kingly attributes, Alfred the Great, once England's darling, wandered forth like the veriest vagrant from the castle gates. He had not where to lay his head, and, with a sore and humbled heart, he left the stronghold of Wareham ere the Danes arrived.

Chapter XIV.

Worn and weary, and nearly starved, Alfred came at last to a wild and marshy spot. In the midst of the forest was a poor hut, in which lived a shepherd with his wife and one little lad. The king drew near the rude door, and knocked. No one replied. He knocked again.

"'T is late for honest folk to be abroad," said a deep voice.

"Doubtless 't is some beggar. It is useless to open; there is barely food enough for us." A woman's thin, nervous voice thus cautioned.

"I 'm not hungry, mother," piped in a shrill, childish tone. "I will share my cakes; 't is such a black, stormy night!"

"Go thee to the door, child, and ask who stands without." The woman had relented.

The little feet pattered across the floor, and the sweet voice shouted at the latch: "Who knocketh?"

"'T is the"—the voice halted—"the poorest beggar unhoused this bitter night."

"Poor man!" The door was drawn back by the childish hand, and the warm, bare room stood open to England's king!

The stranger's noble bearing, for all his soiled and torn apparel, attracted the shepherd's attention.

"Thou art no beggar," he said jeeringly. "Who art thou?"

"An exile from the king's court."

"Then dost thou indeed need pity," laughed the loud voice. "Thou comest from a poorer home than my mean shelter. Here at least thou findest the master. The court is but an empty place."

"Ay, ay; an empty place indeed!"

"Tales have reached us from other fugitives passing this way. Wife, give the stranger food and drink; he looks ready to faint. Art thou ill?"

"Nay, 't is but a passing pang. They come often, but they pass; they pass." Alfred's face turned a deadly hue.

"What dost thou think of the king, sir? Didst thou know him well?" asked the host.

"I know not what to think of him. I thought I knew him well, but I was wrong. What thinkest thou?" The pallor passed, and Alfred sighed deeply.

"I wot he was but a poor king," the man went on, "a pampered prince, a spoiled man, and an idle court dangler. Not good material for England's ruler. Where is he now?"

"None knoweth." Alfred's voice trembled.

"Where art thou going, stranger?"

Alfred started sharply.

"To wander up and down over the earth. I have no home."

The man and woman looked at each other, and the little lad, drawing near, laid a pitying hand upon the stranger's arm.

"We are poor," said the woman at last, in a saddened voice; "times are bitter hard; but there is work to do, and if thou wilt bear thy share we might shelter thee until thy outlook is better."

"I am most grateful, my good woman. I know little, but I will try to do my part. How can I serve thee?"

"Well," said the man, slowly, "I often weary watching my flock. When the nights are cold and long, thou mightst assist me. Canst

watch sheep, and defend them against danger?"

"Once I watched, but when danger threatened I—"

"Did what?" The man spoke harshly.

"Deserted them."

"A villain, then, art thou! and shouldst thou treat my little flock so I would beat thee sore."

"And thou wouldst do justly."

"Perhaps he could sometimes mind the baking," murmured the woman, "since minding sheep is not to his taste."

A derisive laugh filled the room.

"But I warn thee," added the woman, "if thou dost neglect thy task I will take a stick to thee."

"I should well deserve it."

After a pause the woman asked: "Dost thou read? They say the king had some of his courtiers taught."

"I was one," smiled Alfred. "I learned and enjoyed reading."

"I would that my little lad Edward might learn. He hath a bright and ready mind. Couldst thou teach him this great thing?"

"Right gladly will I do it. I have a small book within my doublet. He and I will study together."

Alfred drew the boy nearer.

"And wilt thou"—the little fellow looked up into the kindly face—"wilt thou, if I am good and heedful, tell me tales sometimes of the king and his court? I love the king."

"Say not so!" sharply rebuked the father. "The king is no longer worthy of the love of his meanest subject."

"But, father,"—the little voice was firm,—"I learned to love him when he was worthy, and I cannot unlove him."

There were tears in the stranger's eyes.

"Were all the king's subjects as loyal as thou," he murmured, "there might still be hope for him."

He bent and kissed the little head.

And thus the king became an inmate of the shepherd's hut.

By day he assisted the goodwife with her household tasks, or sat beside the fire fashioning arrows to please the boy Edward, and by constant employment tried to drive away his black despair. Sometimes at night he watched the flocks, and during those midnight vigils he became the humblest of earth's kings.

The past seemed like an idle tale; he yearned to retrieve something of what he had wasted, and prove himself worthy at least of the love of his people. Could he only know, he thought, that a few were faithful, he would put himself at their head and struggle yet again. But news from the outer world came rarely to the shepherd's hut at the best of times, and now that cold and storm were raging, communications had completely ceased. Remorse filled Alfred's days with gloom, and often drove sleep away from his weary eyes.

His greatest pleasure was the teaching of little Edward. The boy was quick to learn, and patient in study. His love for his teacher became an almost absorbing passion, and he rarely left his side unless duty compelled him. "Hast thou a little lad at home?" he asked one day. "Thou seemest like a dear father."

"I have no home—no little lad," Alfred replied. "I am but a lonely outcast."

"I wonder where the king is?" The question made Alfred start.

"Why dost thou think so often of the king?" he asked. "He was but a poor king."

"But I love the king—and—so does mother." The little voice dropped. "Father says that the king was a bad king to desert his people. But mother and I think that the king *must* be a good king."

"The people left the king before he left them," Alfred murmured.

"Ay, but father says that a king must be better than his subjects, or he is not worthy to be called a king. He should be like a wise father who teacheth his children how to act. Thou wouldst be a good king, for thou art like a father to all. But mother says—"

"What does mother say, little lad?"

Edward nestled near the friendly knee, and musingly answered: "Mother says she *knows* the king is good, because he is kind to women and little children, and to the old and weak. Mother always remembers every good thing the king did, and she tells me. She says that when he was gay and heedless he was only young and like others, but people expected

too much. He did many good things, and but few bad ones."

"Canst thou tell me some of the good things, little one? I should like to know them."

"There are so many. Let me see"; and the child began to count on his fingers. "He loved his mother, and obeyed her, as if he were but a common little lad, and not the king."

Alfred turned away his head.

"And then the woman Judith. Father says she was a wicked woman, but mother says the king loved her, so she must have been good to him. I love Judith *almost* as much as I do the king!" The boy seemed frightened at his declaration.

"Why, child?"

"Oh, she was so pretty, so merry, and she played with the king and made him glad."

"How dost thou know that she was pretty?" Alfred's voice choked.

"One told us who was flying from Wessex." The boy glanced about the room, as if afraid of being overheard.

"Then, there was the little lad the king saved from the eagles. Dost remember that story? My blood runs chill when mother tells it to me. King Alfred was fleeing from the Danes, and in deadly peril, when suddenly he heard a cry of pain and fear. He forgot himself and his danger, and began to search for him who called. Up in a high place among the cruel rocks he found an eagle's nest, and in it a little boy! He saved the baby, and, all torn and weary, he at last reached safety. He kept the little lad at the court, and treated him like a prince. Didst thou ever see the boy?"

"Ay, often." The deep voice was pitifully sad.

"How that boy must have loved the king! Did he go with him?"

"Nay; he went with the others."

"Oh!" The little voice was full of sorrowful sympathy. "I am so sorry for the poor young king! I watch and wait, thinking perchance he may come hither. I am sure that I should know him."

"How, my son?"

"By his beautiful face. Mother says his face is more beautiful than any other face, she is sure. And I have *such* a secret for the king!"

"A secret? May I hear it?"

"Art thou a friend of the king?" It was the first time the boy had even thought of asking that question.

"Yea, I am trying to be his best friend."

"Well, then, list thee."

Edward arose, and putting his arm around the king's neck, drew him near.

"At the farther end of the deep woods is a body of the king's men. They are faithful and true, and are hiding and waiting until they can find the king; then they will join him. Sometimes they come here to ask for food or for news, and—"

Alfred sprang to his feet, and grasping the child, shook him roughly.

"Thou art dreaming, little one!" he gasped. "Awake, awake!"

"'T is no dream," sobbed the frightened boy. "I have seen the men in their hiding-place; they make arrows all day, and talk ever of their dear king!"

A knock startled them. Alfred strode to the door, leading and soothing the trembling child.

"'T is my lot to hurt where I love. Dear little friend, forgive. Hush thee, hush thee. When the king comes into his own, then shalt thou receive thy reward for this day's work!"

The door was flung back. Without stood two stalwart men wrapped in fur.

They gazed at Alfred and the child for a moment, then staggered back.

"'T is the king!" they gasped, "the king!" Down at his feet they fell, and brokenly gave vent to their joy and love.

The little lad looked on, sobered and awe-struck. He could not understand.

Chapter XV.

When the shepherd and his wife returned, they found their rude hut had become the king's court, within which England's bravest and best were gathered, and little Edward sat upon his beloved monarch's knee!

"To think how we have treated thee!" almost sobbed the woman, "and thou the king!"

"Thou hast given me of thy best," Alfred bowed over the work-roughened hand, "and besides, thou hast taught me many things."

"Now let us serve thee!" spake the shepherd, when once to his slow but just mind the truth had been brought home.

"Then permit us to bide within this shelter until our plans are formed. There is much to do," replied the king.

KING ALFRED IN THE SHEPHERD'S HUT.

"All that is ours is the king's," spoke the mother, viewing, through her happy tears, her little son within the shelter of Alfred's arms.

She was a mother, and she saw a bright future for the child whose faith and loyalty had brightened the dark hours of the heartsick and lonely king.

Nor was she to be disappointed. Alfred never forgot them, and when he came into his own again, these honest, humble folk became great in their sovereign's favor.

But ere that time, Athelney, the island upon which the shepherd lived, was to see great sights and throb under the pressure of mighty affairs. Under those forest trees strange figures came and went. Men from Somerset, hearing that Alfred had risen again, came to prove the rumor. They came, and tarried, bearing with them news that stirred the king and gave him heart to hope.

"There hath been a battle in Wessex, your Majesty." It was a young earl who spoke, and he gazed upon Alfred with adoration in his boyish eyes.

"In Wessex, Lord Arthur?"

"Ay; and Hubba was slain, sire, and rumor hath it that the banner with the raven was taken!"

"It can be but an idle rumor," answered another. "Such news would have reached us ere this. Hubba may have fallen, but our army in its weakened state could not have gained the mastery over the main body of the enemy."

Alfred groaned.

"'T was a brave thing for them to fight," he murmured. "These be great news, Lord Ar-

thur, if they be true; if my brave people have wrenched this victory from the foe, they need help sorely. They need their king!"

"Ay, your Majesty; but the time is not yet. If it be a false report, then would all be lost were we to venture forth and thy whereabouts be known."

Alfred bowed his head meditatively.

"One must verify or disprove that rumor. Some one must go to the enemy's camp."

"'T were folly, my king, and certain death."

They were sitting around a blazing fire near the shepherd's hut, and the child Edward was with them.

"Could I go?" he whispered from his place near the king's knee. "I might go as a little beggar lad. I would try for thy sake."

A loud laugh greeted the brave offer, but the king smiled not. He stroked the sunny head, and a new light grew in his eyes.

"Thou hast solved it," he murmured. "*I* will go, as a minstrel, and gather what I may."

"Thou?"

"Ay."

"Then go I with thee!"

"And I!" "And I!" "And I!"

They arose and filled the air with their loyal cry.

The king's face quivered.

"Nay," he said softly, raising his right hand to still the tumult. "One must go alone. This will I do to retrieve the past. And if I fall, I but give my life for them who have never spared their own; and if I learn that a chance remain for England's glory, then will I call upon every true heart to trust the king once again, and rise or fall with him!"

A mighty shout rent the air.

"Long live the king! Long live the king!"

Within a week, a minstrel, gay and full of song, stood without the Danish camp and laughingly begged permission to enter.

"Who art thou?" a surly Dane asked.

"Naught but a strolling singer fuller of jest and song than of food. Long have I fasted, and my stomach clamors so for meat that at times it drowns my voice."

"Enter; and so long as thou makest us merry we will feed thee and welcome. These are grim days, and a laugh is as rare as a jewel. Whence comest thou?"

"I come from the earth's ends, beginning at Wessex!"

"Wessex?" The man glowered. "What do they there?"

"I know not; 't is long since I have been there. I used to sing at court in the days of Alfred's reign. I fled with the others."

"What thinkest thou of that Alfred?" The man lounged against a tree, and hungered for gossip which would break the monotony of the long day.

"He was a sorry king and a cowardly knave."

"Ay; but great Hubba feared him. To the last he dreaded the king's reappearance. Before he died he warned us that Alfred was but gaining force in far parts, and would come again."

The man had been drinking, and his rambling words only half convinced Alfred.

"Where is Alfred?" asked the minstrel.

"Who knows? We fear him not. Come, sing and make merry, and cease thy idle questions, or I 'll silence thy tongue."

The fellow had grown suspicious.

So the minstrel sang, and told his merry tales, and joined in the loud laughter—even while he learned that Hubba had indeed been slain; that the brave men of Wessex, with greatly inferior numbers, had driven the enemy from their province, and were holding their position at frightful odds; meanwhile the Danes were busily plotting a new attack with another leader.

Alfred's cheeks whitened under his heavy beard as he realized the awful danger and counted the chances of his being able to rally a force to the rescue, and, succeeding in doing so, of being strong enough to repel so savage and well drilled an army.

Fearing and sorrowing he sang on. While his own heart lay heavy within him, he cheered the downcast hearts of the Danes.

Fain would he have wandered on, but they detained him; so jovial a fellow could not be spared: and while the plans of the deadly attack progressed, Alfred was at all the feasts, and sang and joked within the enemy's camp.

At last the suspense became unbearable, and upon a dark and stormy night he determined to watch his chance and steal away.

All was silent in the forest.

The sentinels, feeling secure in their positions, relaxed their rigor. Many slept; the others passed idly from post to post, and noticed not the figure flying through the darkness. On, on it went, stopping not to listen or to rest until a goodly mile lay between it and the slumbering camp. Then Alfred paused. A sound fell on his strained ears. It was the sound of steps—swift, stealthy steps. His breath came short and hard. Then he waited, his hand upon his knife, which was hidden under his mantle. Over the forest leaves came the crushing feet, and Alfred knew that he was pursued.

In a moment a giant Dane was beside him.

"Who art thou?" The fierce voice rang sternly. "No minstrel art thou; thou hast deceived me. Answer!"

Alfred stepped back and faced his foe. The moon broke through the stormy clouds, and showed the two faces blanched and rigid.

"I am the king," he said simply, through clenched teeth. "And thou?"

"Olaf, the leader."

Alfred breathed quicker. "One of us, this night, goeth not back to his people. One army must choose a new leader to-morrow. Olaf, prepare!" Alfred's voice rang clear and sharp, and the unflinching tone drove despair to the heart of the giant.

So they fought. Alone, under the storm-tossed clouds, aided at times by the glimmer of the moon, man to man, with no word, but mighty effort, they struggled for life and the possession of fair England. Steel upon steel, clash upon clash! The moments seemed unending. Then at last came a deep groan, and Olaf swayed, and turned a ghastly face toward his conqueror. Alfred caught him, and laid him gently on the ground.

One moment more, and the spirit of the Dane vanished into the silence of the night.

Alfred bent and whispered a prayer for the soul he had set free, and then hastened on toward the anxious company at Athelney. They were waiting and watching, fearing only for his safety.

From that day did Alfred become the Great indeed. At the head of his shattered but unconquered army he took his place. He unfurled his banner at "Egbert's Stone," on the verge of the forest of Selwood, and there was fought the fierce battle which ended in the driving of the Danish forces from the field and behind their intrenchments.

There Alfred besieged them for fourteen days, after which they surrendered upon any terms he might offer.

If they judged him by their own standards their position was most pitiable; but looking down upon them they saw a man with a strong, tender face—a man who from suffering had learned his own insufficiency and helplessness in the time of trouble and defeat. And he saw before him a strong but fallen foe, and with rare insight he completed his victory over them by showing mercy.

He bestowed vast possessions upon them, and set over them Guthrum, a mighty sea-king, but a man of keen intelligence.

"Rule justly with thy people," Alfred said; "be a good king to thy children."

Then followed the long reign of this gentle, wise monarch over his own people. Happiness came to him again, and love and home. But his heart was never turned from the true course.

Wars were fought and victories won, but learning came also, and trades, more peaceful than warfare, were taught the children and young men.

Through the years we see him passing, amid clouds of suffering and danger, until at last, when he himself came to die, he drew his son Edward to him and said gently:

"My strength is gone. My days are almost ended. We must now part. I pray thee, my dear child, to be a father to thy people. Comfort the poor, protect and shelter the weak, and with all thy might right that which is wrong."

Winchester took the loved body to be dust with its dust; but all time, all countries, took Alfred the Great to the universal heart, and enshrined him there as the "Star of English history."

THE END.

WAFTED WAIFS.

By Anne H. Woodruff.

"The Widow Anderson died this morning," remarked Mr. Hastings, at the dinner-table.

"Dear, dear!" said his wife. "Poor woman! What will become of the children?"

"I think you had better go over and bring them here until the funeral is over," answered her husband. "The house is in a dreadful state, and there is absolutely nothing to eat in the larder. The children must be looked after by some one. What 's 'everybody's business is nobody's business' in cases of this kind"; and the good man proceeded to butter his muffin with his teaspoon in his abstraction.

"Very well," replied motherly Mrs. Hastings, as she handed him a knife.

When she arrived at the abode of poverty she found that the undertaker had preceded her. The two woe-begone little orphans were huddled together in a corner of the kitchen, the very picture of forlornness and misery.

The Widow Anderson had fought bravely to keep the wolf from her door, but her weakness compelled her to give up the struggle, and now he and death had entered together. The neighbors were seeing to it that she should be decently buried, but no one seemed willing to assume the responsibility of the children. Mr. Hastings was not rich, and had a large family of his own, but he had a kind heart, and felt that the orphans must be looked after, so Mrs. Hastings carried the little ones home.

"Dear knows we have children enough of our own!" she said to him that night. "I suppose they will have to be sent to the orphan asylum."

"It seems a pity," said Mr. Hastings. "They come of respectable people. Anderson was a good mechanic, and a hard-working, steady man. His wife felt it terribly when he died. She was a farmer's daughter, and the old people are gone. They had no relations that any one knows of. It 's a pity."

After the childish grief of the children had somewhat subsided, they enjoyed playing in the pretty yard, and in watching the antics of the poultry and the other animals of the farm. One day the Hastings children, who were pretty well grown, had gone to the town to witness a balloon ascension which was to take place there. Bessie and Benny, left to themselves, were having a rapturous frolic with a pet lamb in the barn-yard, when they espied a strange-looking monster in the sky coming toward them. The creature turned out to be a great big ball covered with a sort of netting, to which a wicker basket of large size was attached below. The children were very much frightened at first, but when they saw a man sitting in the basket their fears flew away. He did not notice them. When the basket touched the ground he jumped out, and fastening the "thing" to the fence with a rope, he went into the house.

"It 's the balloon!" said Bessie to Benny, in an ecstatic whisper. "I saw a picture of one once."

The balloon bobbed up and down and back and forth as if it was alive and wanted to get free, but the rope held it fast. After watching the balloon's motions with great interest for a while, Benny, who was of an investigating turn, said:

"Come on, Bessie; let 's get into it. I want to see the inside."

Bessie, whose yielding nature was always getting her into trouble, responded favorably.

"All right, Bub," she said. "Won't we have a splendid ride? I think that it 's lots nicer than a swing."

She helped Benny over the fence, then lifting him into the basket of the balloon, she hopped in herself. The balloon rose grandly to the occasion, soaring gracefully as high as the limits of the rope would allow, then sinking gently to the ground, often dashing back and forth with vigorous jerks, till the youngsters

"BESSIE AND BENNY SAILED AWAY TOWARD THE SKY."

fairly shrieked in an ecstasy of delight. All of a sudden it gave a terrific tug at the rope, when, lo and behold! Bessie and Benny sailed away toward the sky, on a longer trip than they had bargained for when they got into the balloon. It had worked itself free at last.

The terrified children looked down upon the earth they were fast leaving behind. As they sailed over the house, grazing the tops of the tall poplar-trees that stood at the front gate, they saw the aëronaut and Mr. and Mrs. Hastings run out of the house and look up at them. Mrs. Hastings happened to be looking out of the window, and noticing the moving balloon, told the man who had stopped at the house that his balloon was adrift.

"Why," said the astonished man, "there are two children in the car! It was empty when I left it."

"Then it must be those Anderson children," exclaimed Mrs. Hastings, jumping to the right conclusion at once. "What in the world pos-

sessed them?" And she flew hither and thither in her helpless excitement.

The little waifs whom nobody wanted were being disposed of in a most marvelous and miraculous manner. Mr. Hastings and the man followed the balloon as far as they could. Some of the neighbors, seeing others running, joined in the chase; but it gradually disappeared from view. It sailed majestically over the town from where it had started with the unfortunate aëronaut. The crowd there, thinking that he was returning, greeted its appearance with cheers; but it kept straight on its course, passing over their heads in its runaway frolic. It went east and west, north and south, as the whim, or rather the wind, impelled it. Pretty soon it was lost to sight.

Meanwhile, the little navigators of the air clung to each other in their sore plight, fearing to move.

"Will it take us to heaven, do you think, Bessie?" queried Benny, anxiously, as they shot suddenly upward.

"I don't know," answered the little woman, soberly. "I 'most wish it would, now papa and mama are there"; and she gazed upward with moist eyes as if in search of some promised land of the angels.

They were soon chilled through, and Benny began to cry with the cold. His sister, with true motherly instinct, forgetting her own discomfort, cheered him as well as she could. She took off her gingham apron, and covering him carefully with it, took him in her arms, where, cuddled closely, he fell asleep. Bessie then began to feel very lonely and frightened. As long as she had Benny to think of, she had no fear for herself. The awful loneliness of their position, so far above the rest of mankind, was terrible. And where, oh, where, was the balloon carrying them? she wondered. Suddenly these words she had learned in Sunday School came into her mind:

"Who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind"; and she felt strangely comforted. If God was riding on the clouds and walking upon the wind, although she might not be able to see him, surely he would not let anything dreadful happen to them; he would see to it that they came to no harm. Throwing off all responsibility in the matter, she laid her cheek on Benny's curls and went to sleep herself.

In a country home in one of the Western States lived a man and his wife, a lonely pair, who were contented with life except that they had no children. Mrs. Goodman wished that, like her neighbor, she had two lovely young daughters, while Mr. Goodman often thought how nice it would be if he had a fine stripling of a son like his neighbor Brown's tall lad. He was thinking how helpful such a boy would be to him, one afternoon as he was taking down the bars to let the cattle out of the pasture. Suddenly he became conscious of a gigantic object hovering above him in the air. It remained stationary for a moment, then moved slowly toward the house.

"A balloon!" he cried excitedly; and seeing that it was nearing the earth, he started homeward on a run, leaving the cows to follow at their leisure. Mrs. Goodman, standing at the kitchen door watching for her husband to come home to supper, saw it at the same moment. When it reached the orchard, which was in full bloom, it seemed to waver, like an enormous, tired bird, uncertain where to alight; then it settled down upon the top of a large apple-tree in the center of the orchard. Mrs. Goodman, who ran as fast as she could, was the first to reach the tree.

"John! *John!*" she cried as her husband appeared upon the scene, breathless and panting, "I believe I saw two children in the car, up there!" and she laughed and cried hysterically in her excitement.

Mr. Goodman climbed the tree and fastened it securely with the rope that was still hanging to it, and then he looked within. Sure enough, there were the children, sound asleep still. The tears were not yet dry upon their cheeks, and Benny was still clasped protectingly in his sister's arms.

"Well, if this does n't beat all!" exclaimed the astonished man.

The exclamation aroused Benny, who, seeing the drifts of pink and white apple-blossoms that met his gaze in all directions, asked drowsily:

"Do you think it 's heaven, Bessie?"

Then he glanced doubtfully at Mr. Goodman's attire. He had never heard that any but men wore blue jean overalls.

Mr. Goodman caught him up in his arms and gave him a warm hug as he said laughingly:

"Not exactly, my little man." He handed Benny down to his wife, whose arms were stretched eagerly to receive him.

Bessie was now rubbing her eyes in bewilderment, wondering how she found herself in such a strange but beautiful place.

"Oh, I remember now!" she cried. "We came on the wings of the wind, in the balloon. I knew God was going to take care of us"; and she heaved a sigh of relief and content as the loving arms infolded her.

The news of their strange arrival soon spread through the country, reaching to the home of the Hastings, who came post-haste to see about their little charges. Mr. and Mrs. Goodman clung to the little runaways, saying that the children had been sent expressly to them, and were rejoiced to find that there was no one who desired to dispute their claim. The wishes of the good couple were at last gratified.

Bessie developed into a sweet and unselfish maiden, the pride and delight of her adopted mother's heart; and Mr. Goodman learned to lean upon the sturdy lad who grew up to be the stay and prop of his declining years. They were never tired of telling the story of how these waifs were wafted to them in a balloon.

BOOKS AND READING.

THE EYE IN READING. By close study of familiar things, surprising facts about them often come to light. Professor Dodge, of Wesleyan University, by a number of careful experiments, has made a strange discovery. He declares that to see, the eye must be motionless. Now that he has told us, it is easy to understand that this must be true. You cannot take pictures with a moving camera, and the eye is only a perpetual camera with self-renewing plates. The eye must stop motion while it takes a picture.

In reading, therefore, the eye does not move along the lines regularly. It takes an impression, moves to a new position, takes another still view, then moves again. Thus the words are taken by groups. Perhaps, following Professor Dodge's lead, some other clever experimenter will now tell us just how wide the lines of print should be for the easiest reading. Every one knows that very long or very short lines are tiring, so there must be a right length. When the proper medium is found, the chances are that we shall learn that the "old masters" of the printing art had chosen the best width for their pages.

One writer has argued that since we see words and letters in whole groups, the new method of teaching spelling — by entire words at a time — is the natural method. But this does not seem to follow, since there are other questions to be considered in deciding which is the best method for teaching children to spell. The old "spelling-match" at the end of school was not so bad a way!

A LITTLE SPELLING-MATCH. St. Nicholas has had in stock for some time the story that is printed below. The spelling seems rather queer, and it has been decided to let our readers correct it. For each of the five best corrected versions received before October 15, each to be the unaided work of a child less than fifteen years old, a year's subscription to the magazine will be awarded. Write versions on note-paper, on one side only, give name and address, add the usual certificate of originality, as in League competitions, and address them to the Books and Reading department, St. Nicholas Magazine, Union Square, New York City. If more than five lists are correct, age, and the neatness of the answers will be considered:

EH KERNEL'S SUN.

A RITE suite little buoy, the sun of a kernel, with a rough around his neck, and a plane read cote reaching to his waste, won knight paste up the rowed as fast as a dear.

After a thyme he came too a paws before a house and wrung the belle.

His tow hurt hymn, and he kneaded wrest. He was two tyred too raze his fare butt too pail face, and a mown of pane rows two his to lips.

The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, butt she put it buy and flue wythe awl her mite and mane in vein fear her guessed wood knot weight. Butt when she saw the we won, tiers pored from her teaming ayes at the site, fore her hart was touched.

"Yew poor deer, what ales yew? Why dew yew lye hear? Prey, are ewe dyeing?"

"Know; knot sew," was his grown. "My foot is soar, and eye am feint."

Sew she boar hymn inn her alms, as she aught, too a room where he mite bee quiet, gave hymn a peace of gnu wry bred and meet stake in a plaice bye the great, held a cent-bottle under his knows, took aweigh his choler, rapped hymn up warmly, gave hymn a suite drachm from a blew viol, till at last he went fourth threw the reign as hail as a young bare.

A LIBRARY UNDER YOUR HAT. While you are young it is easiest to memorize. If you will select some of the best poems in the language and learn them thoroughly, you will possess yourself of a library of which you can never be deprived. Besides, in learning a poem by heart you discover its worth and beauty anew, and make yourself *think* it. Some of Emerson's poems are excellent for this purpose. Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," Bryant's "Thanatopsis," Longfellow's "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," and "Count Robert of Sicily," Scott's "Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion," Tennyson's "Sleeping Beauty," Lowell's "Vi-

sion of Sir Launfal," Browning's "Pied Piper," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," Thackeray's "White Squall," Holmes's "One-Horse Shay" — all are good for this purpose. This library can be read to yourself in the dark! We shall be glad of other suggestions for a mental library. Another item upon this subject will soon follow.

IS SLANG POETRY? A RECENT writer says that "all slang is metaphor, and all metaphor is poetry." He gives as an example the phrase "breaking the ice," and points out how much poetical thought is involved in the thought or picture underlying these words. But is the expression slang? Certainly not all metaphor is slang! Nor is all slang metaphor. At one time all London users of slang were saying, "What a shocking bad hat!" and "Who 's your hatter?" Both were slang. Is either a metaphor, or is either poetry?

THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT. HERE is a list by Mr. J. C. Dana published in "Public Libraries" for February, 1901. Though many of the items are very familiar to all well-taught children, it may contain hints of less-known subjects that will send some inquiring youngsters to the library for information:

Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp. A story in the "Arabian Nights," which is a collection of tales from Persia, India, and Arabia, 1000 years old.

Alexander the Great, who conquered all the world before he was 33 years old.

Alfred the Great. How he let the cakes burn. A king of England 1000 years ago.

Athens, the Eye of Greece, the chief city, years ago, of the wisest people who ever lived.

Babylon the Great, the city of 100 gates and of hanging gardens. Here Nebuchadnezzar ruled.

Cadmus, who sowed the dragon's teeth which grew up men.

Cæsar, and how he became ruler of Rome, and so of all the world.

Carthage, the famous city of the Phenicians, and how it fought against Rome.

Cinderella and the Magic Slipper, a fairy-tale as old as old can be.

The Colossus of Rhodes, the bronze statue over 100 feet high, once one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

Cortez, who conquered Mexico with a handful of men.

Diogenes and his Lantern.

Drake, and the great treasure he brought home.

Edinburgh Castle, famous for 1000 years.

The Fountain of Perpetual Youth, which so many have tried in vain to find.

Genghis Khan, who conquered all Asia.

Giant Despair and Doubting Castle.

The Great Charter, by which Englishmen began to take from kings their power.

Hannibal, and how he led his army across the Alps.

Hercules and the Nemean Lion.

Homer, the blind minstrel, who sang of the siege of Troy and of the adventures of Ulysses.

Joan of Arc, the girl warrior.

King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

Martin Luther, who threw his ink-bottle at the devil.

Mary Queen of Scots, in Lochleven Castle.

Mohammed, whom millions think was a prophet of God.

Notre Dame, the old, old cathedral of Paris.

Penelope and the cloth she wove each day and unwove each night.

Peter the Great, the emperor who learned a trade.

The Phenicians, who invented the alphabet and were the first to sail to distant lands.

Pizarro and the roomful of gold.

The Pyramids of Egypt, monuments of kings.

Raleigh and the Orinoco, and its gold.

Richard Lion-Heart and his faithful minstrel.

The River Nile, in whose valley history begins.

Robert the Bruce and the spider.

Robin Hood and his Merry Men.

Sinbad the Sailor and his strange adventures.

The Spanish Armada, and how it failed to conquer England.

The Spartan Boy and the Wolf.

The Sphinx and its riddle.

Thor and his Magic Hammer.

Titania, Queen of the Fairies.

The Tower of London.

Vesuvius and the Two Buried Cities.

William Tell, the Tyrant, and the Apple.

William the Conqueror and the Battle of Hastings.

Xerxes and Thermopylæ.

THE PANSY CLUB. A MOTHER writes to the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS of a very successful reading club — the "Pansy Club," made up of little girls from six to fifteen years old. Here are the rules:

RULES OF PANSY CLUB.

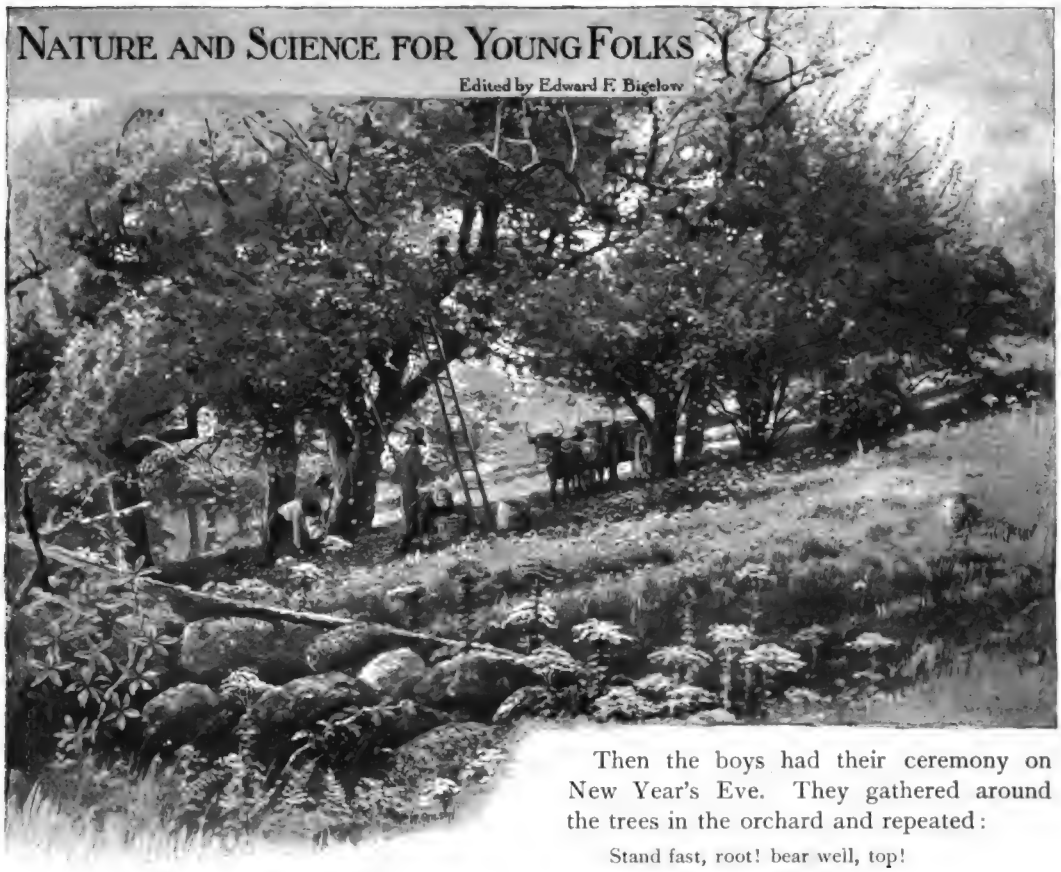
1. Every member shall pledge himself to read fifteen minutes each day from one of the books on the list.
2. Any member failing to read the allotted time, unless prevented by illness, must pay a fine of a penny a day.
3. *The only excuse acceptable is, when one is too ill to read or be read to.*
4. Every member who has not been fined *once* from November 1st to May 1st shall receive a book as a reward.
5. Sundays are not included in the reading days.
6. New members may be received until November 15th, providing they read fifteen minutes extra for each day after November 1st.
7. The annual dues of the Club are twenty-five cents, and are payable by November 1st.

Names and dues should be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. A. Marcy, Jr., Riverton, New Jersey.

The list of books referred to is contained in the little pamphlet containing the rules. They seem to be excellently chosen.

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow



GATHERING APPLES IN OCTOBER.

APPLES, grapes, nuts, clear cool air, mellow sunshine, beautiful autumnal tints of leaves—what more can be asked to make this the ideal month for old or young? Prominent among these delights, especially to the country young folks, are the apples and the gathering of them. "The apple is indeed the fruit of youth. The farm-boy munches apples all day long." Burroughs doubtless lived his boyhood days again when he wrote those sentences.

Years ago, in certain parts of England, the farmers and their workmen went to the orchard on Christmas Eve and threw cider on one of the best bearing trees, drinking the following toast three times:

Here 's to thee, old apple-tree,
Whence thou mayst bud, and whence thou mayst blow,
And whence thou mayst bear apples enow!
Hats-full! caps-full!
Bushel, bushel, sacks-full!
And my pockets full, too! Hurrah!

Then the boys had their ceremony on New Year's Eve. They gathered around the trees in the orchard and repeated:

Stand fast, root! bear well, top!
Pray God send us a good, howling crop:
Every twig, apples big;
Every bough, apples enow!

According to the same record, Brand's "Popular Antiquities": "They then shout in chorus, one of the boys accompanying them on a cow's horn. During this ceremony they rap the tree with their sticks."

Country young folks, at least, still continue this same appreciation of the orchard and the apples, even if they don't express it in such a queer and noisy manner.

A SHREWD MOTHER PLOVER.

DOWN on the beach among the sand-dunes at Cape Lookout there is a certain small stretch of land where the sun shines warm and the wind never strikes except when it whisks in little eddies around the dunes and blows the dry sand rattling among the broken sea-shells. Here a pair of Wilson's plovers, one summer, had their home, and, despite the vigil of many enemies,

successfully guarded their nest in the sand, until two of the three spotted eggs it contained hatched out little down-covered balls of peeping bird life. These odd baby birds did not remain long in the nest, and their slender legs were soon carrying them rapidly about after their parents.

One day some men came to the part of the beach where the plover family lived. The little ones were much frightened, so they sat very close to the sand and the men did not see them. Father and Mother Plover were quite uneasy, however They flew near the men and cried, and tried to get the intruders to follow them away. The mother bird even pretended to be lame. When the men saw this, one of them said: "Look at that bird; she has a nest of young ones near here, or she would not act so. I have seen partridges on the mainland act in the same manner when I was near their young."

THE MOTHER PLOVER "FELL ON HER SIDE, AND FLUTTERED AND CRIED AS IF SHE WERE DYING." THREE OTHER PLOVERS PRETENDED THAT THEY WERE "VERY ANXIOUS AND SAD CONCERNING HER ILLNESS."

Then they began to search among the shells. This alarmed the parents so much that they determined to try their last and best trick. The little mother ran up close to the men, fell on her side, and fluttered and cried as if she were dying. The father bird and two other plovers who had a nest farther up the shore ran to her and rubbed her with their bills as if they were very anxious and sad concerning her illness.

"Look there," said the man who had spoken before; "that bird really must be hurt. I have seen many kinds of birds pretend to be injured, but have never seen two play different parts in the same trick." So they started to catch her.

But Mrs. Plover seemed to get better, and ran on for fifteen or twenty yards, and then appeared to fall ill again. The other plovers gathered about as before, and put their bills under her as if to raise and help the sick one. The men went hurrying on; but the lady bird again recovered enough to run for a little distance. The young plovers saw the group pass off among the dunes, the four birds in front and the men following after. Twenty minutes later the shrewd old birds were back with their children, and the men, entirely outwitted, were far down the beach toward their boat.

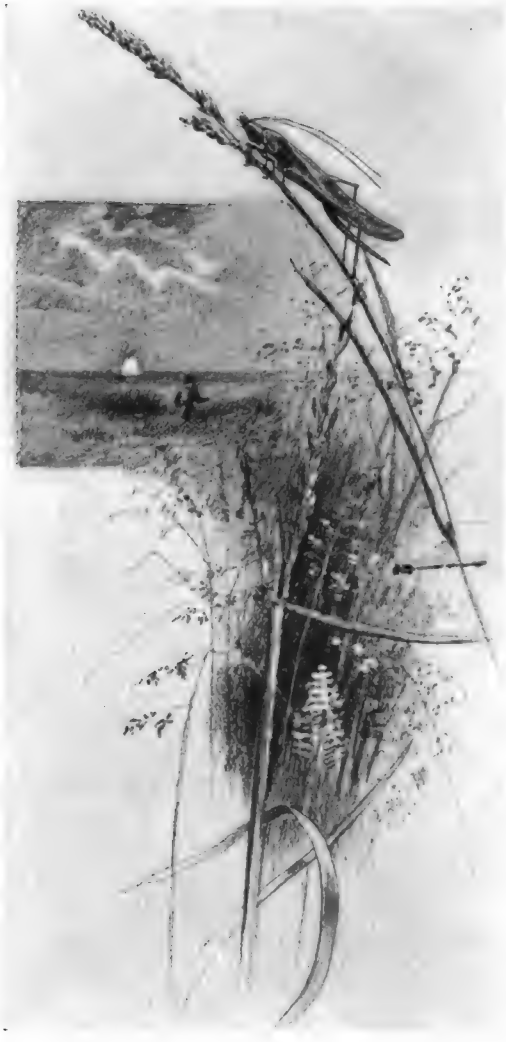
Pretence of injury or lameness is a common habit with many species of birds to attract a supposed enemy from the vicinity of their nests.

T. GILBERT PEARSON.

TWO THIRDS OF THE EGGS IN THE NEST "HATCHED OUT LITTLE DOWN-COVERED BALLS OF PEEPING BIRD LIFE."

HOW DO INSECTS HEAR?

We had been picnicking near the beach that afternoon in early autumn. The last dish and napkin had been packed in the baskets, and



THE "SWORD-BEARING" MEADOW-GRASSHOPPER.

we were admiring the changing colors of the fading light on the clouds above the western hills, following the last glimmer of the setting sun. It was the beautiful twilight of a still perfect evening.

"What 's that?" excitedly exclaimed Margaret. We all shared in her surprise, for a loud insect chorus had suddenly followed two or three shrill sounds that Teddie afterward described as "tuning the instruments." He also rather jokingly expressed belief that an especially loud call was a signal for the entire orchestra to join in.

"Hear them! Hear them! What are they? I 'm going to catch some"; and Harry had already found an empty olive-bottle and started for one of the many clumps of bayberry-bushes from which most of the sounds came.

"They are the sword-bearing meadow-grasshoppers, so called from the sword shape of the egg-depositor," I replied. "You hear them,—any one not totally deaf can hear them,—but how do the insects and others hear their own music and other sounds?" I inquired.

"Why, with their ears, of course. What are they for if not to hear with? But" (not so positively after a moment's pause) "I don't see any," said Harry, who was examining the one he was just putting into the bottle. "I see that sword-shaped thing, and I see the big eyes that you told us were many eyes in one. The eyes are so big that it seems as if the head were all eyes—no room for ears." And then (after a more careful examination of the grasshopper that he had caught) he added, "Come to think of it, I never saw ears on *any* insect. How do insects hear?"

"Think about it a moment. You know the house-fly, the grasshopper, the katydid, the beetles, butterflies, and moths. Where are their ears?"

"They must be very, very small, and I have never seen them because I never have examined insects with a powerful microscope," he suggested. By this time even the older members of the party were eager to solve the problem. All were, like very many St. Nicholas young folks, on the important entrance to the road to knowledge, "Because we want to know."

Then I explained that the ears of insects must be either of unusual form or location, or both; otherwise we should be familiar with them, for in the higher

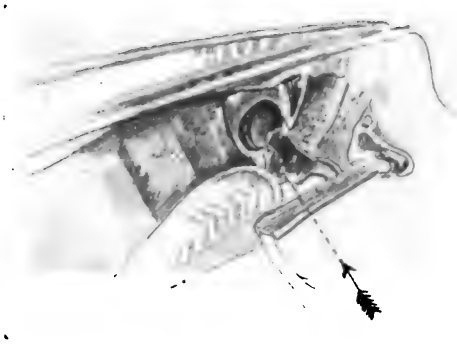
AUDITORY ORGAN ON FORE LEG OF THIS MEADOW-GRASSHOPPER.

THE LARGE COMMON GRASSHOPPER.
(Has an "ear" on each side of the body.)

animals' ears are fully as conspicuous as the eyes. Surely we all have seen the large, glossy, compound eyes of insects. How those of the dragon-fly stare at us from the near-by top of a weed on which the insect has alighted by the pond-side! We can see the eyes even a long way off.

The hearing organs of insects are indeed small, and in queer places. So difficult is it to find them that some entomologists formerly declared that insects have no ears, and therefore cannot hear. Such statements did not seem reasonable, in view of the fact that nearly all insects are noisy or musical. By very careful searching and experimenting, ears have been found.

On our meadow-grasshoppers we found them on the fore leg, as shown in the illustration. This is the position of the ear-like organs on katydids, some members of the green-grasshopper family, and the crickets. In some grasshoppers, like the large one with which we are familiar, as shown in the illustration, there is an ear on each side of the body, just above the large leg.



AN "EAR" ON THE SIDE OF THE BODY OF THE GRASSHOPPER. (ENLARGED VIEW.)

In some ants a famous naturalist found hearing and smelling organs in the antennæ. The tiny hairs on the antennæ of midges and gnats vibrate in receiving the sounds similar to the music of a tuning-fork or the strings of a piano or violin, in making music. These vibrations are evidently conveyed by nerves to the brain, and thus the delicate branches of the antennæ serve as ears. In some insects there have been found in the wings very small organs that are supposed to be for hearing.

Thus it is seen that the hearing organs (ears, we may call them) are very queerly formed and placed, and so difficult to find and to understand that even the wisest entomologists, like St. Nicholas young folks, have much of interest yet to learn about insects' queer habits and structure.

THE AUDITORY HAIRS ON THE ANTENNÆ OF MALE MOSQUITO.

Note.— The illustrations herewith were drawn from photographs and sketches of the sea-shore scene, and from the specimens collected after the picnic.

BIRD-NESTING IN THE AUTUMN.

My correspondent thinks the birds possess some of the frailties of human beings; among other things, fickle-mindedness. "I believe they build nests just for the fun of it, to pass away the time, to have something to chatter about and dispute over." I myself have seen a robin play at nest-building late in October, and have seen two young bluebirds ensconce themselves in an old thrush's nest in the fall and appear to amuse themselves like children, while the wind made the branch sway to and fro.

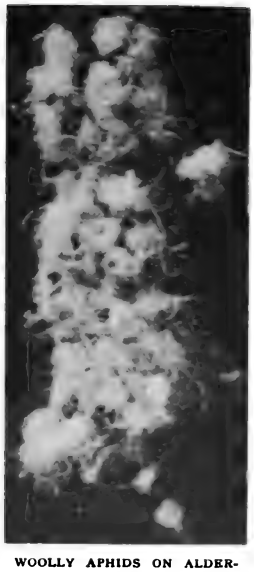
John Burroughs in "Riverby."

Our young folks will please look carefully for such autumn bird-nesting, and when found "write to St. Nicholas about it."

MYSTERIOUS "WOOL" ON THE ALDERS.

THE young folks and I had been nutting in the forest the afternoon of October 25, last year. In returning we crossed a pasture, and came out to the road through some alder-bushes not far from the brook.

One of the boys, a few rods in advance of the rest of the party, called out, "Come here, quick, and see the wool on the bushes. How did it get there?" After all had looked and wondered what it was, I touched a cluster, and immediately it began to separate, causing the almost universal exclamation, "They are alive!" I then explained that they were the woolly aphids, quite different from the ordinary green forms with which young folks are familiar; for aphids are found on nearly all kinds of vegetation and are commonly spoken of as plant-lice. I hung a black coat on the bushes near two clusters, for a background, and then, with a small camera, took the photographs that are reproduced on this page.



WOOLLY APHIDS ON ALDER-BRANCHES.

Late in the autumn woolly aphids migrate down the alders. On the larger roots or among the leaves they spend the winter. Probably they perish in large numbers. Such as survive cold weather crawl up the alder stems in the spring, find a satisfactory position, insert their beaks through the bark, and, thus feeding on the sap, grow, and evidently are perfectly contented with life. They are not difficult to find. Look for them this October on the alder-bushes, and see what queer little fuzzy animals they are.

REMARKABLE HABIT OF AN INTERESTING SNAKE.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much pleased to see the article on snakes in your May number. It reminded me of a story my friend R. L. Ditmar, curator of reptiles in the Bronx Park Zoo, told us when he came home from the South last spring. It appears that he had captured a very fine specimen of the hognose-snake, which has a habit of "playing possum" when approached. With this snake he came up to a crowd of negroes, and hoping to have some fun, he told the colored men that he had the power to kill the snake by simply laying him on the ground and looking at him, and then to bring him back to life again by the same process. He accordingly laid the snake on the ground, telling the negroes to keep very quiet during the operation. The snake immediately turned over on its back and lay as if dead. But after a few moments, every one keeping very quiet, the snake turned over again and started to crawl away. And to this day, if he had not explained the joke, the colored people of that district would doubtless have been telling one another of the "wonderful snake-charmer" whom they had seen kill a snake and then bring it to life again! This is a very good illustration of the habit of this, as I think, most interesting of our smaller snakes.

THE HOGNOSE-SNAKE.

Yours truly,
H. E. ANGELL.

Mr. Ditmar states that the above letter is correct in every particular, and that such characteristics for a reptile are unique.

BUTTERFLIES THAT MIGRATE IN FLOCKS.

BELVIDERE, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In September, last year, I saw a number of butterflies, perhaps as many as a hundred, all together on a tree. When driven from one tree they would alight on another, but they did not in any case, I think, alight on the ground, and not usually on bushes. They were of the common orange-red variety, the name of which I do not know. Can you tell

FIG. 1. THE FAMOUS MONARCH OR MILKWEED BUTTERFLY.
(Migrates in large flocks. Is distasteful to birds.)

me what was the cause of so many of them being together? I have never observed or heard of such a case before. Very truly yours,

DAMON E. CUMMINGS (age 16).

The excellent drawing and description show that this is our most abundant, widespread, and famous butterfly, and hence appropriately called the Monarch (*Anosia plexippus*), about which very much has been written, even a volume by Dr. Scudder.

In the summer it is found over almost the entire continent, and hence some particulars regarding this butterfly will be of general interest to our young folks. Its powers of flight exceed that of any other butterfly, and every autumn, when abundant, they collect in vast flocks of hundreds, even thousands—so many that they sometimes change the color of trees on which they alight for the night, as they migrate southward like our migrating birds. Last year they were very abundant even in the most thickly populated portions of our large cities. They have been seen in large numbers flying at sea five hundred miles from land, and are to be found on many islands.

The Monarch is distasteful to birds, and this protection is the cause of an interesting example of mimicry—unconscious, of course—by another butterfly, the Viceroy. This is of the same color and has nearly the same markings. So closely does the Viceroy resemble the Monarch that you would think they belonged to the same family. The Viceroy, however, belongs to a very different family (the *Basilarchia*), of which the usual color is black and white. Fig. 3 shows the usual color-pattern of the members of this family. The Viceroy is not distasteful to birds, but it resembles the distasteful Monarch so closely that the birds are deceived, and thus it is not molested. This is the most striking case of butterfly mimicry known in North America.

FIG. 2. THE VICEROY BUTTERFLY.
(Is not distasteful to birds, but is protected by its close resemblance to the orange-red Monarch. Belongs to the *Basilarchia* genus, nearly all members of which are black and white.)

FIG. 3. A BASILARCHIA BUTTERFLY.
(Shows the usual black-and-white pattern of the genus, to which the deep orange-red of the Viceroy of this family, in its imitation of the Monarch, is a very striking exception.)

SWIMS AND FLIES, BUT CANNOT WALK.

STRATFORD, ONTARIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa caught a strange bird the other evening. It was fluttering along the

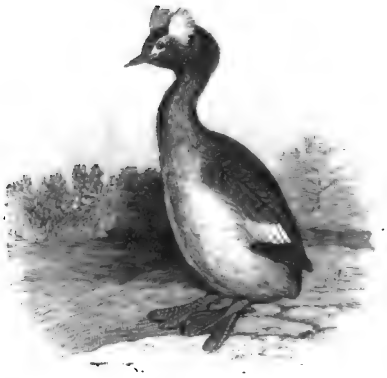
THE LONG-NECKED GREBE.
(Like all other members of the grebe family, it is a good swimmer.)

street, using both feet and wings. It was not wounded, but was not able to walk, because its feet are fitted for swimming. It has four toes on each foot, but one is very small, the other three long and flat to help it in swimming. Its legs seemed to be joined to the body very far back. The bird has no tail. The wings are not very large, and it cannot fly from the ground, though I am told it can fly from the water. I know that it is a good diver, for when it was put into a large kettle of water it dived to the bottom. Its wings and body are dark bluish gray above and whitish below.

Its neck is brownish red up to near the head. The throat and sides of the head are a beautiful grayish white. Its head is greenish black, and it pricks up its feathers when it is angry. It has a long sharp bill, and when you pick it up it pecks at your hand. Its voice is loud and sad. My papa says it is a red-necked grebe. He put it into the pond and it swam away.

EDNA LENNOX.
(Age 10.)

The grebes are expert divers and swimmers, but are very awkward on land (where they



THE "HORNED" GREBE.
(Its awkward walking, the apparent absence of a tail, and the tufts of feathers on its head give it a very ludicrous appearance.)

seldom venture), owing to the backward position of the legs. There are many varieties distributed all over the world. The one you describe is the largest of the common kinds.

The horned grebe is very ludicrous, owing to the peculiar tufts or crests on its head, and the apparent absence of a tail. Many grebes can swim under water for a long distance with only the nostrils exposed, making it very difficult to locate them on the lake; hence the common name, "water-witches." The nest is a curious floating mass of water weeds, sticks, and mud.

HORNED TOAD.

BOULDER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your readers may like to hear of a horned toad that I saw last year while I was at school in Los Angeles, California. It was in the

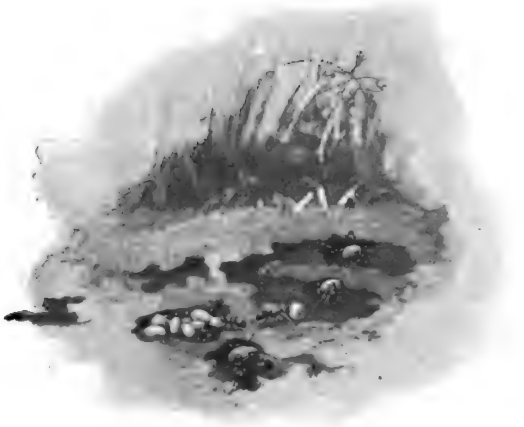
A VERY INTERESTING LITTLE ANIMAL, ALTHOUGH NOT OF ATTRACTIVE APPEARANCE.

spring vacation, and I was at a ranch making a visit. The next day after my arrival the girl whom I was visiting and I put on large sombreros, after we ate our breakfast, and then went outdoors and into the orange orchard and ate three or four oranges. Then it occurred to us that we might be able to catch a horned toad and tame him for a pet. Well, we started out. We cut across a field, and right across the road we saw a horned toad which was very prettily marked. As I had this large sombrero on, I thought I would fill it with dirt, and then we could both run him into the hat and so get him home. We got the hat full of dirt, and then proceeded to get him in. My friend would run on one side to head him off, and I would get on the other. Then we each got one stick, and rolled him over and over until we got him in the hat. Then my friend gave me her hat to put over the top of mine to keep him from running. We then got him home all right.

Yours respectfully,
OLA S. CALLAHAN.

Horned toads are perfectly harmless, become tame as soon as handled, and hence are often kept as pets for their oddity. They feed on

flies and other insects, but can fast for a long time, hence are often sent by mail alive to various parts of the United States. They are interesting little animals, although clumsy in motion, and cannot jump, as you might expect from their common but misleading name. They are not really toads or frogs, but lizards —quite another class of animals.



THE ANTS AND THEIR COCOONS.

ANTS UNDER STONES.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you of something I noticed the other day. We had gone on a bicycle ride to Valley Forge, and I and another boy were turning up some stones while trying to find worms to go fishing with. In the earth under one of the stones we found quite a number of little white things, about one sixteenth of an inch long and about half as thick. They were surrounded by a number of ants, who, upon our pulling up the stone, at once set about taking in their nippers these white things we thought ants' eggs, and carrying them through little holes into the ground. On a part of the stone we had just lifted one of these eggs had stuck. An ant had started to carry it down the stone, when another ant seized the egg and tried carrying it up the rock. This led to a fierce struggle between the two ants, both trying to gain possession of the egg. They kept up the struggle until they tore the egg to pieces. Can you tell me what object there was in fighting, and whether the particles were eggs?

Your admiring reader,

EDWIN BARTLETT.
(Age 12.)

A SEARCH FOR FISHWORMS.

I sent a copy of this letter to Miss Margaret W. Morley, who has carefully studied the habits of ants, bees, and wasps, and written several books about them. She very kindly sends our young folks the following statement:

It is undoubtedly a cocoon the ants were struggling over. As to why they tore it in two, I can only suggest that each was eager to carry it to a safe place and neither was willing to give up to the other. One sees similar exhibitions much higher in the scale of life than ants! The more I watch living things the more convinced I become that the "infallible instinct" of the lower life is no more infallible than is the so-called reasoning faculty among ourselves. We all—from ants to people—are individuals, some wiser, some stupider.

The usual life-order of ants is, very small eggs, white legless larvæ, pupæ in cocoons, then full-grown ants.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

LIVE TO LEARN AND LEARN TO LIVE.

"A STUDY FROM NATURE." BY MARGERY BRADSHAW, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

SEPTEMBER, the ember of summer, has fled;
Bent over a school-book is each busy head.
All home from the mountains and sea-shore and glen,
Now sober October is with us again.

Part of the sweetness of vacation is the home-coming. The old things we left behind have a new value. The big chair that has been empty for weeks offers more welcome comfort, the glow of the evening lamp sheds friendlier cheer. All about the house there is a charm that we had not noticed when we went away, something we had lost sight of in the daily round, that we discover now with eyes refreshed by absence, and we rejoice in what seems a new-found contentment. Truly it may be in the home-coming that we learn the real value of our vacation.

It is two years ago now since we began to talk about our League, and two years ago next month since we began in earnest to organize it. The place we have made for ourselves since then is now recognized as one of the most important in the art and literary world. It could not be otherwise. The readers of ST. NICHOLAS include the most intelligent young people who read the English language, and the development of their talents through the League means the development of those whose work will stand foremost in the years to come. Only last week the most distinguished art instructor in this country, if not in the world, wrote to the League offering a free art education to one of our prize-winners. The eyes of the great masters are upon us. We must do our best.

"SUMMER SPORT." BY GERTRUDE WEINACHT, AGE 9. (CASH PRIZE.)

There are those who would like to know what are the different grades of League advancement and honors. They rank as follows:

First step, the roll of honor, which shows that the work sent is creditable (often worthy of publication) and that it contains promise of still better things. Second step, acceptance for publication; and this means a great deal, for out of the vast number of contributions received only a few, a very few, are selected for use. Third step, the silver badge, awarded for high merit, considering the age of the sender. Fourth step, the gold badge, awarded for the best work received for any given month, and only outranked by the cash prize, which may be awarded to a member who has already received a gold badge. The cash prize is really in the nature of a graduation honor, and means that the one receiving it has done work worthy of regular acceptance and payment, and that the young author or artist has received the highest encouragement that it is possible for the League to give. It is the work only that counts in making this award, and in this number of ST. NICHOLAS two cash prizes are awarded to two little girls whose work would do credit to the professional writer and photographer anywhere in the world. With years and higher education they will doubtless achieve still greater successes; but whatever may be their triumphs in the years to come, they need never regard with anything but pride the work that resulted in their League triumphs of the long ago.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 22.

IN making the silver-badge awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

VERSE. Cash prize, by Gwendolen Gray Perry (age 11), Rockland, Me.

Gold badge, Marguerite M. Hillery (age 14), 105 W. 77th St., New York City.

Silver badges, Geddes Smith (age 11), 18 N. Essex

Ave., Orange, N. J., and James Monaghan, Jr. (age 10), Swarthmore, Pa.

PROSE. Gold badges, Margaret Elise Sayward (age 15), 69 Monadnock St., Dorchester, Mass., and Philip S. Beebe (age 13), 1154 Long St., Columbus, O.

Silver badges, Helen L. Collins (age 17), 320 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and Frances Spaulding (age 11), 20 Orient Ave., Melrose, Mass.

DRAWING. Gold badges, Ruth G. Sterne (age 13), 1516 1st St., San Diego, Cal., and Margery Bradshaw (age 13). (Address mislaid; please send.)

Silver badges, W. Ely Hill (age 14), 40 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and Alice Paine (age 12), West Newton, Mass.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Cash prize, Gertrude Weinacht (age 9), 540 Morris Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

Gold badge, Helen Kent Emery (age 13), Las Lomas Ranche, Buena Park, Cal.

Silver badges, Charlotte Bosler (age 11), 330 W. 2d St., Dayton, O., and Helen Frith (age 13), 35 W. 37th St., New York City.

WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY. First prize, "Wild Boar," Charley Strozzi (age 17), Villino Strozzi, Via Valfonda, Pratello No. 1, Florence, Italy.

Second prize, "Young Crows," Richard S. Newbold (age 16), 201 E. Jacoby St., Norristown, Pa.

Third prize, "Sparrow-hawk," Ronald Dalton (age 9), Box 1506, Santa Barbara, Cal.

PUZZLES. Gold badge, Basil Aubrey Bailey (age 14), 4 W. 47th St., N. Y. City.

Silver badge, Dorothy Calman (age 13), 127 W. 81st St., New York City.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, Louise M. Haynes (age 16), 74 Beacon St., Hyde Park, Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, Charles Almy (age 13), 147 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass., and Nettie Lawrence (age 16), 719 Delaware St., Scranton, Pa.

Prize awards are usually sent within fifteen days after their announcement.

"SUMMER SPORT." BY HELEN KENT EMERY, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE LIFE OF LITTLE MORNING-GLORY.

BY GWENDOLEN GRAY PERRY (AGE 11).

(*Cash Prize.*)

A SEED was planted one bright day
  In hopes that it would grow
To be a flower fair and gay
  And in the breezes blow.

And by and by two small leaves green
  Pushed upward to the sun,
And then a tiny bud was seen—
  A little single one.

But with a little warm sun's light,
  And rain to quench its thirst,
A morning-glory blue and white
  From out the wee bud burst.

Unconscious of her loveliness,
  The little flower grew;
The world for just one day to bless
  Was all she came to do.

She gave her honey to the bees
  And to the butterflies;
She gave her fragrance to the breeze,
  Her beauty to our eyes.

She closed her petals up at night
  And slept, no more to wake.
May we not make some darkness bright
  For Morning-glory's sake?

LEATHERLIPS.

BY PHILIP S. BEEBE (AGE 13).

Illustrated by the Author.

(*Gold Badge.*)

WHEN we were out camping last summer on the Scioto River, near Dublin, my father and I walked up the river road to take some views. About a mile from the camp we saw a monument about fifty feet from the road and surrounded by a stone fence. As we came closer we could read this inscription:

LEATHERLIPS.

A CHIEF OF THE WYANDOTTE TRIBE OF INDIANS, WAS ASSASSINATED ON THIS SPOT JUNE 1, 1810.

ERECTED BY THE WYANDOTTE CLUB OF COLUMBUS, OHIO, IN 1889.

We learned his story from an old lady who was living near by and who was born about fifteen years after his death. Leatherlips, chief of the Wyandottes, was one of the most honest and upright men among the Indians. He was friendly to the whites and would not approve of the plans to massacre them. When Tecumseh, a chief who had a great deal of influence among the Indians, heard of this, he was very angry, but did not interfere then. Afterward, when the time for the massacre of the whites came, Leatherlips advised them not to do it, saying it would be their ruin. As they would not listen he sent a runner to warn the whites. In some way the Indians learned of this, and Tecumseh ordered his death. He chose a chief and five men to kill him. Leatherlips was camping by himself at the time, and about one o'clock on June 1, 1810, they came to his camp and told him he must die at four o'clock. He pleaded with them, saying, "I am an old man; let me go. I will go beyond the Great River [the Mississippi]; I will never return." But they would not yield. Just then some white men came up, and one offered to exchange his horse for him. The Indians refused, and Leatherlips now started for the grave, singing the death-song of his family. When he reached the grave he knelt down,

GRAVE OF LEATHERLIPS.

holding his head in his hands.

One of the Indians then stepped out and struck him twice with his tomahawk, killing him instantly.

In 1889 the Wyandotte Club of Columbus, Ohio, erected a granite monument to his memory. It seems to me that this is a good example of self-sacrifice.

THE CREATION OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY MARGARET ELISE SAYWARD (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THE valley still slumbered silently in that darkness that comes before dawn; but the mountain-peaks were already bathed in rosy light, and even the windows of the magician's cottage had caught and imprisoned a few stray beams, so that they seemed of solid gold.

Suddenly a sweet voice began singing, "'The heavens declare the glory'—father, where are you?" and the magician's little daughter danced out on the door-step, shading her eyes to get a glimpse of her parent. She soon discovered and ran up to him on the top of the peak. There, gazing at the beauty of the sun and the clouds, she sang in her fresh young voice, "'And the firmament showeth his handiwork.'"

This magician was not an evil-minded one—far from it; indeed, he was called the Giver of Virtues; and he well deserved the name, for all the virtues mankind ever possessed were created by this man. There was another wizard who lived in the valley, a wicked man who was named the Giver of Sins; *he* never got up to see the sunrise or gloried in the sunsets.

But let us go back to the mountain. The old man and his daughter are no longer there, but following the sound of a ringing laugh, we find them walking in the forest. As they go along thinking up new virtues, they brush against a partridge's nest, scaring the mother, who leaves her young shivering with fear, and runs away. "Oh, father," cries the girl, "that bird is sadly in need of a virtue. Do make her love her little ones, so that she would rather be hurt herself than to have them come to any harm!"

"SUMMER SPORT." BY HELEN FRITH, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

"'T is a good idea, child, and we will call it *sacrifice*."

"Nay, father; would not *self*-sacrifice be better?"

"You are right," cries the old man; "and would it not be a good virtue to give humankind?"

"Verily, father, it would make them better than they have been."

And so self-sacrifice was created among animals and men, and we all know it makes us much better to deny ourselves for the sake of others.

"SUMMER SPORT." BY CHARLOTTE BOSLER, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

LIFE.

BY MARGUERITE M. HILLERY (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

LIKE a river it flows through the whole wide earth by mountain and valley and plain;
And many have tasted the sweets of life and many have known its pain,
And many have stranded upon the rocks and many have sunk from sight,
But many have taken the way that leads to a land of love and light.
So the seething torrent of life sweeps on with its swiftly moving tide,
And the good and the bad, like the chaff and wheat, are moving side by side.
It stretches away o'er an endless plain from the frozen north to south,
And no one can tell where it first began, and no one can find its mouth:
For no one turns back on the river of life, and forward we all must go
Till the Harbor of Peace is reached at last when the river has ceased to flow.

A GREAT SACRIFICE.

BY FRANCES SPAULDING (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

GRETCHEN sat idly dreaming on the back door-step. Inside the house her mother was crooning a cradle-song as she rocked little Hans to sleep. Poor mother! how tired she was! Outside, the fertile fields, the great windmills, and the shimmering canal, bounded by dikes, made the scene very peaceful and picturesque; for this is the town of Delft, in Holland, and Gretchen is a little Dutch girl.

A moment later the mother felt a touch on her arm. "Mother dear, let me take the baby now. You are tired."

Gretchen sat down in the low chair by the window with Hans in her lap, while her mother took her sewing.

"Do you see the red gables yonder, daughter?" asked the mother.

"YOUNG CROWS." BY RICHARD S. NEWBOLD, AGE 16. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

"WILD BOAR." BY CHARLEY STROZZI, AGE 17. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

"Yes, for I have often wondered who lived there. Will you tell me about it?"

"Philip, King of Spain, once claimed this country as part of his kingdom. That palace was the home of William the Silent, who delivered the Dutch from their enemy. Born and bred in courts, he gave himself and all his property for the benefit of the people.

"As a reward for his services Holland and Zeeland proclaimed him their stadholder.

"But he was not safe in his new kingdom, for Philip of Spain must have bribed assassins to kill this noble man. His life was laid on the altar of his country. On Tuesday, June 10, 1584, he was murdered by Balthazar Gerard, in the vestibule of his palace.

"So died one of the noblest men history has ever known, and if all men took him as an example they would do well."

Gretchen thought a moment, and then said, "Mother, he was a hero. I cannot give my life to my country, but I can make the world better by being self-sacrificing in little things. Can't I?"

"Yes, Gretchen, and so can every one."

LIFE ON MARS.

BY GEDDES SMITH (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I WONDER what they do on Mars—
If the boys throw snowballs at the stars,
Or doughnuts eat from big brown jars.

Perhaps green cheese, cut from the moon,
Puts every boyish heart in tune,
And disappears most strangely soon.

Perhaps with Canis Major play
The boys; and in the Milky Way
Frolic and romp the livelong day.

I wonder if they go to school,
And study definitions, rules,
History, and use of tools.

But would n't it be very queer
If some boy, on that distant sphere,
Should wonder what *we 're* doing *here?*

THE BLUEBIRD AND THE ROBIN.

BY HELEN L. COLLINS (AGE 17).

(*Silver Badge.*)

IT was early spring, and mating-time. In the orchard the feathered songsters were flitting about among the branches, which were just budding into tender green.

Hither and thither the birds flew, now darting out into the open or flying to a distant field, but almost always returning with some prize in the shape of straws or feathers.

Why such commotion up in Bird Land? Ah, it is a happy season when the bluebirds and robins and many others build homes for a future generation.

'Way up in a notch of an old apple-tree, where two parting branches made a sheltered nook, a couple of robins were hovering. They were new to the art of home-making, being a giddy young pair and this their first experience. So Mrs. Robin was properly flustered. Mr. Robin took things more calmly, as most male creatures like to pretend they do. Together they were building the prettiest nest imaginable; a flimsy appearing affair, to be sure, but warm and cozy.

Only one more thing was needed to complete this airy home, just a few soft feathers to line it throughout. Both of the

"SPARROW-HAWK." BY RONALD DALTON, AGE 9. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

"SUMMER SPORT." BY ROBERT T. HAYNE, JR., AGE 12.

"SUMMER SPORT." BY MARGARET WILLIAMSON, AGE 14.

robins had scoured the country round, but other not less enterprising yet luckier birds seemed to have gleaned the hen-yards for a radius of miles.

At last Mrs. Robin started out for one last trial. Her perseverance was rewarded, for she spied some light, downy stuff which the wind had wafted into some bushes.

Aha! here was the very thing; and the tired robin fluttered down. But alas! at the same time another bird came swooping down and pounced upon the wad of cotton. Then there was a miniature tug of war. Mrs. Robin felt that she deserved the prize, Mrs. Bluebird was just as confident that the rights were hers; but neither bird wished to appear selfish.

Each noted how tired the other looked after a hard day's work, yet neither felt like relenting. At last Mrs. Robin let go her hold and in the very plainest bird talk said she sympathized with Mrs. Bluebird.

"Fly away home, dear friend; I gladly give up all claim to the beautiful stuff"; and away flew the cheerful bird before the other could expostulate.

Of course Mrs. Robin did not tell her husband of this little affair. He would probably have said, "Just like a woman," and be cross just like a man.

Not many minutes had passed by when the robins were disturbed from their blissful survey of the new home. A big bluebird flew down through the branches and deposited a tiny bundle of cotton in the nest. Then away she flew again, without one explanation. But Mrs. Robin understood; Mr. Robin, though not understanding, was greatly rejoiced, and probably thought it was Providence.

No doubt Mrs. Robin still remembers and is thankful for that double self-denial.

THE LIFE OF AUTUMN.

BY MARIA LETITIA STOCKETT (AGE 16).

(*Winner of former prizes.*)

Down the green forest path there comes a maid
With sun-kissed cheeks, and dark and floating hair.
Upon her brow no crown of precious gold,
Inwrought with gems of value rich and rare,

"SUMMER SPORT." BY JEANNETTE McCLINTOCK, AGE 15.

"SUMMER SPORT." BY LOIS PARTRIDGE LEHMAN, AGE 14.

"A STUDY FROM NATURE." BY MARY L. BRIGHAM, AGE 15.

But clusters of wild grapes and autumn leaves,
  In colors yellow, crimson, russet, brown;
See how the forest yields its very best
  To make fair Autumn's crown.

Her scepter is a stately goldenrod,
  With which she touches every leaf and tree,
And straightway they are changed to royal gold
  And purple, proof of her own sovereignty.
The asters by the brookside shyly bend
  Before her, as she treads the shadowy ways;
The forest is all wrapt in mystery,
  A soft and purple haze.

As night comes on, and daylight fades and dies,
  The red sun slowly sinks away to rest;
The whippoorwill begins his mournful lay;
  And each small bird has sought his downy nest:
Then o'er the hilltops like a golden lamp,
  Hung in the evening sky so blue and clear,
Shines the great yellow harvest moon,
  Telling that rest is near.

FRED'S SACRIFICE.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 8).

ONE afternoon Fred was getting ready to play baseball with the boys outside.

He went to the closet to get his bat, when he noticed a small dog at his door, whining pitifully. At the same time, the catcher, Tom Robbins, called to him: "Come on, Fred, come on; we are all ready to play."

But the dog had started down the steps, looking after Fred to see if he would follow. Fred stood for about twenty seconds, then he started after the dog. The catcher called to him again.

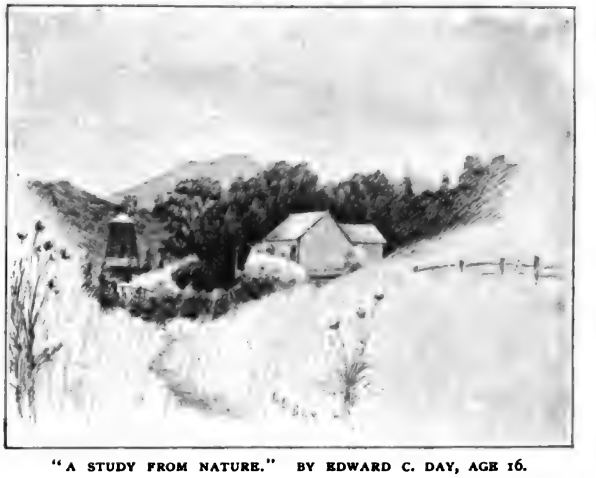
The words choked in Fred's throat, but he said, "I can't come now."

Then on he went after the little dog, up one street and down another, till they came to an old dilapidated barn. On the dog went until she came to a pile of rubbish; then, drawing it open, she showed three small puppies, two of them badly cut and bruised, as if by wagon wheels; the third lay dead and motionless, with a gash in his throat, made by a horse's hoof. The boy took up the two living puppies, and the mother followed after him.

He went to the next street, and got on board a street-car. He put the three dogs on the seat beside him. They went whizzing by his house.

The boys were playing ball, with another boy pitching in Fred's place; but he did not care now. On he went, until he came to a home for cats and dogs; then he got out. Going up to the door, he rapped, and presented the animals.

Every day her good friend Fred comes to see "Nelly," the little dog he had followed that August day.



"A STUDY FROM NATURE." BY EDWARD C. DAY, AGE 16.

"SUMMER SPORT." BY JUDITH WILKES, AGE 12.

"SUMMER SPORT." BY W. H. PATTERSON, AGE 16.

"MOONLIGHT STUDY FROM NATURE."
BY THEODORA KIMBALL, AGE 14.

ANIMAL LIFE ON THE FARM.

BY ROBBINS WOLCOTT BARSTOW (AGE 11).

To begin with the chickens—
All told twenty-five;
One chicken has died,
But the rest are alive.

We have twenty-four hens,
But not all of them lay;
One time we gathered
Eighteen eggs in one day.

Next come the horses,
One black and three bay;
All of our horses
Are good in their way.

Next come the cattle—
Many cows, but no steers;
We have one poor cow
That 's deprived of her ears.

They were frozen (how dreadful!),
And she 's lost both her horns;
But I don't think they hurt now,
For she never mourns.

And last come the piggies—
Twelve in all, I think;
Nine are little babies
Who have n't learned to drink.

NOTICE.

Any reader of St. Nicholas, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership and badge, free.

"CENTURY-PLANT IN BLOOM." FROM NATURE.
BY PLEASAUNCE BAKER, AGE 14.

LIFE ON THE TRAIL.

BY JAMES MONAGHAN, JR. (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Over the hills with my kodak I roam,
Studying each little animal's home;
Over the hills with the quail and the crow,
Over the hills with the timid doe,
Over the hills with the young ground-hog,
Over the hills to his nest in the log,
Over the hills alone I stray,
Over the hills and far away.

"BEAUTY."

(*A True Story.*)

BY CATHERINE E. CAMPBELL (AGE 13).

My mother came from Texas, and was a pure-blooded Angora goat. Like many an aristocratic mother, she left the care of her children to others, so I was left to shift for myself.

"BEAUTY."

When I was about three months old the farmer found me starving; he brought me to town and gave me to a family that loved to take care of poor little goats like me. I had a friend whose mother was as naughty as mine, and we grew up as pets of these kind people, who came every day and taught us to eat chop. The lady would put some in one of her pockets, and turn her head away; then we would come up and put our little noses into her pocket and get it. We soon became acquainted with all the family, and one of the girls taught me to shake hands.

My dress grew so long and silky that the farmer brought strangers to see me, and I grew quite popular.

In the fall I was to go to the fair, accompanied by my friend "Belle," and oh, what a washing and combing we did get!

At last we were ready, when a wagon came and took us away with other goats. We rode for miles, and finally came to the fair grounds, where I was put in a queer kind of stall, and I shook hands with a little boy a great many times to amuse people.

The worst trip I had was coming home, for the driver was careless, and knocked us about as if we had no feeling.

One, the tenderest and youngest of us all, had her pretty little horn broken, and it was a week before it was well.

When they sheared me my coat of hair was thirteen inches long, and shone in the sun like fine silk. My blue ribbons were put away

in a book that belonged to the farmer's wife, and now I am out in the pasture like any other goat, although I was the finest at the fair, and still wear a silver tag in my ear.

MY PLEASURE IN LIFE.

BY MARY PRATT (AGE 9).

EARLY in the morning,
When the birds begin to sing,
I go out beneath my apple-tree,
And sit in my favorite swing.

And I 'm always happy
In heart and in thought,
Whether the weather
Is pleasant or not.

Sometimes my sister pushes me,
And then I go so high
It seems as if I 'm sure to go
Right up into the sky.

But then I hear the breakfast-Bell, and so I leave my swing
Under the dear old apple-tree
Where birds so sweetly sing.

"A STUDY FROM NATURE." BY RUTH G. STERNE, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE SECRET OF THE RED ROSE.

BY ELSIE ROSALINE MASSON (AGE 10).

ELFINDOM was situated in the garden of a beautiful old castle; its inhabitants were in great excitement, for Princess Claribel had declared that she would only marry the bravest man in the kingdom, and he was to show his bravery by accomplishing three tasks, however difficult. Prince Knightly was sad that evening, for long had he loved the princess. He came in a crowd of suitors to compete, and was received with something more than courteousness—for deep down in her heart *she* loved *him*.

"See, now," she cried, leading him into the garden, "go—fight and kill yon spider; 't is dangerous work." He drew his sword, determining to win, and after a long struggle he did so. Claribel's behavior grew cold, for, though he had her heart, she did not wish to wed poverty.

The second task was to bury himself in the pine needles, which were sharp as swords to Knightly—an elf; but he laid himself down, and neither groaned nor cried till he was bade get up.

The Princess feared now that he would accomplish the tasks and that she would become the bride of a penniless prince.

"And now," she said, "climb up into that white rose yonder; there are many dangers: thou mightst be pricked by the thorns, or thou mightst fall to the ground. If thou valuest thy life, attempt it not."

"I value thee more," replied the prince, and ascended the rose-tree. Up, up, up he climbed, while the princess waited below. He reached his destination, but did not descend.

"Come down," cried Claribel. "Thou hast succeeded, and I shall be thy bride."

"I shall never touch the earth again. I am wounded and I shall die," he answered.

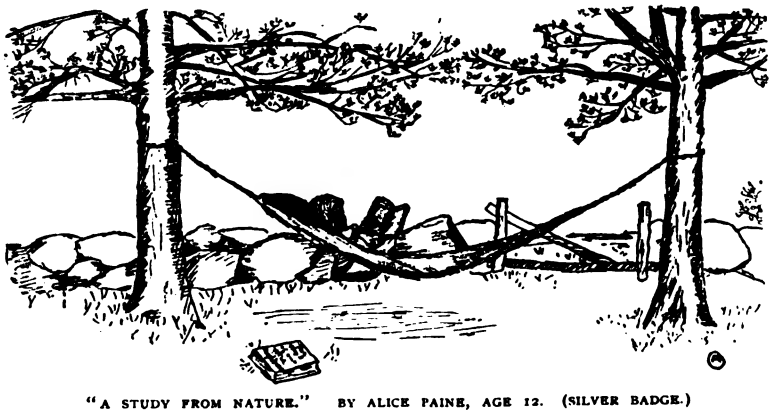
"Come down, come down. I will cure thy wounds. Come down to me, thy bride."

"Thy manner has broken my heart, princess; I have given my life for thee."

"Come down," she wept. "I love thee well. Come down, come down, come down!"

But there was no reply, and the petals of the rose became blood-red as they bent over the body of the prince. And this is the secret that lies hidden in the heart of the red, red rose.

To double the League membership we repeat the September suggestion that each member send on a postal card a list of at least five names of young people who will enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS League.



"A STUDY FROM NATURE." BY ALICE PAINE, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

LIFE IN CAMP.

BY CARYL GREENE (AGE 12).

HIGH up on a hilltop
Not far away
Some people went camping
One midsummer day.

But there was no spring
Except down the hill,
And there was no store
Except at the mill.

But, after all,
They fared very well,
And took turns to get water,
As I have heard tell.

LIFE.

BY HELEN KING STOCKTON (AGE 14).

A PASSING joy on a changing way,
A strife—for nothing—from day to day,
A pain we suffer to learn its might,
A love that guides through the dark and light,
A nameless longing at twilight's glow,
A friendship, made on the path we go,
A rare, sweet peace in the midst of strife—
All these make life.

SPRING LIFE.

BY WILLIAM CAREY HOOD (AGE 14).

SPARKLING dew upon the grass,
Birds with light wings upward pass,
Fleecy clouds are soaring high,
Cooling breezes gently sigh,
Rugged mountain, stately pine:
All unite in choir divine.
This the anthem that they swell:
"God gives life: and all is well!"

Graceful ferns in hidden nooks,
Silvery tinkle of the brooks,
Rushing streams and tranquil lake
Where the deer their thirst do slake:
All conspire God's praise to sing,
Through the fresh, sweet air of spring.
This the anthem that they swell:
"God gives life: and all is well!"

"A STUDY FROM NATURE." BY W. ELY HILL, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE DAFFODIL'S LIFE-WORK.

BY LORENA FREEMAN (AGE 14).

DAFFODIL! O Daffodil! shining pure and bright,
Tell me now thy story, reveal it in thy light.
Show me in thy petals the fairies lurking there,
Weaving tiniest sunbeams in their golden hair;
Take me to dear flower-land, to thy flower queen,
Where such pretty birds sing and fairy-rings are seen;
Oh, take me to thy palace, made of shining gold,
Lighted up by fireflies when their wings unfold;
Teach me how to spin some thread, fine as spiders' silk;
Tell me why the dandelion has such bitter milk;
Show me good in every heart, make my wishes pure,
So at last, when I depart, of joy I 'll be sure.

LIFE.

BY ALMA JEAN WING (AGE 17).

(*Winner of former prizes.*)

'T IS but a pantomime of moving scenes:
A swift, glad journey up a summer hill,
A lingering and wandering at will,
A tottering down the shadowed wintry side —
And this is life; so strange in all, 't would seem
A breath, a struggle, and a long, long dream!

THE FORESTS' PLEA FOR LIFE.

BY HELEN BARTLETT MAXCY (AGE 17).

(*Winner of former prizes.*)

ONCE were we proud and mighty rulers of all the earth;
None to rival our grandeur till the tyrant man had birth.
Puny he seemed, a stripling; we towered on high in scorn.
Now we have felt his power; thinned are our ranks forlorn.

The fair young birch-trees shudder and fall like the trembling fern;
The great pines moan at the slaughter, but, helpless, yield in their turn;
The princely, flaunting maple is felled by a flashing stroke;
The vanquished elm-tree totters, and our noble king, the oak.

We who did rule are conquered; hark to the humble prayer
Of the few who are left from millions; hear us and speak us fair.
Man, we have owned thy greatness; a boon to thy subjects give!
In pity stay this slaughter; we only ask to live.

"A STUDY FROM NATURE." BY ROBERT GASTRELL BARTON, AGE 14.

TO MEMBERS.

It is our aim to make the ST. NICHOLAS League so strong and useful that it shall never be discontinued. Now, while we are young and fresh, is the time to do it. Send on a card the names of five talented boys and girls who would be good members, and we will send sample copies of the magazine and full instructions. Of course, only names of those not already readers of ST. NICHOLAS are desired.

A VISIT TO THE IMPERIAL MUSEUM OF JAPAN.

BY FRANCES A. HAWORTH (AGE 12).

LAST Tuesday, my mother, brothers, sisters, and I went to visit the Imperial Museum in Uyeno Park, Tokio. To get there, we rode on horse-cars to the park, then we walked through some beautiful big trees to the building.

We left the stuffed-animal department for a room in which were kept the ancient relics of Japan. I walked on ahead of the others, until I came to a glass case which contained some curious brick images, or dolls, showing signs of great age, for they were crumbling to pieces. A policeman soon relieved my curiosity by informing me that, in ancient times, when a daimio, or ruler of a province, died, his family, and all related, were buried alive with him. But when a new Emperor came to the throne, he bade the people make these brick dolls, and bury them instead.

In this room I saw many swords and broken pieces of armor, green and rusty with age. It was marvelous to me that they could be preserved.

Some other things that interested me greatly were the little crosses and blocks of wood that were used two hundred and seventy-seven years ago in the persecution of the Christians. The crosses had little figures of Christ on them, and the blocks, portraits of the Virgin. These were thrown into the street, into the midst of a great number of people supposed to be Christians. They were then told to step upon the crosses and blocks; if they refused to, they were killed on the spot by the sword, or wrapped in straw sacks and thrust into piles of burning fuel and burned to death, or thrown into the open graves soon going to be filled up. But a great many were led to the edge of the steep Pappenberg, in Nagasaki Harbor, and plunged down into the waters beneath. Many a soul has taken its flight in these ways.

We then went upstairs and saw the large carriage that the ancient emperors used to ride in. The shafts alone were long, and wide enough for an elephant.

We also saw two carriages, half the size of the first, that the sons of the emperors rode in.

"THE NEW BABY." BY ROSE C. GOODES, AGE 15.

"SILVERTIP."

BY MELVILLE S. BROWN (AGE 12).

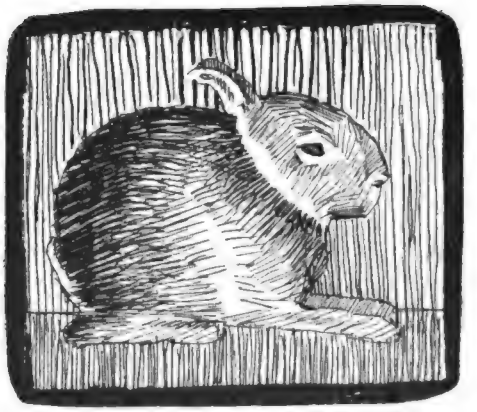
DURING our summer vacation at Lake Ripley, Wisconsin, we go for milk to a farm near by. The farmer's wife, Mrs. Black, has several cats. One night, when we went for milk, we found that one of the cats had caught a young cottontail rabbit. We succeeded in getting it away from her, and we took him home.

We made him a bed lined with lots of cotton. We named him "Silvertip." He was very tame and would eat milk from a teaspoon.

When he was hopping around, I drew his picture. He posed perfectly and seemed to know enough to stand still.

One rather cool night, in spite of the best of care, he crawled out of his box, and was so chilled that in the morning he was found dead.

He lies buried under a tree in back of the cottage, and his grave is decorated with ferns and wild flowers. He was mourned much by our family and friends.



"SILVERTIP." BY THE AUTHOR.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found worthy of honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE.

Edwina Lydia Pope
Sidonia Deutsch
G. M. Dexter
Alberta Cowgill
Reginald Cain-Bartels
Dorothy Russell Lewis
Cecily Isabel Sheppard
Jennie George
Maude E. Peters
Dorothea Posegate
Gertrude Monaghan
Gladys Knight
Mattie Camp
Edith Newby
Marcia L. Webber
Lucille Rosenberg
Theodora Simmons
Florence Schuette
Julia Mumford
Frieda Muriel Harrison
Marguerite Reed
Eleanor Louise Halpin
Edith Hoskinson
Helen Topping
May Woods
Fannie Antoinette Pratt
Olga Schuette
Edith Louise Brundage
Mabel Barnaby Clark
Lucile A. Topping
Eleanor Clifton
Laura Alleine Langford
Elsie N. Gutman
Agnes Churchill Lacy

PROSE.

Elford Eddy
Emmeline Bradshaw
Eleanor Alberta Alexander
Bessie S. Dean
Gordon H. Graves
Elizabeth Camp
Mary Caldwell
Sallie McC. Underhill
Louise R. Bruce
Elsie Reed Hayes
Doris Francklyn
Florence A. Curtis
Priscilla A. Clarke

Pauline Baker
Martha Cameron
Frances C. Reed
Harriet T. Comstock
Marjorie Howson
Grace Chamberlain
Harry Hirsch
Dorothea S. Paul
Helen Earle
Ivy Varian Walshe
Ruth F. Elliot
Alice Allcutt
Francis M. Posegate
Ruth K. Heyn
Sophie P. Woodman
Holeta E. Giddings
Mary Selina Tebault
David MacGregor Cheney
Zenobia Camprubi Aymar
Suehalata Majundar
Eleanor C. Diehl
Adele J. Connelly
Isabelle Tilford
Pearl Stackhouse
Alma C. Schuller
Leila M. Messenger
Emma Bugbee
Eleanor Marvin
Marjorie Grant
George Parks Hitchcock
Bessie Alter
Edna Frances Seligman
Gladys Hodson
Lena Hitchcock
Ellen Skinner
Frederick D. Seward
Rachel Rhoades
Alice Anita Stearns
Hazel Hyman
Lucy W. McCurdy
Helen D. Fish
Margery Darrach
Marion Lincoln
Ruth Hazen Heath
Ethel Fuller
Hazel E. Wilcox
Charles Goldsmith
Mary Goode Woodridge
Ethel Whiting
Esther McFarland
Alpine Bodine Parker
Marjorie Sheridan
Mary Shier
Grace Fontaine Anderson
Julia Coolidge
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Ada Hilton Green
Frances Clements
Edna B. Tuthill
Dorothy E. Robinson
Marjorie Ames
Madeleine F. McDowell
Beth Howard
Elizabeth Chapin
Elizabeth Taylor
Rena Kellner
Phœbe R. Ferris
Gertrude Kaufmann
Dorothy Miner
Elsie Fisher Steinheimer

DRAWINGS.

Gustave Michelson
Violet Packenham
Helen K. Pearson
Norman Shepard
Yvonne Jequier
Rosabel Horton
Ruth B. Hand
S. Morris Longstreth
O. W. Wood
Helen E. Jacoby
I. A. Nees
Dorothy Glover
Burnham North Dell
James Noah Slee
William Stanley Dell
Mildred Easty
Violet Robin
Harry Barnes
Viola Gaines
Earl D. Van Deman
Eleanor S. Upton
Helen Duncan
Pauline Croll
Nathalie L. Bailey
Helen Stevens
Will C. Packard
Edgar Pearce
Katherine E. Foote
Julia Brown
Morrow Wayne Palmer
Alice May Gray
J. Christina Whitehouse
J. McKell
Edith Blain
Esther Brainerd
Edith A. Roberts
Mary Woodman
Carol Bradley
Sara Lawrence Kellogg
Melton R. Owen
Ellen P. Kellner
Frances Granger
Laura G. Wales
Lulu Shepard
Louie Morgan
Miriam Dudley
Allison More
Dorothy Fry
Fanny C. Storer
Bayse N. Westcott
Louise Starng
Frank Meyer
Jean G. Gardner
Elizabeth A. Gest
Margaret J. Russell
Elise Donaldson
Anna Zucker
Margery Bradshaw
Grace B. Coolidge
C. C. Alexander
Mary Hazeltine Fewsmith
R. E. Andrews
Josephine Knowles
Katherine M. Keeler
Edith Mearkle
Elizabeth Bacon Hutchings
Philip P. Cole
Anna H. Strang
Thomas Porter Miller
Rachel A. Russell
Marion H. Tuthill
Everett Barker
Winifred B. Warren
Arthur T. White
Robert Park Donogh
Elva Woodson
Irvin E. Haines
Ethel Osgood
Harold R. Maule

AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS.
FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.
BY JOHN R. BOYD, AGE 17.

"A BIT FROM OUR LIBRARY."
BY IDA COGGSWELL BAILEY, AGE 16.

Ethel V. Wagner
Mary Helen Stevens
Tom Stanley
B. A. Young

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Laura Astor Chanler
Lena E. Bushnell
Menton M. Warren
Wendell R. Morgan
Clara Castle
Elsie McClintock
Ruth C. Dutcher
Floyd Godfrey
Denison H. Clift
Edward MacDougall
Harold V. Smith
Phœbe E. Titus
Richard H. Eurich
Dorothy Quincy Wright
Sarah Davis
Fred Stegman
Marion McGinley
Margaret Doane Gardner
Mary Lang Dyckman
Isabel Crosby
Clarke Barney
Phillips Ward Page
Phœbe H. Post
Agnes T. Packard
Sydney S. Morris
Nina Perry
Stanley Webster
Rachel A. Dowd
Ellen Dunwoody
Elizabeth B. Milliken
Helen M. Boynton
Gertrude C. Lovell
John L. Langhorne
Harold T. Whitney
Richard G. Halter
John F. Cassell
Ralph D. Flint
Allene Gates
Esther P. Denny
Barbara Hinkley
James Gamble Reighard
F. R. Porter
Elizabeth M. Hussey
Ruth L. Clay
Margaret B. Maccullar
J. Maynard Barney
Paul G. Thebaud, Jr.
Mabel W. Whiteley
James Dike
Dorothy Brooks
Louise G. Miner

PUZZLES.

F. W. Saltmarsh
Louise E. Davidson
Fred H. Lahee
Norman S. Sherwood
Holman I. Pearl
Edna Schell
Lydia E. Bucknell
Sidney F. Kimball
Edwin P. Lehman
Margaret Hamilton
William G. Rice, Jr.
Daisy Deutsch
Eleanor Hollis Murdock
Charles H. Welsby
Edmund S. Jamieson
Harriet Marston
Grace L. Clou
Frank L. Surls
Grace L. Craven
N. Stockett, Jr.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

There are a great many letters we would like to print if they were not so long. The League limit to letters is two hundred words, and nearly every one writes at least twice that much. They are interesting nearly always, but no one except the editor gets the benefit of them, because we have so little room.

It is those who really do good work who are the most modest, and a prize nearly always surprises them.

Anna Taylor, a gold-badge winner, says: "I am so surprised that you thought my verses good enough."

Hilda B. Morris, another fortunate one: "I was astonished to think I had won it, and I am still afraid you overrated the worth of my simple little poem."

Claire van Daell: "I never thought I could win a prize, but I have found out that when one truly tries, and does one's best, he is always rewarded."

Helen Bartlett Maxcy: "I was so glad and surprised when I saw my name in the League department."

It is very gratifying to the editor to know that these worthy ones did their best for the sake of the work itself and the joy of trying, rather than with any expectation of honors or acknowledgment."

Herma C. Levy writes a nice letter about a circus she and her friends gave. We have not room for the letter, but the show-bill seems worth reproducing.

A Great Circus will be given at
Levy's Tent.
Admission, 1 Cent.
Will Accept More.
Begins at 7:45 P.M.

Honor Gallsworthy of Harrowgate, England, wants to know if she may draw her pictures first with a pencil, and then go over them with a pen afterward.

Yes, certainly. In fact, almost all illustrators work in this way. The pencil sketch is easily changed, and should be as nearly correct as possible before the work is "inked in," as the artists say.

Edith Louise Brundage writes about Block Island, and its steep, rocky shores.

Harriet B. Bronner tells of a baby bird that tumbled into her lap, and how she cares for it.

Eleanor Hollis Murdock writes entertainingly about her natural playhouse, which we all would like to visit, but her letter is too long for this narrow space; while Dorothy Martin of Kamo, New Zealand, tells us ever so many interesting things about that far land, only, dear me! her letter has about seven hundred words, and so, of course, the editor must have it all to himself.

Other entertaining and appreciative letters have been received from Katherine Andrews, Molly Pearson, Belle Chalmers, Frieda Muriel Harrison, Rosalind Mason, Romaine Hoit, Helen K. Stockton, Austin Boyd, Charles S. Arenott, Vivian B. Duane, Elford Eddy, Edmond W. Palmer, and Sara L. Kellogg.

CHAPTERS.

Now that school has fairly started, chapters should be formed. League work and school work go hand in hand, and in many of the schools teachers have assisted in forming and conducting chapters.

Of course work is not the only object of chapter organization. Fun and recreation, both indoors and out, are quite as important, perhaps even more so, than actual study. Every chapter should suit itself in these matters — the main thing being to organize for harmony and good-fellowship, so as to be successful in whatever is undertaken, whether it be work or play.

Chapter 222 is far and away the banner chapter. Two hundred new members at a meeting is not unusual for this chapter, and on July 1 the total membership was eight hundred and thirty. Warren C. Eccles, President and Secretary, 441 Chestnut Ave., Trenton, N. J., is the address of this chapter, and it would like to correspond with other clubs. Perhaps they will be able to learn how to grow if they will write to 222.

Marian Avery, secretary of 232, wishes to know if photographs may be developed by another. This is explained in the Instruction Leaflet.

237 has added three new members.

263 would like to correspond with other chapters. Address Eva Wilson, Honesdale, Pa. 263 believes ST. NICHOLAS to be the best magazine alive, and is going to give a "catacomb party" to prove it to their friends.

274, the "Loyal Legion," has reorganized, and calls for five new badges.

Bessie Ballard is now secretary of 312. This chapter considers the League "just splendid."

276, of St. Louis, has two new members.

322, Long Beach, Cal., celebrated, on the day after the Fourth of July, with patriotic exercises.

The members of 325 join in sending wishes for long life to the League, and great success. This fall they will be active again and take up new work.

336, Ridley Park, Pa., is now called the "Daisy Chain," and will study nature as much as possible, besides making contributions to the League.

A FEW NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 350. Mary Price, President; Bessie Marshall, Secretary; five members. Address, care of Joseph D. Marshall, Bustleton, Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 351. Caroll Winton, Secretary; seven members. Address, P. O. Box 111, Ithaca, N. Y.

No. 352. "The Determined Ones." Winifred Castell, President; Denison Clift, Secretary; five members. Address, Palo Alto, Cal. "We wish to express our enthusiasm in the League and its work, and our gratitude for its successful existence."

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 25.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

Competition No. 25 will close October 15 (for foreign members October 20). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for January.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject, "Good-by, Old Year!"

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Subject to contain the words "dream" and "Christmas."

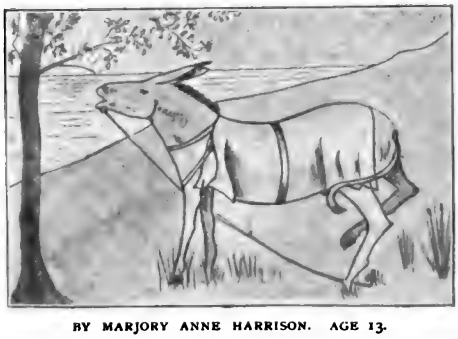
PHOTOGRAPH. Any size or subject, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Autumn Sports."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "Holly and Mistletoe." May be landscape or interior, with or without figures.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words relating to the holiday season.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.



BY MARJORY ANNE HARRISON. AGE 13.

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 9.

A REPORT of this competition with a list of prize-winners will be found on advertising page 9.

RULES FOR ALL COMPETITIONS.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month — not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month.

Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square,
New York City.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE are the solutions to Miss Wells's bright charades which are published on page 1100 of this number:

ANSWERS TO THE CHARADES.

1. Sinking.	16. Sundry.
2. Cathay.	17. Codfish.
3. Belfry.	18. Series.
4. Welfare.	19. Annex.
5. Nomad.	20. Pastime.
6. Aching.	21. Forethought.
7. Worsted.	22. Frontispiece.
8. Pennant.	23. Pipestem.
9. Handled.	24. Poetry.
10. Elbow.	25. Dustpan.
11. Earnest.	26. Hairbreadth.
12. Tendril.	27. Direct.
13. Dido.	28. Donkey.
14. Syntax.	29. Saltcellar.
15. Shoehorn.	30. Sediment.

MALDEN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that some of the girls and boys who read a good many books might like to do as I do so as to remember my books and the authors.

I took a blank-book with a page and then half a page and so on throughout the book.

On the first page I put my favorite author, who is Laura Richards. I put down all of her books which I have read, and then I cut out of an old "Household" a picture of her and pasted it on, and then from different publishers' catalogues I cut out criticisms of her books and pasted them in. I have read thirteen of her books.

Next comes Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. On the next page (which I call my page of men) are Ernest Seton-Thompson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Edward Everett Hale. I have nice pictures of each of the above. On the next page is Mrs. Wesselhoeft and A. G. Plympton. Then comes Kate Douglas Wiggin. I have two very nice pictures of her. On the next page is a picture of Harriet Prescott Spofford, and an article that she wrote telling how for her first story she got five dollars and she spent it all for maple sugar. I have many more to tell about, but I won't stop to tell them now.

While I was away on my summer vacation I stayed within three miles of William Cullen Bryant's home, and one day we drove up there. We saw his library, and in the bookcases I noticed several bound volumes of the ST. NICHOLAS.

Yours sincerely, FLORENCE A. TIRRELL.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister Ruth has a horse named "Sue." She is very cunning, and I am going to tell you some of the things she did. One summer we went to a small country place. The barn we kept her in had only one decent stall in it. It was a box-stall, and the railing round it was quite low. There was a hook on the outside of the stall. One day Ruth and Dorothy Hopson were going into the barn, when they heard a noise. They looked toward Sue's stall just in time to see her put her head over the railing and lift the hook. They stepped back so she would n't see them, and watched her through a crack in the side of the barn. After making sure no one was watching her, she kicked open the door, then, going to the oat-bin, she pushed the cover off and began to eat. Ruth and Dorothy jumped out then, and she turned around and rushed back to her stall. She did a great many other cunning things, but that was the cunningest.

Your loving reader, ANNE R. WALDO.

NYMPHENBURG, MUNICH, BAVARIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am receiving your delightful and interesting magazine for the third year, and I have spent many a pleasant hour in reading its contents. I don't quite agree with you in saying that it is for "young folks" only, as I think that some of the stories are quite capable to interest "big folks" as well. I am fourteen years old, and I am an *American* by birth. I am at present spending my holidays at Nymphenburg, near Munich. I go to school at Beaumont College in Old Windsor, England, near the town of Windsor with its famous castle, the residence of Queen Victoria. I came over to Europe in 1897, and since then I have visited London, Paris, Naples, Munich, Frankfort, Köln, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Antwerp, and Rome, and some other towns. At Rome I saw the Pope, the Quirinal, Colosseum, Vatican, Pantheon, the Capitol, and every other thing of importance. I also saw the German army manœuvers at Homburg, where the German Emperor led a brilliant cavalry charge in person. There is one more thing I have to tell you. I am sure that in every country the people who have taken your magazine could not help finding it very interesting and welcome. I remain your ever-interested and longing-ever-for-the-next-number reader, DE CORDOVA DE GARMENDIA.

PONTIAC, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We thought we would write and let you know that our homes are brightened by the ST. NICHOLAS.

We live in Oakland County, which we consider the fifth healthiest county in the United States, for it contains over three hundred lakes.

We have a cottage on Watkins, one of these lakes. It is painted red, white, and blue. The roof is blue with white stars on it, the sides are striped red and white, and the trimmings are blue with white stars.

We are now sitting on the "Ladies' Library" front steps, writing on the back of a ST. NICHOLAS.

We have a pet cat called "Buckskin"; he has a white breast. He used to be very playful, but as he has grown older, his dignity has not allowed it.

RAY DAVIS.
TALBOT SMITH.

P. S. If we 've made any blunder,
Don't think it a wonder;
For we 've not been to school
Since we got your last number.

T. S.
R. D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

NOVEL PUZZLE. The extracted letters spell "Arithmetic." 1. A-den. 2. Dee-r. 3 Stor-i-es. 4. T-rout. 5. H-is. 6. Ro-m-e. 7. Franc-e. 8. Hear-t. 9. S-i-am. 10. C-on.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Anger. 2. Nerve. 3. Groan. 4. Evade. 5. Renew.

DIAGONAL. Education. 1. Exonerate. 2. Admirable. 3. Crustacea. 4. Masculine. 5. Massacred. 6. Nonentity. 7. Ostracite. 8. Suspicion. 9. Tragedian.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Heat. 2. Ergo. 3. Ages. 4. Toss. II. 1. Cart. 2. Afar. 3. Rana. 4. Trap. III. 1. Saan. 2. Abbe. 3. Able. 4. Need. IV. 1. Pain. 2. Acre. 3. Iris. 4. Nest.

AN ANIMAL PUZZLE. Siege of Troy. 1. Squirrel. 2. Ibex. 3. Elephant. 4. Giraffe. 5. Emu. 6. Opossum. 7. Flying-fish. 8. Terrier. 9. Robin. 10. Ostrich. 11. Yak.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. From 1 to 2, Hard; 3 to 4, Work. 1. Hark. 2. Carp. 3. Core. 4. Ward.

THREE WORD-SQUARES. Cæsar. I. 1. Cram. 2. Rare. 3. Area. 4. Meal. II. 1. Lead. 2. Edda. 3. Adit. 4. Date. III. 1. Eras. 2. Roll. 3. Aloe. 4. Sled.

ANCIENT HISTORICAL DIAGONAL. Regatta. 1. Romulus. 2. Jericho. 3. Regulus. 4. Salamis. 5. Miletus. 6. Samnite. 7. Laconia.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed."

RIDDLE. Cents, scents, sense.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Lessons; finals, Teacher. 1. Lament. 2. Ermine. 3. Seneca. 4. Scenic. 5. Oafish. 6. Notice. 7. Sailor.

A STORY IN RHYME. Nate, skate, relate, Kate, obstinate, fate, pate, intimate, slate, exaggerate, hate, exasperate, state, straight, rate, wait, gate, prate, late, eight, great, irate, desperate, tête-a-tête.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Charles Almy, Jr.—Nettie Lawrence—M. McG.—Leslie Baker—Ralph W. Westcott—"The Triumvirate"—Mabel, George, and Henri—Eleanor R. McClees—"Allil and Adi"—"Naum-ke-ag"—"Daisy Chain"—Daniel Milton Miller—Louise W. Brown—"Dotsy and Co."—Etta, Betty, and "Bird"—Joe Carlada—Louise M. Haynes—Louise Atkinson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Irene McFadden, 3—Mabel B. Clark, 2—Mary Camp, 7—Cain-Bartels, 10—Rosalie H., 4—George T. Colman, 9—John McN. Blaikie, 8—"Ellie and Dana," 8—Mabel M. Johns, 10—Norman S. Sherwood, 7—Arthur H. Lord, 9—Theresa G. White, 5—Charlie C. Atherton, 6—Elizabeth H. Sherman, 5—Lillian S. Burt, 10—Dorothy W. Hurry, 4—Marguerite Popert, 9—Eva Van Valkenburgh, 2—E. Quin, 3—Grace L. Craven, 4—C. and E. Bryant, 2—Jennie M. Clou, 7—Mary S. Wren, 5—E. R. Hoppock, 2—Willie Naeseth, 4—Louise Manny, 3—Maud Borland, 2—Gertrude L. Cannon, 4—Carrie E. Short, 2. (So many of our readers sent answers to only one puzzle that these cannot be acknowledged.)

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

(One word is concealed in each line.)

OH, the poker, a sensitive poker was he!
He dug him a grave near the old willow-tree,
For he said, "A vertigo troubles me;
If the lesser vertigo addles my brain,
Then terror will add to my pokerish pain."

ANNA M. PRATT.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals, reading downward, and my finals, reading upward, each spell an autumn fruit.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Very small weights. 2. A flower cluster. 3. Entreaty. 4. A masculine name. 5. To ensnare. 6. A great desert.

KATE H. TIEMANN (League Member).

CLASSICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

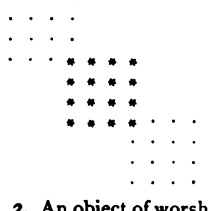
(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following names have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a fruit that brought about great trouble.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The Lord of the Silver Bow. 2. A sculptor and king of Cyprus. 3. The wife of Pluto. 4. The mother of Apollo and Diana. 5. One of the Muses. 6. A constellation named after a Greek mythological giant and hunter. 7. The goddess of flowers. 8. A daughter of the river-god Peneius. 9. The home of Ulysses. 10. A mythological sea-monster. 11. The god of love. 12. The home of the gods. 13. One of the founders of Rome. 14. The goddess of hunting.

DOROTHY CALMAN.

CONNECTED SQUARES.

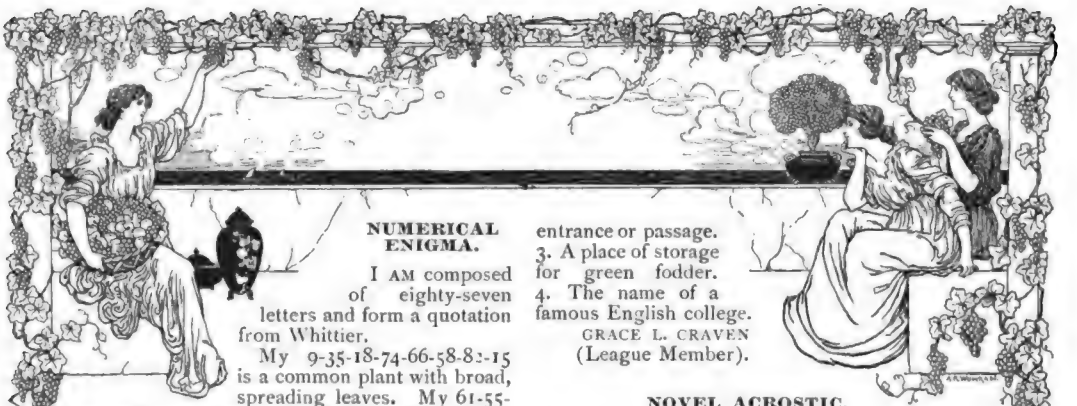


I. 1. Dismal. 2. An object of worship. 3. To sway back and forth. 4. Large quadrupeds.

II. 1. A chair. 2. Repose. 3. Begs. 4. A trial.

III. 1. Conversation. 2. A disease. 3. A musical instrument. 4. To preserve.

MACK HAYS, (League Member).



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of eighty-seven letters and form a quotation from Whittier.

My 9-35-18-74-66-58-82-15 is a common plant with broad, spreading leaves. My 61-55-42-70-79 was a great general. My 48-21-11-53-29-44 is to boil. My 46-1-38-33-64-6-51 is freedom. My 84-47-32-76-50 is restricted to one place or region. My 24-86-37-2-62-19 is a person of an irritable temper. My 57-83-4-26-14 is a play. My 80-8-40-45-73 is from this time. My 87-30-68-23-54-43 is one who owes a debt. My 72-25-59 is a place for storing grain. My 31-49-81-60 is necessity. My 67-28-39-52-22 is a gauzy fabric. My 71-75-20-85-16-65 is to dedicate. My 13-36-41-78 is a girdle. My 5-17-69-34-10 is an outer covering. My 3-63-56-12-77-7-27 is to twine. BESSIE CLANCY (League Member).

A DOUBLY BEHEADED ACROSTIC.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

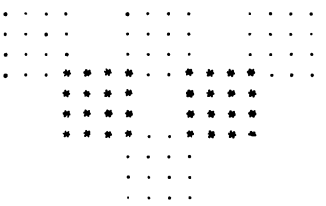
(EXAMPLE: Doubly behead to chatter and leave consumed. Answer, pr-ate.)

1. Doubly behead to charge with crime, and leave a fruit. 2. Doubly behead a sea-fish, and leave to press on. 3. Doubly behead negligent, and leave to fail to hit. 4. Doubly behead adulterated, and leave clean. 5. Doubly behead grasped, and leave knowledge. 6. Doubly behead an edge, and leave a dark fluid. 7. Doubly behead cattle, and leave a Latin word of negation. 8. Doubly behead to check, and leave to stretch.

My primals spell some things so good
They 're often used for pie and food;
And when the autumn comes around
In many households they are found.

BASIL AUBREY BAILEY.

INVERTED PYRAMID OF SQUARES.



UPPER SQUARES: I. 1. A fowl. 2. Thought. 3. To raise. 4. A pointed weapon. II. 1. To defy. 2. One of a swarthy race. 3. To contend. 4. A masculine nickname. III. 1. To draw near. 2. A precious stone. 3. To cripple. 4. Stately trees.

MIDDLE SQUARES: IV. 1. A vegetable growth. 2. A feminine name. 3. Terminates. 4. Luxury. V. 1. Appellation. 2. Soon. 3. Humor. 4. Concludes.

LOWER SQUARE: VI. 1. Freedom from care. 2. An entrance or passage. 3. A place of storage for green fodder. 4. The name of a famous English college.

GRACE L. CRAVEN (League Member).

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell a certain fruit, and the next row will spell the season when it is ripe.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small fly. 2. A low, continued sound. 3. To assail. 4. A pool of muddy water. 5. To incorporate. 6. To sleep lightly.

JOSEPH WELLS (League Member).

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of nine letters, and am one of the happiest times of the year.

Without my 1-3-4-6-9, the remaining letters may be transposed to form a word meaning "an imitation." Without my 1-2-7-8-9 I may be transposed to mean movement. Without my 3-4-5-9 I may be transposed to mean something necessary in kindling fires. RUTH ALLAIRE (League Member).

PI.

HET nus si tub a lurb fo gliht,
Het kys ni shay gyre si slot;
Tub lal het stofer steer era thrigb,
Shubred yb het siponni fo eht trofs.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous sovereign.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small, close-fitting hat. 2. Any animal not human. 3. Troublesome insects. 4. Swiftness. 5. Curves. 6. A large stream. 7. A thorn. 8. Gathers. 9. A timepiece. 10. To shut. 11. A missile weapon. 12. Value. 13. A vital organ.

DOROTHY C. BRINSMADE (League Member).

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the diagonal beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter will spell a kind of pear; the diagonal beginning at the upper right-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter will spell a kind of apple.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Flowering. 2. A shrub which bears oblong red berries. 3. An American plant, very troublesome in spots where brushwood has been burned. 4. Malicious. 5. Without pain. 6. A waiting-maid. 7. To introduce. 8. A long glove.

GERTRUDE L. CANNON (League Member).

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.